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JANUARY 7, 1961 . . 25c

For the Kennedy Agenda

FIRST STEPS to BETTER SCHOOLS

Myron Lieberman

GUATEMALA'S SECRET AIRSTRIP

Don Dwiggins

DEATH KNELL of 'ALGERIE FRANCAISE'

Alexander Werth

LETTERS

Automation Pluses . . .

Dear Sirs: Charles C. Killingsworth's article on automation ["Three Myths of Automation," Dec. 17 issue] was very interesting and I certainly agree with his conclusion that an extensive study of the effects of automation is badly needed. I have recommended such a program for some years.

However, I must take issue with his statement that "a very substantial part of the cost savings from automation usually results from displacement of labor in one form or another." It is unfortunately true that many companies undertake the investment in automation in the belief that it can be paid for in labor savings; however, they are often disappointed and, what is worse, miss the real benefits inherent in automation. For more and more automation technology is being used to perform new functions previously impossible—such as using computers to supply "what would happen if" answers to business decision problems; or controlling variables in processing industries so as to optimize production and quality to a degree previously impossible. Automation also means accurate long-range weather prediction, automatic road guidance of automobiles, and startling new techniques for medical diagnosis.

None of these involves the displacement of labor; all involve the use of the unique capabilities of automation. It is in these areas I expect to see the fullest exploitation of this new technology.

Though I agree we must plan to prevent human hardship from the introduction of this new technology, we must not lose sight of the tremendous benefits to society inherent in automation.

John Diebold

New York City

[*John Diebold, a management consultant, has written extensively on automation, including a series of three articles which appeared in* The Nation *of Sept. 19, Sept. 26 and October 3, 1953.—Ed.*]

. . . And the Danger

Dear Sirs: Both clarity and candor are manifest in Mr. Killingsworth's evaluation of the "myths" of automation. It is refreshing to be reminded that cost savings generally involve some displacement of labor, that labor mobility is not as automatic as a transfer-machine, that there *is* a short-run, that skills can be lost as well as created, and that what we have seen of automation in the past decade may be a trickle by comparison to what is to come. We share his lack of complacency in these matters. . . .

Already we are facing serious job losses in steel and other industries because of automation and technological changes. We endorse the author's recommendation for detailed studies of the employment effect of automation in specific industries, but would broaden it to include all forms of technological change.

Otis Brubaker, Director
Research Department
United Steelworkers of America

Support for a Martyr

Dear Sirs: The article on Ashton Jones ("Perils of Brotherhood," by Harold Flender, Dec. 24) should be reprinted. . . . So many people, North and South, believe that gradualism and education are all that are needed to solve our race problems. The Jones article shows the ugly union often found between the forces of law and those beyond the law.

Ashton Jones is not a rabble-rouser or "nut." He is, of course, a zealot, or he would not expose himself to the martyrdom which is his lot. It will be a sorry day for this country when he and his like are not defended.

Howard S. Whiteside

Boston, Mass.

Campaign for Freedom

Dear Sirs: "Libertarian principles seldom win vindication these days in the Supreme Court," observed Prof. Daniel Berman in his report of the Carl Braden-Frank Wilkinson hearing. "Braden is being persecuted for his devotion to integration and civil liberties. . . . Wilkinson is being punished for leading a nation-wide campaign to abolish the Un-American Activities Committee."

Pursuant to Justice Frankfurter's admonition, "The past is against you. Maybe the future is for you," the National Committee to Abolish the Un-American Activities Committee calls on all liberty-loving, peace-minded citizens to heed the challenge. Congressman James Roosevelt plans to introduce a resolution to rescind the mandate of the Un-American Activities Committee when Congress reconvenes.

1. Write him in support (House Office Building, Washington, D.C.).
2. Write and visit your Congressman urging his support of Roosevelt's resolution.
3. Petitions are available from the N.Y. Council to Abolish the Un-American Activities Committee, (106 East 208 Street, Bronx, N.Y.).
4. Send us your contribution. Funds are essential for the success of this campaign. Make checks payable to Robert Kenny, Treasurer, National Comm. to Abolish the Un-American Activities Committee, and send to 617 No. Larchmont Ave., Los Angeles 4, Calif.

Aubrey Williams
Chairman

Montgomery, Ala.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Asylum or Staging Ground?

Early in December, President Eisenhower invoked the Mutual Security Act to aid Cuban refugees in the United States, almost all of whom have congregated in Miami. He could have allocated the $1 million from his contingency fund without resorting to the amendment which authorized relief, resettlement and education for "people enslaved by communism," but he chose the more severe course of officially labeling Cuba as "Communist-controlled." This may have been unnecessary provocation, but it was legal. However, recent news stories from Miami suggest that the right of asylum, which should be liberally construed — there are 30,000 or more refugees, many of them without funds or means of support — is being grossly abused. According to the Miami *Herald* (December 25), twenty-three young Americans and 200 Cubans are making "final preparations" to invade Cuba. The *Herald* gives the names, ages and home towns of some of the Americans, along with pictures of soldiers in guerrilla uniforms in training (including hand-to-hand combat with knives). Others are carrying what appear to be sub-machine guns.

There is, of course, a large element of bluff and bravado about this and similar stories of guerrilla forces training in Florida. But it should be remembered that Castro invaded Cuba with a force no larger than the one so ostentatiously drilling in Miami. And recent acts of terrorism in Havana, such as daylight bombings of power plants, as well as the story in this issue (page 7) of the mysterious airstrip in Guatemala, lend credence to the notion that the reports from Miami Beach cannot safely be discounted.

Of more immediate concern, however, is the misuse of the right of asylum. Staging operations, even of the mock-heroic variety reported by the Miami *Herald*, are clearly in violation of existing federal statutes. Are these provocative acts ignored because Washington wants to step up its war-of-nerves against the Castro regime, or does a state of undeclared war prevail at the moment between the United States and Cuba? If we are still at peace with Cuba, as most Americans would assume, then the more belligerent of the refugees should be told to put aside their knives and sub-machine guns. Undeclared wars are anomalous, dangerous and confusing, both at home and abroad.

Neutrality, American Style

The Russians have been airlifting supplies to the retreating leftist forces of Captain Kong Le in Laos. This is of course a violation of Laotian sovereignty and shows that the Soviet Union does not observe a befitting neutrality in the Laotian civil war. The United States, on the other hand, has poured $300 million in economic and military aid into Laos in an effort, as *The Wall Street Journal* puts it, "to build up its economy and keep the Reds at bay." With American arms and encouragement, the right-wing rebel, General Phoumi Nosavan, overthrew the neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma and installed Nosavan's puppet, Prince Boun Oum. This is not intervention, but scrupulous neutrality and defense of the freedom-loving and peaceful nations of the West. This is the way American military diplomacy maneuvers as the year 1960 draws to a close.

But will it succeed? The outlook, according to American, anti-Communist observers on the ground, is highly dubious. The Russian and North Vietnamese governments have so far taken only cautious steps, but the Communist Chinese, the chief soreheads of Asia and also the chief military power, may regard their interests as directly at stake. If so, we may find ourselves engaged in another Korean-type "police action," presumably again under United Nations auspices, which may prove even more unpopular in the West than the first one was. There are other shaky factors in the situation. In Washington, General Nosavan may be the fair-haired boy, but the closer one gets to him, the more he is detested. Even American officials in Vientiane, the recently shot-up but liberated capital, loathe and distrust this political general, who, by rigging the April, 1960, elections, precipitated the military coup which brought the neutralist Souvanna Phouma government to power. Souvanna Phouma had the temerity to take a known Communist, Quinim Pholensa, into his Cabinet as Information Minister and to open diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. If any doubt remained, this was cause enough for Washington to pull the rug out from under the insolent neutralist. As one American expert put it, "Once you get a coalition government that includes Communists you've got communism."

A winner-take-all policy of the type we are pursuing in Laos can only be justified in terms of expediency; and it is expedient only if it succeeds. At the moment the odds against success, as reckoned by those on the spot, are not good. Before we become irretrievably committed, therefore, it might be a good idea if we were to adopt the Anglo-Indian suggestion which would allow the return to Laos of the international supervisory commission (India, Poland and Canada) which was established after the fighting between the French and the North Vietnamese ended in 1954. It is all very well to speak softly and carry a big stick, but in Laos the big stick — the bomb — is much too big; and, if it came to matching small sticks with the Chinese, we might be at no great advantage. We tried that once before, in Korea, and had to settle for a draw.

The Landis Report

There is little that is novel in the Landis report on the regulatory agencies. It repeats with more sharpness than usual the familiar indictment; one would have to search long and hard these days to find an informed observer who was satisfied with the performance of these agencies. But the very unanimity of the criticism and its preoccupation with procedural gimmicks may obscure a few essential truths. That the regulatory agencies suffer from administrative and organizational defects is obvious. In many agencies, the commissioners are so burdened with administrative detail and the conduct of hearings that they have little time for the basic tasks of planning and policy-making. But the basic problem lies elsewhere. The legislative histories make clear that these agencies were designed as watchdogs, or guardians, of the public interest and, in the context, "public interest" is virtually synonymous with consumer interest. Yet, as Senator Aiken has observed, "It takes almost superhuman powers on the part of a commissioner, after he has been in office a certain amount of time, not to promote the business he is supposed to regulate instead of regulating it." Indicative of this tendency is the reference by two recent ICC commissioners to the railroads as their "clients." From "protecting the public interest" to "promoting the industry" is a transition easily effected by commissioners drawn from the ranks of industry or, as is more often the case, by lame-duck political appointees greedy for commissionerships as stepping stones to industry jobs.

In a sense, personnel is the essential problem with all agencies of government; with the regulatory agencies it has a special relevance. The federal courts are protected against improper influences and pressures by a well-established tradition which, by and large, is respected by all interested parties. But no such tradition protects the regulatory agencies; they are fair game for pressure groups and influence peddlers. Congressmen cannot practice before the agencies, but they can "contact" commissioners, and the record shows that they have not been bashful in their approaches. Spokesmen for the regulated industries swarm about the commissioners. Phone calls and memos reach them from the White House staff. Party leaders "contact" them. The prizes which these agencies can bestow—increases in natural-gas rates, TV licenses, etc.—are windfalls of enormous value. The public condemns any attempt to influence courts or bribe officials, but takes a lenient view of attempts to "persuade" commissioners.

In large part, therefore, the problem with the regulatory agencies is to establish a semi-judicial tradition which the public will understand and respect. The Landis report skirts this issue. Perhaps President Kennedy's legal advisers can assist him in establishing such a tradition. For example: Should the President insist that the agencies list in their public files all communications from legislators on pending matters? Should commissioners be asked to make public disclosure of all their investments, as well as all actual and potential sources of private income subsequent to their appointments? Such provisions, supported by repeated public statements from the White House, might assist in building a tradition of devotion to the consumer interest which all interested parties, and the general public, would in time learn to respect.

The Next Explosion in Africa

The Congo, the Belgian colony whose loss has upset the Belgian economy, is much in the news. Every American who reads the papers or looks at TV knows how bad things are in the Congo for the Congolese, the Belgians and the United Nations. But, so complex are events and so poor are communications — at least where serious matters are concerned — that not one American in a hundred is thinking about Mozambique and Angola. Yet there the next colonial explosion is being prepared; it may be bigger than the Congo's.

The Portuguese own Mozambique, bordering the Union of South Africa on the east coast of Africa, and Angola, on the west, adjacent to the Congo. Portugal, Britain's oldest ally, is a dictatorship, but the rule of Portuguese big business, the Church and António de Oliveira Salazar somehow does not disturb Western sensibilities as does Communist dictatorship. The fact that the West is so complacent will not, however, avert the coming showdown.

Outwardly the Portuguese colonies are peaceful, on the basis of a formula for race relations which *Time* (January 2, 1961) summarizes: "keep the natives illiterate, keep them working, keep them scared." Education is open to all, but education costs money; consequently in all Angola there are only 200 Africans in high school, and in Mozambique just fifty; only one Mozambique native has gone to college — he won a prize in a lottery. For the overwhelming mass of poor natives, there is nothing ahead but a lifetime of menial labor, much of it forced. The government rounds up tens of thousands of blacks annually and assigns them to public works projects at wages of $2 to $5 a month. For those who protest, there are whippings, labor camps and, if need be, massacres. In the *London Peace News*, Fenner Brockway, MP, cites reports from Angola that the colony appears to be under military occupation, complete with military exercises with napalm bombs.

That such unpleasant facts are not emphasized in the West is understandable. Portugal is not only Britain's good friend, but a member of NATO. And the Portuguese are tough. "We have been here 500 years," a top Portuguese is quoted in *Time*. "We will stay another 500 years, and we don't care particularly how we do it." Well, the Belgians were tough too, and Hitler's empire was to last 1,000 years. Adolf didn't care particularly how he did things either, but that proved no help, to him or his allies, when the roof fell in.

Ethical Payola

The subtleties of what used to be known as common honesty continue to furrow the brows of business leaders and public servants. Stripped to its essentials, the problem is to select and present a gift in a way to make the recipient feel well-disposed toward the donor, but yet to give a third party no opportunity for charging bribery. The transaction is one to challenge the best abilities of social scientists and formal logicians, and trained academic minds are about to be applied to it.

The manufacture of merchandise for commercial largesse has become so considerable an industry that the firms involved have formed their own trade association —the Advertising Specialty National Association. This body, in turn, has set up a public relations auxiliary known as the Business Goodwill Advisory Council, and Business Goodwill has retained the public relations firm of Ruder & Finn to advise on principles and strategy. Predictably, one of the first steps taken by R & F has been to organize a seminar. This congress, composed of religious leaders, philosophers, sociologists and psychologists, will assemble early in 1961 to draft rules for the ethical distribution of gifts.

To give a notion of what is at stake: business firms in Washington alone spent $1.5 million to $2 million on tinsel-wrapped packages last month. Not so much liquor is being handed out as in former years—booze has an unfortunately convivial connotation. The popular items currently are knife sets, cigarette lighters, food delicacies and luggage. These are all distributed in fifty- or a hundred-unit lots as expressions of mass benevolence. Vicuna wraps, refrigerators and holidays at sub-tropical resorts, if still in vogue, are supplied on an individual basis.

In the Name of Obedience

Sir Charles P. Snow told the annual convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science last week that within about six years a dozen or more nations will be capable of building atomic bombs. If verification was needed, the French provided it on the same day by exploding a nuclear device — their third; the previous week, the Israelis had been discovered to be building a small nuclear reactor which could produce a small amount of plutonium and a large amount of knowledge. Also at the AAAS meeting, it was disclosed that the Chinese Reds are making great strides in all branches of technology that interest them and, as one index, will be the third largest producer of steel and iron in the world by 1970. So, as the New York *Herald Tribune* says, "Chinese atomic bombs and rockets may not be much farther away. Indeed, they may be closer. . . . We cannot afford to wait until China has the bomb before making up our minds about what it will mean to us."

Sir Charles is of the same view, but unlike most top-flight American officials and commentators he does not put his trust in outbuilding the "enemy" in missiles, space ships and nuclear bombs. He warns that some of the nuclear bombs, whether ours or those of the "enemy," will be exploded within about ten years, through "accident, or folly, or madness." His advice to the United States is to agree to a formal suspension of nuclear tests. He is of the opinion that the 99.9 per cent security against cheating sought by the United States simply cannot be achieved and, as between the certain disaster which lack of an agreement would bring and the limited risk imposed by an imperfect agreement, "no sane man would hesitate."

Sir Charles also has some advice for scientists, from a scientist. He points out that many scientists, to all intents and purposes, become soldiers, even if they wear no uniforms. The basic virtue of the soldier is to obey. The German officer corps obeyed the Nazis, and look at what happened! It can happen to scientists, too. "When you look at the long and gloomy history of man," says Sir Charles, "you will find far more, and far more hideous, crimes have been committed in the name of obedience than have ever been committed in the name of rebellion."

FIRST STEPS to BETTER SCHOOLS . . *Myron Lieberman*

DURING his campaign for the Presidency, Senator Kennedy frequently pledged himself to strengthen the nation's educational system. Now that his hour of opportunity and responsibility is at hand, what should he do?

Desegregation

Perhaps his first major task will be to get desegregation moving and to prevent resistance to it from undermining education all over the country. Out of 2,834 biracial school districts in the South, only 768 had some degree of desegregation at the opening of the 1960-61 school year. Over 700 of these districts had desegregated from 1954 to 1957. At the rate of desegregation prevailing during the past three years, it will take one hundred years to desegregate every biracial school system in the country. This is overlooking the fact that desegregation is only nominal in many of the 768 districts now classified as desegregated. In many of these districts, the all-Negro or predominantly Negro schools still operate with facilities inferior to those available in predominantly white schools.

The following action should be taken. First, there should be established an educational conciliation service, comparable to the labor conciliation service in the Department of Labor. This agency should be available as a clearing house for information and for consultation services for communities confronted by problems of desegregation.

Legislation should provide substantial financial incentives to desegregate. This would help overcome resistance based upon the staggering inequalities between white and Negro schools. As late as 1954, the Department of Health, Education and Welfare estimated that it would take at least $2 billion to equalize white and Negro schools in the South. Because of the broad dispersion of white and Negro pupils in most Southern cities, drawing school boundary lines on a nonracial basis would force many white pupils to attend the inadequate schools heretofore reserved for Negro pupils. It is tragic that the inequalities produced by segregation should be a cause for perpetuating it, but let us remove the cause, unfair and illogical as it is. Better schools for both white and Negro children will have to be built anyway in most communities; new facilities which are neither "white" nor "Negro" would help ease the transition, especially if they could be acquired without additional local taxation.

Financial assistance should also be made available for programs of community information, in-service training for teachers, and other aspects of desegregation. In the long run, money spent to prevent crises like those at Little Rock and New Orleans will be more productive than money spent after a crisis develops.

At the present time, the pace and locale of desegregation depend upon the presence of individual Negroes willing to assert their Constitutional rights in the face of enormous pressures. Such individuals are to be commended, but the transition is too important to be left to the heroic action of the few. The federal government must become an active partner in a systematic program to desegregate key areas. As these areas are desegregated, attention can be shifted to others.

Inside the federal government, one person should be assigned over-all responsibility for advancing desegregation. This person should have the utmost support of the Department of Justice and of HEW, and the active cooperation of Vice President Johnson in steering desegregation through the political mine fields.

Last (and far from least), the Kennedy Administration should develop a program to end segregated education in the North. The growth of Negro ghettos has already resulted in staggering educational problems in large Northern cities. For example, experienced teachers usually transfer to "upper-class" neighborhoods; new teachers prefer jobs in the suburbs to those in Negro ghettos. Thus it becomes difficult to staff Negro schools in large metropolitan areas. Quite often, they are staffed with a much higher proportion of emergency or substitute teachers than other schools in the same community. For instance, about half the teaching positions in predominantly Negro junior high schools in New York City are filled by teachers who do not have a regular teaching license. President Eisenhower failed to exert leadership toward a nonracial school system in the South; President Kennedy will have to exert leadership toward this end in all sections of the country.

Teachers' Salaries

TEACHERS' salaries are too low and must be raised. This is the conclusion of a host of agencies which have studied the matter in recent years: the Rockefeller Brothers Fund Report, the Public Affairs Institute, the President's Commission on National Goals, the Educational Policies Commission and many others.

A few simple comparisons may help put the problem in perspective. The National Education Association's Research Division compared teachers' salaries to those in seventeen professions requiring four or more years of college. Counting only persons working at least half a year and earning $1,500 or more, the mean salary of teachers was $4,059; for the seventeen other professions as a whole, it was $10,697. The medians were $4,831 and $8,195 respectively.

Senator Kennedy has made it clear that he supports the Murray-Metcalf Bill, which would eventually provide over $4 billion a year for teachers' salaries and school construction, with each state to make its own allocation of federal funds as between these purposes. Nevertheless, the problem is not simply to raise the average annual salary of all teachers. Federal action should take into account two additional aspects of the situation.

One is the sizable number of teachers earning extremely low salaries. In 1958, almost one teacher in five made

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MYRON LIEBERMAN, The Nation's *education consultant, is author of* The Future of Public Education (*University of Chicago Press*).

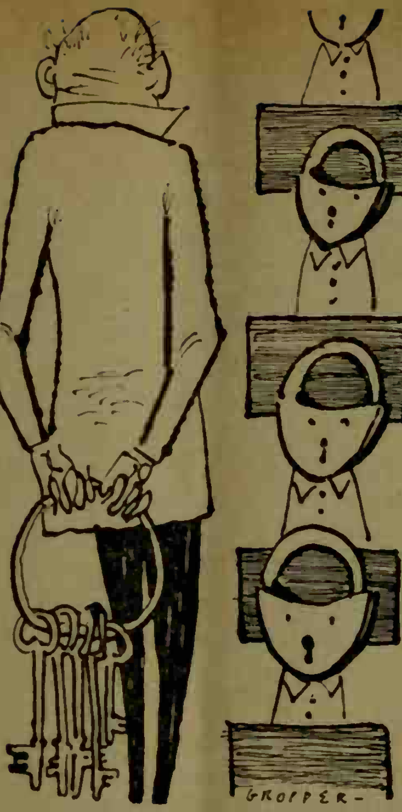
less than $3,500 a year. In 1959, almost 12.9 per cent made less than $3,500 a year. The absence of high salaries is the other side of this coin. In 1958, only 1 out of every 500 instructional personnel in the public schools made $10,000 or more, whereas 120 out of every 500 persons in other professions made at least this much. Teaching obviously cannot recruit its rightful proportion of top-quality people in this situation.

An immediate transfusion of federal support for teachers' salaries is clearly indicated. There is no point in recommending amounts; whatever President Kennedy can get through Congress will only be an inadequate, short-range solution. For the long haul, a start must be made on a national salary policy for education. This policy must be addressed to such questions as these: Should all teachers be paid according to years of preparation and teaching experience but regardless of grade level or subject taught? Is there any way to pay outstanding teachers salaries which are comparable to higher ones received in other professions without getting bogged down in the difficulties of "merit rating"? Would it be feasible to have *national* board examinations, comparable to the medical specialty boards, identify teachers possessing a superior level of professional competence? Should states be required to devote federal aid to teachers' salaries where they fall below certain minimums?

A national salary policy must also come to grips with the question of how teachers are to get whatever salaries they ought to have. One can cite any number of reports to the effect that teachers should be paid more. Unfortunately, they ignore the equally important question of what to do to get them. Until attention is focused on this issue, there will be no satisfactory solution to the salary problem in education. The suggestions made in the next few paragraphs are related to this point.

Employer-Employee Relations

AT THE present time, employer-employee relations in education are incredibly backward. For example, most school boards are not legally required to meet with the freely chosen representatives of teachers concerning matters of employment. Most teachers' organizations permit unrestricted administrator membership, a condition that fatally weakens their effectiveness as employee organizations. Teachers' contracts are usually drawn up by school boards, and they accord teachers very little, if any, of the protection they need to work effectively.



The Keys of Learning

What is called for is a thorough reorganization of employer-employee relations in education. However, school districts are agencies of the state governments, hence the federal government cannot act directly to institute the kind of framework needed. It can, however, subsidize conferences, publications, research programs and other activities to focus attention on this problem.

Let me cite an example of the kind of change that is needed. Teachers currently try to get their state legislatures to pass minimum-salary laws. It would be far better to have these legislatures delegate to state officials, such as state superintendents of public instruction, the authority to set state-wide minimums subject to legislative approval. These officials would negotiate for the legislatures just as industrial executives negotiate for their corporations. The procedure would be much simpler and more effective than the passage of minimum-salary laws, most of which are out of date within a short time.

School Construction

LOCAL school districts do not have the resources to build new schools on a pay-as-you-go basis. To spread costs over a period of years, they borrow money to build schools. So a sizable portion of the school-construction dollar is spent on interest.

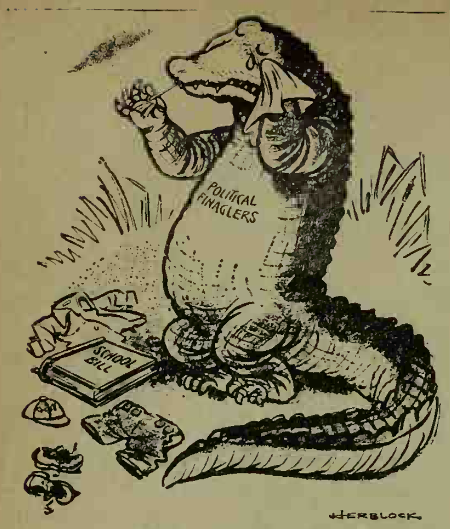
For example, a typical high school today costs $1 million. Assuming the cost were amortized over a thirty-year period and payments made on a diminishing balance, the school district would eventually pay $628,500 in interest in addition to the $1 million principal. On the same assumptions, the district would pay $314,250 in interest on a $500,000 elementary school. It is interesting to note that the rise in interest rates between 1952 and 1960 added $300,000 to the cost of the high school and $150,000 to the cost of the elementary school.

Note that the credit of local school districts is not as good as that of the state governments, and the credit of state governments is not as good as that of the federal government. Further, under present conditions, the demand for school construction is so dispersed that school authorities do not get the benefits of mass purchases. In short, the more "local" the construction, the more it costs.

Ultimately, school construction should be on a pay-as-you-go basis or something reasonably close to it. At least, whatever basis is used, there should be as much actual construction per dollar as for any other public facility. The federal government alone has the resources to finance this transition, but there is no thought that it can be achieved within a short period of time. However, federal assistance and pressure should be used to strengthen the credit rating of school districts and states which borrow for school construction. It might be advisable to set up a Center for Educational Finance in the U. S. Office of Education. This center would be a clearing house for information, ideas, model legislation and other aspects of school finance.

Teacher Certification

At the present time, each state sets its own requirements for a teach-



St. Louis Post-Dispatch
"Poor little kid!"

ing certificate. Most states give colleges wide latitude in prescribing these requirements. The result is wide variation from state to state and college to college in programs of teacher education.

Clearly, there is no good reason why the requirements for physics teachers in California should be different from those in New York, or why those in upstate New York should be different from those in New York City. The mobility of both teachers and students is reason enough to argue otherwise.

The chaos in teacher certification is usually defended as "experimentation," but it is nothing of the sort. The responsibility for evaluating the different patterns of teacher education is so diffuse that no agency has the resources to do the job properly. As a result, certification is based on conjecture, speculation, faculty politics, institutional self-interest and other irrelevant factors.

The action required is the establishment of a permanent agency to deal with certification. This agency should have a competent staff and ample funds to conduct intensive analyses of current practices, formulate recommendations and disseminate its findings to key agencies throughout the land. Its concern should be broader than the courses taken by teachers. It should be concerned also with membership on state boards which license teachers, the feasibility of state-board examinations for teaching certificates, the number and kind of certificates to be issued and similar problems. Its permanent staff should be composed largely of leading scholars from appropriate disciplines. The financial support need not, and probably should not, be wholly governmental, but federal leadership and support appear to be essential to launch such an agency at the present time.

The fact that teacher certification is a function of state government is not crucial. Legally, so is medical licensure; nevertheless we have, in effect, a national system of medical licensure achieved by the cooperation of the American Medical Association with the state medical societies. Unfortunately, teachers' organizations are too weak to follow this path. Other sources of leadership are essential.

Curriculum

The public-school curriculum is a mess, both in terms of the subjects offered and their content. This is being remedied to some extent by a number of high-level curriculum commissions established during the past few years. Examples are the Physical Science Study Committee of Educational Services Incorporated, the Biological Sciences Study Committee at the University of Colorado, the School Mathematics Study Group at Yale and the University of Illinois Committee on School Mathematics. These and other commissions are doing valuable work, but much remains to be done.

In the first place, these commissions are not organized on a permanent basis. When they go out of existence, the gap between what is known and what is taught will begin to grow again. Furthermore, none of the agencies has the legal authority to change the curriculum anywhere. This would not be so serious if they had the resources to bring about widespread voluntary acceptance of their recommendations, but they do not.

Another important problem is that there is no major effort under way to revise the curriculum in non-academic subjects. For instance, although close to one-half of our high-school students take vocational programs, no major assessment of these programs is currently being financed by either the federal government or the foundations. The content of vocational education has been built up by bits and pieces in response to conditions that no longer prevail, yet it seems almost impossible to get the academic-oriented philanthropoids to underwrite a thoroughgoing evaluation of it. In any case, we must get away from one-shot efforts at curriculum revision. The content of the public-school curriculum is important enough to justify a permanent research and evaluation program under the guidance of leading scholars.

School District Reorganization

There are at present about 40,000 school districts in the country. More than half do not enroll as many as fifty pupils. Obviously, in these districts, the expense of providing adequate education for everyone becomes prohibitive.

The federal government should launch an all-out attack on this problem. If an educational program does not work, federal aid to the states should be made contingent upon the elimination of small districts. There is nothing objectionable to being taxed for education in other states, but there is to being taxed to maintain costly and inefficient school districts.

LET ME now say a few words about this agenda as a whole. At first glance, it may appear to overstress conferences, commissions, committees and other indirect influences upon education. However, public schools are units of the state governments. The content of the curriculum, the requirements to be a teacher, the framework of employer-employee relations—these and other basic aspects of education are matters of state control within the broad limits set by the federal Constitution. At least, this is our tradition, and whether it is good or bad, it is a factor we cannot ignore.

Despite this limitation, the federal government is in a key position to influence education, including those aspects which are legally a matter for state control. To my knowledge, every qualified observer of our educational situation has concluded that the federal government can, should and will assume a larger share of school costs than it has in the past. The conditions under which federal support is made available to the states will have a decisive impact on state educational policy. This is not the only way, or necessarily the best way, for the federal government to influence education, but it does emphasize the fact that the federal government can play a key role in matters which are legally controlled by the states.

Suppose that the federal government begins to provide part of the salary for 1,400,000 teachers. Suppose further that a sizable number of states continue to tolerate obviously inadequate requirements for a teaching certificate. If the federal government were to limit federal funds to teachers who meet certain requirements, the pressure in all states to accept these requirements would be irresistible.

The federal government should make every effort to avoid a coercive approach in its relations with the states. Experience in other fields indicates that much can be done to achieve nation-wide improvements in matters legally controlled by the states. But for this to happen, there must be effective national leadership, either in the federal government or in professional organizations, or both.

The Advisory Council of the Democratic National Committee has proposed that the President be required to make an Annual Report on Education to Congress which would be prepared with the help of a Council of Educational Advisers. Hearings on it would be conducted by a joint Congressional Committee on the President's Education Report. Here is an excellent way to focus national attention on our major educational needs. It illustrates the kind of action Mr. Kennedy could take to stimulate state action on key educational problems.

Some of the most important problems requiring national leadership will not require official Presidential action, yet the President can play a decisive role in resolving them. This is particularly true when it comes to the issue of federal support for non-public schools, especially Catholic parochial schools. The President's task here is not so much to say in the first instance what should be the limits of such aid. It is to get key leaders together to resolve their differences as much as possible.

The analogy here is to a strike which threatens the national safety or welfare. The prestige of the Presidency is first used to bring the parties together to work out an agreement. The government may be forced eventually to prescribe the solution or to approve whatever agreement is reached, but it should do so only after making a strong effort to get the major power blocs to arrive at a consensus. As the federal government assumes a larger share of school costs, controversies relating to federal aid to non-public schools will increase. Now is the time to initiate fruitful informal discussions among key leadership groups. Otherwise, there is a danger that the issues will become dangerously disruptive.

The preceding discussion was based upon the belief that the U. S. Office of Education can and must play a more dynamic role in the future. I do not say this by way of criticism of present or past commissioners. Rather, my belief is that times have changed and that the U.S. Office of Education must reflect this fact. It must be more than a fact-gathering and fund-distributing agency. It must have the personnel and resources to identify basic educational problems, regardless of area, to conduct research on these problems, and to mobilize whatever forces are needed to resolve them. I would be the first to concede that USOE does this now to some extent. Nevertheless, it is not an important source of educational leadership at the present time. One of the first tasks of the Kennedy Administration will be to remedy this situation.

Finally, the incoming Administration must realize the dimension of its educational agenda. Its problem is not merely to raise teachers' salaries, but to change the institutional structure by which we decide how much to pay teachers. It must recognize that the main issue in certification is not whether to add or delete a few courses, but how to modernize the certification structure over the country as a whole. In short, the basic educational task of the Kennedy Administration is to reform the decision-making structure of education at certain key points. If there is acceptance of this concept, instead of a sincere but misguided effort to solve old problems within an outmoded legal and administrative framework, there will be no limits on what President Kennedy can do in this vital area.

GUATEMALA'S SECRET AIRSTRIP . . *by Don Dwiggins*

HAS THE U.S. Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) financed construction of a giant new air base in Guatemala to supply anti-Castro forces with a base of operations against Cuba?

To find the answer, I flew down to Guatemala City shortly before Christmas, in a deceptively serene non-stop jet flight, five hours from Los Angeles by Pan American's new DC-8 run. Toward the end of the flight, one looks down from the window of the jet, past its raked wing, upon a peaceful panorama of breathtaking beauty that obscures the feverish activity going on in the tropic coastal jungles 30,000 feet below. In the distance, one sees past the Sierra Madres, beyond the Continental Divide, where warm Caribbean waters meet Guatemala at Puerto Barrios, presently a seaport of great significance.

Pacific coastal fog obscured what I was looking for — a secret jet airstrip hacked from the jungles somewhere in the department of Ret-

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alhuleu, close to the Mexican border.

Later, when I questioned Guatemalan government officials and U.S. consular aides, I found that a cloud still obscured the base. No one in an official position would explain why Guatemala, a country without a single jet plane of its own, needs a jet airstrip for military use.

I first asked U.S. Ambassador Joseph F. Muccio: "Has the United States loaned any money to Guatemala to build a military base in this country?"

"That question you must put to Guatemalan officials," he told me.

I asked the same question of Jesus Unda Murillo, Guatemalan Minister of Foreign Affairs. "Just Cuban propaganda," was his answer.

LATER I pressed the question upon Guatemalan businessmen, journalists and aviation people and got startlingly different answers. Said J. Alfredo Palmieri, a newsman I met in Antigua: "Yes, the story is correct. I first broke the story here in Guatemala, about a month ago. But it will be impossible to get to the base."

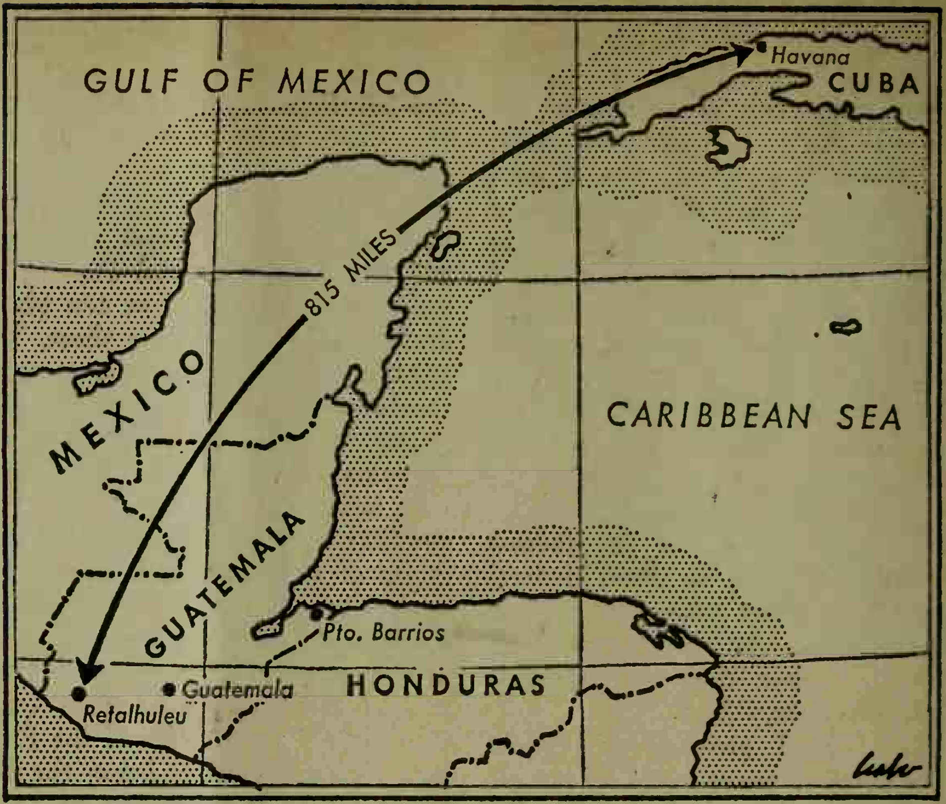
From Palmieri, from a retired U. S. attorney living at Atitlan, from Pan American airline people and from other sources, I was able to confirm the report that first appeared in a *Nation* editorial ("Are We Training Cuban Guerrillas?", *The Nation,* Nov. 19) to the effect that a military base actually exists behind the green curtain of Retalhuleu.

All access to the airfield is cut off. Guards carrying rifles are posted at every approach road. The strip, though its reported 8,000 feet length would seem to be rather short for handling jet fighter traffic, can nevertheless manage these planes because it is at sea level.

The strip is built on land owned by a prominent Guatemalan cattleman, Manuel Ralda. Actual construction is said to have been completed in an eighty-day crash program during the late summer of 1960, under the worst possible climatic conditions of oppressive heat and high humidity.

As there is no airline traffic into Retalhuleu, there is no question as to the airstrip's purpose.

Guatemala's air force, it should be noted here, consists of corroding war-surplus Mustang fighters, AT-6 trainers and some war-weary twin-engine bombers squatting like wounded birds at Guatemala City's La Aurora Airport.



NOT LONG ago, Dr. Ronald Hilton, director of the Institute of Hispanic-American Studies at Stanford University, returned from Guatemala with evidence that the country is swarming with anti-Castro exiles planning an invasion of the Isle of Pines, off Cuba. [*The Nation* broke the Retalhuleu story on information received from Dr. Hilton.—Ed.]

There, said Dr. Hilton, they hope to set up a Formosa-type government to act as a rally point for foes of Cuba's dictator. Coordinated with this planned invasion, he predicted, will be a build-up of forces at Guatemala's Puerto Barrios, which will serve as a staging area for the maneuver.

While he did not establish that the CIA was behind the Retalhuleu base, Dr. Hilton said "there has been so much talk about it that President Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes attempted to explain the whole thing on television." Guatemala, Dr. Hilton pointed out, is close to bankruptcy, and thus not in a position to have provided the $1,000,000 which the Retalhuleu base must have cost.

Aside from the mystery of who paid for the field is the question of why it is there and what use will be made of it. One report indicates that Retalhuleu is a training base for both air and ground operations of a growing army of volunteers from member states of the Organization of American States. Other reports identify the airstrip as one of a growing network of military bases from which a coordinated attack could easily be launched against Cuba.

In a bar at Caracas, Venezuela, one itinerant pilot told me that there is a go-between who handles secret messages for members of a newly formed Caribbean Legion of fliers of fortune. These fly-for-hire airmen, he said, are secretly bringing into the Caribbean theatre a growing armada of strange aircraft, from British Vampire jet fighters to World War II B-25s and P-51s.

In Los Angeles, a member of a former pro-Castro gun-smuggling ring, now turned anti-Castro, tells of a fantastic air-raid operation scheduled for some time early in 1961.

"They are offering $25,000 for pilots to fly on this mission," he said.

Who are "they"?

"They're high up in the government," he replied.

According to his story, six A-20s, armed with 600-pound bombs, their pilots waiting for cash advances before taking off, are scattered on fields in Los Angeles, Miami, Haiti and Venezuela. The plan is for them to streak in low over the water, boom over the Cuban coastline at 4 A.M. one morning, and bomb Castro's oil-storage tanks.

True or not, the story has a not implausible ring. Anti-Castro planes actually have pulled off such raids—but with pamphlets, not bombs. They returned to secret bases—some say to Retalhuleu, some say to Kingston, Jamaica.

At tiny Swan Island in the mid-Caribbean, a powerful radio station today broadcasts the anti-Castro propaganda messages of Miguel Angel Quevado, exiled former editor of Cuba's *Bohemia* magazine. Home of a U. S. Weather Bureau hurricane tracking station, Swan Island is actually owned by a Boston businessman, Sumner Smith, descendant of Capt. Alonzo Adams, who settled there in 1893.

Castro today is being slowly ringed by a tightening noose as the old Caribbean Legion of tramp air pilots is revitalized. In Nicaragua, President Luis Somoza's pilots, curiously, are mainly from Japan, Germany and the United States—Somoza trusts his own airmen about as much as he trusts Castro.

But it is in Guatemala, biggest of the Central American countries, where things are most tense. There exiled Cubans are reported to be seeking a leader to rally the scattered opposition to Castro's regime.

The late Col. Carlos Castillo Armas invaded Guatemala in 1954 and overthrew its Left government, became President and later was assassinated by a palace guard. Yet to appear is a Cuban Col. Castillo.

Lessons of the British Peace Drive

by Stephen Hugh-Jones

Manchester, England

ON GOOD FRIDAY, 1958, more out of curosity than conviction, I joined the 4,000 people leaving London on the first march organized by the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) to the British Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston. After fifteen miles and a morning of the sneers and smears of the British press, there were 600—and I was a member of the CND.

A year later, 4,000 marchers left Aldermaston and the final rally in London was 15,000 strong. By now the editorial writers' ridicule had changed to a pitying respect: our motives, of course, were fine, and our proposals, of course, ill thought out and impractical. Last April, 40,000 marchers joined a crowd as large in Trafalgar Square to make the greatest political demonstration seen in Britain since the war; and in October their policy became (in theory) that of Britain's second largest party. Respect turned to real fear.

What has this old history to do with you as an American? Senator Kennedy's victory offers opportunities for peace that we have not known since 1946. But it is crucial how the ambiguities in his program are defined: that America strong and renewed should not mean two rockets where one grew before, that the appointment of ambassadors who know what continent they are in not imply just more efficient propaganda. The choice is between trying to win the cold war, and trying to end it.

The politics of the cold war still rules the European Left, but there are signs of revolt. The unilateralists have—for a time, at least—captured the British Labour Party. In France, Mollet's "Socialists" have been facing, since April, the genuine *Parti Socialiste Unifié*. The German Social Democrats, who two years ago, with the trade unions, launched an ineffective campaign *"Gegen den Atomtod"* ("Against Atom Deaths") have since moved rapidly Right, especially after the Summit failure. But they are in conflict with many of their student adherents (the Dutch Socialists are in a similar position). In Denmark, where the Social Democrats are in power, a new neutralist Socialist Party won eleven seats in the recent elections.

All these are minority movements. In Britain, opinion polls suggest we have about one-fifth support. In France and Germany, the movements are almost trivial. But our British experience has shown the potentiality of even the tiniest group. What is missing from this concert of minorities is the voice of the United States. Those few Europeans who have heard of SANE are inclined to wish unkindly that it were sometimes just a little loony. American radicals cannot capture either major party. But they could create a force which would influence opinion during the vital first year of the Kennedy regime. For such a task the experience and mistakes of the British CND may have lessons.

THE CND came formally into existence in January, 1958, at a meeting in London. Bertrand Russell was elected president, and the chairman was John Collins, a canon of St. Paul's Cathedral. But for its origins one must go back at least to early 1957, when it was announced that Britain was shortly to test its first H-bomb. The test was successfully carried out near Christmas Island in the Pacific on May 15.

There was an immediate reaction. For many British people—perhaps a majority—it was a happy event. Confused and humiliated by the fiasco of Suez, now they could hold up their heads. Britain was Great again. But among others, particularly the students, who were already urging postponement of tests, the reaction was sharp and hostile.

It is necessary to say something about the students, who played so large a part in subsequent events. Except for a brief flowering of Marxism in the thirties, British students had never shared the European tra-

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dition of active involvement in politics: until 1956 their most notable participation was helping to break the 1926 general strike. But the British invasion of Egypt in 1956 shocked them into life. Almost every university saw liberal and left-wing student demonstrations against the government. (Simultaneously, the Left was intellectually invigorated by the inflow of Marxists, released at last by Hungary from the crippling discipline and double-think of the still Stalinist British Communist Party.)

It was these forces (then, and still, it should be said, probably under one-third of our university population) which provided the backbone of resistance. Some elements in the churches also spoke, notably among Quakers and Methodists. But the Anglican Bishop of Manchester within weeks of the test was urging unilateral British renunciation of the bomb—the first formulation of this demand that I know of.

The opposition was at first disorganized. The idea of a student initiative in politics was still unfamiliar. But in September, 4,000 people demonstrated against the bomb. In the following months a group of liberal intellectuals set themselves to lead the fight. The first meetings in universities were held, and the campaign was born on the straightforward issue that Britain give up the bomb.

In February, 1958, 5,000 attended its first public meetings held simultaneously in three London halls (unreported by *The Times* for motives unknown but widely imputed). In March, the Russians announced suspension of tests. In April came the first Aldermaston march.

THE CHARACTER of the campaign was apparent from the outset. Trafalgar Square before the march was very largely young, mildly beatnik in appearance and mostly middle-class. Among them were a number of notable young and leftish intellectuals such as Kenneth Tynan, the critic, and John Osborne. All shades of radical opinion were represented. There were even a few Conservatives. The campaign has always insisted that it is non-political and slogans such as "Ban the bomb, sack the Tories" were officially frowned on. Some Communists were there, but not in significant numbers. Mercifully, the CP was opposed to British unilateralism until it decided to leap on the bandwagon a year ago.

The march was an unexpected success, even with the general public. As it plodded on its second day through appalling weather, the reporters were gradually convinced that we must be more than just a bunch of weirdies. They also found our appearance more normal that day, not perhaps realizing that in plastic macintoshes all men are brothers. The final rally of 7,000 outside the atomic-weapons establishment was only marred when one of our opponents untactfully chose to harangue "Khrushchev's bunnies" from a Mercedes-Benz, and had his loudspeaker less non-violently treated than it should have been. The press went happily back to its old ways.

One need not detail the further progress of the campaign. The essentials of its success, and difficulties, were all present in the first Aldermaston. I mention my own experience precisely because it was insignificant, and typical. The CND has always been a curiosity among political movements, one in which the rank and file count for more than the leadership. With the exception of Canon Collins and some of the organizing officials, any one of its national names (and they include several Labour MPs) could vanish with barely a ripple.

A curious decision less than two months after the first march suggested that the leaders, who could fairly be described as members of the liberal "Establishment," did not realize the nature of the forces they had unleashed. They determined henceforth to lay less stress on public demonstrations and concentrate on the politically important sections of the community, "the slow persuasion of those who make opinion." This hangover from the elite view of politics was in fact never carried out. Since that date the CND has been carried forward by a program of marches, demonstrations and innumerable public meetings. Also, and with great success, by referenda in universities, which revealed, very early, astonishing student support. A new series is now under way.

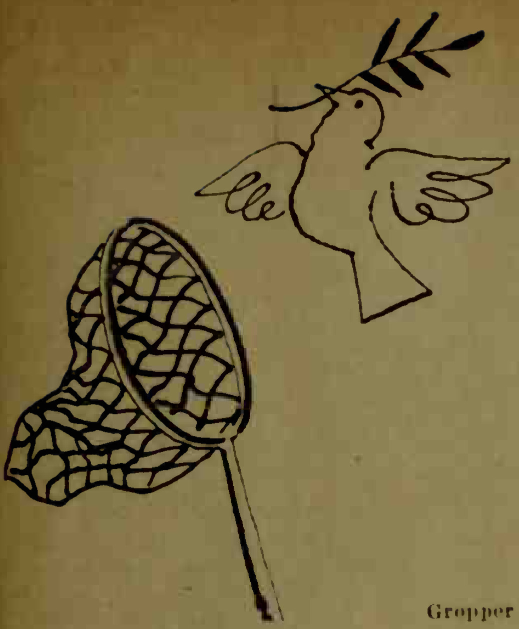
The other typical element in my adherence was that it was primarily emotional. Those of my age and younger had spent our entire lives in the shadow of actual or impending war. I happened to believe there are sound practical reasons for Britain to quit the arms race; but what basically stirred me was a feeling of profound solidarity with those who were actually trying to do something about it. The CND has always played, with tremendous success, on young people's horror of war and the sheer immorality of nuclear weapons. Far more supporters have joined it for this than any other reason.

It has been correspondingly weak on practical politics. The road to Aldermaston was littered with British "moral gestures" and hardly a mention of crude words like negotiation or power. Even now some of its propagandists talk as if Britain had only to give a lead and the neutral nations (Nasser's Egypt?), recognizing our moral stature, will rally behind us.

Its claimed lack of standpoint in internal politics has helped it greatly. Cynical references to politicians of any party have always met an immediate response from the numbers of young people who genuinely regard the lot of them as a gang of tired old men, each as bad as the other. The campaign has united Liberals, Socialists, religious groups, pacifists and the non-party in a way that would otherwise have been impossible.

BUT THIS policy carries the seeds of weakness. To a minority of supporters it is ludicrous. On the simplest level, they argue, the Labour Party is the only possible agent of British unilateralism. More deeply, abandonment of the bomb implies a radical change in foreign policies: in short, a Socialist policy, which in turn implies government by a Socialist party, which the Labour Party, in their terms, is not.

The non-political and the extreme Left have thus found themselves in partnership. A "direct action committee" split off two years ago. It advocated (quite ineffectually, as a



Gropper

by-election showed) a "voters' veto" on non-unilateralist candidates. Latterly it has concentrated on peaceful obstruction, and earned some stiff prison sentences. For quite different reasons, an allied policy of industrial action against the bomb has been promoted (again without success) by the Socialist Labour League, a small, authoritarian, Trotskyite fraction ideologically linked to the American Socialist Workers Party.

This autumn Lord Russell resigned the presidency of CND after a well-publicized row over his plans (now going ahead) for widespread civil disobedience. The orthodox CND, almost readier for the bomb than the barricades, considers all these methods would only lose public support.

ONLY in the last year has the campaign forced itself (rather, been forced by its younger members) to accept the logic of its position and advocate neutralism, barely disguised, as a condition (which could only be refused) for staying in NATO. It had earlier urged removal of U.S. bases here, but its policy of unilateralism *tout court* had found some unexpected allies: *The Times*, arguing for more conventional troops, in February, 1959, declared that "a threat of suicide is not a defense policy"; a former Conservative minister asked pointedly whether we could afford our own bomb; and generals had been moving in the same direction. This was roughly the attitude of the Liberal Party, and even the official leadership of the Labour Party brought themselves to accept it early last summer.

But neutralism was quite another thing. Its acceptance has coincided with a fall in popular support: the Gallup Poll, crediting straight unilateralism with 33 per cent support before the Summit, 27 per cent in June, gave it only 21 per cent in September, when it was at last becoming clear to the public what the battle was now about. The CND has largely itself to blame: its inordinate delay in explaining just what neutralism implies has enabled its opponents to install their version in the public mind.

This policy nevertheless was carried by a small majority at last October's Labour Party conference. This was the culmination of two years' retreat under pressure by the party executive. Starting with a defense policy imperceptibly different from that of the government, they had come to propose a purely conventional British contribution to NATO, coupled with strong political control. But on the principle of collective security they dug in their heels, and lost.

THIS FAMOUS victory may well prove illusory. It was not based on a surge of mass working-class support, but on the obscure mechanisms of trade-union voting: and it will very possibly be reversed by the same means. Significantly, the million-odd votes representing the Labour Party's local branches, which had been heavily unilateral in 1958 (the last previous vote) are believed to have swung the other way. Gaitskell, backed by most of the Labour MPs, has set himself the task of salvation, and on present form will come close to smashing his party in achieving it.

Personally, I suspect that this victory, of which both sides have made so much, will turn out to have been relatively insignificant (for the campaign, not the party). The very zeal with which the Right has sought to discredit it can only help to discredit any reversal, proving (what we all knew in private) that power is something different from amassing hypothetical votes. The CND, without the slightest help from the party machine, had won considerable support among the rank and file, in the unions and from about one-fifth of its MPs. This, the crucial process, may have been halted for a time by the open espousal of neutralism. To the Socialist groups in the campaign, this is a necessary set-back. In the long term, a coalition based on lack of clarity and united only on a single, undeveloped, demand must prove weaker (being easily fragmented and potentially irrelevant) than one grouped about a broad but coherent political philosophy.

HOW DOES all this relate to the American scene? The political conditions, still more the political mechanisms, are obviously not even approximately parallel: in particular, an American peace movement cannot hope for labor support. But these are not the determining factors. In the things that matter, your conditions, I suggest, are much more akin to ours, and not so much less favorable than they might seem.

You will face a hostile press and the opposition of the vast majority of politicians. So did we: the Conservatives have always totally opposed the CND, Labour leaders have done their best to sabotage it, the Liberals at first gave elements of its policy lukewarm support and even that has been withdrawn. We have our fifty-odd Labour members: you have the tiny nucleus that formed the "Liberal Project." Except for a brief period of support from one Labour paper, every national newspaper has opposed us editorially: with honorable exceptions, their news reporting has ranged from bias to sheer irresponsibility. Whatever its faults, your press- is at least theoretically dedicated, as ours is not, to the separation of fact from comment.

Two advantages you lack. We were lucky enough to be opposed by the Communist Party, in a country anyway less given to McCarthyism. The other, which does no credit to us, or to the Pentagon rocket-rattlers who feed it, is a strong latent anti-Americanism.

But the decisive elements of our situation exist in yours. They were these: the mood created by the shock of Suez, and the active support of the students.

The first Sputniks acted for you as a remarkable parallel to Suez, evoking the dual response, the simple "Let's catch up" and the critical "Why did it happen?" Suddenly you have seen it become respectable, even fashionable, to question America's assumptions: where are you going, or should you be, in what your greatness lies, what you should count as success. It should be possible to carry this discontent well beyond the cautious frontiers of men like Kennedy or even Stevenson, Galbraith or Chester Bowles.

Your students, too, have learned in the last year precisely what we learned from Suez. The lesson of the sit-ins, the picketing of stores, the campus cooperation was not just that young people can be liberal on race: it is that they can lead, they can organize, they can act and win. And reports suggest that the connection between the fight against racism and the fight for peace is already being made.

What should the objective of an American peace movement be? Our experience suggests it should be radically in advance of existing opinion, and make real demands: a movement which will go to the barricades for, say, the renewal of Summit talks can be made to look pretty silly, as we learned in April. Equally, however advanced, it must not be in principle repugnant to the plain man's common sense. The British deterrent *was* only a threat of suicide. Yours is in addition an undeniably effective threat of murder. Would any but pacifists support unilateral disarmament by the United States? Even the moral-minded CND does not advocate it.

Our experience again suggests initial demands simple enough to unite many strands of opinion. But whatever they are, you should not be afraid to do what the various Socialist groups such as the "New Left" in the CND have attempted—to draw out their full implications. You may lose popular support: you run the risk, already grave for the CND, of the movement's becoming a battleground of sects. But unless you are ready to link the fight for peace to a comprehensive critique, I suspect that in ten years' time what are now your young enthusiasts will be wondering vaguely what on earth it was all about.

Death Knell of 'Algérie française'

by Alexander Werth

Paris

THIS YEAR even Christmas failed to make people forget about Algeria. In the last fortnight, there has been a 15-20 per cent rise in the sale of most newspapers, something that has not happened since the dramatic days of May, 1958, when the Algiers revolt brought de Gaulle back to power.

There is a feeling now that events are moving fast, that the whole situation has changed radically since the Moslem demonstrations in Algiers, Oran and Bone last month, in the course of which at least 200 Moslems were killed (mostly by fanatic European civilians). There was an initial tendency to blame de Gaulle for what had happened. Had he not been warned that his visit to Algeria would provoke violence on the part of the Europeans? But what had been least expected was that it would produce violence from the terrorized, "tame" Moslems of the Algiers Casbah who, in May of 1958, had obediently cried "*Algérie française!*" and other integration slogans. Who would have thought that these "cowed" people would come out by the thousands, shouting the slogans of the FLN, the Algerian Nationalists?

Now people are saying that de Gaulle's visit, despite the terrible human losses involved, at least has clarified the situation. These Moslem demonstrations have sounded the death knell of "French Algeria" for good and all.

Nobody thinks any longer of Algerian self-determination in terms of years. A high official who is close to de Gaulle told me the other day: "This time the General is in a hurry; he is not going to stand any nonsense from anyone. When the French authorities in Algiers send over 600 Europeans — not Moslems but Europeans—to internment camps since December 11, it means that things have changed radically." Then he added, less convincingly: "You will see that, immediately after the referendum of January 8, the talks with the FLN will be resumed. De Gaulle is quite aware of the fact that the whole Algerian Moslem population is pro-FLN, and that nothing can be achieved in Algeria without the FLN."

But, of course, what the Algerians will do on January 8, and how de Gaulle will react afterwards, are still the big question marks in the situation.

WHAT IS certain, however, is that de Gaulle's position is stronger today than it was two months ago. In October, a well-known left-wing editorial writer noted: "De Gaulle almost belongs to the past." This is no longer true. The danger of a military *putsch* in Algeria is much smaller than it was then; the General no longer seems afraid of an "*Algérie française*" revolt led by Marshal Juin, General Salan, or those civilian "ultras," Ortiz and Lagaillarde. More important, except for a few highly suspect paratroop units, the French Army in Algeria no longer appears to be the independent political force it was even a year ago. Even among those French career officers whose personal sympathies are with the "ultras" there is a growing realization that the "ultras" are on the losing side. Significantly, too, the officers in Algeria have been increas-

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ingly affected by the growing hostility of ordinary French conscripts to the "die-hards" and the *colons*, and by the undisguised longing of these youngsters for peace.

There's still another factor keeping the Army relatively quiet. As the *Monde* wrote on December 21:

> The fear of having quickly to abandon Algeria has been greatly reduced. The Army will have to be there for a long time yet to keep the two communities [i.e., the Moslem and European] apart. The Army has reacted to the latest events by suddenly realizing that complete discipline was the only solution for it. Many officers have won a hard and painful victory over their inner preferences.

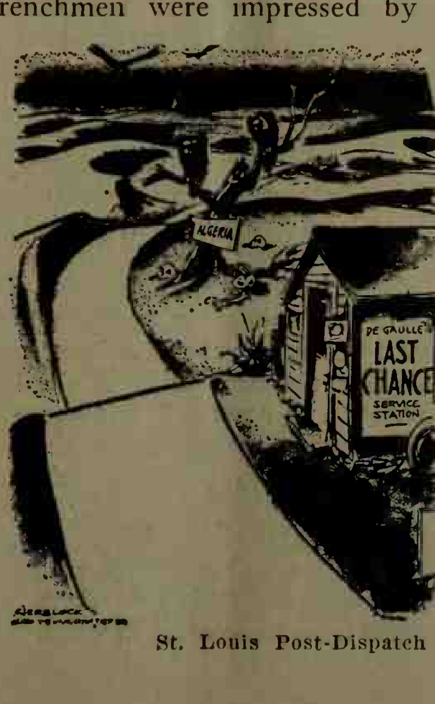
NO DOUBT the question to be asked in the January 8 referendum about approving the "temporary" institutions to be given Algeria pending self-determination is absurd. Actually, it consists of two questions, and most people would prefer to answer each of them individually. On the Left, the tendency is to say Yes to self-determination, but No to the extremely dubious "temporary" institutions de Gaulle is promising to give Algeria during the initial stages of his plan.

But, just as in 1958, the referendum's prime importance lies in the fact that it will be a vote of confidence, or no confidence, in de Gaulle. And, in order to gain the largest possible support of the Left, the General in his private conversations is going much farther toward meeting the FLN demands than he has ever gone publicly. There are stories that negotiations would be resumed with the FLN "two days after the referendum." There are other stories that de Gaulle will call for elections which would provide a new National Assembly no longer dominated by the Right and extreme Right, as the present one is, but by the Socialists. At any rate, Guy Mollet, the Socialist leader, is now among the most wholehearted supporters of the Yes vote. One story current here today is that de Gaulle has suggested a return to some form of proportional representation assuring a left-of-center Parliament.

Many of these reports are not taken too seriously. What is certain is that de Gaulle is now fully conscious that his most determined enemies are no longer on the Left (not even among the Communists), but on the Right. And with the Rightists, de Gaulle does nat hesitate to be rough, even to the point of "illegality." I could not but be amused by the press conference to which M. Jacques Soustelle invited only the British and American press, and at which he bitterly complained of the "illegal and undemocratic" way in which his political group had been debarred from both radio and TV during the referendum campaign. Technically, M. Soustelle's complaint was undoubtedly justified, but coming from the man who had defied "legality" in May, 1958, by joining the revolt in Algeria, and whose conduct as Minister of Information was very far from being "democratic," it was hardly impressive.

AMONG FRENCH intellectuals, the attitude toward de Gaulle is mainly hostile. It is significant that M. Beuve-Méry, the influential editor of the *Monde*, who supported de Gaulle in 1958, should now complain bitterly of the General's "trickery," his "shilly-shallying," his unwillingness to commit himself openly to negotiations with the FLN. Other "intellectual" journals also tend either to support the No vote, or abstention.

But to what extent they will affect the ordinary voter is another matter. For one thing, the majority of Frenchmen were impressed by de Gaulle's extraordinary personal courage in mixing with the hostile European mobs in Algeria. And, of course, in the minds of most Frenchmen, the same old question arises today as it did in 1958: if not de Gaulle, who? So the most common forecast is that while the General will not again get the 80 per cent popular vote he won in 1958, he will get at least 60 per cent — and perhaps as much as 70 per cent if he commits himself publicly to resuming talks with the FLN at an early date. Most prognosticators calculate that the number of abstentions will be much higher than the 15 per cent of 1958.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

These calculations are for France itself. How will Algeria vote? Here we are completely in the dark, except that we know that the great bulk of the Europeans will vote No. But what about the Moslems, who form 90 per cent of the population? It was easy for the Army, in 1958, to drag the Moslems to the polling places and virtually order them to vote Yes. Today the Moslems are less malleable. Moreover, will the Army exploit its power as enthusiastically for de Gaulle as it did in 1958?

The present instructions of the Algerian Provincial Government are for the Moslems to boycott the referendum. But, while most Moslems are undoubtedly in sympathy with the FLN, there appears to be a considerable pro-de Gaulle sentiment among them, based on their conviction that he is "moving in the right direction." Will many Moslems, despite the pleas of their organized leaders, vote Yes in the belief that by so doing they are casting an indirect vote for the FLN?

It would be extremely awkward for de Gaulle, of course, if the European No votes, plus the Moslem abstentions, add up to a loss in Algeria. But if all else fails, there will probably be ways of avoiding such a fiasco; as Marshal Juin said, while giving evidence at the recent "barricades trial," elections in Algeria have always been "arranged." So, until further notice, it may be assumed that de Gaulle will win both in France and in Algeria. What is really important is what he intends to do with his victory.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Sanctification of Darwin

EVOLUTION AFTER DARWIN. Edited by Sol Tax. Vol. I: "The Evolution of Life: Its Origin, History and Future." 628 pp. $10. Vol. II: "The Evolution of Man: Man, Culture and Society." 473 pp. $10. Vol. III: "Issues in Evolution." 310 pp. $7.50. University of Chicago Press.

Gertrude Himmelfarb

WITH refreshing candor, the editor of the present volumes describes their origin. He was attending a conference four years ago when, musing about how much he liked conferences and happening to hear the name of Darwin mentioned, it occurred to him that the forthcoming centenary of the publication of the *Origin of Species* would provide an admirable subject for such a gathering. An encyclopedia conveniently at hand elicited the information that the *Origin* had been published on November 24, 1859—a good time for a conference, he reflected, the school year being well under way and the holidays safely in the distance. And what more suitable sponsor than his own institution, the University of Chicago? Founded, he hastily calculated, ten years after Darwin's death and enjoying not the remotest connection with Darwin or Darwiniana, the university would patently have only the most disinterested of motives. Thus, out of a pure love for conferences and from the good fortune that Darwin's book was published in November rather than October or December, twenty-five hundred scientists and social scientists assembled in Chicago late in 1959, when the Darwin Centennial Celebration was duly held.

It is instructive to compare this event with an earlier, similar one. Fifty years ago, Cambridge University, where Darwin had been a student, was also moved to observe the anniversaries of his birth and of the publication of the *Origin*. The differences between the observances then and now, between the single volume of Commemoration issued then and the three volumes of Celebration issued now, suggest that appreciation has degenerated into panegyric, and congratulation into self-congratulation. "Future historians," Sir Julian Huxley opened his convocation address in Chicago, "will perhaps take this Centennial week as epitomizing an important critical period in the history of this earth of ours—the period when the process of evolution, in the person of inquiring man, began to be truly conscious of itself." The conference, it would seem, was not only *about* the theory of evolution; it was itself a notable step forward in human evolution. One wonders whether Darwin would have been more flattered or more outraged by so immodest a thought.

THIS "critical" period into which he was ushering us, Sir Julian made clear, was critical in the sense of decisive or crucial—comparable to the period 300 million years ago when our amphibian ancestors started to emerge from the water. Neither Sir Julian nor Professor Tax, the organizer and editor, would be inclined to invoke the sense of "critical" implied by the phrase, "the critical spirit." The commemoratory volume published in Cambridge fifty years ago was critical in this latter sense—not hostile or even, except very occasionally, unfavorable, but genuinely disinterested, open-minded and inquiring. In contrast, the present volumes seem aggressively dogmatic. Darwinism, we are now adjured, is no longer a theory at all. It is a fact, a "demonstrated empirical fact." We have only to work out the status of this fact in "all aspects of reality," from the atoms and stars, plants and animals, to history, society, culture and mind.

The array of subjects and specialists is formidable. Papers on cosmology, genetics, botany, zoology, paleontology, anthropology, psychology, linguistics and philosophy flaunt the words "evolution" or "Darwinism" in their titles. And they make a brave, if sometimes forced, attempt to carry out the promise of their titles. But the imprecision of the idea of evolution so conceived, and above all its often remote relationship to the doctrine expounded by Darwin, make one wonder if the effort was really worthwhile. This is not intended as a criticism of all or even of most of the contributions. In their own right, and divorced from the context in which they appear, most of the papers—particularly in the first volume on the physical and natural sciences—are unexceptionable monographs by some of our most distinguished scientists. But science and the history of science, as is well known, are widely disparate orders of knowledge, and it is not to be expected that the research scientist should inquire too closely into the genesis and precise nature of a doctrine that bears upon his own work only peripherally and, often, analogically. He need not concern himself with the fact that evolution is not, after all, identical with Natural Selection; that the test of Darwinism, if the concept is to have any precise meaning, is not merely in the evolution of all inorganic and organic forms but specifically in their evolution by Natural Selection; or that even Darwin, finding Natural Selection inadequate in several crucial areas, abandoned it in these instances in favor of alternative theories. Nor need he concern himself with the logic and empirical status of Natural Selection per se: he is content to use it when and in whatever sense it suits him, if indeed he uses it at all. At least, this is the situation in practice. But, away from his laboratory, confronted with the exigencies of a conference, the scientist graciously assumes the proper celebrating manner. Given the set theme, he conscientiously attempts to relate his work to what he knows or assumes to be Darwinism.

THE anthropologists and social scientists who make up the bulk of the second volume are especially effusive in tribute to Darwin and especially diffuse in their notion of Darwinism. Natural Selection recedes far into the background as Darwin is eulogized in terms that might apply as well, perhaps better, to Heraclitus or Hegel: for having "channeled thought on the problem of becoming," or for "his role in establishing the idea that change or historicity is inherent in all phenomena." One can sympathize with the contributor who innocently observed that some of the meanings attached by his colleagues to cultural evolution "are so disparate that they are hardly even in conflict." There have been attempts to take Darwinism seriously, literally, as an explanation of cultural and social history; a contemporary of Darwin, Walter Bagehot, did as much as could be done along this line. But it is generally agreed

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GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB is the author of Darwin and the Darwinian Revolution *(Doubleday). Her edition of* On Population *(Malthus) has just been added to the Modern Library.*

that *Physics and Politics* was the only lapse in an otherwise brilliant *oeuvre.* None of the present contributors quite matches up to it.

No one with a sense of either history or science can fail to be offended by such extravagances as: "Until 1859, all sciences were essentially static"; or, "The fact and concept of evolution was bound to act as the central germ or living template of a new dominant thought organization." Nor does the insistence upon calling Darwinism a "fact" rather than a theory help the case; the attempt thus to coerce belief is itself cause for suspicion. The truth is that Darwinism is beset by a variety of difficulties and problems that cannot be easily dismissed. Only a few can be suggested here: the difficulty, for example, of formulating the concept of Natural Selection in other than a tautological manner (only the "fittest" survive and are selected, but the only definition or test of fitness is survival and selection); the dominance in neo-Darwinism of modern genetic theory rather than of Natural Selection; the failure of the fossil record to supply evidence at the crucial points; the amount of extrapolation and generalization involved in proceeding from the small instances of observable and provable transformations to the larger question of the origin of species and genera. (For the purposes of the geneticist, we are told, the fly *drosophila* is typical of all "higher organisms"; and for the confirmed Darwinist the gradual darkening of a particular variety of moth in the sooty English midlands is empirical proof that all species and genera of all plant and animal life have originated in the same fashion.)

In the three volumes only one sustained critical voice may be heard. Professor Everett Olson of the University of Chicago, a geologist and editor of the journal *Evolution,* suggests that not all scientists subscribe to the views of Sir Julian Huxley and most of the other contributors to this symposium. There is, he maintains, a small group of vocal dissenters and a larger group of silent ones, who "say and write little because they are not particularly interested, do not see that controversy over evolution is of any particular importance, or are so strongly in disagreement that it seems futile to undertake the monumental task of controverting the immense body of information and theory that exists in the formulation of modern thinking." The quarrel, Professor Olson maintains, is not with evolution conceived simply as the changes of organisms through successive generations of time; it is with the particular "synthetic theory" known as neo-Darwinism, which purports to combine genetic theory and natural selection into a doctrine that is passed off as fact. But the doctrine, he protests, is too elastic to be either proved or disproved; and Natural Selection itself, he quotes another geneticist as saying, is a "wastebasket category." He concludes with a plea to scientists not to pretend to know what is in fact still unknown, not to be committed to a system that might inhibit further inquiry: "Radical lines of investigation may open up new possibilities of approaching some of the problems that now seem untouchable, such as the problems of major steps in evolution. Just what directions these might take is uncertain, but it will require persons able to think in radical terms, outside the current framework, to undertake the early steps."

The Glen of Silence

By this cold shuddering fit of fear
My heart divines a presence here,
Goddess or ghost:
"Wrecker of homes. . . ."

Where have I heard a silence before
Like this that a lone bird's cries
And the sound of a brawling burn today
Serve in this wide empty glen but to emphasize?

Every doctor knows it — the stillness of foetal death,
The indescribable silence over the abdomen then!
A silence literally "heard" because of the way
It stands out in the auscultation of the abdomen.

Here is an identical silence, picked out
By a bickering burn and a lone bird's wheeple
—The foetal death in this great "cleared" glen
Where the *fear-thollandh nan tighem* has done his foul work
—The tragedy of an unevolved people.

Hugh MacDiarmid

Notes: *"Wrecker of homes" is Aeschylus' phrase in* The Seven against Thebes. *It is translated into Scottish Gaelic in line 16. A "cleared" glen is one affected by the Highland Clearance when the people were driven off the land to make way for sheep or the reservation of huge tracts for deer forests and grouse moors.*

Hero for the Right

THE SPARE CHANCELLOR: The Life of Walter Bagehot. By Alastair Buchan. Michigan State University Press. 278 pp. $5.

Keith Hutchison

THE LITTLE GROUP of political scientists who, with the blessing of *The Wall Street Journal,* are trying to revive academic conservatism, have picked Edmund Burke as their culture-hero. I suspect this is a misguided choice: Burke is too remote from our age and his eighteenth-century Irish eloquence too heavy for modern tastes. As a substitute I would like to suggest Walter Bagehot, the embodiment of robust English common sense who, a century later, expressed his conservatism in an idiom that has not yet lost its appeal.

There are signs, indeed, of a reviving interest in this English publicist who was first introduced to America by Woodrow Wilson. Norman St. John-Stevas recently brought out a new edition of his *English Constitution* and other political writings; and now we have Mr. Buchan's well-written book which combines biography with a sympathetic, though not uncritical, study of his ideas.

Bagehot started his career in a family bank while contributing to "the reviews" as an avocation. He became a power in mid-Victorian England when he took over the editorship of *The Economist* in 1859. Serving as a link between "The City" and Downing Street, he was once described by Gladstone as "a sort of supplementary Chancellor of the Exchequer," a phrase which is the inspiration of Buchan's title.

Bagehot came to manhood toward the

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end of the "Hungry Forties." He died at the early age of fifty-one in 1877. Thus his career almost exactly coincided with the mid-Victorian era of relative opulence that ended with the onset of the great depression in 1873. Among the many British notables of this period, none is more typical than Bagehot.

POLITICALLY, he called himself a "liberal conservative" but in fact was slightly to the right of center. His classic treatise, *The English Constitution,* while mildly iconoclastic, was fundamentally an attempt to show why the system worked and why any radical change in it was undesirable. He was opposed to the Reform Act of 1867, which extended the franchise to the urban working classes, because he thought a necessary preliminary was mass education. As a very young man he had written in a review of Mill's *Principles of Political Economy*: "The only effectual security against the rule of an ignorant, miserable, and vicious democracy, is to take care that the democracy be educated, and comfortable, and moral." What he did not realize was that his humane instincts were not shared by a majority of the ruling classes and that attainment of political power by the workers was a condition precedent to their securing educational opportunities and improved living conditions.

But although Bagehot was conservative, he was not reactionary. He was never an extreme *laissez-faire*st: he did not believe, like Herbert Spencer, that the sole function of the state was to protect life and property. He came to admit the success of the Factory Acts; he defended trade unionism as a necessary means of equalizing the bargaining power between worker and owner; he advocated state education; he supported the income tax; he even tentatively approved nationalization of the railroads.

As Buchan says, "Burke's answer that we must venerate where we cannot comprehend," never satisfied Bagehot. He had a bump of veneration but his bump of curiosity was stronger. He was ever seeking to understand what made both persons and institutions tick, and then to explain the mechanism clearly and graphically. This urge inspired not only his political and economic writings, but the literary essays of his younger days, which are unimportant in their assessment of literary values but fascinating as studies of the mind in action.

Lord Bryce, a friend of his last years, said that Bagehot was "perhaps, the most original mind of his generation." This is clearly an overestimation. His strength was analysis and exposition rather than constructive thought. What he did originate, and what has proved an invaluable legacy, was a new style of editorial writing, a fluid, easy, almost colloquial style which superseded the old "thunderings" of *The Times* as a journalist model. In these days, when professional jargon is so horribly prevalent, a study of Bagehot's writing might well be included in compulsory English courses for students of politics, economics, sociology and journalism. If the new academic conservatives can achieve anything along these lines I, for one, will cheer them on.

Continuity of Martyrdom

THE LAST OF THE JUST. By André Schwarz-Bart. Translated from the French by Stephen Becker. Atheneum Publishers. 374 pp. $4.95.

Richard M. Elman

THE LAST OF THE JUST is a pageant of Jewish persecution which only coincidentally bears a resemblance to fiction as we in our century have come to understand and appreciate it. Author André Schwarz-Bart so crudely mixes the methods of the novelist and the historian that his narrative lacks the deliberate pace of fiction as well as the strict coherency of history; yet there emerges from the work as a whole a powerful theme, the continuity of the Jewish experience of martyrdom, which underlies every other assumption of the novel. It is stated explicitly as early as the book's first paragraph when Schwarz-Bart writes: "Our eyes register the light of dead stars. A biography of my friend Ernie could easily be set in the second quarter of the twentieth century, but the true history of Ernie Levy begins earlier. . . ."

This then is not a novel for the purist; it does not fit the specifications of the "well-constructed" work of art; very few members of the legendary family of "just men" (the *Lamed-Vovniks*), of whom Ernie Levy was doomed to be the last descendant, could be described as "autonomous" or even "three dimensional." Rather, they are continually on display as victims: unwilling victims, helpless victims, victims with whom we sympathize and victims by default; but victims over and beyond whatever other identities they may take on. This should not seem surprising or preposterous to us if we remember that Mr. Schwarz-Bart's subject matter symbolizes nothing less than the habitual and calculated annihilation of countless millions who died for no other reason than that they were Jews.

THE well-known Yiddish novelist I. B. Singer (in a private interview) has gone so far as to say that he believes such a subject is not within the province of the literary imagination, since to be strictly objective would reveal a kind of cynicism and since the actual horror of the Chmelnicki massacres, the pogroms, and especially the death camps could never be adequately imagined. Presumably, an immensely self-conscious writer like Schwarz-Bart was also aware of the obscenity implicit in any pose of disinterest, for in choosing to be a partisan about Jewish persecution he has not allowed the reader to be so fascinated by the various instrumentalities of death as to lose sight of those innocents who perished. Here then is a writer whose sensitivity and talent have been directed. He wants to recall, tries to evoke and to dramatize the past; at the same time he eulogizes it as something that was brutally shattered for him.

Thus *The Last of the Just* will remain a valuable book even though it does not fully display all of the writer's obvious and still primitive talents with fiction. Beginning with the twelfth-century persecutions at York, its first twenty pages encompass 700 years and numerous generations of the family Levy, yet only the most cursory details are used to develop the unique bleakness of communal attitudes, the solemn religiosity, the texture of lives adorned with endless precedents to which Schwarz-Bart's proverbial style can sometimes lead a sharp irony, as when he writes of one Levy martyr: "His death fulfilled everybody's expectations."

But the major portion of *The Last of the Just*, although equally instructive, is not history summarized; it is fiction—fiction devoted in quite remarkable detail to the three generations of Levys who preceded the Nazi holocaust. For the most part, the writing here is in the great tradition of European dynastic novels. There is a concern for relationships and behavior, a sense of individual psychology, a sense of the pathos of the would-be adolescent martyr as well as

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a sense of the homeliness of domestic life. In sharp contrast to the almost demonic pace of the book's concluding sections in which Ernie Levy, "*the* last of the just," is led into the gas chambers at Auschwitz (consenting to everything finally, even death), the series of touching vignettes of life in the *shtetele* (the small towns of the pale) and later in assimilationist Germany are what affirm our sense of continuity.

I know of very few books that concentrate with such undiminished vigor on the kind of life that preceded the Nazi holocaust; too often everyday things are overlooked because they must seem irrelevant now to a generation for whom the larger-than-life figures of men like Dr. Mengele still cast their shadows over everything: the past, the present, even the future. But what one retains after reading André Schwarz-Bart is a feeling that Judaism could never be described with the hyperboles of National Socialism; that it has always been something remote and yet very close at hand; something still real to many people, dislocated and dispersed around the world; and that the foremost madness of the Nazis was to think that the history of such a people could end at Auschwitz.

ART in PARIS

Maurice Grosser

THE particularly wet Paris winter—it has been raining steadily since the 14th of July—is also distinguished by some extraordinary exhibitions. The Petit Palais, with the help of the Italian Government, is showing a splendid array of the eighteenth-century Italian painters. The Louvre has opened its new top-floor galleries with some seven hundred pictures drawn from its reserves—pictures which changes in taste or lack of wall space had hitherto consigned to the cellars. Most exciting of all, the show that has all Paris talking hangs at the Musée de l'Art Moderne—paintings, posters, architecture, furniture and decoration done between 1884 and 1914, and chosen to illustrate "The Sources of the Twentieth Century."

The Italian show somewhat surprises the French, who are apt to think that they own the eighteenth century. The great novelty here is the genre painting of the Neopolitan Gaspare Traversi, beautifully executed, full of good humor, caricature and tenderness. I particularly remember a picture of a not very seriously *Wounded Man,* just in from a street brawl, his scratches being treated by a pretentious doctor and a very pretty maid. There is a room of Piranesi's *Ruins* and *Prisons,* a number of Pannini's highly detailed views of court ceremonies in Rome, and fine Magnascos of monks leading their insect-like communal life. The Venetians make up more than half the show. There are the best Piazettas I have seen, of pretty ladies with their parasols and lovely clothes and doll-like faces; a complete display of the landscapes of Canaletto, Belotto and Guardi; and wonderful Tiepolos, both father and son.

The Louvre's exhibit falls sharply into two sections—old masters and the nineteenth century. The galleries of the older painting are crowded and difficult to inspect—too many pictures on too many tiers. Despite the presence of many fine things, the general effect is of an exposition day at a public auction. The nineteenth-century galleries, on the other hand, are a delight, with all sorts of things one remembers with affection from the Louvre of other times. There are wonderful portraits by David; *La Source* of Ingres, so sweet and shy and plump, and his *Oedipus and the Sphinx* where Oedipus with jaw-line beard and delicately muscled feet resembles a Beaux Arts student consulting his professor. There is the well-remembered portrait of two sisters by Chassériau and Whistler's mother looking very content to be home again in the mild Paris damp. There are any number of Delacroixs and almost fifty Corots of all periods, even including his wall decorations for a bathroom. The Daubigny landscapes stand up beautifully. The Rousseaus and Diazes now seem less good. There are beautiful small Millets along with those two popular favorites *The Gleaners* and *The Angelus,* which both turn out to be as awful as one remembers. There is even a small collection of Impressionists. It is all very pleasant and instructive.

CONSIDERABLY more impressive is "The Sources of the Twentieth Century" at the Musée de l'Art Moderne. This show is without doubt the best thing of the sort ever done. It is enormous—like a world's fair exhibit—and covers the whole field of advanced art from the middle of the eighties to the beginning of the First World War. The period is defined as one goes in (through

A Vivid Account of How the 19th Amendment (Woman Suffrage) Became a Reality

FRONT DOOR LOBBY

By Maud Wood Park $4

Fifty years ago the American Woman could not vote. Today she can swing an election. She has more power as a bloc than labor, farm or urban groups. Pundits claim it was *women* who cast the deciding ballots for John Kennedy . . . that it was *women* who put Eisenhower into office for two terms.

How did women get the vote? Specifically, who persuaded the men in Washington that American women should and must have equal voice with men in choosing the officials of government?

Front Door Lobby is an eyewitness account of the woman suffrage campaign in Washington which culminated in passage of the 19th Amendment. Maud Wood Park was head of a devoted group of women who persuaded the reluctant and encouraged allies. This book provides the only inside view of the day-to-day battle by these courageous women to spread their bold hope and make it a reality.

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a Paris Metro station entrance by Hector Guimard in the *Art Nouveau* style) by a mural-size photograph of the Eiffel Tower still in construction. The displays of architecture and decoration are particularly successful and complete, with examples of furniture and models and photographs of buildings by everybody from the Scotch Mackintosh to the Catalan Gaudi. It is the first time I have seen the *Art Nouveau* exhibited without comic effect. The German furniture on display, one cannot deny, is hideously ugly. But the French versions, by Gallé, Majorelle, Guimard and the others, prove to be rich, solid, comfortable, of a workmanship unknown today, and not in any way funny.

The most impressive part of the show, however, is the painting. It is all there —from the Impressionism of Monet and Degas to the beginnings of Dada in Duchamp and Picabia—and not only from the School of Paris, which one expects, but from all the rest of Europe as well: the Italian Pointillists and Futurists; the Nordic followers of Gauguin and of the Symbolists (the inept Willumsen with his hand-carved frames, and Ensor and Munch and August Strindberg, better known as dramatist than as painter); and two rooms of German Expressionists, the finest I have ever seen. Along with this goes a sumptuous display of commercial and theatrical posters by everybody from Mucha and Cheret to Lautrec and Villon.

Looked at in detail, the painting offers frequent surprises. The greatest, perhaps, is how badly the Cézannes show up. Perhaps the white walls of the museum, so flattering to decorative painting, are too harsh for Cézanne's dark tonalities. The *Cirque* by Seurat is even more dead in color—perhaps it has now faded—and its execution seems both tedious and amateurish.

On the other hand, the painting of Van Gogh and of Odilon Redon—usually not my particular favorites—shine out like jewels, second only to the extraordinary display of Gauguins. Gauguin's companions, Sérusier and Emile Bernard, whom I have not hitherto seen, are also there. Bernard, so much a figure in the Van Gogh and Gauguin letters, turns out to be quite bad, as does the once-celebrated mural painter, Puvis de Chavannes. The display of Fauves is splendid and complete, my favorite being a reclining nude by Van Dongen, and there is a spectacular room of Bonnard, Vuillard and the other *Nabis.* There are early blue pictures by Picasso and by his Catalan friend, Nonell y Monturiol who died at twenty-nine; early and unmannered Modiglianis; all the Cubists, including an astonishing Léger with pieces of looking glass set in; all the Italian Futurists with their breath-taking complexity; the Duchamp *Nude* and the Mondrian *Tree;* along with the Douanier Rousseau's big *Serpent Charmer* which, to my great surprise, seems in no way out of place here, and not even naive.

NEVERTHELESS, from all this vigor and variety and fecundity one carries away some very curious impressions: First, of a movement uniquely devoted to the pursuit of novelty and the exploitation of mannerism. The second impression is even more disturbing. Is it possible that modern art came to an end with the beginning of the First World War? Certainly little new has since been added to the work shown here. Surrealism and Neo-Romanticism, which came after the war, were extensions of subject matter rather than advances in technique. And the ideas and practices which serve Abstract Expressionism were present in the sources of Dada.

At any rate the modern school in France seems sad enough today, if one is to believe the Galerie Charpentier's show entitled "School of Paris 1960." This, though it was selected by a group of best known critics, might be a sampling from any current official salon. There are a few crude or mannered representational works, some rather more skillful Crypto-Impressionist paintings (the subject of the picture half-readable through an abstract overlay), along with a great many pure abstractions in the various known modes — the most original being an unsigned flesh-pink canvas slashed with five vertical strokes of a razor blade.

Titillatingly cruel as this may be, it seems scarcely worth the five new francs it costs to see it. I think I would like better the "contactual nudes," shown last summer at the Galerie Rive Droite. These I am very sorry to have missed; for, as I was later told by friends in Paris, the painter created them before a select audience at his *vernissage* by dipping live models in paint and rolling them on the canvas.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

YOU SHOULD remember if you see *In the Jungle of the Cities* by Bertolt Brecht (The Living Theatre) that it was written and first produced in 1923 when its author was twenty-five. The play is not a didactic piece nor an example of "epic theatre." I mention these catchwords because Brecht has been so much discussed in this country and so little seen that the easiest thing for a reviewer to do is to relate whatever Brecht play is presented—especially when it is so "peculiar" a piece as *In the Jungle*—to the labels with which the German dramatist has been frequently associated.

When he wrote this (his third) play Brecht's "political knowledge," he himself has said, "was disgracefully slight." Intellectually speaking, the play might be categorized as pessimistic anarchism, but it is not really proper to speak of this play ideologically. Pessimistic anarchism is not so much a philosophy as a state of mind, a mood. In fact, it hardly bears thought: one can make poetry with it—theatre, art or music—but one cannot reason with or live by it.

Still, it would not be altogether accurate to say that the play has no social significance. What Brecht probably meant by the statement quoted above—and it is important to keep this in mind in view of his reputation—was that in the early days of his career he was not yet a Marxist nor allied with any political group or theory. But there had been a Spartacist (leftist) uprising in Germany in 1919 and everyone—particularly the young intellectuals—dwelt in its atmosphere.

In the Jungle reflects the kind of fevered and desperate climate that was lived in between 1919 and 1926 by young Germans who survived the First World War. It was an inferno of inflation, unemployment, profiteering, degradation, misery, vice and morbid ferment. (The emblem of this era is to be found in George Grosz's caricatures.) And just as someone said that, after writing *Against the Grain,* Huysmans would have had either to commit suicide or seek the grace of the Church, so a sensitive German artist at the time of Brecht's beginning seemed to have little choice except that of flight in the direction of the extreme Left or toward the abyss on the Right. The Center was weak and had little support from the masses, who suffered in depressed confusion while the European democracies wallowed in treacherous ignorance, harboring the hope that the German national abscess which produced Nazism would infect the Soviet Union only.

One of the characteristic artistic movements after the war of 1914-18 (together with expressionism in the theatre) was Dada. It was a sort of spiritual stink bomb hurled by exasperated youth at the heads of the sluggish bourgeoisie. *In the Jungle,* which quotes verbatim several pasages from Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell* (a romantic forebear of the postwar rebels), is sprung on many of the impulses which motivated Dadaism.

IT IS useful to refer to all this in order to understand Brecht's play, which is clearly a product of its time. But the play is not to be understood literally. We must feel it as we feel (and interpret) certain "difficult" modern poems.

The plot of *In the Jungle* is strangely violent. Though it has a seemingly logical progression, it resembles a montage of disparate images and speeches which add up to nightmare. The author tells us that we are in Chicago in 1912—a wholly "mythical" Chicago—and that we are to observe an inexplicable combat between two men whose motives will never be clearly explained. One of the men, the wealthy "Mr. Schlink of Yokohama," begins by attempting to buy an opinion from a young man "from the prairie" who works in a book shop. When the young man refuses to sell his opinion, the book shop is wrecked by the Asiatic's criminal henchman: "Chicago gangsters." The young man vows vengeance, but the Asiatic retaliates by bribing the young man with the gift of a prosperous lumber business! The boy takes over the enterprise and runs it in the most ruinously fraudulent manner. We are off now to a series of madly extravagant events—each of which is "simple" enough in itself, but the total meaning of which is somehow elusive.

It appears that the young man and his tormentor (who makes himself into the boy's "slave") are bound together in a sort of homosexual love-hate relationship. I am inclined to uderstand the play as symbolizing the struggle between capital and labor, ruler and ruled, master and vassal—seen as a hysterical poet, attracted even by what he loathes (as Brecht in those days was spellbound by the evil that permeated everything in his world), might view it. I may be entirely mistaken about this: it doesn't matter. What matters — apart from Schlink's suicide and the young man's "escape"—is the sense of agony the play communicates. Its world is a place of mutual and universal torture, of aloneness for each individual. Its catechism reads: "It will get worse; it will get worse; it will get worse." There are moments of Teutonic bathos, but for the most part the writing is mordantly eloquent as well as grotesquely witty.

For Brecht to become Brecht—the classicist who espoused common sense and faith in human reason—it was necessary for him to pass through this phase. The last lines of the play—"To be alone is a good thing. The chaos is used up now. It was the best time."—suggests that there was a certain purification in the poet's struggle within his own and his society's corruption. Having gone through it, he may move forward to some less damaging experience and arrive at some saner knowledge. But the chaos comes first.

To articulate such a play satisfactorily on the stage demands not only consummate craft but a cast—even an audience—attuned to the deep inner and outer turmoil the play represents. It is not to be expected that the producers and actors of The Living Theatre should possess these qualifications. Their virtue is in their ambition. And there are people in our town—more numerous than we suppose—who will be fascinated by *In the Jungle,* or at least happier to puzzle over it than to be lucid about the safe commodities proffered elsewhere.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE BRITISH film, *The Angry Silence,* written by Bryan Forbes, starred in by the excellent actor, Richard Attenborough, and produced by the two of them, is a bitter, ugly counterpart to the farcical *I'm All Right, Jack.* As I said when I reviewed the earlier picture, the material does not seem to me to lend itself to a frivolous approach, and I am more comfortable with the Forbes-Attenborough savagery. Though this picture also has shortcomings.

The subject of *The Angry Silence* is labor trouble in a Midlands mill; but the theme is the price in conformity we pay for security and the orderly functioning of our very complex way of life. Or as Tom, Attenborough's hero, puts it: "I mean to say, if nobody can't be different, what's the use?" The weakness of the picture is that it loads the dice all over the lot. First of all, it introduces a lean-faced, bespectacled Cassius sort of chap, who appears to be an agent for a "foreign power," and who is fomenting labor trouble to snarl the defense effort. I take it that the film's sponsors do not care to admit that solid British working men could behave like fools and villains unless worked on by the infinitely subtle Pavlovians of Moscow. Then, too, it portrays all the exponents of obedience to the mass will as stupid, cowardly or wicked, which in reality is not the way most of them are; and it resolves the conflict by decreeing that one of the cowards shall suddenly find courage, which happens so rarely in life as to be arbitrarily sentimental in fiction. In

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short, I did not believe the story line.

But the spectacle of what happens to a man who today holds out against what he believes to be the sheep-like acquiescence of his fellows is brilliantly and horribly convincing. In this case, of course, the insane hatred is being whipped up by the Kremlin fellow, but we don't need agents. Remember New Orleans last month? We approach the point where the majority not only rules, but tyrannizes, and the details of Tom's persecution because he will not recognize a wild-cat strike called by his local—and which by union law he is not required to recognize—is vivid enough to make the guilty knowledge of one's own conformities prick like nettles. Tom is alone and defenseless in a crowd of enemies—he is a traitor and a nuisance, fair game for the town's knife-carrying hoodlums and only because he heeds his own conscience more than the voice of the mob. *The Angry Silence* works in melodrama but the issue is not remote.

The picture was directed by Guy Green in the solid documentary style of British social movies. It is not conceived with much visual originality: the crowd shots, the depot and pub episodes, even the domestic interiors are all vaguely familiar. But the players are well-schooled and feel as though they know their way around a machine shop. I wish Forbes and Attenborough had denied themselves the Russian bogey and had screwed themselves up to admitting that the extermination of individuality in a mass society is more apt to be accomplished by men of good will than by dolts and knaves. But I'm glad they took the subject even as far as they did.

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UNDER the direction of the young Mario Monicelli, a group of Italian eccentrics perpetrates in *The Big Deal on Madonna Street* a good-natured spoof on the French "scientific" crook film best exemplified by *Rififi.* The conspirators draw up an elaborate program of attack upon a pawnshop in the street of the title and assemble a formidable kit of tools for violating it. But mischances, which the observer may decide are self-induced, block every advance and the dawn finds them richer by one kitchen alarm clock.

Toto, lantern-jawed and swathed typically in an enormous muffler, is funny as the pedantic doctor of crime, and I enjoyed the rat-like foppishness of Tiberio Mugia, who played an absurdly peppery Sicilian obsessed with guarding the commercial value of his sister's virtue. Vittorio Gassman, a romantic hero by trade, is pleasantly dim-witted as an ex-prize fighter.

But the essential theme of *Big Deal* is stupidity and, like most borderline cases, these desperate adventurers tend to run in circles. There were passages where I thought the film was being rerun in the interest of economy. The slum neighborhood—a warren of high-flung galleries and precipitate alleys as narrow as slits—photographs with a charm I doubt it has in life, and the dialogue, largely a matter of inflection and gestures, is funny even to an audience whose knowledge of Italian is confined to *ciao.*

A PICTURE that evoked a good deal of enthusiastic sobbing over the holidays is *Tunes of Glory*, directed by Ronald Neame and starring Alec Guinness and John Mills. From it I gather that the atmosphere of an eminent Scottish regiment installed in its home garrison is not unlike what prevails in a very stylish girls' academy—one where bitchiness underlies meticulous behavior and the most promising girls have rather a crush on the games mistress.

In this case the games mistress is Colonel Jock Sinclair, a red-haired, red-faced, up-from-the-ranks, whisky-pounding hero of El Alamein (Guinness), and the crisis comes when a new games mistress, the somewhat Presbyterian, go-by-the-book Colonel Basil Barrow (Mills), is sent to supplant him. Colonel Barrow doesn't appreciate "our little ways," he is ever so keen on proper form and none of the smart clique likes him a bit. In fact they are so mean to him that he retires to the washroom and blows his brains out.

Whereupon Jock Sinclair gives up the games mistress routine for a go at Macbeth. Conscience-stricken by the blood in the bathtub, he begins to hear voices and drums, and is last seen blubbering into his tam o'shanter. There is a tradition, going back at least to *Journey's End*, that asks us to admire the antics of great hairy soldiers who behave like green girls. Clinically, it has its alarming effectiveness, but the manufacturers of this sort of toffee are not clinical-minded; they want us to weep right along with their overwrought heroes.

Tunes of Glory is enlivened by some brief scenes with a pretty girl named Susannah York. She plays Sinclair's daughter and is inappropriately in love with a young piper. Miss Sinclair is the only principal character in the story who has her wits about her and her nerves under control, but though I stayed to the very end I never did learn how her problem worked out. The picture ravels out inconclusively in a general flinging of aprons over the head.

The Road You Look For

Shake the ermine snow from your cloak,
Loosen your hair, lacquered with frost;
Blink the cold from your ice-blue eyes
Before you are lost.

Lost, in the whine of withering wind
Along winter fences of rusted wire;
The road you look for is still uncharted;
Come back to the fire.

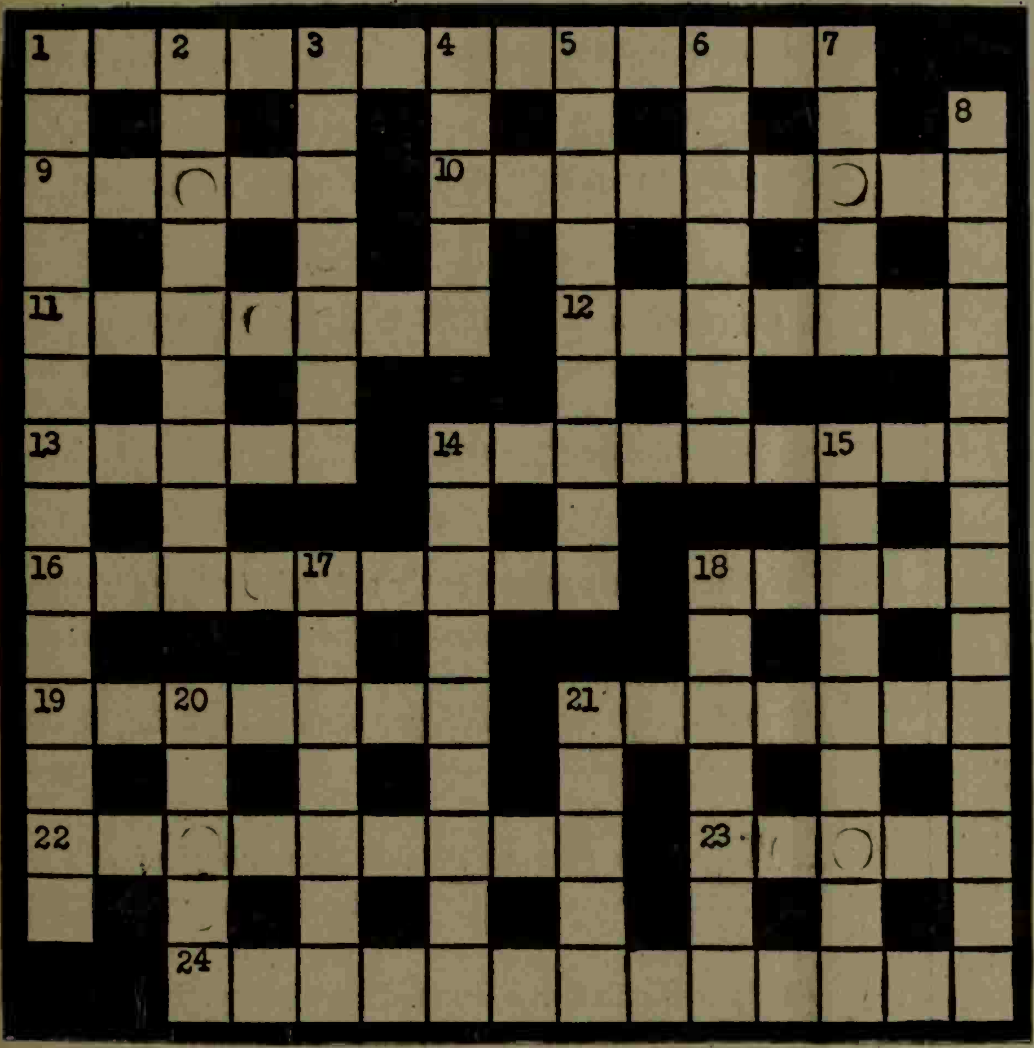
The feathery flames are warm, gold
As goldenrod and the August sand.
Strip the gloves from your white fingers;
Take summer in hand:

The chip of glass like a smoky topaz,
The rose-brown of this rounded shell
Wherein the heart of the ocean rings,
And the harbor bell.

MARION LINEAWEAVER

Crossword Puzzle No. 897

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Dish found at its peak in the service, if high grade. (9, 4)
9 Price-wise, likely to be lower, however. (5)
10 Never seen dillowing by Kipling. (9)
11 These are sometimes preferred by the injured. (7)
12 Such a shaker in the house is malt-associated. (7)
13 Oceans of water or gas? (5)
14 His epitaph marks him as sea sailor and hill hunter. (9)
16 It's not so easy to walk when you shift this to the grip. (9)
18 Presses, but not among the woods. (5)
19 Put back one material with another. (7)
21 Having no fixed role in getting past a ticket office. (7)
22 Does it imply one loves to have trouble with the food supply? (9)
23 See 2 down
24 A foreign gentleman, sent to obtain what we were told to avoid. (13)

DOWN:

1 Spring water for the writer? (6, 8)
2 and 23 across Going over again to take away an arm? (9, 5)
3 Are Migs as difficult to pin down as flying saucers? (7)
4 Doesn't follow in the groove, when it comes to pencils. (5)
5 Bar a play, in part, with such material. (9)
6 Reason this, according to Hamlet. (7)
7 Do no females come out of this town? (5)
8 Is Lassie such a stand-out, even though unhappy? (7, 7)
14 The Yugoslavian type is just untidy to a Scotchman! (9)
15 What a club dancer sometimes does by way of display for an aficionado? (6, 3)
17 The British trolley sounds like wood painting. (7)
18 Temporary. (7)
20 It takes more than an amateur to exist as an explorer. (5)
21 Destroy the force of one zero, by the sound of it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 896

ACROSS: 1 Solemnities; 9 Anathema; 10 Maenad; 11 Gangway; 12 and 26 Trading stamps; 14 French; 15 Allopath; 17 Replaced; 20 Faster; 22 Crucial; 24 Emporia; 27 Cinnabar; 28 Blockbuster. DOWN: 2 Octagonal; 3 Eyelash; 4 Neat; 5 Tumbrel; 6 Emend; 7 Unfair; 8 Garnet; 16 Pastorate; 18 Errata; 19 Classic; 20 Foments; 21 Elijah; 23 Camel; 25 and 13 Scabbards.

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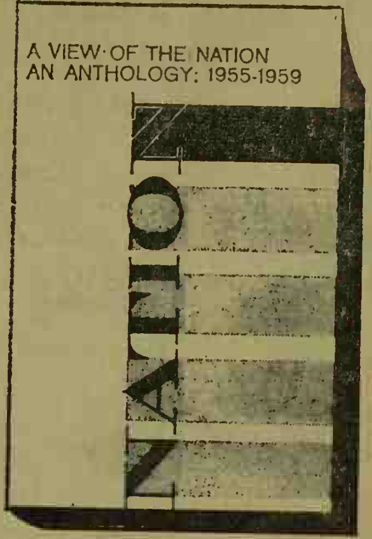

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He's Pro Anti

Dear Sirs: Sir Stephen King-Hall's splendid article in your December 24 issue on the *Polaris* sub brings this idea to mind: The *Polaris* will be chased by some anti-submarine device, which must in turn be chased by an anti-anti-sub device, which in turn calls for an anti-anti-anti-sub device. So with missiles, which call for anti-missiles, anti-anti-missiles, anti-anti-anti-missiles, etc., the possibilities for letting contracts to keep millions at work are limitless. This takes care of the depressed areas right away.

George Kauffman
Berkeley, Calif.

The True 'Liberal'

Dear Sirs: Michael Novak's essay ("The Brain Curtain," December 10) is a perceptive but incomplete statement. As I interpret it, the gist of it is that the liberal intellectual has mistakenly divorced himself from common opinion and morality, and has consequently weakened his influence in society. He has been guilty of an unwillingness to communicate his rationale, his aspirations and his personal attitudes. He has failed to accept the undeniable accomplishments of American society.

Mr. Novak has not gone far enough, either in his criticism of the liberal intellectual or in his identification of the problem. I would hazard the following observations:

(1) That the "brain curtain" between the liberal intellectual and the mass of the American people will remain drawn as long as "liberal intellectuals" regard themselves as a privileged element of society;

(2) That there has not only been a lack of self-criticism, but there exists a climate in which only criticism from within will be heard;

(3) That intellectuals generally have identified themselves with liberalism and the Democratic Party, to the point that the future of intellectual freedom in this country may be tied to irrelevant political issues;

(4) That the willingness to accept the risks of free thought and free speech is not widespread among those who call themselves "liberal";

(5) That colleges and universities have failed to demand rigorous standards of discourse and analysis from faculty members, especially in areas of opinion;

(6) That unpopular opinions are no more welcomed by liberal intellectuals than by anyone else;

(7) That many intellectuals regard the idea of commitment to ideals of personal conduct as secondary to the ideal of intellectual brilliance and facility;

(8) That "Madison Avenue" and "public relations" are not so great a threat to American society as is the liberal intellectual's refusal to practice what he preaches;

(9) A willingness to risk freedom by according it to others is more important to the definition of "liberal" than any social or economic philosophy, more important than any comfortable statement of an "unpopular opinion" when one's closest colleagues and friends share the same point of view.

I might add that in the *Merriam-Webster* definition of "liberal," the following qualification appears: "Not bound by authority, orthodox tenets, or established forms in political or religious philosophy; independent in opinion. . . ." If we were to accept this qualification, how many present-day liberals would be in search of a new appellation?

If those who identify themselves as "liberal intellectuals" are not free men—individually, intellectually free men—the mass of the American peope will seek for those who are.

Robert L. Payton
Director of University Relations
Washington University
St. Louis, Mo.

Policy in Laos

Dear Sirs: While the Cuban crisis and the Congo compete for our attention, the "powder keg" in Laos seems ready for a major explosion. According to a dispatch in *The New York Times*, the official position of Washington was stated in these terms: "And was it (Laos) really worth fighting for? Would it not be better to take a stand elsewhere later? Was the risk of major conflict justified? The United States was saying 'yes,' it was worth it; and 'no,' it would not be better to stand up and be counted later. Its friends were beginning at last to listen, but as yet with only one ear."

Back in the days of Dulles, when the United States tried to get all-out backing from its NATO allies for an all-out operation to hold Indo-China, these same "friends" refused to listen even with one ear. How long it will take them now to get TWO ears operating is anybody's guess. But the problem that should be worrying Americans is — how long, this time, will Washington wait for an O.K. from the NATO allies for "full steam ahead"?

As for the United States policy in Laos — as documented by the U.S. press — if ever there was an occasion when a great power had neither legal nor moral principles on its side, this is it.

Helen Mears
New York City

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APR 1

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Point of Return

The Castro regime has finally succeeded in its campaign to goad this country into breaking off relations. Whether the Administration was wise in doing so at this time, or on the immediate issue, is beside the point; a break had become unavoidable because Castro was determined to force it. From his point of view, the development has certain obvious short-term advantages: it closes the American Embassy in Havana, seals off the flow of refugees to the mainland, makes possible tighter counter-espionage and sabotage controls, and sets the stage for future negotiations over resumption of relations at which the Guantanamo Naval Base can be used as a bargaining counter.

But the break also offers us an opportunity — given the wisdom and tact to seize it — to return to a new version of the Good Neighbor Policy in Latin American relations. Since the action coincides, roughly, with the return to power of the party which originated the Good Neighbor Policy, it clears the decks for a new approach to Cuban-American relations which, at the moment, are the key to better relations with the rest of the New World. But new policies, however urgent, take time to evolve, especially by an Administration which is just taking over. Without waiting, then, for new policies to be formulated, we should adopt a belated New Year's resolution and swear off further cloak-and-dagger operations in the Caribbean. We have had quite enough of "secret" airstrips which are the subject of international gossip and comment, of artfully staged rehearsals of "invasion armies" practicing in the gardens of Florida estates, of Teddy Roosevelt-style naval maneuvers, of inspired news stories which describe some of the more stupid of Batista's killers as "leaders" of an anti-Castro opposition. And there are other harebrained ventures of which the public knows nothing, or about which the little that is known can neither be confirmed nor clarified. When a top CIA official is quoted as having said of one such venture, "It will be a black day if we are found out" (see editorial, *The Nation*, December 3), and the statement stands undenied, the effect is to give the appearance of confirmation to Castro's wildest charges of planned armed invasion. We may be sure that the Cuban refugees in Florida include many Castro agents and there is more than enough discontent in Central and South America to breed informers for Castro in a volume that CIA cannot hope to match despite its unlimited funds and loose accounting procedures.

As a nation, we are not good at cloak-and-dagger activities, as events in Laos and the U-2 incident should remind us. The fact that we are not adept does us credit as a people. Cloak-and-dagger operations do not comport well with traditional American values or with the national character. Our efforts to play the game have about them all the subtlety of "private eye" television scripts. If it were a question — which fortunately it is not — of using the Marines or CIA as our main reliance in the Caribbean, we would unhesitatingly opt for the Marines. Happily, we have an opportunity, now, to recast American policies in a manner that should make it possible to dispense with both the Marines and the CIA as auxiliaries of the Department of State.

Laotians and Rabbits

In the modern world, if you are a dumb animal you may get some sympathy, but God help you if you are a human being.

The *New York World-Telegram* has discovered that in Harmony, North Carolina, the local American Legion Post celebrates the Yuletide every year with a "revolting frolic," in which about one hundred Legionnaires, men, women, and children, round up and slaughter the rabbit population (which greatly outnumbers them). This would not be news in itself, since the Legionnaires' love for shooting is well known. But in Harmony they don't shoot their rabbits; they beat them to death with clubs, flails, jagged stones and their bare hands. The dead rabbits are then frozen and eaten at the Legion's February barbecue. The manner of their dispatching has aroused some unfavorable comment, but a spokesman for the Harmony Post rejects all protests. "We shouldered arms to defend American rights and traditions," he says angrily, "and nobody's going to tell us what we can or can't do." Nobody in Harmony, he adds, is "paying the slightest bit of attention to this rigmarole humane stuff."

A somewhat similar attitude seems to inspire the great powers in the Laotian crisis. The United States is prepared to fight to the last Laotian to the end that the noble right-wing patriot, Prince Boun Oum, and the noble patriot's backer, General Phoumi Nosavan, shall rule the Laotians and keep them safely in the camp of freedom, Western style. On the other hand, the opposing camp of freedom, Soviet style, is airlifting and supplying Laotian soldiers to insure that Prince Souvanna Phouma, at present enjoying a sojourn in Cambodia, shall steer Laos on the strict course of neutrality, with possibly a little more neutrality toward North Vietnam, Communist China and Soviet Russia than toward the capitalists of the West.

No one, however, is much concerned about the three million common Laotians who, like the Harmony rabbits, don't give a damn whether they are neutral or Western, who in fact don't know the difference, but whose all-consuming interest is to survive in peace. The Laotians are so peaceful that even their military men (except perhaps General Phoumi Nosavan) avoid fighting as much as possible. If their allies would only let them alone they would go home, voting, as Lenin said, with their feet. *The Nation* suggests that when the humane societies get through saving the rabbits from the Harmony Legionnaires, they try to do something for the almost equally unhappy Laotians.

Bad Timing for *Time*

In the quotation usually abbreviated to "Life is short, art is long," Hippocrates observed also that truth is difficult to ascertain. It is perhaps even harder to arrive at in our day, when it flows past our eyes and ears in a vast current of print and radio, like the Gulf Stream in an ocean of lies. For any one man to cope with all of it is impossible: we must usually rely, at least in part, on other people's say-so. Thus a longstanding journalistic tradition has established itself — when somebody has said something, and you use it, you attribute it to him. *Time* apparently feels that while this may be obligatory on lesser publications, *Time* alone should be untrammeled. It may attribute, indeed, but in its own fashion. Thus in its January 6 issue, in an item titled "Guatemala — Mystery Strip," *Time* discusses the airstrip and military camp near Guatemala's Pacific coast which has now been discussed elsewhere for some seven weeks as a possible base for a U.S.-Guatemalan-Cuban-exile airborne operation against Castro. "Fortnight ago, poking around the country," *Time* writes in its breezy fashion, "Los Angeles *Mirror* Aviation Editor Don Dwiggins heard about the strip and broke a story reporting that it had been built with U.S. funds in a mysterious 'crash' program and was capable of handling jet fighters." But how and where Don Dwiggins heard about the strip, deponent sayeth not. Don Dwiggins, however, does say. While *Time* was preparing its story, Mr. Dwiggins was preparing one for *The Nation*, which appeared in the issue of January 7 ("Guatemala's Secret Airstrip"), synchronously with the *Time* story. In his story, Mr. Dwiggins refers to his original source, "the report that first appeared in a *Nation* editorial ('Are We Training Cuban Guerrillas?', *The Nation*, Nov. 19)." It is only rarely that *Time* is the victim of such unhappy timing in which, in the same week, the source to which it attributes a story obligingly re-attributes it to its proper source.

The Trespasser

Dr. Earle L. Reynolds is an anthropologist, a former professor at Antioch College, who used to work for the Atomic Energy Commission and, as such, was a member of the Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission in Hiroshima. In 1951, Dr. Reynolds conducted a study on the effects of radiation in Hiroshima for the National Academy of Sciences. This close contact with radiation havoc apparently affected Dr. Reynolds more than is meet or wise for a good American to be affected by other people's suffering, and when the Atomic Energy Commission declared 390,000 square miles of the Pacific Ocean off-limits in 1958 so that it could conduct uninhibited tests of its nuclear weapons, Dr. Reynolds, accompanied by his wife and children, sailed into the area in a two-masted ketch, *Phoenix of Hiroshima* ("Forbidden Voyage," *The Nation*, November 15, 1958). He was intercepted by a Coast Guard cutter, arrested and flown to Honolulu for trial. Naturally he was convicted, but the judge committed the error of not allowing the defendant to act as his own counsel and the conviction was reversed. Retried, the sailor, home from the Atomic Energy Commission's sea, was again convicted, but on December 29, 1960, the government suffered a second reversal in the U.S. Court of Appeals. "We conclude," the Court ruled, "that when the appellant sailed his ship into the Eniwetok Testing Grounds, he committed no more than a trespass on grounds being used by the Commission."

The Nation hopes that the government will once more proceed against this hardened trespasser who, though equipped with navigational instruments and aware of the fealty he owed to the Atomic Energy Commission in the pursuit of its lawful aims, did sail into the waters where these lawful aims were being furthered. We hope that Dr. Reynolds, for his part, has the wherewithal to carry his next conviction up to the United States Supreme Court or, if not, that the money can be raised for him. For it would be stimulating to see how the Supreme Court — well aware as the Court is that this nation of ours in years past has fought valiantly to defend freedom of the seas — would view this lonesome trespass on a vast section of the world's largest ocean marked only by pinpoints on a map. All other trespasses may be forgiven, but this one, never.

Our Subversive Neighbor

For those Americans who are confident that the United States has a monopoly on the good, the true and the politically beautiful, sad news is filtering across our northern border. The Canadians are not cooperating fully in the Great Crusade. They think they can be against communism and yet trade with the enemy, who is infiltrating from both the south and the west. Via the southern approaches have come the bearded agents of Castro, seeking increased trade with the Canadians, who are in roughly the same economic condition as the distressed areas in the United States. Cuban purchases of Canadian goods have been running at a rate of about $15 million annually — nothing to be alarmed about, even for American proponents of the *cordon sanitaire*. Cuban Economics Minister Regino Boti, visiting Canada at the head of a ten-man delegation in December, suggested that the figure be stepped up to $150 million annually. There appears to be more than a touch of Caribbean optimism in this proposal, since the Cubans do not have $150 million in hard currency to spend; nevertheless, Washington began to twitch and tremble and Prime Minister Diefenbaker had to issue soothing statements to calm the shaking colossus. The Cubans did have $3.5 million on hand in cash, so the colossus had something to shake about, although not much.

In Mexico and elsewhere in Latin America there was unconcealed glee. Gerry Robichaud wrote for the *Chicago Daily News* Service that what looked to the Latin Americans like "Canada's twisting of Uncle Sam's beard" was received with widespread admiration and amusement. "You North Americans," said one Latin American, "used to think that we were the only people in this part of the world who were critical of you. Diefenbaker is showing you better. . . . Maybe you'll learn now."

Apparently intent on rubbing salt into the wound, the Canadians received as guests some slant-eyed fiends from Red China. In 1958, Canada exported something over four million bushels of wheat to Communist China without bringing down the edifice of Western unity. This year Canada is again bursting with wheat. The Chinese Reds, despite the unparalleled strides in industry and agriculture which they are always press-agenting, have been deprived of wheat by "natural calamities." The Canadian government would like to export about 300 million bushels of wheat annually. The United States certainly won't buy any of this tonnage, hence the Royal Bank of Canada reserved hotel accommodations in Montreal for the atheistic heathens. There is nothing like having something to sell to make one tolerant.

KENNEDY'S CABINET . . *by Ted Lewis*

Washington

THE KENNEDY Cabinet is generally composed of men on their way up — the comers rather than those who have reached career summits in the past. This is exhilarating in itself. It suggests that men in motion will be operating in tune with a young and energetic President.

Yet it is still fair to say that hosannas in praise of the new Cabinet are premature. On careful analysis, it is no better than most. While it does have intriguing non-political character, in a party sense, it is questionable whether Kennedy will consider it his "team." At some point he well may turn to lower-echelon advisers as confidants and key policy-makers, just as Franklin D. Roosevelt did.

There is some significance in the fact that, with a few exceptions, the ten members of the Kennedy official family are not nationally known figures. Yet below the Cabinet level there are plenty of nationally known names, such as Adlai Stevenson, Chester Bowles, Mennen "Soapy" Williams, John McCloy. These and many others in the same job category are men who basically have already reached the peak of their careers, and it is the view — at least in the industrial segment of our society — that those who have already achieved success and can hope for few further and greater honors are no longer "go-getters" with a consummate drive for more power and greater authority. What may well be more important, they are less inclined to take orders and be team members.

Critics who question the basic difference between those on Kennedy's second team and those on the varsity should scan the Cabinet make-up itself. The Secretary of State, Dean Rusk, is a man on the move upward; so, obviously, is forty-four-

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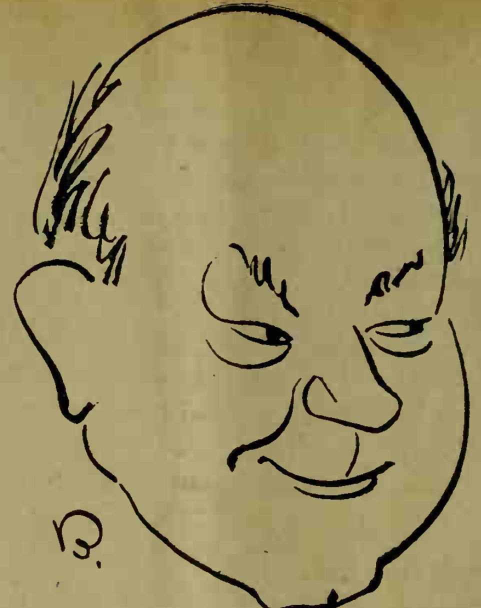
year-old Robert S. McNamara, Defense Secretary. The Republican Treasury Secretary, Clarence Dillon, has been on the government payroll as an Eisenhower diplomat and high State Department official for seven years, but in subordinate posts. He now has his big chance with an appointment to the top rung. This is also true of Robert F. Kennedy, the President-elect's brother. Others on the way up, seeking to be remembered for accomplishments yet to be recorded, are forty-year-old Stewart Udall, Secretary of the Interior, and James E. Day, the new Postmaster General.

Yes, but what of Labor Secretary Arthur Goldberg, what of sixty-two-year-old Luther Hartwell Hodges at the Commerce post, Abraham Ribicoff as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Orville Freeman as Secretary of Agriculture? Well, they all have drive; all have gained their limited reputations in sectional areas or, like Goldberg, within the confines of the labor movement. Each now has the big chance in the nation's Major League.

Even Hodges, despite his age, is a man on the move, with bouncing mental energy, an idea man who first made a fortune in textiles, then went places in politics as Governor of North Carolina. Connecticut's capable Governor Ribicoff was in the thick of Kennedy's Presidential campaign and is definitely a deserving Democrat. But his marked ability transcends his political qualifications. He would be an outstanding choice for any Cabinet. He is also clearly the type looking for new and challenging fields to conquer.

As qualified as these ten men appear to be, and even granting their ambition and drive, the make-up of Kennedy's Cabinet deserves a close examination.

FIRST, there is reason to believe that the President-elect himself may not be wholly satisfied with his Cabinet appointments — that he has had to compromise, to yield to expediency, to choose some of the second best when he wanted to name only the best. The President-elect has great confidence in his deft political artistry; but, once elected, he found his appointment plans were awry. He had hoped to complete his Cabinet by late November. It was nearly Christmas before the last appointment was made (that of California's insurance executive, James E. Day, for Postmaster General). It is perhaps surprising that the Cabinet is as good as it is in view of the frustration that Kennedy experienced in molding it. Historians in the years ahead may find the weeks' travail that Kennedy experienced during this pre-inaugural period full of drama. Historians may see in it the coming of age of the young President-elect, perhaps, or garner from it inklings of the man's human weaknesses — simple, natural weaknesses more likely to increase than to diminish his popularity (as did also those of Lincoln).



Drawing by Berger

Dean Rusk

What do Kennedy's shortcomings during this pre-inaugural period appear to be? He was determined from the very start to find men with whom he could work for the next four years. It seemed that he was looking only for men with whom he could have *rapport* — that subtle feeling which holds together kindred souls. But should that be a criterion for the choice of members of an official family? How many of us have made a choice between job applicants on that basis, and later been disillusioned? Couldn't it also be argued that Kennedy displayed timidity, totally out of character, in pushing aside from Cabinet consideration men who in the past had had the courage to speak out on controversial issues as a matter of principle? Rusk was the choice for State because he had failed to do just that. Kennedy's team of aides, entrusted with the job of sifting the qualifications of prospects, may have been elated to find that Rusk had always been a cautious character.

Yet why should they consider failure to take a stand to be an attribute, considering the tremendous issues of foreign policy that stirred controversy in the last Eisenhower years? Is a cabbage-like refusal to condemn the Eisenhower policies, or even to praise them, to be admired? Yet Rusk has taken no chances. He has never closed in on the Formosa issue, on the U-2 incident, etc.; therefore, according to Kennedy's reasoning, he is a splendid choice for Secretary of State — as free from previous commitments on controversial global issues as Casey Stengel or Frank Sinatra.

THE CHOICE of Douglas Dillon, a Republican, for Secretary of the Treasury was a similarly cautious move, not that of a confident political gamble. Yet Kennedy himself has been a daring political gambler. He has always taken long-shot chances without hesitation. In last year's Presidential primaries, he risked his political career by challenging Hubert Humphrey in Wisconsin, almost the home-ground territory of the Minnesota Senator. Winning there, he gambled on West Virginia, where Catholics are as rare as robins in January. At the Los Angeles Democratic Convention, he cajoled Lyndon Johnson to be his running mate, another dangerous gamble. But now we have caution, almost the kind of caution that is normal for the elderly — not for the young in spirit, the daring "New Frontier" pioneer.

Dillon's choice was undoubtedly a political finesse play that reflected a shrewd, quick mentality. It places a former New York investment banker in Treasury, upsets Republicans who fear that, if all goes well with Dillon's fiscal operations, they will be deprived of the inflation issue against the Democrats in 1962's Congressional elections and the Presidential election of 1964. With Dillon guarding the Treasury and the soundness of the dollar, and with Kennedy now doing a Tweedledum act about budget-balancing, where are those brave new programs of spending proposed as booster shots to get the nation rolling ahead in a vast economic upsurge?

During the weeks that Kennedy wrestled with the problem of whom he should select for this Cabinet post or that, he often told intimates, with the frankness that is one of his finest qualities, "It is not easy to find the right man for the right job." This is not a new Presidential remark. Ike himself has said it time and again. So have other Presidents before him. But it is a statement that serves to show why the second-best prospect too often has to be chosen for a vital government post.

To save embarrassment to the living, it will be years before the names of those whom Kennedy wanted in his Cabinet, but who declined his invitation, will be known. Robert A. Lovett is only one. He pleaded his uncertain health and his age when offered either Secretary of State or Defense. Lovett recommended Rusk for State and McNamara, of the Ford Motor Company, as Defense Secretary. Kennedy ended up by taking both, but in a manner almost suggesting that he was at his wits' end about these two key appointments. In both instances, he announced his decisions after meeting the two men for the first time, and having only perfunctory chats with both. This procedure was a real variation from the original plans he had in mind. An elaborate system had been arranged for checking the qualifications of all persons that Kennedy and his top aides considered of Cabinet caliber.

This selective system is still being used on the lower levels. The applicant for a job is judged by six standards: his toughness (both mental and physical), his judgment, his integrity, his ability to work with others — and finally his devotion to the principles of the President-elect. In the first go-around, the rating for each of these qualifications is made by the persons recommending the applicant. They also give their answers to such inquiries as to whether the job-seeker has a wide or limited acquaintanceship and if, in his professional group, he is known nationally, or just in his state or home town.

Obviously you don't ask Cabinet prospects themselves, or those who recommend them, to put down on paper this sort of thing, but the application form undoubtedly reflects Kennedy's opinion on the kind of men he wants working under him in Washington, from top to bottom of the job scale.

DESPITE all the difficulties Kennedy had in lining up a Cabinet, to his credit it should be said that the group he finally chose is devoid of political hacks and is marked by a high level of intellectuality. Because the members are men above average mentality, they mirror a very important facet of Kennedy's character. He has absolute trust in his own mental acumen and wants smart folks around him.

Kennedy has short shrift for mentally sluggish politicians or for anyone with a mind that functions like a tired Model T Ford. There is a touch of Ivy League arrogance about this attitude. The late "Mr. Republican," Robert A. Taft, was the same way, although let it be said that loyalty was considered a superlative quality both by Taft in the past and Kennedy in the present. So there will definitely be some dimwits in the incoming Administration—loyal and likable lackeys — but thankfully for the nation Kennedy will see to it that they will not be in vital posts where they could trigger nuclear war or a hair-raising depression.

'PUGWASH' ON DISARMAMENT . . *by Louis B. Sohn*

THE RUSSIANS talk incessantly about disarmament; the Americans are preoccupied with the Soviet threat to the security of the free world. Is there a way to narrow this difference in national approaches to the problems of peace and security?

LOUIS B. SOHN, Professor of Law at Harvard University, took part in the San Francisco Conference which established the United Nations in 1945, and served as a legal officer in the U.N. Secretariat 1950-51. He is the author of Cases on United Nations Law *and co-author, with Grenville Clark, of* World Peace Through World Law.

Though the official channels of communication have dried up since the abortive Summit meeting, the need for informative international discussions has not diminished. With this in mind, a group of Americans, including Leo Szilard, Jerome Wiesner, Walt Rostow and 21 others, went to Moscow to explore these problems with an eminent group of Russian scientists and with scholars from other countries.

The occasion was the Sixth International Conference of Scientists, held in Moscow from November 27 to December 5, 1960. It was one of a series of conferences which started at Pugwash, Nova Scotia, in 1957. The first three were subsidized by Cyrus Eaton, but the later meetings have been assisted by a group of small foundations interested in international scientific cooperation.

The host for the Sixth Conference was the Soviet Academy of Sciences; participating were 75 scientists (including, in addition to natural scientists, also political scientists, lawyers and economists) from 15 countries. In addition to 24 Americans, there were 21 Russians and 8 British participants, 4 from the People's Republic of China, and 2 each from the German Democratic Republic and the Federal Republic of Germany. While there was a sprinkling of other Europeans and one Canadian, none of the invited scientists from Asia, Africa and Latin America was able to come.

What exactly have we learned from the Moscow Conference? The impressions which follow are purely personal. They are based, however, on the official discussions and on additional private talks with the Russian participants and other prominent Russian scholars.

MY principal impression was that the Russians sincerely and even desperately want peace and that they believe that this goal can be achieved only through "general and complete disarmament." The reasons which led the Russians to this position were not always clearly spelled out, but the principal ones may be summarized as follows:

First, the Russians are still extremely conscious of the losses they suffered in the last war. (All told, more than 15,000,000 men died in the war, not counting women and children. A remark made to me by one of the Russian conferees seems pertinent: "When the war started there were fifteen persons in my immediate family; only four of them survived the war. I cannot understand how people can talk calmly about the possibility of another World War and calculate the probable numbers of victims and survivors. This is inhuman!")

Second, now that the Russians have their own nuclear weapons they seem to understand much better than in the early negotiations in the United Nations the fact that these weapons change entirely the dimensions of future conflicts. No longer can the Soviet Union hope to "win" a war; even a "victory" would turn most of Russia into radioactive rubble. Their traditional defense "in depth," which since Napoleonic times has helped Russia win wars, offers nothing in these days of long-range ballistic missiles. Even the satellite empire, acquired at great cost to serve as a buffer against another attack from the West, will soon be useless. Consequently, the Russians seem to believe that the nuclear revolution in means of warfare requires a complete change in the general attitude toward war and armaments. As one of them put it, in not entirely original phrasing: "Modern war is obsolete; men must be deprived of means of waging it."

In the third place, the Russians are afraid that war will come, even though the two superpowers both want to avoid it. They are willing to concede that despite our "first-strike" posture and the belligerent speeches of some of our public figures, the American leaders are too intelligent to contemplate a nuclear attack on Russia and to invite retaliation which would destroy a large part of the United States. They hope that we will be willing to ascribe the same amount of intelligence to their leaders. But even if fear of intentional war is removed, the Russians emphasize the danger of accidental war resulting from misreading of radar, from pushing the wrong button on a missile-launching site, or from a bomber receiving a wrong coded message when flying near the opponent's territory. There is also the danger of an "escalating war," i.e., a nuclear war growing out of a limited war, and of a "catalytic war" caused by a provocative attack by a third nation camouflaged as coming from one of the two superpowers. The Russians believe, therefore, that if nothing is done to stop the arms race, it is almost certain that a nuclear war will erupt one way or another within the next five to ten years.

This belief is strengthened by their apprehension that in a few years nuclear weapons will spread to several new countries which are not likely to show the same restraint in their use as the United States and the Soviet Union. The odds are too great that in one of these countries a Hitler-like leader will come to power and bring a disaster upon all. An agreement on disarmament must be reached and made enforceable on all the nations before this so-called Nth-country problem becomes serious.

MY SECOND major impression in Moscow was that the Russians are more flexible in their attitude toward disarmament and controls than is generally understood. They not only repeat interminably that they will accept complete controls if disarmament is complete, but they seem willing to accept substantial controls in a first stage if that stage includes a substantial amount of disarmament. On the other hand, they will not accept any meaningful controls if the first stage is limited to "studies" and minor arms-control measures.

Assuming that the United States continues to adhere to the goal of "complete and general disarmament under effective international controls," accepted in several official statements in 1959 and 1960, the discussions in the future need to be focused on two issues: what substantial measures of disarmament are possible in the first stage, and what measures of control are proportional to these disarmament measures? The Russians would like to concentrate in the first stage on a modified version of the French proposal for the abolition of means of delivery of nuclear weapons (missiles, bombers, Polaris-type submarines and long-range guns). They seem to have no objections to including in the first stage other steps, e.g., with respect to conventional weapons and the size of the armed forces, which the Americans might desire. They repeatedly challenged the Americans to produce a scheme for the necessary controls and indicated a willingness to accept them provided that they are actually "proportionate" to the amount of disarmament agreed upon in the first stage. In this connection, they expressed an interest in a new American suggestion for phasing both disarmament and controls on a regional basis. This proposal would involve a preliminary division of each country into a specified number of regions and a disclosure of the amount of armaments contained in each region. While each side would divide its territory the way it seemed best, the other side would be allowed to choose, in each disarmament period, one of the regions to be both disarmed and thoroughly inspected. Special controls would also be instituted to prevent the shifting of armaments from one region to another after a region has been selected. Both sides agreed to study further the implications of this approach.

Many other problems were also explored in the Conference, including the banning of tests of nuclear weapons and measures for the prevention of an armed attack, as well as such general problems as the role of scientists in the creation of friendly relations between nations. In general, the discussions, though spirited, have shown a growing readiness by the participants to understand each other's point of view. The participants agreed to continue studying all these problems and to hold another conference in the United States in the course of 1961.

TO CONCLUDE: It seems to me that the Russian scientists are sincerely interested in peace and disarmament. It is quite probable that the Soviet leaders are interested in these problems not only for the reasons given above, but also because of their firm belief that in a peaceful world the Communist system will prevail over the capitalist one. Despite their awkward lag in the amenities of life and the difficulties encountered even by top people in getting decent housing and food, the morale of the Russian leaders is high by virtue of their success in the exploration of space. They seem to believe firmly that they will catch up with the Western standard of living in the not-too-distant future. Consequently, they think that they can win many nations to their side by demonstrating that their economic and social system is more efficient and more practicable for underdeveloped countries than American capitalism. Only by war can this "inevitable progress toward socialism" be stopped—and war, therefore, must be avoided.

While some Americans feel strongly that Soviet insistence on disarmament might lead us into a dangerous trap, they seem to assume that in a peaceful world the United States will be outdistanced by the Soviet Union, domestically and internationally. This need not happen, however. If an American truly believes in the future of the American democratic system and the American way of life, if he is confident that in peaceful competition our more flexible economic system will be victorious, if he really wants to assist other nations in their progress toward the American standards of liberty and justice for all, he will not be afraid to accept the Russian challenge. Let us compete with the Russians in things a democracy does best—developing new frontiers for the common good of all, not by pressure and force, but by example and cooperation.

CAN WE WIN the COLD WAR? . . *by Leo Perla*

THE PREVAILING attitude toward the Communist threat has now taken on a new direction in irrationality. Since it is felt that no one can "win" a hot nuclear war, we are now turning our attention to a more "realistic" policy, that of "winning" the cold one.

The illusion implicit in a "position-of-strength" policy is still with us, but there is beginning to be agreement that strength is a composite (as Adlai Stevenson has pointed out) which must include military, economic, political and moral elements. To this idea the Eisenhower Administration has given some verbal support, but has done little to implement it. With the election of Senator Kennedy, however, there seems little doubt but that a real effort will be made to achieve "composite" strength, with special emphasis on the economic element, in a new attempt to win the cold war.

But do most of us really know what we mean when we talk about "winning" the cold war? There is a strong determination to press forward, to "meet the challenge," "to top the Russians" — all in the certainty that by winning the "race" we will somehow by-pass the nuclear stalemate and be rewarded with a new sense of security and power. This is the illusion, and, pursuing it, we haven't even been willing to face up to the obvious reasons why we have been losing the cold war at such frightening speed.

What can we mean when we talk about "winning" the cold war? I suppose we mean that we must overtake Russia militarily and also in our rate of economic growth; our prestige among the uncommitted nations and their loyalty to us must become so great that we need no longer fear the world-wide spread of communism, and we can feel at least relatively secure against any Communist attempt to threaten us directly; we must have the power to change or maintain the *status quo* (outside the Communist bloc, that is) at our discretion, and without fear of Communist opposition. And, of course, to round out our cold-war victory, the Red regimes in Russia and China would eventually crumble under the moral pressures of a predominantly democratic world, or evolve democratically from internal pressures.

A careful look at this picture, however, reveals it to be based largely on illusions. In our more sober moments, we ourselves have practically admitted that the phrase "military superiority" is meaningless, since we know that all-out nuclear war would destroy both sides, no matter which side was "superior." As for the idea of nuclear deterrence, this will continue to be mutually neutralizing (barring some phenomenal military breakthrough) no matter on what level the competition comes to rest.

On the question of economic growth, even if our industry could make more substantial contributions to the military than it is now making, we would be no nearer "winning" the cold war unless we suc-

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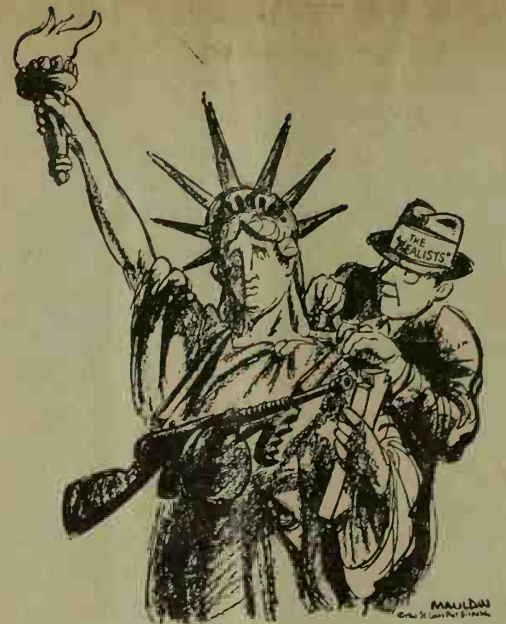
ceeded in making our defense invulnerable and our attack irresistible —an impossibility for the foreseeable future. For an accelerated production of material goods to have any defense meaning in non-Communist countries, we would have to increase foreign aid. But this we could do today without the slightest hardship, if we really wanted to.

We *could* win the battle for men's minds if our national purpose truly reflected the American heritage, and we *could* win the battle for their hearts if we opened our own to their suffering and their aspirations. This is the only victory which is possible today, the only "winning" of the cold war which makes sense. We could accelerate our rate of economic growth tenfold, excel Russia in missile weaponry, outer space and every other aspect of technology — and still lose the cold war.

MR. KENNEDY left the American people in no doubt that if elected he would give top priority to increasing the rate of our economic growth. But in what direction? Galbraith, Lippmann and Schlesinger have pointed out the weaknesses of a huge Gross National Product which includes too great a component of luxuries and gadgets; they have stressed the incongruity of an economy characterized by private luxury amid public squalor. Let us assume that Kennedy's program will take account of these pitfalls. According to Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., to attain adequate public services we need only "a marginal shift of resources — say, some $10-12 billion a year more to be employed for public purposes." Well and good; it would be nice to have more public housing, more hospitals, more roads, more recreation facilities, better care for the aged. But what have all these to do with winning the cold war? On reflection, it is clear that the only sector in the public-service area which serves defense directly is education — and this only in science and engineering.

So, viewed in actual figures, the whole furor about economic strength involves a shift of a tiny fraction of our current $500 billion GNP — about one-fiftieth. Of this $10-12 billion shift, only the education component, as I have indicated, can be directly related to defense — a matter, perhaps, of some $2-$3 billion. The envisaged increase in our rate of economic growth would be enough in itself to cover this relatively small added expenditure. We can have adequate public services, retain or even increase the private-luxury sector of our economy, and increase our defense strength with just a little more planning. This hardly stacks up as a contemporary version of "blood, tears, toil and sweat."



"It looks great on you. Why not drop that other junk?"

WHAT COULD be more appealing than the idea that we can "win" the cold war not by consistent and dedicated attachment to the values of our society, but simply by increasing our own prosperity and general well-being? It would seem that the great "austerity" to which the American public will be asked to submit in order to "win" the cold war will not even involve the sacrifice of a single luxury. We can have chromium on our cars and better education, too.

Certainly no reasonable person could object to some improvement in the shameful state of our public services. But I repeat: what has all this to do with the central problem of the cold war? Most people have been made to feel that there is a vital and direct relationship. The truth is that we have lost international prestige not because we have neglected our public services at home, but because we have failed to fashion a foreign policy consistent with our historic political values and objectives. If now again we turn inwards, we are more likely to injure than to help our position abroad, unless our self-concern goes hand in hand with an intensified concern for the needs, aspirations and welfare of the underdeveloped nations.

The continents of Africa and South America are psychologically ready to fall into the Communist orbit, whether or not they actually adopt Marxism. Through the rasping voice of Castro, Latin Americans scream their complaint that we have been more interested in safeguarding our investments than in their grinding poverty. In Africa, as a recent headline over a dispatch from a *New York Times* correspondent put it, "Africa Shouts to America: Choose! — An American visitor finds Africans united in one demand: Support us against your colonial allies — or count yourself out politically in Africa."

It is indeed hard to follow a logic which risks nuclear war to retain possession of Quemoy and Matsu, yet stubbornly refuses to assume infinitely smaller risks — to make the sacrifices and adjustments necessary to safeguard American influence and to protect our reputation in Africa and Asia. In the one case, our firmness makes clear that nuclear war is not too high a price to pay for two tiny pieces of real estate which our Maginot Line concept of defense regards as vital. But we refuse to see any danger to our security in the alienation of two continents. We refuse to stand unequivocally for the principles of democracy we profess because this loyalty might involve a small danger to NATO solidarity. We look with dread at the possibility of a predominantly Communist world, and our whole military and psychological program is directed toward preventing it; yet, figuratively, we use a whip to drive potentially friendly peoples into the Communist orbit. The Communists do not have to take physical possession of South America and Africa to threaten us with a peril as great as that posed by the loss of China to the free world. We just have to continue to be indifferent to their welfare, make them hate us a little more.

NO WONDER Khrushchev feels so confident of the future of communism. We are angered by his jovial self-assurance. Why? Because, despite all our proclamations to the contrary, we fear that his confidence is justified, and because he makes us painfully aware of our own lack of confidence and dedication to a consistent national purpose.

The failure of our present policy, with its lopsided emphasis on nuclear deterrents and military alliances, is unmistakable; and unless compassion, understanding and political wisdom begin to direct policy into channels usually called "starry-eyed" and "unrealistic," unless we stop blaming the enmity we have aroused on the Communists and their ingenious propaganda, our world political influence will continue to diminish.

I am well aware that there is great reluctance to admit the basic failure of American policy in the postwar period. This reluctance is motivated by genuine patriotic feeling. But a moment's thought compels the conclusion that a rational patriotism must truly serve the highest national interest, regardless of personal feelings. If, on the basis of national interest, the indictment I have sketched is accepted even by those to whom it does not seem altogether fair, we would be impelled to exert every effort to raise our sights. This could have no other effect but to improve the international atmosphere, and the price we would have to pay would involve primarily no more than a certain emotional discomfort. On the other hand, if we refuse to accept the indictment as valid (it is one, remember, that is leveled against us by much of the world), if we continue stubbornly along the path we have been pursuing, we jeopardize our survival.

It is reassuring to see Senator Kennedy boldly recognizing the failure of our foreign policy to reflect historic American values, notably with respect to the revolutions and shifts of power which are taking place in Asia, Africa and Latin America. "We have allowed the Communists to evict us from our rightful estate at the head of this world-wide revolution," he has said. "We have been made to appear as the defenders of the *status quo*." This is a courageous statement which should hearten every American. But even here we see patriotic rationalization at work. The Communists have "evicted" us and "we have been made to appear as the defenders of the *status quo*." How could we have been *evicted* from a position we stubbornly and persistently refused to assume? How can we say truthfully that it was the Communists, and not events, that have made us "appear" to be defenders of the *status quo?*

FOR ALL practical purposes, we have all but lost the cold war as a direct result of our double standards, the ambiguity of our "national purpose," our betrayal of the basic ideals for which America has always stood. We have tried in vain to wipe out this failure by emphasizing weaponry. We could make no greater mistake than to set out anew with still greater emphasis on nuclear deterrents and military alliances. This way lies not victory in, but intensification of, the cold war— and all that this implies. And even granting an agreement on disarmament, a shift from the arms race to a militant economic one would simply be transplanting a dangerous illusion.

What we need to do is to give consistent, dedicated expression to the historic American political values in our foreign policy. Unless we do this we, no less than the Communists, stand indicted for self-righteousness, for maintaining double standards and moral ambiguities, for holding to a myopic view of national self-interest at the expense of a good part of the rest of the world. This is the area in which we can make giant strides in the direction of true national strength. If Russia attempted to compete, it would only help to clear the international amosphere.

It is dangerous and irrational to entertain any hope that we can "win" the cold war. *We must end it.* We cannot end it on terms favorable to us as long as we continue to turn a deaf ear to cries for freedom overseas and here at home. Once, at Concord, we fired a shot for freedom that was "heard round the world"; today the crash of a shattered window in New Orleans is heard as far, and with quite different effect.

Whatever Happened to Atomic Power? . . *by Ken McKenna*

LESS THAN thirty miles outside Detroit, by the marshy shores of Lake Erie, an awesome complex of pipes, wires, structural steel and odd-shaped buildings stands idle. This is the $88,000,000 Enrico Fermi atomic-power plant, originally erected as a technical showcase for the nuclear-power industry, and scheduled to bring electricity to the Detroit metropolitan area in 1960. But three AFL-CIO unions have filed a court action blocking its completion and threatening to disrupt development of the entire atomic-power industry.

Last June the United States Court of Appeals agreed that the plant might prove a menace to the health and safety not only of its employees, but also to residents of nearby Detroit. It told the Atomic Energy Commission to reconsider the project's construction permit. The AEC has taken the case to the Supreme Court, which is expected to review

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it next month. "We submit," the AEC said of the lower court's ruling, "that it is bad science, bad sense and bad law." If the Supreme Court upholds the lower court, the AEC may be forced to review the licenses of other atomic-power plants under construction around the nation.

MEANWHILE, the Enrico Fermi plant, technically able to receive its first elements of atomic fuel, but legally unable to begin electricity production, remains a symbol of Atomic Age frustration. Since 1954, when Congress passed the Atomic Energy Act permitting private companies to "harness the atom," utilities and allied manufacturers have committed $650,000,000 to place seventeen atomic-power plants on drawing boards or into construction. For all the time and millions expended, only three full-scale plants have begun operations, producing relatively minor amounts of electricity. Back in 1955, the AEC promised 2,000,000 atomic kilowatts on the line by 1960; less than 25 per cent is actually being produced.

A casual observer might easily conclude that, as the years pass, the farther away commercial atomic power recedes. Predictions of low-cost atomic electricity for the 1960s are now being stretched to the 1970s. Currently the industry is at a near standstill, with few orders for new plants and only slight technical gains. The high cost of nuclear reactors has made electric companies reluctant to invest their money.

Yet no great public outcry has been raised about the lack of activity. This is all the more strange in that, during the immediate post-World War II years, the subject of nuclear energy had a breathless fascination for public and industry alike. Isotopes and radiation were ready to serve industry, agriculture, biology and medicine. Nuclear power was to be man's new and inexhaustible source of energy. "It is by harnessing the atom for production of power," said John A. McCone, chairman of the AEC, "that the burden of man's labor can best be lifted."

Today, with man-made satellites probing the skies, nuclear electricity, for all its newness, seems old. It has lost its public glamour; cheap electricity in the kitchen just doesn't have the appeal of a man on the moon. Before it ever really came of age, the Age of the Atom gave way to the Age of Space.

But if the public no longer sees romance in the atom, the nation's electric companies are stolidly plugging away at the problem of producing nuclear power at less cost than electricity produced from coal, oil or gas. The problem is purely technological. Basically, a nuclear-power station is not radically different from present steam plants. One turns turbines with heat from the splitting of atoms; the other takes heat from the burning of coal or gas. Hence construction of nuclear-power plants involves not only the normal costs of heavy generating equipment, but the expense of an atomic reactor.

When the government turned the atom over to private industry in 1954, it did not expect investor-owned utilities to build the plants without assistance. The AEC stood ready to share costs. Under a program to encourage utilities to invest, the first plant went into construction at Shippingport, Pa., that year. The AEC paid the bulk of the reactor costs and Duquesne Light Co. financed the conventional generating equipment. Within a year of the law's enactment, forty-one utilities proposed four large power projects. Significantly, two of them were to be financed entirely by the sponsoring companies; the other two firms accepted only a minimal amount of government aid. In all, $277,000,000 in private capital was invested to produce plants that would, in five years, turn out 579,000 atomic kilowatts — about enough to light the city of Milwaukee. None of the utilities involved had any illusions that the investment would net cheap atomic electricity.

Why were so many utilities, despite their innate conservatism, willing to make these tremendous outlays? To put it simply, they were afraid that if they didn't spend, the federal government would.

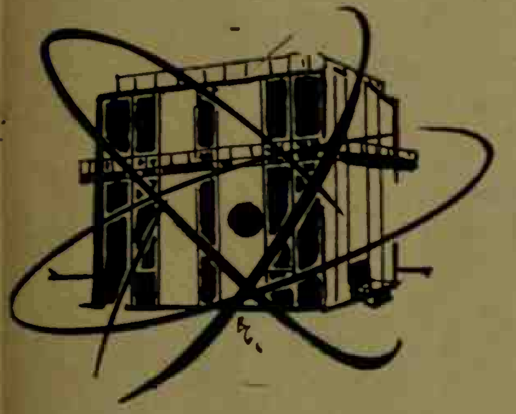
Private utilities, of course, are forbidden by law to engage in direct competition for customers. Their only rival is electricity manufactured with government backing, and the success of the Tennessee Valley Authority demonstrated how potent this rivalry can be. Ten years ago, investor-owned companies represented about 80 per cent of the nation's total electrical capacity; government-owned stations produced the rest. By the end of 1959, the private companies' share had dwindled to 76 per cent, a loss of 7,000,000 customers.

But the industry's fear of an atomic TVA has lessened in recent years. Simultaneously, it has apparently come to feel that a little apathy right now, considering what it has already invested, is altogether in order. Besides, there is no overwhelming, immediate need for a new energy source. The cost of coal and other standard fuel is still cheap by comparison; the supplies remain adequate.

CERTAINLY, a reversal of the Enrico Fermi plant decision would have a salutary effect on the investing attitude of the industry. The case illustrates many of the problems responsible for the present torpid state of atomic-power development.

In 1955, twenty-one private companies created the Power Reactor Development Co. to build and operate a 100,000-kilowatt reactor named for the late Nobel Laureate. The reactor was to manufacture steam which would be sold to the Detroit Edison Co. for the production of electricity. Even in an industry whose prime activity is experiment, the Detroit plant was viewed as daring, since it was designed to use a "fast breeder" reactor that produces more nuclear fuel than it uses (the fuel is plutonium, used for weapons).

Less than a month after the AEC issued a construction permit for the plant in 1956, three AFL-CIO unions demanded its withdrawal on the grounds that safety qualifications had not been met. The court, in deciding against the AEC, questioned the legality of building a nuclear plant near a dense population center and ruled that the AEC had not made certain that the reactor would be safe. The court held that, under the Atomic Energy Act, "Congress intended no reactor should, without compelling reason, be located where it will expose so large a population to the possibility of a nuclear disaster." For the AEC and the industry, the notion that a nuclear plant could not be located near a large city without "compelling reason" had dismaying implications. Consolidated Edison, for instance, is erecting a 175,000-kilowatt station within twenty-four miles of New York City. If atomic stations must be restricted to remote areas, the Enrico Fermi advocates contend, they would have to be built in deserts or tropical islands where no one could use the electricity anyway. The builders of the plant gloomily commented that the decision "casts a cloud over both construction permits and operating licenses already issued to numerous other reactors located in areas of comparable or greater population density." The AEC agreed. "This is a case of major national importance," it asserted; the outcome could "seriously impede and, in significant areas, might even block the programs and policies that the AEC has carefully developed."



The unions, on the other hand, argued that the court's ruling applied only to the Enrico Fermi case, implying that the power industry was trying to win the suit by literally making a federal case out of it.

The second part of the decision (it caused more annoyance than alarm) held that the AEC must make a definitive evaluation of a plant's protective measures against potential radiation before issuing a construction permit. (The commission's practice has been to make a preliminary safety check prior to issuing a construction permit and then to complete its findings only after a unit was ready for operation.) If the new ruling were extended to other plants, the AEC would be forced to stamp a final judgment on a project, involving a little-known technology, years before it was finished. Designs for atomic plants are under constant modification during the three-to-five years' construction period, and to evaluate all its safety factors at the outset is impossible.

Conscious of the heavy investments involved, the AEC has come to realize that private companies must have assurances a plant will be licensed when operational. It is no longer impressed by blueprints for large atomic stations employing an untried technology. It prefers that builders first cut costs by experimenting with a reactor concept, then build a small prototype and, when all development and safety questions are answered, erect the full-scale plant. Such a procedure would have averted the Enrico Fermi difficulties. Seven New York State utilities recently took this lead when they announced a $10 million research project in preparation for the ultimate construction of a $100 million plant.

EVERY consideration of nuclear-power development ends in economics. More and more companies — utilities and electrical manufacturers alike — have become disillusioned with nuclear power because of its expense. For instance, the 145,000-kilowatt Yankee Atomic Plant at Rowe, Mass., went into operation this year with plans for producing electricity at 12 to 14 mills per kilowatt versus the 9 mills for standard plants in the area.

Concern for safety has been a major reason for the cost of atomic power. The industry cannot afford to take a chance on radiation accidents or an uncontrolled nuclear reaction. One manufacturer ascribes a third of reactor expenses to safety devices, many of which are alleged to be unnecessary. Most of the $350,000,000 program at the AEC National Reactor Testing Station in Idaho is devoted to combatting safety costs. [Ironically, it was at this station that an explosion last week killed three soldiers.—Ed.]

The safety problem manifests itself most pointedly in the public attitude toward the atom. The Enrico Fermi case sharpened public fears. Last September, a Congressman from a district in which an atomic plant was planned commented favorably on the court's decision: "I seriously question," he said, "whether the AEC's method of handling these license cases is in the best public interest. It seems to me that the AEC is needlessly gambling with either the public's safety or the public's money, and this shouldn't be."

General Electric and Consolidated Edison recently made independent surveys of the public's views on atomic energy and came up with similar conclusions — the public must understand atomic energy before it will accept it. "Ignorance and confusion go hand in hand with fears and doubts of the peacetime role of the atom," the G.E. study noted. Even though 84 per cent of the persons questioned believed that nuclear-energy development is important to the world-wide prestige of the United States, the figures showed that 32 per cent were not sure the atom should be used to produce electricity, and 6 per cent were certain that it should not be.

THIS year the privately owned companies that make up the troubled nuclear-power industry face additional worries, including a new Administration. Many Democrats, after all, are proponents of government-controlled power who argue that there is no room in the industry for the profit motive. Kennedy has called for "aggressive atomic research and development." He went on to declare that the atomic program "has fallen far short of expectations. There has been too much bureaucratic red tape and too little budget — too much time between the drawing board and the production line and too little spent on looking ahead with vision."

Campaign rhetoric notwithstanding, many industry observers doubt that the new Administration will change things very much. After all, the Democrats controlled Congress for the last six years; and, through the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, they exercised direct supervision over the AEC. Congressmen who fought bitterly for government aid to build large plants made no headway with their colleagues. Their defeats can be explained purely in monetary terms. AEC operating expenses reach the astronomical amount of $2.5 billion annually. Appropriations above this level are hard to come by.

Moreover, on the Kennedy agenda the atom will be just one item among many requiring sizable expenditures. In the end, Mr. Kennedy will most likely decide that since the public doesn't seem to care much about atomic power, he would do better to spend money in other directions.

A few things are certain. Mr. Kennedy will name a new AEC chairman and fill an existing vacancy on the commission. A revamping of the commission to end its divided responsibility is likely. Under the present arrangement, the AEC administers and regulates the atomic industry and, at the same time, promotes its development. These responsibilities are often in conflict.

Another thorny problem facing the new Administration is the Atoms-for-Peace program initiated seven years ago to "bring the benefits of atomic energy to the peoples of the world." Robert McKinney, former U.S. representative on the International Atomic Energy Agency, recently made a study of the program and found it to be lagging. His principal conclusion was that atomic power is too expensive to be practical in view of the fact that most of the world's industrial areas are still well supplied with conventional fuels at reasonable prices. He criticized the AEC for concentrating on the development of "hardware" that was more impressive than technologically advanced. He concluded that commercial atomic power on a completely economic basis is still a long way off.

Certainly, the state of technology in the United States has shown little to export. But atomic power, like the Atoms-for-Peace program, cannot be dismissed as obsolete. It is a scientific wonder child of which the public expected too much too soon. A re-evaluation of causes for its growing pains could help bring on a swifter maturity.

THE PILOT'S VIEW of AIR SAFETY . . *Karl M. Ruppenthal*

HOW QUICKLY we allow disaster to slip from memory! The Brooklyn-Staten Island air crash of December 16, with its death toll of 135, commanded headlines from coast to coast as the greatest air tragedy in our history. Yet, but for the misfortune that one of the planes plunged into a Brooklyn street, killing some bystanders, this crash can be accounted as no more tragic than one that took place more than four years earlier, in the summer of 1956.

Coming together on converging courses, two planes collided over the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, killing 128 passengers and crew members. Both pilots were on course, operating precisely according to the rules, when the crash came. The trouble was that the rules were outdated; the old "see and be seen" concept was already anachronistic, and federal aviation officials had not seen fit to replace it. Nor had they kept equipment up to date. This busy Western airway lacked sufficient radio facilities.

For years, air-line pilots had been demanding improvements in the creaking airways machinery. Now, after the Grand Canyon crash, Congress belatedly took action. At that time, the Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) made the safety regulations, and the Civil Aeronautics Authority (CAA) was responsible for enforcing them. When accidents occurred, the CAB was charged with investigating them — and here was the hitch. For the CAB, which made the rules, was not likely to blame the rules when an air crash occurred. Accident reports were frequently hedged so that they did little to point up the real causes.

In an effort to correct this situation, Congress dissolved the CAA and set up the Federal Aviation Agency (FAA), giving it unprecedented powers to establish and maintain safety and traffic rules. The CAB was left with the responsibility for investigating accidents.

From the beginning, the Air Line Pilots Association, organization of the commercial air-line pilots, favored many of the changes made by Congress, and there is no doubt that in its relatively brief history the FAA has accomplished many constructive things. Perhaps its greatest accomplishment was in allocating airspace as between military and civilian aircraft. Yet, even before the FAA was many months old, there were indications that the new body was vulnerable in certain areas of its operations. Several courageous Congressmen took note of the danger signals and proposed to take action.

THE Brooklyn-Staten Island disaster makes action all the more urgent. The difficult and necessarily slow investigation of this tragedy will probably culminate in Congressional hearings which will undertake to review the adequacy of FAA regulations. Here are some areas that merit close investigation.

1. Why does the FAA have no valid statistics indicating the hazard of mid-air collision? For years its predecessor agency, the Civil Aeronautics Authority, attempted to keep accurate records in this regard. These reports were obtained through the wholehearted cooperation of the pilots who, after all, have more to gain from safe operations than any other group in the world.

Conscientious employees of the old CAA and all the air-line pilots knew the value of careful reporting. Each near-accident was analyzed to

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determine what might be done to prevent a recurrence. Sometimes antiquated regulations were changed. Sometimes airways were moved, better training practices were instituted, or new safety devices were requested. Carefully compiled near-miss reports are vital if we are to minimize the danger of mid-air collisions. They are like a thermometer that points to a fever.

The reports were made possible through the cooperation of the CAA controllers, the Air Line Pilots Association and the individual pilots. This cooperative effort came about because of the CAA's philosophy that the important thing was safety.

TODAY THE FAA statistics would indicate that the near-miss problem has all but vanished. But the air-line pilots would violently disagree. Not six months ago, the former chief pilot for one of the major air lines, now regularly flying on the jets, stated unequivocally that the hazard of mid-air collision was never greater. Over a score of qualified pilots were present at that particular gathering. Not one of them disagreed. Equally significant, neither did any of the company's officials present.

The simple fact is that today scarcely anyone connected with commercial aviation will report a near-miss to the FAA. Instead of accepting a near-miss report as a symptom of a dangerous condition, the agency too often regards it as reason for taking action against the parties involved. There have been instances in which individuals have been disciplined for conditions beyond their control: a pilot has been suspended or a controller dismissed when what was really needed was an improvement in training procedures, a reduction of work load, or an improvement in facilities. And, of course, few pilots or controllers want to report a dangerous situation if the only result will be to get a colleague in trouble.

2. Do the FAA's noise-abatement regulations encourage pilots to compromise safety? Ever since the airplane was invented, pilots have been conscious of noise; for years, many of them have participated in voluntary programs to do everything reasonable to reduce it on landing and take-offs. But it has always been well understood that nothing should be done which would compromise safety.

But of late much of the emphasis has changed, due largely, perhaps, to heavy community pressures. In an effort to placate the complainers, the FAA has issued regulations which encourage pilots to follow certan anti-noise traffic patterns even when it might be safer to do otherwise. True, the regulations state that the pilot may still take the safer course of action, but the burden of proof rests on him. If the FAA later rules that he was not justified, he may face suspension of his license.

3. Why are most airports still improperly lighted? In recent years amazing advances have been made in radio facilities. Today the Instrument Landing System makes it possible for a pilot to approach an airport when the ceiling is as low as 200 feet and the visibility restricted to half a mile. But even when he is just off the end of the runway, he sometimes cannot see the airport — particularly at night and in conditions of marginal visibility. Fifteen years ago, the Air Line Pilots Association, the Air Transport Association and other groups began a study to determine the very best airport lighting systems. They came up with recommendations which have since been adopted as standards for the world. Yet here in this country we still have a hodgepodge of lighting systems, some good, most of them inadequate. The FAA has announced that it is going to study the problem anew. It is the feeling of pilots that too much time has been lost already.

4. Why are there still no standardized requirements for copilot training? For years, the Air Line Pilots Association has urged this. While it is true that most air lines now give their copilots adequate training, there are no adequate regulations by which the more short-sighted must abide. Some time ago, the FAA drafted a regulation which would have required copilots to have type-ratings on the planes on which they serve, thus demonstrating that they were fully qualified to take over in the event anything happened to the captain. But after noting protests from a certain segment of the industry, the FAA dutifully watered down the regulation. Today it states merely that all training programs must meet with the approval of the FAA. This is an extremely poor substitute for the original proposal. It opens the door to the possibility of favoritism in the enforcement of none-too-clear training standards. Some air lines may be put to unnecessary expense trying to please a finicky FAA inspector; others, by various means, may be able to skimp where better training should be required. In any case, the regulation fails to provide the public with assurance that all copilots are properly qualified.

Second officers, too, should be properly trained. Today every jetliner has three pilots in its operating crew. Today's complex jet operations require the full-time attention of two pilots; the third is necessary as a reserve. Here again some air lines have spent thousands of dollars properly training their men. But others attempt to save a few dollars. And in a narrow sense, perhaps they are justified in so doing. For the FAA has not yet recognized the necessity for the third pilot to be properly trained. Regulations state that the captain must be in good physical condition, but they do not take into account the fact that even pilots are subject to heart attacks, sinus trouble or an unpredictable stomach upset.

WHILE the points discussed above do not include all the critical areas that merit attention by Congressional probers of the Brooklyn-Staten Island crash, they are among the more important. On these, and others, there is an abundance of data, much of it provided by C. N. Sayen, President of the Air Line Pilots Association, in evidence before a Senate subcommittee. A year ago, Senators Monroney and Engle and Congressman John Bell Williams proposed that corrective action be taken. Let us hope that it will not require still another catastrophe to bring about that action.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Logic of No Return

ON THERMONUCLEAR WAR. By Herman Kahn. Princeton University Press. 651 pp. $10.

George G. Kirstein

NO AMERICAN wants war. There is absolutely no division on that question. Moreover, Americans are almost unanimous — the opposition amounts to no more than 2 or 3 per cent—on the methods by which war is to be avoided. The theory is that we must stay as strong as, or stronger than, our potential enemy. Furthermore, we must make it clear that if our enemy goes beyond what we believe are tolerable limits, we are prepared to use our devastating weapons to stop him. There is every reason to believe that the Russians are also unanimous in their desire for peace, and that they subscribe to the same belief in strength as the method for avoiding war. The mere fact that, throughout the whole of history, men have always held to this belief, and that it has never yet preserved the peace, apparently discourages neither side.

Herman Kahn is a semi-official spokesman for the prevailing orthodoxy. For the past twelve years he has devoted his time as a staff member of the RAND Corporation, which is the Air Force's thought factory, to studying the relationship between weapons and strategy. But while Mr. Kahn shares the common desire for peace and believes thoroughly in the theory of deterring the enemy by strength, he is not as hopeful as most of his countrymen that war will be avoided. Indeed, Mr. Kahn believes that there is every likelihood of another war—a thermonuclear war—and he faces the prospect with fortitude. This book, a compilation of lectures, is about that war.

It is concerned only indirectly with the issues which might cause the war, and makes little effort to define "victory" or "defeat" in such a conflict. The subject matter is the war itself: how it might be fought, what preparations should be made to fight it, what strategy we or the enemy might adopt in waging it. Whether or not this book will frighten the Russian "decision makers" who will unquestionably read it, I do not know, but it can hardly fail to frighten American readers.

Mr. Kahn has little patience with the "idealists" who believe that the next war will result in world annihilation. Indeed he believes that they are directly responsible for the failure to develop a necessary shelter program: ". . . these idealists can scoff at attempts to reduce casualties from, say, 100 million to 50 million Americans, reflecting that the situation is hopeless anyway and that the only Respectable Cause is the total elimination of War."

The author is prepared to stake his reputation on the proposition that a thermonuclear war will destroy neither of the warring nations. Under the worst circumstances, he envisages 160 million American dead and calculates that the economy would require a mere 100 years to recover its current productivity as measured by Gross National Product. A war that killed 20 million Americans would cause only a ten-year interruption to our progress and with 40 million deaths we should need twenty years to regain our present economic levels.

Arguing from these hopeful assumptions, Mr. Kahn urges in the strongest terms at least a minimal shelter program. He believes that $500 million spread over a few years would greatly decrease the destructive effects of a thermonuclear war. One item which should be stockpiled, indeed it stands at the head of his list, is radiation meters for the use of the survivors. Mr. Kahn allocates $100 million to this purchase. He feels that survivors might be so frightened or discouraged after a thermonuclear attack that they would not attempt to rebuild the society and economy, unless they were reassured as to the wholesomeness of the atmosphere. For example, someone might begin vomiting as he emerged to view the landscape after a thermonuclear attack. If he had no radiation meter handy, he would not know whether he had eaten some food which might have disagreed with him, or been made needlessly squeamish by the sight of his incinerated fellows, or whether he was exhibiting the primary symptoms of an overdose of radiation.

The bulk of the book is devoted to considering alternate strategies for conducting thermonuclear war. Obviously these strategies would vary depending on the availability of weapon systems as they are developed in the years ahead. Therefore, Mr. Kahn thoughtfully contemplates a variety of wars—World War VIII, for example, would occur in 1973—in order to illustrate the differing and increasingly sophisticated methods of annihilation. It is not that the author anticipates more than one World War III; he uses the numbering system merely to differentiate between the kind of war that might be fought in 1973 with, say, World War VI, which would be fought in 1965. By World War VIII it is expected that both sides will have manufactured an abundance of missiles—say 20,000 each for ourselves and the Russians and 10,000 for all of the neutrals. He feels that under these circumstances, we might be "unacceptably vulnerable to surprise attack." As he points out, ". . . the thought of having 50,000 alert missiles is a bit frightening. This is particularly true since many of them may be in the hands of 'less responsible' powers than we." Mr. Kahn is to be commended for the restraint with which he expresses himself—"a bit frightening" is a notable example of dignified understatement.

THE AUTHOR feels, and this reviewer agrees, that discussion of thermonuclear war should be as widespread as possible in this country. He believes that, as a prerequisite of such discussion, we must "create a vocabulary that is both small enough and simple enough to be learned, precise enough to communicate and large enough so that all important ideas that are contending can be comfortably and easily described." (In an essay entitled "Non-Survivability Plus," written for *The Nation* of March 5, 1960, I made what I hope may prove to be a contribution to this project by entitling the new language "Desperanto.") Here, then, is a partial list of terms which Mr. Kahn defines at length: clandestine cache, preattack mobilization base, minimum deterrence, finite deterrence, counterforce as insurance, credible first strike capability, doomsday machines, homicide pact, controlled reprisal, bonus damage, catalytic war, limited counterforce, postattack coercion, postattack environment, calculated win, disguised warfare, postattack blackmail, mutual homicide, automatic overkill. Unfortunately, the book has no index: the interested student of Desperanto must search the text assiduously.

The author encourages debate on his concepts of strategy, but he warns that these debates will have little value unless the participants are at least as sophisticated (presumably have as firm a grasp of Desperanto) as present policy planners, including Mr. Kahn. He feels that the ultimately dangerous debaters are those "men of good will," usually intellectuals, who believe that you can just sit down with the Russians and come to agreements. Men who believe that may exist outside the author's imagination, but I have not met them. I have met and share the opinions of those who believe that bargaining, compromise, and the gradual elimination of points of conflict and the sources of mutual terror are far more promising methods than the ones which occupy Mr. Kahn's mental processes, as augmented by the computers available to him at the RAND Corporation. For the position Mr. Kahn takes, it seems to me, is the ultimately unsophisticated one.

He warns in his text that it is imperative for the researcher in this field to ask the "right question." Yet he never asks the basic question as to why we should be concerned with preserving a species of animal which can weigh coolly the concepts set forth in this book. If *On Thermonuclear War* were concerned with the destruction of 100 million or more dogs, anti-vivisection societies, sportsmen and dog lovers generally would raise a howl of protest which would deafen even the "decision makers." But because the subject matter is the incineration, poisoning and starving of women, children, and perhaps a few combatants, this book has been hailed as the important work of a thoughtful and dedicated man, and recommended for reading by the country's leaders from the President down. That it deserves wide reading, I agree, for it is the ultimate example of the fruits of the support which our officialdom is extending to its chosen scholars. If survival is to be bought at Mr. Kahn's price, the question must arise, is it worth it? To Mr. Kahn it is, to me it is not.

No one knows how many of Mr. Kahn's predictions as to the strategy which we or our opponents will adopt in the forthcoming thermonuclear war will be borne out by experience. The author devotes one entire chapter to guessing whether the survivors of thermonuclear attack will envy the dead, and of course concludes that it will still be thought good to be alive. Perhaps the majority of readers will take heart from this book's thesis that the next war will not be as devastating as the "idealists" would have us believe. It had the reverse effect on me. I can understand and respect career military officers who have chosen the "honorable profession of arms" as a way of life, often at a sacrifice in comfort and emoluments, and who are subsequently assigned the duty of formulating war plans to meet all eventualities. But Mr. Kahn is a physicist, a scholar and a civilian. To be blunt, his book made me ashamed that we are fellow countrymen.

The Belated Discovery

THE OPENING OF THE FIELD. By Robert Duncan. Grove Press. 96 pp. $1.45 paper.

Kenneth Rexroth

ROBERT DUNCAN has published some ten or more books. This is the first to appear under the imprint of a national publisher, or at least a New York one. Since he was a boy, editing *Experimental Review* with Sanders Russell and *Phoenix* with James Cooney, he has enjoyed a considerable reputation amongst readers and writers of what is still unfortunately termed the *avant-garde.* From San Francisco and from Black Mountain College, his personal influence on young writers has spread far and wide. Today he ranks with Denise Levertov, Robert Creeley, Charles Olson, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen Ginsberg, as one of the leaders of the New Poetry—so recently discovered by the media. He has never received a major fellowship or prize, nobody has ever offered him a teaching job in a smart girls' school, if he has ever been published in a quarterly, I missed it. In fact, until the last couple of years, the literary Establishment in America pretended that he didn't exist. In further fact, whenever I used to mention him in an article, the name would always be corrected to some other Duncan, a minor member of the Establishment, of whom I had never heard. Since Duncan has been a mature writer with a fully developed style for a long time, this lonely grandeur is an odd state of affairs. To understand it requires a short lesson in literary history.

All during the twentieth century American poetry has alternately expressed two antagonistic tendencies. One

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KENNETH REXROTH, a frequent Nation *contributor, is the author of* Bird in the Bush *(New Directions).*

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has been the *consensus orbis terrarum* of poetry in our time—a world idiom that the newspapers still call "modernist." Although this idiom was first worked out in France, in the decay of Symbolism and the reaction against it, the difference of time is slight. The development took place all over the world in the same years—from Blok to Mayakofsky, from Ruben Darío to Neruda, it was in the final analysis the same process, a reorganization of the sensibility and accompanying it, a new syntax.

From 1912 to 1929, this was the dominant tendency in American poetry, too. It was disrupted by the depression and the pseudo-proletarianism of the thirties and finally gave way to a counter tendency. At its best this latter was a return to the traditions of English verse, especially that of the Baroque period. By and large, however, it was simply a conservative reaction, a return to academic stereotypes that could be taught, "seven types of ambiguity" and the politics of the far Right—T. S. Eliot, Ezra Pound and the Southern agrarians. Mostly it was just a teacher placement bureau and a fellowship hunting club. Its prime article of faith was, "The age of experiment and revolt is over." Most of its members denied, quite sincerely, that poets like Duncan did or could exist. In fact, it was not until one of Lionel Trilling's students got in trouble for writing a dirty poem and made the picture weeklies, that any of them dreamed that anyone could be a writer any more who was not at least a teaching assistant.

IN actual fact, the Reactionary Generation came totally bankrupt out of World War II, its power gone, despised by its students. Since its members held control of many channels of publication, fate took a little while to catch up with them. In the last couple of years, a movement that had come to fruition in the years immediately after the war is at last gaining public notice.

Of the postwar poets—this new generation of experiment and revolt—Robert Duncan is one of the most accomplished, one of the most influential and, it can be said of this and his last three books, *Caesar's Gate, Letter-Poems, Selected Poems,* probably the most mature. Some of his colleagues are narrow, some are warped, some make a virtue of their immaturity, a couple are frivolous or desperately "immoral." There is nothing of this in Duncan. He is a grown man.

It's a little awesome, reading these poems. They have a noble gravity about them that we don't expect from our contemporaries; they have a deep sonority and a steady pace, like the plain-song processional, "Media Vitae." It is not solemnity of subject, although many have that too, but a kind of inner life attitude of immense seriousness and devotion. At the same time, the poems have a strangely uncontemporary worldliness, as though they had been written by one of those dignified and accomplished literary men about town of the Victorian era—Monckton-Milnes or Walter Bagehot. It's not just dignity; perhaps it's wisdom. Wisdom is a virtue, like courage and magnanimity, that we have long since lost the habit of expecting from literary people, so it's hard to recognize it when it appears.

The previous generation of experiment and revolt had tended to treat the work of art as a construct rather than a communication. Duncan comes to poetry seeking the communication of an organic wisdom, as in the act of love. This is poetry which transcends the existentialist dilemma, a gift of the self to the other. Hence its religious, or specifically its reverent, tone, because it does, in poetic act, what the philosophers of personalism and communion discuss. It is responsible, as only the work of art can be and, alas, so seldom is.

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The Era of Villard

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, LIBERAL OF THE 1920's. By D. Joy Humes. Syracuse University Press. 276 pp. $4.50.

Freda Kirchwey

DR. HUMES'S STUDY of Oswald Garrison Villard in the twenties is a discerning and useful summary of a decade whose features have become badly blurred in a relatively short time. Viewed from the distance of today it has a deceptive look of unblemished reaction. There were Harding and Teapot Dome; the demoralization that accompanied the business boom and the shock of its collapse; there was isolationism, unattractively coupled with a burgeoning imperialism. But alongside these dismal aspects of the period were many energetic impulses of protest that were well expressed by Mr. Villard and the causes he led or supported. Even a reader who lived through those years is likely to be jolted into surprised recollection by Dr. Humes's skillful reconstruction of old battle scenes: the fight to restore liberties crushed out by the wartime sedition acts and by postwar repressions; the proliferation of farmer, labor and other minority political movements which reached their high point in the 1924 Presidential campaign of Robert M. La Follette; the long effort, ultimately successful, to get the Marines out of Haiti, Santo Domingo and Nicaragua. These and many more Dr. Humes describes with a nice mixture of detachment and sympathy.

She deals with Mr. Villard himself in much the same manner. Her book is a friendly report rather than a critical analysis, yet it manages to be objective. Dr. Humes stresses the "righteous indignation" that animated Villard's approach to every sort of social or political skulduggery and his tendency to ascribe moral deficiencies to those with

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FREDA KIRCHWEY, former editor and publisher of The Nation, *is now at work on a book about this weekly between 1918-1955, to be published by Holt, Rinehart and Winston.*

whom he disagreed. At the same time, she does full justice to his undoubted courage and his real flair for effective and lively journalism. You get the picture of a zealous reformer using his long experience as a newspaper man and his intimate contact with the world of affairs to accomplish a difficult combined operation: to fight what he liked to call "the good fight" and in the process to build his weekly into a crusading journal of high quality.

NATURALLY *The Nation*, as a major adjunct to its editor's public activities, has an important role in Dr. Humes's story. She draws heavily upon it for documentation of Mr. Villard's stand on the issues with which he was concerned and for data on the events of the period itself. Brought into focus in this way, *The Nation* of the twenties surely looks wiser and more prescient than it did to its own editors and contributors during those years. But even discounting this natural effect, one can believe that Mr. Villard's *Nation* had a substantial influence on the movement of opinion that resulted in the "peaceful revolution" of the thirties.

A minor weakness in this study, I feel, is its failure to recognize the inconsistencies that marked its subject's career and views. The fact is that Mr. Villard veered from a position of *laissez-faire* liberalism to one of accepting almost any degree of state interference that seemed to him necessary for the protection of the public welfare. Perhaps correctly, Dr. Humes attributes this capacity for change to the pragmatism dominant in American thought as a whole. But what she does not quite perceive is the degree to which Villard's pragmatic flexibility did violence to principles he had strongly held. It represented, not a rethinking of his basic philosophy, but rather a series of concessions to his naturally humane impulses. Inevitably, what emerged from the change was a position essentially fragile—for all the eloquence and energy with which he defended it.

This was demonstrated by its later collapse under the impact of the New Deal. Liberalism-come-to-power seemed to Mr. Villard a new form of statism, which meant tyranny. Miss Humes recognizes the rise of this attitude in her last chapter, in which she reflects on the retreat of many former liberals to the shelter of the "new conservatism." Yet she firmly declares that "the pragmatist and rationalist Oswald Garrison Villard could never have understood and accepted" this point of view—gliding over the fact that his disenchantment with the Roosevelt brand of liberalism had, even before World War II, landed him in the camp of the ex-liberals whom she evidently has in mind.

But one can question Dr. Humes's reading of Mr. Villard's final position on the political chart without detracting from her studiously accurate record of his course through the twenties. Taken as a whole, this is a most valuable account of a man and a period. It will be drawn upon by other writers, including this one, for a long time to come.

AMERICAN BOOKS in VIENNA

Helmut Bonheim

ON CHILLY days in Vienna, students find it pleasant to keep warm in the Amerika-Haus Library (USIS) in the center of town, just opposite the Opera on the Ring. But the collection of books and periodicals, extensive though it may be, showed some peculiar blind spots when I last tried to make use of it.

For seven copies of *Life* I found one of *The Atlantic*, about as high-brow a publication as could be found there. *The Reader's Digest*, available in both English and German from several newsstands in Vienna, was in good supply, but of the more liberal magazines there was hardly a trace. I wonder what it would do for American prestige to display a few issues of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* or of the *Proceedings of the Philosophical Society of America*. At least these would not be thought objectionable on political grounds, as other better-known periodicals might be. America is rich in a variety of low-circulation, high-brow periodicals which literate Austrians admire, as literate people do elsewhere; but we don't put this good foot forward. The British Council, by

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HELMUT BONHEIM is the author of The King Lear Perplex *and has just completed a study of James Joyce's fiction, to be published later this year. Mr. Bonheim edits a new little magazine,* MICA, *and is on the English faculty of the University of California, Santa Barbara.*

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contrast, manages to stuff a most impressive rack in its reading room with such periodicals; the idea is to show what is available in England, not what is most read.

The Austrian may think of culture primarily as an accumulation of past achievements, but he also respects our tendency to view culture as the current rate at which we add new achievements to the old. And popular magazines are not likely to do justice to that rate, except at the level of kitchen appliances and gadgets. Nor do popular magazines very much exploit the opportunity of a free press to criticize its government or challenge official policy. Such criticism is an advantage of the American Way much advertised abroad, but a governmental agency devoted largely to propaganda naturally finds it a little embarrassing to distribute examples.

According to an official of USIS, the library spends money on *Better Homes and Gardens* rather than on literary and scholarly periodicals because it believes that the wider-circulation magazines give a more accurate and representative picture of America, and that Austrians of the average level we are trying to reach are more interested in our latest refrigerators and washing-machines than in our new writing and art and scholarship.

Now it is true that the average Austrian reads movie magazines as does the average American, but the influential and educated Austrian would not cite them as representative of his country. Yet many who read English fluently have never heard of *The Nation, The Hudson Review,* or *The Progressive,* which, like the university quarterlies, might come as a pleasant surprise to him — unexpected creatures from the land of Mammon. At present we run the risk of presenting as typical of our culture that which foreign intellectuals most fear and despise in their own. An Austrian teacher told me that even the best of American literature was mere journalism, a view not altogether unwarranted when one considered the Dreiser-Steinbeck sort of works with which he was familiar. Perhaps his view helps explain why USIS-sponsored seminars for Austrian teachers of English are not infrequently hampered by a fear on the part of those attending that they might pick up an American accent.

A PREVAILING anti-intellectualism in America may obscure the fact that the average Austrian is willing to respect achievements he does not personally enjoy. A nation of less than eight million people, and one of the poorer in Europe at that, willingly supports a magnificent opera house, one of the finest art museums in the world, and an educational system which sends its best products to work in richer countries like Germany and the United States. Yet it has been asserted that of the thousands of people who watched the bombed opera house burn in 1945, many weeping at the sight, most had probably never attended a performance there. Men of that orientation may never tire of admiring our fancy home freezers and washer-dryer combinations, but they will respect in a different way artistic and literary productions of more lasting value.

Perhaps this failure to show what we have typifies our failure to suit our activities to local mores and values. We give what the mass market of our country values, not what others may value. We subsidize tidbits of a side of our culture that many Austrians view with extreme dislike, such as the showing of third-rate Hollywood movies (because they are "typical") and the translation of fourth-rate American fiction (because it shows the "American scene"). I do not mean that the American taxpayer should balk at these expenditures as wastes of money — precious little is spent on these activities. But the balance of taste is too often established by American standards in Washington, not Austrian standards in Vienna. Similarly, our exchange students tend to represent prevailing American notions of the scholarship-worthy young person most likely to profit from a year abroad: a sunny personality, non-academic big-man-on-campus, an extra-curricular whiz.

One of my first encounters with the Amerika-Haus library occurred when I tried to draw on its considerable resources to prepare a lecture on modern American verse. The poets generally considered most important by our own valuation were scarcely represented, and even the anthologies available seemed to favor the easy sort of verse we feed to junior high school students. T. S. Eliot's name was apparently relinquished to his adopted England, and Ezra Pound was not to be found in the catalogue. Subsequently I learned that the library had undergone considerable weeding-out during the McCarthy era. The resulting collection, safe and unobjectionable, could hardly be called a monument to the freedom which is our boast and the basis for our claim to leadership.

Poem for a Painter Who Drinks Wine

If you could shape in stone the thing you seek
Through interchangeable tongues through labyrinth
Of faces breasts as similar as stars as unattainable
As white what distant place you look to without name
What lonely height
You flee by planet hurricane by moon
From one man's restless bed outwitting him to intercept
His hands and mouth at rest in tender hair shout
Outraged elegy and chant and fable of anemone
Not finding him asleep in any woman's cycle or outgoing tide's
Alone the tireless self barefooted runs from stair to stair
Crying aloud
not there
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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

DO RE MI by Garson Kanin, Betty Comden, Adolph Green and Jule Styne (St. James) is a dandy show: in most respects the best musical of the season. (And think of it, the show was done for a mere $350,000!)

Musical comedy is the theatre form in which we Americans excel. Yet if I were challenged to say which of the musicals in recent years was a masterpiece, in the sense that *The Mikado, La Belle Hélène, The Threepenny Opera* are masterpieces, I should be hard put to speak with complete assurance.

The reason for uncertainty is that so few of our musicals are altogether of a piece — possessing an artistic identity that may be said to represent a way of thinking, feeling or seeing—emblematic of an individual, a social mode, or an epoch. Our musicals are only generically significant, giving evidence of energy, good nature, intellectual passivity, cleverness and the talent or resourcefulness of particular individuals among our comedians, choreographers, composers, etc. Musical comedies—especially in the past ten years—are successful corporate efforts—generally a trifle synthetic—rather than genuinely expressive works. They are entertainment machines resembling the great national weeklies: triumphs of efficient journalistic organization with a personality that is so to speak more "subliminal" than specific.

Do Re Mi, to use a professional phrase I overheard in the lobby during intermission, is admirably cemented. But when I try to define its essence, I grow doubtful that there is any. The story tells of a ne'er-do-well with ambitions of dazzling success: money in the bank, mink for the wife, name in the newspapers and the best spot on the floor of night clubs. His wife begs him to get an honest job, but he feels that to do so would be an admission of failure. His is the Broadway dream: splash! He goes into the juke box business with the aid of some old-time buddies, semi-reformed racketeers. He discovers a sensational new singer, gets involved in his partners' shenanigans—they can't abide competition—runs afoul of a government investigation, proves himself a flop as a slick heel, and finally realizes that his wife was right and that if he does his duty as a simple sober citizen and takes time once in a while to dance with her, all will be much better.

A moral tale then, a sentimental plea for modest, lower middle-class, supposedly unspoiled human values. It is all made very amusing until Phil Silvers, as Mr. Jerk Everyman (my name for the character), has to deliver the philosophy of the show in grandiloquent recitative à la Ethel Merman in *Gypsy*. The audience is half-touched and half-embarrassed by the mixture of good will and phoniness. It applauds nevertheless because it feels that it ought to approve the homily—though it does not live by it—and more especially because Phil Silvers, a grand performer (and up to that moment very funny) is likable in every respect.

In sum, the "book" is a mere excuse or framework—and thoroughly serviceable as such—to enable all the contributing forces to do their stuff. In addition to Silvers there is the fantastically down-to-earth clowning of Nancy Walker. Her rendition of the song "Adventure"—in which she uses a blanket and a dressing gown to express the "mad extravagance" of her life with a no account and unaccountable husband—is close to genius and the high point of the evening.

There is, very strikingly, the zany ebullience of the Betty Comden and Adolph Green lyrics, so heightened by the innocent frolic of a headlong impetuousness that they can never seem anything but charming whatever their detail. There is also the unusually good baritone of John Reardon—he must beware of forcing it—and the intriguing range of Nancy Dussault's voice. (This is a season of fine voices in our musicals: for example, that of another young baritone, Ron Husmann. His singing and Eileen Rodgers' good looks are the only things I remember from *Tenderloin*.) There is excellent casting among the minor parts; and Garson Kanin handles the production as a whole in a way to reveal his friendly kinship with the giddy world the show depicts.

Another feature that is not only superior but extraordinary is Boris Aronson's sets. They make original and varied use, witty and shrewd, of the idiom of modern art—from Kandinsky and Klee to Calder—for entertainment purposes. These sophisticated sets do not obtrude as a "specialty act," but satirically mirror the fabulous vulgarity, the epically electric mishmash of our midtown environment. In them the gaudy decorative patterns of the juke boxes become the stained glass insignia of Broadway religion.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

AS IF to rebut my recent argument against the overuse of Americana in the lyric theatre, the NBC Opera Company came along on New Year's Day with the televised world première of *Deseret,* a successful three-act opera based on a fictional episode in the life of Brigham Young. Despite a few reservations about the music (and more concerning the text), I thought the work a high-quality product. The music was conservative, but it was fresh, real and communicative. It was never vulgar or slick. Occasionally it marked time for a portion of a scene, and in these spots, the entire proceeding went dead. But even then, I felt that the composer's creative impulse was honest and respectable. He played no tricks; threw in no tinsel. His inspiration may have failed, but his taste had not.

The degree of achievement displayed by *Deseret* does not, of course, refute the point that Americana, as an idea in itself, has been badly overworked. It proves that a lucky prospector may still find a nugget in an almost-exhausted vein of ore. It also points up the familiar fact that, aside from music, the protean elements in opera are character and the interaction of characters — not locale or period. *Deseret* is a morality play founded on a special, coherent set of social and religious principles. The fact that it was laid in the American West, in a theocratic empire founded by Brigham Young (which later became the State of Utah), was relatively unimportant. This story was a kind of tribal fable which could have taken place in any locale where the Christian concept of love and that of *noblesse oblige* were not alien. It did not have to strum the "folksy" harp. There was no need for the phony dialects which have grown so tiresome in Americana pieces. There was no emphasis on local color for its own sake.

I don't know how many wives the Mormon leader, Brigham Young, may have had. But he didn't have twenty-five. *Deseret* is a fictional story about the twenty-fifth who never was; about Brigham Young's choice of the youthful Ann Louisa Brice; her acceptance of him and her subsequent surprised love for Captain James Dee, who had been sent by Lincoln to borrow money from Deseret; her rejection of Dee for duty's sake; the kindness and wisdom of Young in releasing her from her vows and permitting her to leave Deseret.

It is an efficient scenario: conventional, but solid. Anne Howard Bailey, the librettist, gave herself three major characters with whom to work (Ann Louisa Brice; Brigham Young; Captain Dee); one secondary character (Brigham's first wife); and two "ensemble" characters (Ann's parents). A small cast containing all the necessary elements.

Unfortunately, Miss Bailey's skill in outlining the scenario did not always carry over into the composition of lines. There is a great deal of specious rhyming in the text, some outright doggerel, and a few ideas which, to say the least, stretch credulity. For example, in a passage from one of Ann's first-act solos, describing Brigham Young's mansion and his wealth: ". . . They say that he sends from sea to sea/For foods and spices strange and rare/ A thousand candles burn each night/And nobody counts the cost or care./ They say that this house has a hundred rooms/ Yes, a hundred rooms all in rich decor/ *And a private school with a swimming pool.* . . ." (!) There is also a conversation of the heroine with herself, a conceit which has become almost a trademark in American libretti since Gian Carlo Menotti made Monica sing to herself in *The Medium.* We hear: ". . . What is your name?/Mrs. Young—Mrs. Brigham Young!/Where do you live? / Lion House! I live in Lion House! . . ." And, as she moves about the room, gesturing to make-believe guests: "Come in . . . Come in . . . Come into the parlor, it's the finest room you ever will see. The draperies are Belgian lace, the carpet feels like eiderdown. Here's the sofa . . . please sit down./ The velvet's soft as on a gown. . . ." In *The Medium* this device had a rather touching effect, since Toby (to whom Monica was really singing) was a mute, and they both were children. The tinge of infantalism, therefore, was appropriate. Used indiscriminately, however, the device is coy and tiresome, and I wish librettists would lay it aside.

Since Leonard Kastle, the composer of *Deseret,* is a former student of Gian Carlo Menotti, and a very young man (31), it was probably inevitable that some influence of the teacher should show up in his first full-length opera. It was surprising, though, that the influence should have been on the libretto, rather than, particularly, on the music. His style is not audaciously individual, but neither is it derivative. There are many harmonic felicities within its conservative framework, and a nicely judged amount of contrapuntal involvement. Kastle also has a good sense of dramatic timing, so that passages of action without singing were well backgrounded and spun out by the orchestra.

The capacities of television being limited in terms of sound, this particular element — the orchestra — was somewhat subdued. The voices consistently held predominance. These were all first-rate. Judith Raskin, Mac Morgan, Marjorie McClung, Rosemary Kuhlmann, Kenneth Smith and John Alexander did the best job of looking good while sounding good that I have ever witnessed. The direction by Kirk Browning was smooth as silk. Jan Scott's sets were extremely handsome and convincing, and so was the musical direction of Peter Herman Adler.

The Wind Walks Like Water

The wind walks like water through my fields . . .
it hums like girls and stands erect as rain.
It yearns not, but moves softly driven
through the slender motions of the grain,
in the bowing of the leaves,
in the stirring scarcity of hair
(mock me gently, boy I was) . . .
in a man who's old enough
to know the passing of those things
that can't be seen.

JACK MATTHEWS

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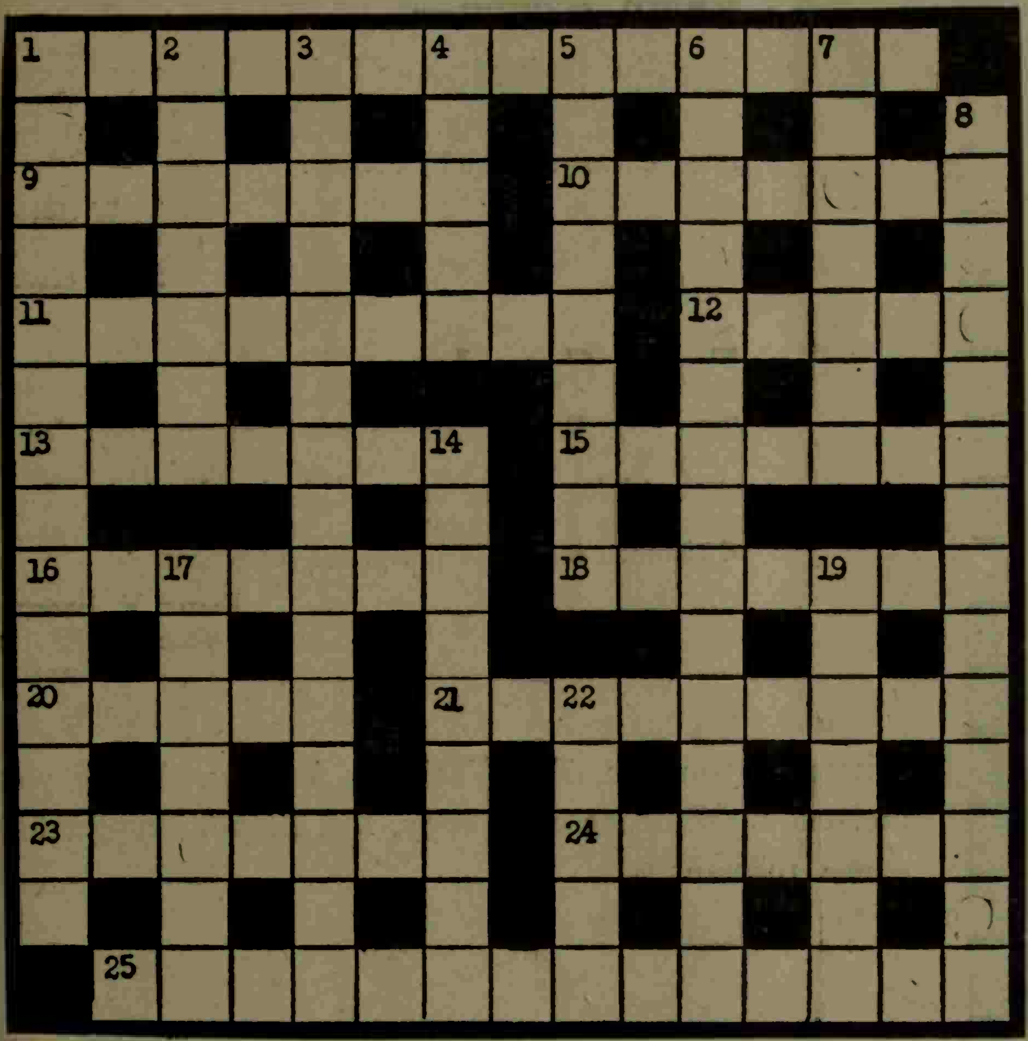

ACROSS:

1 Any one of direct composition might be a written commendation. (6,2,6)

9 Stuffed on top of something? (7)

10 See Cuba for an inadequate answer, if just this. (7)

11 A changing season can make a sound resemblance of it. (9)

12 It takes twice as much to make a note whole. (5)

13 Demean oneself. (7)

15 Split in an inferior manner? (7)

16 The result of a small point being introduced. (7)

18 One who eats too much (when those who drink too much are around) could at least supply the water! (7)

20 Worked at making the round trip? (5)

21 Job location. (9)

23 Made by the declarers? (7)

24 Does pie represent a single 21 in play, perhaps? (7)

25 Does one swear off spirits entirely, when one does? (4,2,3,5)

DOWN:

1 Is such a sort of prop morally bad, though not particularly shady? (8,6)

2 Supports bundles of hay. (7)

3 This should have been a pleasant understanding! (7,8)

4 Ancient but not entirely Old English. (5)

5 These should appropriately go up Telegraph Hill! (5,4)

6 No longer writing of what a religious banner might be doing? (15)

7 Placed in one of Keats' subjects? (7)

8 This could not be involved in the first sentence. (14)

14 Makes a straight line of dandies. (7,2)

17 A bad spell of rain needs something which goes around a Japanese city. (7)

19 South American flower? (7)

22 They shouldn't have to be filled too soon after cutting. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 897

ACROSS: 1 Scrambled eggs; 9 Upper; 10 Armadillo; 11 Charges; 12 Seismal; 13 Mains; 14 Stevenson; 16 Tightrope; 18 Irons; 19 Replace; 21 Astatic; 22 Adoration; 24 Entanglements. DOWN: 1 Source material; 2 and 23 Repeating rifle; 3 Mirages; 4 Leads; 5 Damascene; 6 Godlike; 7 Salem; 8 Howling success; 14 Slovenian; 15 Sports fan; 17 Teacart; 18 Interim; 20 Probe; 21 Annul.

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T. W. Dybo
C.P.O. Box 207
Seoul, Korea

From Canada—

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Emile V. Blouin
Kenora, Ontario
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FORGOTTEN REMEDY FOR THE VOTELESS NEGRO

Thomas I. Emerson and Arthur E. Bonfield

THE LONELY INTELLECTUAL

Loren Baritz

REFERENDUM IN ALGERIA

DEFIANCE OF TERROR

Alexander Werth

LETTERS

Chessman Aftermath

Dear Sirs: The execution of Caryl Chessman has intensified activity to abolish the death penalty in California. Californians Against State Executions invites the participation and support of your readers. Address correspondence to CASE, 1845 North Curson, Los Angeles 46, Calif. or P.O. Box 4747, San Francisco, Calif.

Sid Treate, Chairman
L. A. Chapter of CASE

Los Angeles, Calif.

Crusade *(Continued)*

Dear Sirs: More than 200 college students, led by the N.Y. Youth Council to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, demonstrated and visited their Congressmen in Washington on Jan. 2. On the opposite side of LaFayette Square, there was a counter-demonstration group which included twenty members of the American Nazi Party, and five pro-segregationist American Patriotic Fighters.

Over that weekend, Congressman James Roosevelt announced he would ask for a Congressional inquiry, with public hearings, into the Un-American Activities Committee's misuse of its inflated funds. Write your Congressman promptly, urging him to support Congressman Roosevelt's proposal and to inform Speaker Sam Rayburn and Congressman Burleson, whose Committee on Administration would conduct the hearings, of this support.

The N.Y. Council to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee needs funds. Address your contributions to the Council at 106 East 208th Street, New York 67, or to Robert Kenny, treasurer of the National Council to abolish the HUAC, at 617 Larchmont Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Aubrey Williams
National Chairman, HUAC

Montgomery, Ala.

Postmortem

Dear Sirs: It is Louis H. Bean's thesis ["Why Kennedy Won," Nov. 26] that the United States was divided 50-50 Republican-Democratic, so that Catholic voters in big states gave Mr. Kennedy his narrow victory; thus the net effect of Mr. Kennedy's religion was to help him. As evidence, Mr. Bean presents a table headed, "Democratic Percentage of Popular Vote for Kennedy and Catholic Proportion of Church Membership in Selected States." The table contains a middle column in which the "pluses and minuses . . . represent in percentage points by how much the Democratic [Presidential] vote exceeded or fell behind what one would normally expect when the national vote divides 50-50 as it did this year."

I am very curious to know how Mr. Bean arrived at his percentage of "normal" vote. Only if we assume that Rhode Island is "normally" 47 per cent Democratic in the popular vote when the country divides 50-50 in the popular vote, do we get the interesting result that in a state where Catholics form 78 per cent of Church membership, Mr. Kennedy received 18 *extra* percentage points, winning 65 per cent of the popular vote in that state. Where does Mr. Bean get his figures for what one would "normally" expect in each state when the national popular vote divides 50-50? Is it legitimate to talk about the "normal" Presidential vote in any state without regard to who the candidate is, what the issues are, etc.?

Alison Knox

New York City

Dear Sirs: The "normal" Democratic vote for each state is determined by the way each state has voted in the elections of 1920 to 1936 (or to 1948) in relation to the national vote. By this device, it is possible to note by how much each state deviated in 1928 (the Smith campaign) and in 1960 from the "normal" Democratic percentage. These deviations, pluses and minuses, show a very high degree of correlation and indicate a common (though not the only) factor at work. This dominant common factor, I think, was the religious issue.

Since the publication of my article in *The Nation*, Gallup has published its post-election findings, which amply corroborate my interpretation, I think.

Louis H. Bean

Arlington, Va.

Blue Bookishness

Dear Sirs: With reference to Benjamin DeMott's review of *The World of Haldeman-Julius*, in your Dec. 31 issue, it may be true that Haldeman-Julius was a third-rate writer, "flat, vulgar and dull." But anyone who could make Margaret Sanger, Clarence Darrow, Will Durant, Upton Sinclair, Bertrand Russell, Havelock Ellis, Goethe, etc., available to readers for a nickel ought to be congratulated. And as for Haldeman-Julius' admirers, I think they deserve a better break than Mr. DeMott gave them. Even one who has never written a word for *The Reporter, Atlantic Monthly, The Nation, The New Republic, Commentary,* the *Kenyon Review,* the *Evergreen Review, Harper's,* the *Virginia Quarterly,* etc., should be neither patronized nor condemned for having intellectual interests. . . .

T. Peter Park

Garden City, L.I.

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VOLUME 192, No. 3

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Advice to the President

The International Committee of the National Planning Association has just issued a statement, the tone of which is given by its title: "The National Peril." The statement is one long ululation on the theme that the "very survival of the United States as a free and independent nation is threatened as never before." We find ourselves caught up in "an epic struggle between despotism and freedom." The avowed objective of the Soviet Union is "world dominion." Its power is exercised through "puppet governments answerable to Moscow," while our allies, thank God, stand on their own feet and, like Laos, West Germany, Taiwan, Thailand, Guatemala and a dozen others, are beholden to us for their prosperity, their military strength (such as it is) and the stability of their governments (some of which would be overthrown ten minutes after our aircraft carriers were withdrawn). Yet, as the committee sees it, the Soviets become more intractable.

What to do? The committee's remedies are as timeworn as its premises. We must be strong, stronger, strongest. We must so conduct ourselves that finally the Soviet leaders will be convinced that "any further attempts to penetrate the frontiers of freedom are far too risky from the point of view of their own self-interest." To that end we must harden and disperse our strategic bases, strengthen our nuclear forces, speed up the Minuteman missile program, speed up the anti-missile missile program, construct more Polaris nuclear submarines, place more of SAC on airborne alert, etc. "And so," the tocsin concludes, "with all humility, we suggest to the incoming President of the United States that he tell the country the stark, unvarnished truth about the national emergency in which we find ourselves." Only when these warlike preparations have been brought to their culmination and the Presidential loins girded, shall we be able to negotiate fruitfully with the implacable foe.

With its usual treachery, the Soviet government is not cooperating with the National Planning Association. It may be hellbent on our destruction, but the image it presents to the world is not nearly as warlike as our own. A sampling of current headlines in American newspapers, not usually considered soft on the Kremlin, tells the story as it may be seen in Delhi or Accra or Cairo: James Reston's recent column, "New Kremlin Overtures"; William H. Stringer in *The Christian Science Monitor*, "The Menshikov Overture"; William J. Jorden in *The New York Times*, "Soviet Indicates a Desire to Avoid War Over Laos"; Associated Press, "Soviets to Free Two U.S. Airmen?" And so on.

Of course, anyone who suggests that the Soviets may genuinely want peace becomes *ipso facto* a dupe of Moscow. If he suggests further that the empire builders in the Pentagon, and their allies and beneficiaries in the business community, are engaged in making foreign policy for their own advantage, he is not only a dupe but a spreader of doctrine which borders on the subversive. Well, having taken the risk before, *The Nation* is willing to keep on taking it. As *The Nation* sees it, the United States, under Truman and under Eisenhower, has adhered to the hard line and experienced nothing but humiliation abroad and confusion at home. There must be something wrong with a policy that so consistently brings in its wake diplomatic reverses and the ever increasing likelihood of disaster. *The Nation* does not urge President Kennedy to be soft: it does urge him to be sensible. Sixteen years of folly is quite enough.

Nothing to Fear?

The notion that this country is planning an actual armed invasion of Cuba is, by common assumption, "preposterous." Why, then, does Castro insist that an invasion is imminent? Why does he keep the Cubans on a round-the-clock alert? Castro himself points the finger at Washington; he would make a better case if he pointed at Miami.

In a series of articles, entitled "Countdown for Castro," in the New York *Daily News*, Joseph Martin and Phil Santora report on the activities of seventy or more Cuban refugee groups in Miami who are busily recruiting, training and plotting to topple the Castro regime. Fighter pilots, most of them defectors from Castro's Air Force, are recruited locally and flown to a mysterious air base in Guatemala, "twenty-three miles from the Mexican border," to which a dozen B-26 light bombers were recently delivered. Messrs. Martin and Santora were shown various arms caches in Miami. They report that large shipments of dynamite, gelignite, rifles, machine guns and hand grenades have been smuggled into Cuba from Central American ports. They describe successful sabotage missions staged from Miami. Some of the refugee organizations, they report, are financed by Americans and Cubans whose properties were confiscated by the Castro regime. The backers count on the F.R.D. — *Frente Revolucionario Democratico* — to provide the "Occupation Army" once the Castro regime is overthrown. The F.R.D. is said to have "fistfuls" of money, although its "leader" — Dr. Manuel A. de Varona — is more popular with his sponsors than with the rank-and-file of the refugees. Recruiting activities are being conducted in a dozen Central and South American countries and in as many American cities. Within a hundred feet of a main intersection in downtown Miami, with police prowl cars making regular rounds, exuberant refugees toss their rifles in the air and boast that the next stop will be Pinar del Rio, and then Havana.

Against this background, front-page headlines in *The New York Times* (January 10, 1961) inform Castro that: "U.S. Helps Train an Anti-Castro Force at Secret Guatemalan Air-Ground Base" (*The Nation* broke the story on November 19). Castro is certainly aware that the aircraft carrier *Franklin D. Roosevelt* recently sailed into Guantanamo Bay "on a refresher training mission long planned." His press officer has doubtless informed him that State Department spokesmen, when queried about the Guatemalan air base, refer their questioners to "those spooks at the C.I.A." No doubt, too, his press officer has called Castro's attention to a speech by Spruille Braden (January 2) in which the former U.S. Ambassador to Cuba and former Assistant Secretary of State for Latin American Affairs, said that this country must fight, if necessary, "to throw the Communists out of Cuba."

We should, according to Mr. Braden, first tell the O.A.S. to do something about Cuba, or we "will be forced to unilateral action." The first step should be to break off relations, then recognize a responsible Cuban government-in-exile, give this government arms and money, invoke a "pacific" blockade of Cuba "to take care of trading with Communist nations" and continue "guidance" of the new regime after the "Communists" are "driven out of Cuba." If speedily carried out, such a program, in Mr. Braden's view, would spare the Cubans "a horrible blood bath." No doubt, also, Castro has pondered the significance of recent American military activities in Southeast Asia, and it must have occurred to him that Cuba is much more important to American interests than Laos.

So why, given all these signs and omens, is Castro so nervous? Doesn't this silly man know that the sugar-cane harvest needs attention? Aren't there some psychiatrists in Havana who might calm his volatile militia men and militia ladies? Who are they afraid of, "spooks" or what?

Call Me Mister

In *The New York Times* of January 9, Jack Raymond attributes the rather modest successes of the Laotian government in battle against the pro-Communist Pathet Lao forces to "effective training by a special United States unit headed by a colorful West Pointer nicknamed 'the Prussian'" because he was born in Coblenz, Germany, in 1912. The colorful West Pointer's real name is John Arnold Heintges and until 1959 he was a Brigadier General in the United States Army, a grade to which he rose in World War II, wherein he served with distinction in the Third Infantry Division. From 1936, the year of his graduation from West Point, through 1958, his name was listed in the official Army Register. In August, 1958, he was ordered to report to the Eighth Army in Seoul, Korea, the following January and then, as far as the Register and the Pentagon were concerned, he became what George Orwell called a "non-person." But while he may no longer exist in Washington, in Vientiane he is a familiar figure. Surrounded by other tough-looking gentlemen, many of whom bear tattoos on their forearms commemorating their service in the Third Division, he has been teaching the Laotians to slaughter one another in the Western manner. The Pentagon, insofar as it is willing to talk about him at all, maintains that he and his detachment are "civilian technicians": one evidence of this is that his men call him "Mister."

Why is the Pentagon so secretive? Is it confusing itself with the Central Intelligence Agency? On June 15, 1959, the Committee on Government Operations of the House of Representatives, the Hon. William L. Dawson, Chairman, transmitted to the Hon. Sam Rayburn, Speaker, the committee's 7th report to the 86th Congress, entitled "U.S. Aid Operations in Laos." And on the same day the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union ordered the said report to be printed for all the world to see. Probably the Pentagon has a copy in its files and if it will designate an officer who can read to examine and abstract this document, it will find, among other useful bits of information, that Laos is "the only country in the world where the United States supports the military budget 100 per cent" (page 8), to the tune of about $300,000,000 since 1954. The least the Pentagon could do was to oversee the expenditure of this fairly impressive sum by the presence of Mr. Heintges and his fellow American civilians.

Although thus cruelly disowned by the Pentagon, it is to be hoped that Mr. Heintges is sending back some pertinent advice to his former comrades-in-arms. "Laos," writes Brig. Gen. (not Mister) Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Ret.), in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, "is nearly an insuperable problem for modern war in any form," while in the New York *Journal-American*, General Mark Clark is quoted as saying that a Laotian campaign would be "green hell for the soldiers and a nightmare for supply officers." The late John Foster Dulles got us in there; perhaps Mr. Heintges can help get us out.

Free Enterprise

General Electric, Westinghouse, Allis Chalmers and sixteen other electrical manufacturers have pleaded guilty to federal charges of price-rigging. One protean company officer who took the rap — F. F. Loock, president, general manager and sales manager of Allen-Bradley Co. — is quoted in *The Wall Street Journal* in exculpation: "No one attending the gatherings [in the electrical-controls industry] was so stupid he didn't know [the meetings] were in violation of the law. But it is the only way a business can be run. It is free enterprise."

This version of free enterprise is run in some very pleasant hangouts. A favorite gathering place was one or another hunting lodge maintained by the defendant companies for the relaxation of their officers. They also met in hotels, none of which were fleabags. Perhaps they met in some of the restaurants recommended by *Business Week* (Jan. 7) as fit for the executive who has arrived or is arriving. A few of these are listed here for the benefit of *Nation* readers. In Los Angeles, try the *Cave des Roys* key club, with plush French décor — ask a member friend to get you a guest card. In Chicago, there is *Portal, Ltd.*, also a key club and with only fourteen tables. The *Sahara* in Cleveland features girls in Egyptian harem costumes. There is no guarantee that you will see big corporate officials conspiring to rig prices at any of these joints, but they are good places at which to use your credit card.

As price-fixing perturbs the Department of Justice, so the credit card perturbs the Treasury. Dana Latham, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, warns that the nation's tax system can't survive expense-account chiseling. The trouble is that at a certain level of corporate eminence expense accounts are regarded as a legitimate fringe benefit, so nobody questions them. The executive may not only entertain himself and his friends at the company's (and the government's) expense, but he can, if he chooses, slip in a fur coat for his wife or girl friend and no one will be the wiser. A government auditor must trace the expenditure back through the company books, where it is itemized, if at all, as something else, and the government must prove that the item was not a legitimate business expense.

As they say in the Army, rank has its privileges, and corporate rank is the most privileged of all. Commissioner Latham points out that a remedy exists, if the Congress cares to apply it. Last June, the Senate passed a bill providing that no tax deduction would be allowed for business entertainment, gifts of over $10 per person per year, or dues or initiation fees in social, athletic or sporting clubs. If such a bill should become law, corporate executives could still rig prices until the Department of Justice catches up with them (which takes quite a while), but they could not simultaneously compel the rest of us to pick up the tab for their price-rigging junkets and excursions. Conspirators can hardly expect the public to pay their hotel bills while they are plotting conspiracies against the public interest.

Welcome, IDA

For the benefit of those ignorant of modern governmental processes, IDA stands for the Institute for Defense Analyses, an association of universities set up to help the government solve national security problems. According to a special to *The New York Times* from Chicago, IDA "is institutionalizing the role of the university scientists who divide their time between secret government projects and their campuses." The dispatch came from Chicago because, to the ringing of church bells, the University of Chicago had just become the ninth IDA member. Others are M.I.T., Columbia, Stanford and other venerable institutions of learning.

IDA, it appears, functions much like the RAND Corporation, the think-factory of the Air Force, but on a wider scale: it will serve the Army, Navy and Marines as well as the Air Force (should the last-named not receive sufficient thought-fodder from RAND). IDA is even more impressively speckled with big names than RAND, who may well become jealous when he (RAND sounds masculine) discovers that IDA's chairman is Dr. James R. Killian, Jr.; its president is Garrison Norton, a former Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and Laurence S. Rockefeller and Grayson Kirk are numbered among its trustees.

IDA — still according to the *Times* — "operates in a gray area between the government and campus, at times paying the salaries of scientists who are working in government offices. It is flexible. It can cut red tape. It can avoid cumbersome civil service rules and salary schedules. In short, it makes it possible for the government to get the services of experts who might be reluctant to leave the academic atmosphere for full-time government employ." And, although the *Times* does not mention this angle, IDA might help to avoid conflicts-of-interest problems.

As an example of the kind of work IDA does, *The Daily Collegian*, a newspaper dedicated to the betterment of Penn State, reveals that this university, a member of IDA, has just assumed responsibility for the management of an anti-submarine warfare research center at La Spezia, Italy, in conjunction with NATO. An accompanying picture shows a Hollywood-style building against a background of wooded hills rising from the Ligurian Sea. It must be pleasant to "study the underwater universe," as *The Daily Collegian* puts it, far from the dirty slush and snowdrifts of Pennsylvania. IDA will be deservedly popular among the science and engineering faculties and the public will appreciate, as a by-product, the uplift which the returning scholars will give to the arts and humanities.

CITIES IN A VISE . . *by Edward Higbee*

A HOWL from City Hall is about to be heard in the White House. The new President has promised to let America's big-city mayors tell him their troubles. They have waited so long for a sympathetic ear in Washington that, if they all let off their gripes in unison, Mr. Kennedy may become prematurely deaf. Today New York City's annual budget is greater than that of the entire federal government in 1932, yet even this sum—$2.3 billion—is not enough to provide the kind of civic environment that can stem the exodus to suburbia of the amenity-starved, service-cheated middle class.

Other big cities are in a similar fix. Municipal taxes are up but municipal quality is down. Responsible young fathers and mothers have only one opportunity to raise their young in health and safety and to put them in good schools; the brief years of childhood will not wait on procrastinating bureaucrats. If the cities cannot offer a suitable environment now, the instinct of parents who can afford it is to get out while their children are still children.

The influx of formerly rural Negroes, poor whites and Puerto Ricans, who crowd urban living quarters to save on rent, creates slums out of economic necessity faster than renewal projects can tear them down. New York, with more federal-aided urban reconstruction than all other big cities put together, has renovated 227 acres of slums. It has plans to reclaim an additional 905 acres during the next decade, but already there is a backlog of more than 7,000 acres of slum properties. Slum clearance is actually slum shifting. Since the displaced tenants usually cannot afford new housing, they go elsewhere and resume people-packing. According to *The New York Times*, one million of New York's eight millions live in slums which grow faster than they can be demolished. About 70 per cent of New York City's welfare budget is expended upon nonwhites who make up 12 per cent of its total population. The Empire City now spends about $50 million annually on "mainly remedial" programs for its Puerto Ricans—more than it spent on parks, libraries, zoos and museums in 1959.

The big city, while losing out as a residence for those who can afford good living, has had the nation's welfare load dumped on its hospitality. The 1960 budget for Washington, D.C., allotted 26 per cent of all funds to public health, hospitalization and welfare as compared with 24 per cent for education. The average expenditure of surrounding suburban counties in Maryland and Virginia is more than twice the capital's rate for education, only a fraction of its rate for welfare. Suburban dwellers generally pay their own way, so taxes go chiefly into community improvements.

LANDOWNERS are too frequently blamed for slum conditions, but in reality the city sets the stage and writes the script by placing the burden of its support upon real property. Assessments against property account for about 73 per cent of all revenues collected by cities. Under such pressure, every effort is made by harassed landowners to increase revenues. In desperation, proprietors of older structures permit overcrowding and skimp on upkeep. The appearance and function of the city are thus badly damaged. It seems to be forgotten that American cities reached their prime in beauty and function before the federal income tax became confiscatory and municipal property taxes put a curb on sensible planning.

Today a real-estate investor who would contribute to the charm of his city by embellishing buildings—even in token fashion—with landscaped gardens, lawns and playgrounds does so at his own peril. The reward is tax assessment on that adornment and open space without compensating income. As long as the big city is charged with the chief responsibility for human renewal, while the

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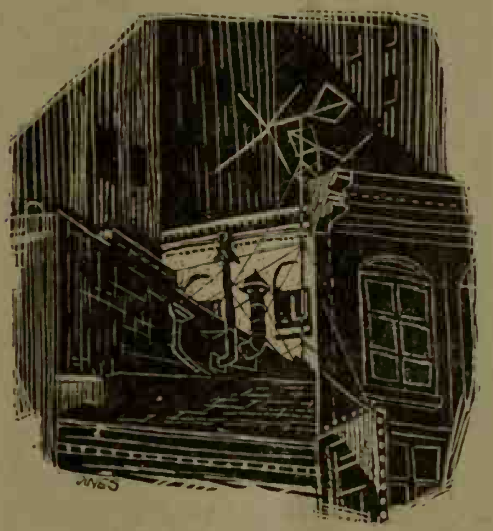
ederal government escapes with oken payments for prettying up a ew acres of worn-out real estate, rban decadence will continue.

The National Planning Association proposes that if serious trouble is to be avoided there should be far-reaching changes in the allocations of federal funds to local communities. As the Association sees the picture, the federal government during recent years has quietly eased itself out of major responsibilities for public services, unloading these former obligations onto states and local communities less able than ever to foot the bills. As an example, in 1959 the federal treasury spent $8.1 billion on non-defense goods and services for the general population, while the combined expenditures of states and local governments were $43.3 billion. Back in 1948, the ratio for the same goods and services was $12.8 billion of federal funds to $22.6 billion of state and local government funds. Thus Washington, which now collects more revenue than it did in 1948, bears less than one-sixth the cost of public goods and services. A little more than a decade ago, it shouldered more than one-third.

IN 1959, the federal government spent more money to stabilize farm income than it spent on all aids to public health, welfare, education, highways, the Post Office, urban renewal, public housing, national parks and the management of forests and wild life. Obviously, there was shown less solicitude for the displaced person who had been shoved off the farm by a technological revolution than for the successful agriculturist who was able to survive it. In reviewing a recent annual budget request by the federal Department of Agriculture, Senator Styles Bridges discovered that it amounted to an average of $1,000 per farm. According to Thomas R. Reid, civic-affairs director of the Ford Motor Company and vice president of the American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods, there are a million more slum dwellers than farm dwellers, yet the allocation of federal expenditures is only $84 per urban slum family.

The problem of how to make cities fiscally sound can probably be solved if the new Administration listens to the unhappy mayors with more than perfunctory courtesy.

While their attention has been focused on the welfare business because of the human agony involved, America's biggest cities have let themselves be physically outflanked by a proliferation of exurbanite suburbs. Open land has disappeared just where it is needed most — where roads should now be built, factories constructed and parks and playgrounds established to keep up with population increases. The sprawl of suburbia has smothered the central city without leaving enough expansion joints. The old-time design of compact vertical cities surrounded by open farm land is obsolete in the more densely populated sections of the nation. The overflow of a thin horizontal suburbia has gobbled up land so rapidly and so widely that whole metropolitan areas are threatened with a kind of environmental *rigor mortis*.



THE physical coalescence of cities and suburbs into vast metropolitan agglomerations is well advanced along the Atlantic Coast between Boston and Washington. It is becoming apparent on the shores of Lake Erie between the outliers of Detroit and the fringes of Buffalo. The trend is similar between Chicago and Milwaukee and between Los Angeles and San Diego. These examples of urban sprawl foretell the future for about 200 metropolitan areas all over the United States. It is only a matter of time, human multiplication and civic ineptitude. While growth may be commercially desirable, the haphazard, indifferent manner in which the squeeze on space has been allowed to develop is inexcusable. It might be easier to plan parenthood than to plan communities; we have elected the harder way.

The new dispersed pattern of human settlement has created fantastic transportation problems. More people have to move more often over greater distances in more directions than there is space for roads or money to build them. To blast new routes through older parts of cities to recover space may cost up to $33 million per mile. Philadelphia, like many other cities, tried the impossible before it saw the light. Said Mayor Richardson Dilworth when the Quaker City finally decided to subsidize railroad commuter service: "I feel that the people would return to public transit if we gave them a clean ride at a reasonable rate. We just cannot give them the highways it would take to carry everyone to and from center city every day. We cannot afford it and we don't have the space." One of the things that makes railroad commuting less attractive today than before subdivisions were scattered in all directions over the countryside, is that usually it takes an automobile just to get to a suburban railroad station. The circular pattern of suburban geometry does not coincide with the linear pattern of old railway routes.

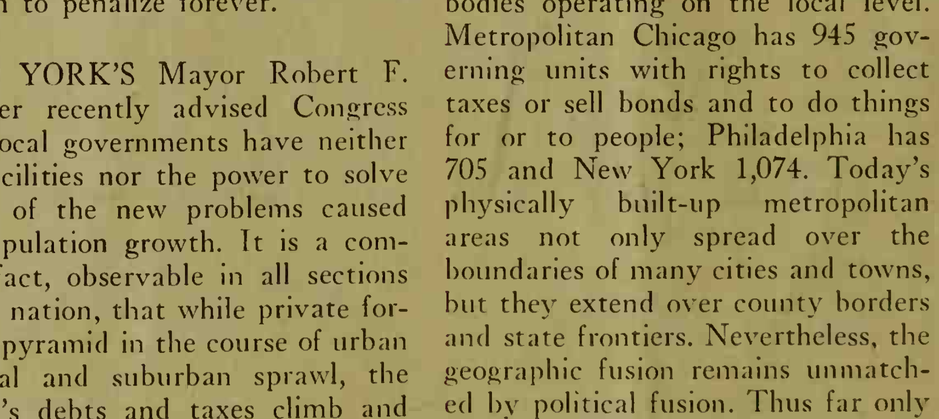
SOME agricultural economists are alarmed by the way suburbanization consumes a million acres of farm land annually while, in the same interval of time, three million more consumers sit down at the nation's dinner table. These technicians say we cannot have human addition and land subtraction indefinitely or food surpluses will turn to food shortages. They urge farmers on the urban fringe to erect political barbed wire and zone themselves against suburban encroachment. It is hope in a dream world. The best soil never yielded so lush a harvest as the tempting offers of a real-estate speculator. When Washington, D.C.'s, satellite county of Fairfax, Virginia, sought to force farmers into a kind of rural zoning by raising minimum house-lot size to two acres, the farmers went to court and had the restriction invalidated.

The loss of farm lands on the metropolitan fringe, far from being the farmer's problem, is actually the city's problem. To the growing urbanized area, the farm land around it is the most valuable of all potential assets. When it is gone, the settlements which once were separated by open country will be fused. America has plenty of space—but not where it is needed most. Space to the growing community is not just another marketable commodity that can be acquired and moved by the carload. Space is the one precious, absolutely limited, fixed, irreplaceable and non-transferable element of the habitat. It is the whole cloth out of which the future format of community life must be tailored. How this cloth is cut will determine if the future metropolitan area will appear in rags or high fashion. Political failures can be removed by elections, but failures in community planning remain to penalize forever.

NEW YORK'S Mayor Robert F. Wagner recently advised Congress that local governments have neither the facilities nor the power to solve many of the new problems caused by population growth. It is a common fact, observable in all sections of the nation, that while private fortunes pyramid in the course of urban renewal and suburban sprawl, the public's debts and taxes climb and the quality of community real estate, in the form of roads, streets, schools and parks, deteriorates. While some of the keenest minds in America plan the development and direct the use of private real estate, the far more complex public job of integrating these separate developments into functional communities is left to bureaucrats and politicians who, too often, are amateur hacks at the serious business of managing property and organizing space. There is a vast need for serious preventive engineering which would do for the sick community what preventive medicine can do to safeguard human health.

While engineers can be trained to blueprint the course of space allocation as a metropolis expands, their ability will be wasted if the metropolitan areas where they work do not achieve political coordination and acquire real control of space. Ever since the physical city began to spill over its own jurisdictional boundary into the open land of adjoining towns, counties and states, there has been no coordinated authority to guide or regulate growth, zone the land or rationally distribute roads, water, sewers and other public services. Anarchy has reigned where there has been the greatest need for central control. The Boston metropolitan area has 112 political bodies operating on the local level. Metropolitan Chicago has 945 governing units with rights to collect taxes or sell bonds and to do things for or to people; Philadelphia has 705 and New York 1,074. Today's physically built-up metropolitan areas not only spread over the boundaries of many cities and towns, but they extend over county borders and state frontiers. Nevertheless, the geographic fusion remains unmatched by political fusion. Thus far only Dade County in Florida has a unified metropolitan government which includes Miami and twenty-five other towns and villages.

While area-wide political jurisdiction is desirable, it would be folly to think that just a new brand of government could completely change old habits of land utilization. It is undoubtedly true that a Metro—a metropolitan area—such as Miami's could institute efficiencies and coul plan and zone for a total region in coordinated way. But the proble which stumps governments, an would stump Metro, is lack of rea control over the use of space withi the community. This power is positively necessary in order to cope wit the intricate task of wisely locatin people, industry, transportation arteries, commercial centers, recreational areas, water reservoirs, school and all the other physical entitie that make up a modern metropolis Today there are too many people expanding too rapidly over limite metropolitan space to continue th *laissez-faire* practices of pioneer time when people were scarce and spac seemed endless.



METRO, to save its own neck, wil have to go into the real estate business—not to make money, or eve to save money. Metro will have t become a landholder, a land planne and a land dispenser for the mos vital reason of all—to assure itsel of the proper organization of space Let us assume—and this is not at al a preposterous assumption—that i the next century all two hundred o America's metropolitan areas quadruple in population. The chances ar they will more than quadruple i size, since suburban sprawl absorb more room per capita than urba concentration. What will those ne massive agglomerations of peopl look like? Realistically, unless th preventive engineer, who designs s as to avoid trouble, takes over fro the surgical engineer, who know only how to use the scalpel, th whole community will be fit for th psychiatric ward and the pawn shop

It would be unconstitutional for metropolitan community to surve the outlying farms on its rim and arbitrarily, grant one landowner th right to construct apartment house and to tell another that, according t plan, his place is to become a public park. This would be equivalen to handing one man a chance fo fabulous profit while skinning th other alive. The only equitable wa in which a metropolis could plan it growth fairly would be to buy a the space it will need for all purposes for years to come. It shoul buy this land at the prevailin market price and put it into its own space bank. Only then might its preventive engineers set about to plan in detail how that space should be used as the community grows. Their sole criteria should be the capabilities of the land and the diverse needs of the community. Whatever lands are not needed for public purposes should then be sold to private developers with restrictions in the deeds that would assure future use according to a functional community design. Sales income should be returned to the space bank.

A federal government which can afford a multi-billion-dollar give-away to put agricultural land in a soil bank should at least be able to loan capital to municipalities for a space bank that would assure them of control over their most vital physical ingredient. Of course, the present capital-gains tax on real estate, which is really the product of local community growth, ought not to go into the federal treasury at all, but to the communities to help them purchase lands from their own space banks for public uses. With future space thus held in a sort of safe-deposit vault, a metropolis would presumably make withdrawals only for use according to the instructions of its preventive engineers, whose job it would be to know exactly where and how much should be allocated for every civic purpose, both public and private. In this way it should be possible to expand without congestion and to create an environment of both beauty and utility.

If municipalities cannot devise a way to organize community space as effectively as private enterprise is able to organize private space, then it may very well be up to large investment syndicates to do a better job. Such syndicates could acquire vast quantities of land that have the potential of becoming viable communities. They could engineer the development of this space in such fashion that it would not ever become obsolete, but would enhance in value with the passage of time. Sterling Forest, a twenty-seven-square-mile tract forty miles up the Hudson River from Manhattan, is a forerunner of this kind of community on the East Coast. There the City Investing Company is creating three residential suburbs, an eighty-acre shopping mart, scores of manicured industrial-research centers and 5,000 acres of private parks that are threaded with natural lakes and spring-fed brooks. A more beautiful site could not be imagined and plans assure that this beauty will be preserved forever while thousands of people are accommodated.

On the West Coast, Stanford University has undertaken a similar commercial development of 9,000 acres near Palo Alto and within commuting distance of San Francisco. Neither Stanford nor Sterling Forest sells land. They grant only long-term leases to builders who meet exacting specifications. By retaining a permanent interest in their properties, the developers retain a permanent interest in quality. The day very well may come when people will prefer to set up housekeeping and business in well-organized towns built by investment syndicates rather than in poorly managed, space-cramped public communities.

GAMES OF LIFE AND DEATH . . *by John G. Kemeny*

SCIENCE BEGAN when Man decided to observe Nature systematically and to discover the laws of her behavior. For many centuries this meant that Man had to go to Nature and be a passive observer of her activities. But eventually Man decided to bring Nature indoors, where he could observe her at his own convenience. Thus was the first laboratory created.

At first the purpose of a laboratory was to reproduce some phenomenon of Nature exactly as it occurred normally. This was usually expensive and extremely slow. So the scientist turned to models which, he had reason to believe, would imitate the original. He isolated simple features of Nature. He reproduced large-scale phenomena on small scale, and very small-scale phenomena on reasonably large scale. He replaced mechanical systems by electric-circuit analogues, and electric circuits by mechanical analogues. The possibilities along this line are limitless, and most laboratories will for some time continue to be of the *anologue* kind. However, this procedure requires new equipment for each new and different type of problem.

Today, large electronic computers provide a lazy man's dream laboratory. He does not have to go into the wide world and strain his eyes or get his hands dirty observing nature. He does not have to construct laboratory equipment patiently and painfully, and he does not even have to follow the path of a mathematical theoretician. He simply buys a giant brain for a few million dollars, or persuades his employer or government to provide one, and he is ready to experiment in far-reaching fields for science, industry or government.

THE key to success here is *simulation*. The computing machine is told in general terms how a certain phenomenon takes place in nature, and then it is programmed to run through this type of activity a few million times under varying circumstances, to observe itself and to give a simple summary of what has happened. We hope that soon we will also be able to program the giant brain to formulate hypotheses, to test them and to inform us of the best theory fitting all the circumstances. The day cannot be too far off when leading scientific journals will accept papers written

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by giant brains of the non-human kind.

The easiest way to explain simulation is by example. A group at Dartmouth College was interested in whether there is any basis in baseball for the way a manager arranges his batting order. The data here is very simple. We are given a team of nine men (an ex-Brooklyn fan had selected the 1952 World Champion Dodgers for the purpose). We informed the machine of each player's batting percentage, as well as the frequency with which he gets walks, extra base hits and home runs, and how likely he is to hit into a double-play. We then asked the machine to arrange the batters in a certain order and play through the 154 games of a regular season, computing how many runs the team scores in a typical season. We then tried other batting orders, looking for the best one.

The results* showed definitely that batting line-ups are important. The difference between the best and worst batting order can average one run per five games — quite enough, over a year, to make the difference between winning and losing a pennant. In this instance, the best batting order was found to be the one that was actually used in the World Series. Small differences in line-ups, the computer showed, are not nearly as significant as some managers seem to feel. The batting order has to be changed drastically before a statistically significant change in run-making power occurs.

Of course, none of this comes as a surprise to an experienced manager. However, we reached our conclusions via a computing machine — not a particularly large one, either — in a day's computation; it takes a manager many years of experience to acquire these bits of baseball lore. Herein lies the advantage of simulation.

In one of the re-created seasons, we kept a careful record of individual performances. Hodges hit forty home runs, Robinson led with a batting average of .344, Campanella hit three home runs in one game and Furillo had five hits in another. In one game, all nine players hit safely; another was a one-hitter pitched against the Dodgers. In one fabulous game the Brooklyns scored nineteen runs! In short, it was a quite typical Dodger season.

Many of the numbers corresponded very closely to those of the 1952 season. For example, the team batted .260, as compared with .262 in reality; and they hit 152 home runs on the machine, while hitting 153 in reality. Other statistics varied more— as they would from season to season.

It is particularly interesting to note hitting streaks and slumps. Cox had a seventeen-game hitting streak. When this happens in an actual season, commentators describe the batter as being in a "hot streak." Such a streak can be accounted for by statistical fluctuations; other, longer ones, such as Joe DiMaggio's famous streak, must have involved some psychological elements. It is worth noting, in this connection, that the longest hitting slump recorded by our computer was a six-game one by Campanella. Longer slumps, quite common in baseball, probably also involve psychological factors.

Is there any value in electronic simulation if we are unable to reproduce psychological factors? At the very least, the technique helps us to determine what effects may be ascribed to psychological rather than statistical causes. Moreover, we are able to make allowance for some psychological factors, once we understand them. For example, if we know that a certain batter is in a batting slump, we can easily program the machine to reduce the probability of a hit. Or again, if the player is a good clutch-hitter, we can tell the machine to increase his probabilities of hitting whenever there is a man on base. The more our programmer knows about baseball, the more realistic a baseball game he can construct.

THE TWO major uses of Man's new laboratory are for planning and for training. We used it at Dartmouth as a planning device, to determine the ideal batting order for a given team. However, one can visualize a school for baseball managers in which the machine plays full nine-inning games between two opposing teams indicating on a screen what happen at each stage. The opposing managers could interfere at any point changing pitchers, sending in pinc hitters, putting on hit-and-run signs etc. They could acquire a whol season's managerial experience i about a week, and at the same tim receive an impartial evaluation o how good they are as managers.

How can a simulated basebal game resemble a real game, when n two real games are ever exactly alike The answer is that no two game simulated by the machine are exactly alike, either. Electronic computer are perfectly capable of simulatin statistical procedures in which it i not determined how a given batte performs at a given moment; the machine is guided simply by the law of probability and by the player' known batting average. When th batter's turn comes up, the machin generates what is technically know as a "random number"; the size o this number determines the outcome If a given batter has a 30 per cen chance of hitting, a 10 per cen chance of getting a walk and a 6 per cent chance of being out, the the machine generates a random between 0 and 10. If the number i between 0 and 3, the batter is awarded a hit; if it is between 3 and 4, h walks; if it is between 4 and 10, he i out. The technique reproduces th statistical features of the game wit remarkable realism.

A MAJOR use of the simulatio laboratory in recent years has bee the training of businessmen. Expert in a certain area of business, for example, in the stock market, progran a computing machine to simulate th behavior of the market. When th budding young tycoons assembl around the machine, they buy an sell stocks; they may play throug a five-year business cycle in a singl day. The machine produces the pric fluctuations, and in the end som of the players will be rich, some wil be broke — and all will be wiser fo the experience. Of course there ar dangers that the designers of th training model will build their ow prejudices into the situation. However, the impact of five years of experience in a single day, even if the model is far from perfect, is incomparably more valuable than the tedium of having to read the financial page daily for some 1,500 days.

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*The hard work was done by George Cooke, a sophomore research assistant at the Dartmouth Computation Center.

Similar procedures are applicable to the scheduling of production in a large company. The same model can be used equally well for planning purposes, and has been so employed by large industries. The chances are that a group of computer experts can, by trial and error and the application of some mathematical ingenuity, arrive at a production plan far better than one devised by the most experienced collection of vice presidents. This does not mean that experience will be useless in the age of automation; it does mean that experience combined with the use of giant electronic brains will be more useful than experience combined with the miniature natural brains most of us have available.

Planning bodies have not yet awakened to the possibilities of planning by simulation. For example, the way traffic lights are controlled in a large city is a haphazard affair. The mathematical problems involved in "optimizing" the setting of lights are beyond our present capabilities, and are certainly not solved by the people who usually plan these matters. It would seem economical and efficient to expedite things by the use of giant brains. Let the traffic commissioner's favorite plan be programmed on a computing machine, let several thousand programmed cars loose in the city, and let us see how long it takes them on the average to reach their destination. Then let us try other programs, making minor adjustments here and there, until the flow of traffic is improved 100 per cent. This is not too different from present-day planning, which is also by trial and error, except that actual cars with actual drivers are used over periods of years. Switching to the simulated laboratory would speed up planning at less cost to drivers' nerves.

THE MOST interesting, and perhaps most frightening, use of Man's newest laboratory is in the so-called "war games." A group of military and civilian experts feed to the computing machine the best available data on the military capabilities of two opposing countries. Let us say these countries are the United States and Switzerland (one must be careful not to violate security regulations). Opposing general staffs lay out careful battle plans, and then a war is carried out. The machine traces the path of each major military unit, decides the results of combats by random devices (e.g., a plane of type A has probability 75 per cent of destroying a plane of type B), and then carries the surviving units on to the next battle, according to the general staff's plans. At the end of the game the results are announced in terms of how many millions of people were killed on each side, and what fraction of the military potential of each nation was destroyed.

Of course, the same war has to be played through many times according to the same strategic plans, since chance variations may make the difference between victory and defeat. Thus the conclusion may be that the United States wins this war (the victory probability may turn out to be 68 per cent) at an average cost of 41,000,000 lives. Then the opposing general staffs can try to improve the battle plans with the aim of increasing their probabilities of winning and decreasing their losses.

Most people's first reaction to this use of computing machines is one of revulsion. But this attitude, human enough, is also naive. If a major war should come, it will certainly mean the loss of tens of millions of lives to each side. Without doubt, the enemy has excellent computing machines of its own, and should it decide to attack, it will have planned its strategy with great ruthlessness and efficiency. The United States has decided that the best deterrent to war is to be thoroughly prepared for reprisal. In the age of atomic warfare thorough preparation means more than simply the availability of a great deal of war materiel. The stupidity of commanding generals has cost countries all over the world tens of thousands of lives in battles throughout history. In the next war, the inefficiency of a commanding general might cost millions.

Modern war has become too complex to be entrusted to the intuition of even the most experienced military commander. Only our giant brains can calculate all the possibilities. As long as the world is insane enough to contemplate a nuclear war, the war had better be well planned. Perhaps the best way to avoid war is to make sure that, every time our opponent simulates the war on his computer, the answer shows that the United States has the overwhelming probability of winning.

A DIFFERENT type of activity, also known as a war game, has long been used for the training of military leaders. Simulated battles are actually carried out in various types of maneuvers, giving commanders experience in the field. These maneuvers are expensive, both in money

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and in time, and at best they give a military commander a single "war" experience in any given year.

Simulation laboratories should become required equipment for all officers' training schools. Prospective commanders should have varied experience in directing battles under circumstances far more realistic than those afforded by field maneuvers. They could acquire the experience of a hundred major wars before graduating from OCS. This type of laboratory work would seem to be much more valuable in the age of nuclear warfare than the marching drills now required of ROTC students.

I have a further suggestion. One of the major deterrents to agreement on complete disarmament is national pride and a long tradition of belief in the glory of war. Neither need be given up even if all destructive armaments are turned over to international control. Let us agree to continue to produce armaments of the most destructive kind — on paper.

All of this information can then be fed to great simulation laboratories at the United Nations. Whenever the international scene gets too tense, let one side "attack" the other, notifying the Security Council of what attack plan it is using. The defending side, duly informed, must immediately submit its plans of defense. The great war is played out on the largest and most expensive computing machine ever constructed by Man. After twenty-four hours of computation, both sides are informed of the outcome. The victor can then rejoice, and the defeated country — after paying due reparations — can start arming for the next simulated war.

Surely the permanent substitution of simulated war for actual war would be the supreme achievement of Man's newest laboratory.

THE LONELY INTELLECTUAL . . *by Loren Baritz*

THE INTELLECTUAL, whoever he is and whatever he does, always has had to compartmentalize his mind in closely sealed chambers. It is necessary for health and a measure of functional efficiency for him to insure that the ideas and attitudes in one chamber not be allowed to confront those in another. Should the doors be opened, he would find himself the victim of irreconcilable convictions, of intolerable tensions between his several selves, would be forced to recognize schizophrenia as his occupational hazard. The following thesis is extreme because of a conviction that intellectual strength for the intellectual comes from an intensification of his schizophrenia.

The American manifestation of the intellectual's plight is worth consideration because the problems are more pure in America. Here are the greatest number of intellectuals who, however, do not produce the most significant work. Here the siren's song of society bewitches more intellectuals and leads them to seek health at the price of strength. Here the intellectual feels the full force of his anomalous position, and knows the power of the appeal to be "a regular guy," a useful citizen.

The problem for the American intellectual comes from the fact that he is an American. Our national commitment to utility is also accepted by the American intelligentsia in a peculiarly marked fashion. The general American fear of abstraction, of the exotic, is illustrated by the content and flavor of characteristic movements: pragmatism, empiricism, positivism—these are now almost American reflexes in which the intellectual as American participates. The social — the American — background of this might be delineated, but it is the foreground that is relevant here. The brute consequence of these American movements of thought is a commitment on the part of human beings and intellectuals too, to induction, the concrete, the quantifiable, the certain. The sign hanging in the RAND Corporation signifies much: "Don't think—Compute!" Is it too much to suggest that American intellectuals contribute to this mood because, as Americans, they are also burdened with the general obsession with utility?

So-called practical men of affairs set the tone. The "Have you ever met a payroll?" type of question may be translated in a number of ways: "Are you an academic nut [theorist]?" "Do you understand the pressures of living — *really* living — in this world?" To an American, the reply of "Have you ever met a muse?" seems inadequate. A sense of guilt over his not entirely American way of occupying himself makes the intellectual yearn to gain the approval of our men of affairs. Should this approval be granted, it would be the first step in the seduction for which the American egghead longs.

LET THE intellectual be absorbed into society and he runs the very grave risk of permitting himself to be digested by it. Let men of affairs cease their annoyance with and repulsion of the intellectual, and the latter will suffer. When he touches power, it will touch him. Acton said it. When the intellectual becomes socially, rather than intellectually, responsible his mind must lose at least part of the freedom and resiliency which is part of his most fundamental equipment. If the result matters to him, if a conclusion must be avoided for reasons other than those of logic or beauty, the intellectual has become a captive of relevancy. The *raison d'être* of the ivory tower was precisely this need for social irresponsibility, for irrelevancy, for the freedom which comes from isolation and alienation. It is where the intellectual belongs. Is it not the home of the best in our tradition? It is the place

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where the marginal man, Veblen's Jew, may satisfy the need to think and also to breathe.

Karl Mannheim worried about the consequences of this kind of disengagement. Intellectuals, he said, who "consciously renounce direct participation in the historical process," do however "take part in the great historical process of disillusionment, in which every concrete meaning of things as well as myths and beliefs are slowly cast aside." He cited expressionism in art and existentialism as illustrations of both despair and the resulting devotion to privacy. The danger, for him, was that when thought "turns inward and gives up its conflict with the immediate concrete world, it tends to become gentle and innocuous, or else to lose itself in pure self-edification." He could not have foreseen a society in which mass movements lead only to the supermarket, in which the mind has drowned in Coca Cola. Self-edification is, after all, something. Mannheim predicted that the intellectual's withdrawal would cause life to lose its meaning. Perhaps there are other causes, but in the atomic world meaning has in fact become mightily obscured. For now, at least, the abstract expressionist must lead the way.

Though the intellectual should not be relevant, his thought may be. But that is not up to him. An idea set loose lives its own life. The practitioners of life may use an idea, may see relevance, may implement it. If the idea's father attempts to put it to work, his future offspring will be deformed. It is a danger inherent in the American wish to be loved by society, to be useful, to be real. The extent to which the intellectual desires to ignore (since he cannot abolish) the division of labor between himself and practitioners, is the extent to which his mind is in danger. Only in the rarefied atmosphere of the hothouse will his tender little plant of a brain stand some chance of surviving.

Lowell Naeve: "Fantasies of a Prisoner"

THE URGE to find a place in the American sun, increasing of late, has turned large numbers of our intellectuals into technicians: social scientists turn their minds and training to problems of selling toothpaste; historians write contemporary politics into their history and find there "lessons for our times"; economists become statisticians; critics emerge as journalists; and all of these, and more, run the danger of becoming respectable and therefore responsible academic eunuchs. Because science — now even theoretical science — is more easily reconciled to America and its reflexes, it is a different matter. When the work of American humanists and social scientists as a group approaches a vitality and significance proportional to their numbers, it will be time enough to congratulate ourselves for progress already made.

In America relevance and social responsibility may be avoided in a number of ways. The most obvious but by no means certain way is by choice of field: the medievalist and poet are in less danger than the political scientist and American historian; the philosopher and the experimental psychologist may be safer than the economist or the applied psychologist. Distance from or continuous criticism of America is, for now, essential to the intellect, and — indirectly, unintentionally, dialectically — to America. This distance and criticism may of course be achieved even in "sensitive" areas with a political system that serves as insulation.

The intellectual as political liberal may be a contradiction in terms. The liberal, presumably, lives in an open-ended world where everything is possible, a world where faith matters. The direct and often admirable concern of the liberal for humanity surely means that the liberal cares about this world, that current problems count, that social responsibility and relevance are desirable above all else. Or, instead of being Utopian, the American liberal is sometimes Edenic. Sometimes he pines for lost innocence, for a return to a Golden Age (located either in New England or the Ohio Valley, 1820-1840). The two types were powerfully displayed by Auden, who considered himself an Edenic, Arcadian, not a Utopian: "Passing a slum child with rickets, I look the other way: He [the Utopian] looks the other way if he passes a chubby one." Regardless of which variety of liberal the American intellectual is, he is sure to pass some kind of child whose plight or fortune will move him and his mind to necessary human conclusions. Though humanity needs the mind, the disembodied mind must, if it desires the kind of total freedom which is the source of new truth, consider humanity as the antichrist.

THE American intellectual on the political far Left is in a more secure position. The extreme Left is not politically relevant in a society as intransigent as America is today. It may be that the irrelevancy of the Left constitutes part of its appeal for the intelligentsia; for some it is a way of protecting conscience and avoiding action. By making himself irrelevant in the way that he does, the intellectual of the far Left permits himself the indulgence of an intellectual solution (the kind of solution acceptable only to an intellectual) that is committed to social responsibility while living a life of social irresponsibility. In human terms this leaves much to be desired; in intellectual terms it may be ideal. In any case, this kind of Utopian is also likely to hide from the chubby child, but he is not as likely to be committed to action as the liberal. His formula can be something like this: "In this stupid society nothing is possible." This Utopian may rage back to the library in search of another bit of exotica. He may find that added bit; the liberal might never get back to the library because of the time and emotion spent over the injustice of rickets in our world.

Because the intellectual of the far Right is the extreme Arcadian, he is committed to a concrete historical reality. His intellectual alternatives are limited by that which was, and it follows that he rejects reason in favor of experience. The Utopian, on the other hand, is committed to a more or less inarticulate future and his commitment therefore is more vague and therefore less enervating. If, as is here implied, any commitment to this world limits the necessary marginality of the intellectual, the dangers in America increase as one moves rightward from the extreme Left to the fatal Center, and beyond. The danger increases as one approaches piety of any kind. William Jennings Bryan thought it better "to know the Rock of Ages than the age of rocks," and so it might be, except for a geologist. When the intellectual is reluctant to smash (in his hushed and passive way) the orthodox, he has become a good citizen and a bad intellectual. Because he is an American, the American intellectual is eager to become a joiner, a good citizen, to seek health, to join the new administration in Washington.

Surely, one must add — and in a hurry—that we are in desperate need of men who are still able to cry with and for the Arcadian's child. America has never needed them more urgently. There are moments when the defense of human freedom must and should take precedence over freedom of intellect: Nazism comes to mind. But when it is more important to cry than to think, and the intellectual cries, it may be that he has impaired his mind. Cry, by all means, but know the consequences, and let the issue justify the result. If the above assertions and assumptions mean anything, they may mean that the American intellectual, in order to save his head, must break his heart. This is his cross.

RESPONSIBLE eggheads, intellectuals turned technicians, do not merely suffer a partial lobotomy. They constitute a new class in society. They become the idea-boys, the communicators, the articulation of the dominant elites. Manipulation is their stock in trade, and their past successes in America should give pause. This is not unique in America. Ionesco knew what he was saying: "I find a simple man is superior to a demi-intellectual. The Nazi slogans were fostered by demi-intellectuals —Nazi journalists, novelists, artists, ideologists. To resist mass ideologies it is necessary to be a great intellectual or a child." Part of the quality of greatness must be alienation from the mass, i.e., from the vitality of the history the world is now making, i.e., from the life that requires blood and veins. Emerson, in his inverted and American way, sensed the problem when he warned: "March without the people, and you march into the night." Did he not fail to understand that the men who live the life of the mind are night-creatures, that the night is a time of oblivion and nightmare, but also the time to reflect and to dream? Is it not the moment of silence when life recedes, when self-annointment with midnight oil becomes possible? It is the time when the schizophrenic's second self may emerge because the good citizen has been put to bed.

The intellectual of any nationality, because he is committed to a continuing feast of forbidden fruit, is an enemy of God. Recognizing the necessary and perpetual rebelliousness of its intellectuals, society has made itself their enemy. Because his work opposes the instinct for life, is the product of a dehumanizing sublimation, the disembodied intellectual is the enemy of himself. The pariah of this world and the next, he has taken the place of the leper. He is an isolate, a man in quarantine, and should exult in his condition. Because he must not be of the polis even though he is in it, the intellectual—to accommodate Aristotle to present purposes—is either more or less than a man. Everlasting intellectual life offered by the passion of Socrates is obviously unlike the life offered by the death of Christ. Both lives, however, are not of this world; both are predicated on a mortification of the flesh; both must avoid the temptations of the city of men. The remarkable thing in the history of intellectuals is not that they have failed so often; it is rather more remarkable that so much has been achieved.

ALGERIA: DEFIANCE of TERROR . . *by Alexander Werth*

Bône, Eastern Algeria
Monday, January 9

EVERYBODY in Bône this morning—whatever he thinks of the results of the referendum—is heaving a sigh of relief: "Thank God, it's over, at least for the present."

Anyone who, like myself, has spent this last pre-referendum week in Eastern Algeria will take some time to forget the terrible tension and anxiety, if not plain physical fear, with which the European community (and to some extent also the Moslem community) was obsessed during these days. The Moslems were terrified of the *ultras* starting provocations like those which last month in Algiers led to the killing of 200 to 500 persons (depending upon to whom you talk). The Europeans had lurid visions of the whole Moslem community "coming down into the streets," waving hundreds of green-and-white F.L.N. flags, and starting a massacre. It was said that not a scrap of green cloth could be found in any shop—all of it had

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been bought up for weeks by the Moslems. What was happening in the rest of Algeria nobody knew for certain; the papers here are heavily censored.

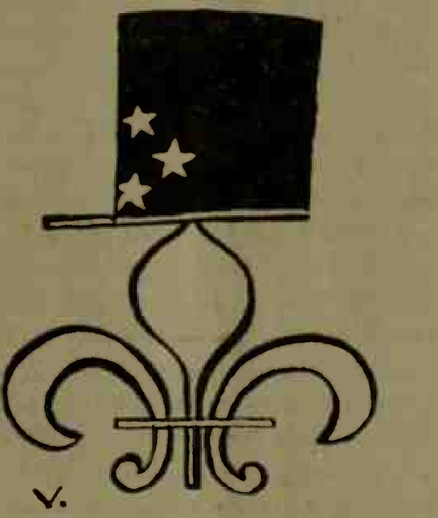
I came to Bône last week, partly because I had often been told by French-Algerian friends that it was more "typical" of Algeria than Algiers, where racial tensions are ten times more intense than elsewhere in this country. True, Bône is the native city of de Gaulle's No. 1 enemy, Marshal Juin; but it has not thrown up as many fruity Fascist characters as has Algiers; the Moslem population has not been systematically terrorized by a General Massu and his paratroopers; and it is perfectly true that, on the face of it, Europeans and Moslems live peaceably side by side.

Europeans regretfully remark that, until two months ago, the place was booming; it was only when, on November 4, de Gaulle spoke for the first time of an "Algerian Republic" that confidence crashed. New apartments, which a few months ago, fetched eight million francs, couldn't, after November 4, be sold for *anything*. De Gaulle, the Europeans were saying, had stabbed "French Algeria" in the back. After that, work was stopped on new apartment blocks and on the new factories, and thousands were thrown out of jobs.

LONG before the referendum (which, they said, "made no sense") practically all the French-Algerians were becoming desperate and were determined, whatever happened, to vote No. Over and over again I heard Europeans say that those with money had been evacuating it to France in the last two months. But the "*petits blancs*"—Europeans with no capital—were even more desperate; some, with deep roots in Algeria, were even wondering whether it wouldn't be possible to stay on under a Ferhat Abbas government.

But again, there was fear, terrible fear: never have I heard the word "Congo" mentioned so often as here in Bône: if the Arabs took over, it would be "like the Congo," and no amount of arguing that most of the F.L.N. leaders were men of French culture had much effect. "Once the Arabs feel they have the upper hand, heaven help us," I heard people say. "The one and only thing we expect de Gaulle to do is to leave at least the Army with us." And some would add: "We are scared, because we have a bad conscience. In these last six years too many Arabs have been killed—and their fellow Arabs won't forget so easily."

And others would argue that the example of Tunisia and Morocco showed that there wouldn't be much scope for French business and French freedom in an Arab-ruled country; Ferhat Abbas might be a reasonable enough man, but he had his *ultras*, too. In December, the switch from "*Algérie algérienne*"—de Gaulle's formula—to "*Algérie musulmane*"—that of the Moslem voters at Algiers—had been disconcertingly rapid. No doubt Algeria, as an underdeveloped country, would desperately *need* France; and yet the Algerians might perhaps prefer to get their help from America (or Russia), and the French would then be thrown out, as they had been from Indo-China.



SO, before the referendum, the uncertainty and anxiety were terrible; the December explosion in Algiers had now convinced even the optimists that "the enemy" was in their midst. To add to the nervousness, there had been quite a number of terrorist acts here in Bône in the last few weeks—a grenade was thrown in a café in November, killing among others a British sailor and wounding many. And, on New Year's Eve, at the height of the *réveillon* shopping, a grenade was thrown in the central market into a crowd of European women and children, wounding forty-one, four seriously.

It was in this atmosphere that the Europeans were preparing to vote: their one great hope was that not only Algeria, but France, too, would say No to de Gaulle. Everybody argued that the double question asked in the referendum was a *non sequitur*, that it made nonsense; that all de Gaulle really wanted was a vote of confidence which France would certainly refuse to give him after his insane visit to Algeria, which caused the terrible trouble in December.

Non was written in three-foot letters all over the place—over public buildings, even over de Gaulle's (very few) pictures. The *Oui* posters were systematically destroyed and defaced, whiskers, mustaches and horns being added to any surviving portraits of de Gaulle. The Mayor of Bône, a former president of the local Committee of Public Safety, was giving full encouragement to the No propaganda.

Meantime, the Moslems were cagey and mysterious in the extreme. Not a word could be extracted from them as to how they were going to vote—if at all. On the Thursday before the referendum, the rumor started that new orders had been received from Ferhat Abbas for the Moslems to vote Yes. Whatever the truth, one thing had suddenly become terribly certain for the Europeans: the mass of the Moslem population was now following the *mots d'ordre* of the F.L.N. in Tunis. As a French officer told me on the Friday: "In a military sense, the F.L.N. are not active—they don't even *have* to be; but politically, they've managed to get the whole population more or less under their thumb."

The greatest mystery in this whole pre-referendum period was the attitude of the Army. There were countless rumors of deep dissension; many officers were clearly in sympathy with Juin, Jouhaud and dozens of other generals who had openly come out against de Gaulle.

It was in these confused conditions that the referendum in Algeria took place.

THE MOST common remark made by Moslems on this Monday morning was that if the referendum in

France was a surprisingly great victory for de Gaulle, *the referendum in Algeria was (a) a smashing defeat for de Gaulle and (b) an overwhelming victory for Ferhat Abbas.* The Europeans were solidly against de Gaulle, while the Moslems had abstained. Oh, not according to the official all-over figures; but in all those places where they *could* abstain—that is, in the large cities—they had done so. If, in the countryside, 40, 50 or 60 per cent of Moslems had voted for de Gaulle (or had voted at all), it was solely because the Army had "persuaded" them to do so. And anyway, many Moslems added, could one trust the figures — except in the large cities, where faking was not so easy?

WHAT I saw in Bône and in the countryside south of here was highly illuminating. The voting in Algeria had been spread over three days, beginning on the Friday in remote villages, continuing in smaller provincial centers and the less remote villages on the Saturday, and then ending with the vote of the big cities on Sunday. On the Saturday, I went to half a dozen towns and villages within a thirty- or forty-mile radius of Bône. What I saw was this: All over the place, Army trucks were transporting Moslems—men as well as women (most of them veiled, and some with children in their arms) to the polling stations. With one exception, in all the polling stations I noted that the three-man "election bureaus" were composed entirely of Europeans. The single exception was a very strange one. The chairman of the "bureau" was a Moslem. I had never seen a man in such a panic; with sweat pouring down his face, he kept on jabbering that his predecessor in the local election had been murdered by the F.L.N., and that both his sons had been crippled.

Very striking was the fact that, among all the Moslems brought by Army trucks, there was scarcely a single young man: all were old or elderly men while, with a few exceptions, the women, too, were old or middle-aged. Officers I spoke to said that it was customary in Algeria to bring voters to the polling stations: otherwise they wouldn't come at all; many lived a long way away. Whether these obviously morose and reluctant Moslem voters had been definitely instructed to vote one way or the other was hard to figure out; but most of them made no secret of their voting Yes. For one thing, some of the women seem to have been impressed by the fact that the No ballot papers were purple (an unlucky color) and the Yes papers were white (a lucky color).

There were some revealing incidents. The Mayor of a fairly large town, surrounded by glorious tangerine groves, treated me to an explosive *"Algérie française"* harangue, saying that what the Army was doing was "absolutely criminal"; under orders "from de Gaulle," an officer had brought three truckloads with a hundred ignorant Moslem women from some outlying villages and had ordered them all to vote Yes—there'd be trouble for them if they didn't. He fumed and raged that de Gaulle was "betraying French Algeria," but "We, the so-called colonialists who turned this desert into the glorious country it is" would stay on in Algeria and fight to the last man—"even if de Gaulle were insane enough to withdraw the Army." And he bellowed that it was all the fault of the Russians and the Americans—especially the Americans, who were "after our oil." Another *colon* boasted that he had "outwitted de Gaulle"—he had ordered all his employees and farm laborers to vote No; if they didn't do it, he'd dismiss the whole lot. And he claimed that, sure enough, they all voted no. He had made it quite clear to them, he said, that the French knew exactly how everybody had voted! "It's a good old Algerian tradition—and we know all the tricks!" he added.

WHATEVER the percentage of Moslems who voted in the countryside, and however genuine the figures officially published, by far the most important thing happened on Sunday when the large cities were called upon to vote. At Bône, the tension was very great. Both Moslem and, especially, European housewives had bought up food for three or four days. The Europeans feared not only a shopkeepers' strike, but also an outbreak of terrorist activity. To reassure them, several hundred paratroopers were paraded through the city on Friday evening in jeeps and armored cars. But people remained scared.

Even so, as soon as the polling stations (heavily guarded by troops and police) opened in the morning Europeans flocked to vote No, almost without exception. (The only Europeans who were supposed to have voted Yes were the Jews, "who love that goddam de Gaulle," and a number of soldiers of the conscript Army.) *But far more important than the massive European No vote was the almost total abstention of the Moslems.* In a city like Bône (and the picture was identical in Algiers, Oran and other bigger cities), out of a population of 130,000, there were 70,000 registered voters. Only 30,000 went to the polls, i.e., practically all the Europeans, and 40,000 abstained, i.e., practically all the Moslems. I visited polling station after polling station; the picture was everywhere the same. In the predominantly Moslem parts of the town, the polling stations were deserted; in the European parts, they were crowded. In some, chiefly Moslem, parts of the town, there were polling stations for men and polling stations for women. Here are the results in the district known as Ruisseau d'Or:

	Reg. Voters	*Votes Cast*	*Spoiled*	*Yes*	*No*
Women	771	24	7	9	8
Men	820	108	5	30	73

I visited these stations shortly before closing time. The explanation given was that all the Europeans in the district had voted (presumably No) and that "about thirty Moslems" also had voted; but all these "belonged to the French administration." As for the other Moslems, the chairman of the "bureau" morosely remarked: "They've clearly got their instructions from the F.L.N.: even if they wanted to vote, they would be much too scared to do so."

AND SO NOW we have this fantastic situation in which de Gaulle has been given a vote of confidence by France to go ahead with his Algerian plan—whatever it is—while

Algeria itself (the object of the referendum) has either rejected the plan (this is true of practically the whole European community) or boycotted it (this is even true of Moslems who were under no pressure).

The mood among the Europeans today was one of profound dejection. Metropolitan France, they said, had proved itself even "feebler" than usual. None of them much believed in the kind of "temporary" institutions de Gaulle would set up in Algeria "pending self-determination." For one thing, the "third force" on whom de Gaulle was depending had, they said, been completely demoralized by what had happened among the Moslem voters in the big cities; the Moslem masses were now under strict control of the F.L.N., and the "third force" people would soon look for a good way of jumping on the F.L.N. bandwagon—unless they had compromised themselves too deeply with the French.

The European community is now conscious of a terrifyingly large, well-disciplined and potentially terribly explosive force in their midst. As for the Moslems, all their secrecy of the pre-referendum days had now gone: arguments I now heard from Moslems were to the effect that de Gaulle had better quickly try to make an agreement with Ferhat Abbas; and there were dark hints that if he persisted in building up his "third force" and "temporary" institutions, terrorism might well start up again, Army or no Army. The almost 100 per cent boycott of the referendum by the Moslems in the big cities had given them tremendous cohesion and self-confidence.

AT THE same time, there are strong Moslem elements who, far from wanting to drive the French out, are anxious for both personal and very strong economic reasons for a reasonable de Gaulle-Ferhat Abbas agreement. But will de Gaulle consider it? And will not Ferhat Abbas, after the brilliant demonstration of his hold over the Algerian people, not put up his price to an impossible degree?

And the Europeans? Today, they are bitter and subdued. Will some of the extreme *ultras* try to provoke serious trouble with the Moslems, in order to gain once again the full support of the Army? There is a grave danger of this happening, even though the bulk of the Europeans, angry and disappointed but feeling terribly helpless and frightened, would rather not try any such adventures. The lesson of the referendum has stuck. The Europeans are, if anything, in a fatalistic mood, and the tendency today is to say: "Damn de Gaulle. But if there's nothing else to fall back on, let's at least wait and see if he can't do something to save what may perhaps still be saved."

Forgotten Remedy for the Voteless Negro

. . *Thomas I. Emerson and Arthur E. Bonfield*

IN THE CURRENT debate over methods of assuring the Negro in the South his right to vote, very little attention has been paid to Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment. For many years major interest in this Amendment has focused on Section 1, which prohibits the states from denying to any person due process of law or equal protection of the laws. Not many people are aware that those who framed and adopted the Fourteenth Amendment viewed Section 2, rather than Section 1, as its most important provision.

Section 2 provides that Representatives in Congress "shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each State, excluding Indians not taxed."

> But [it continues] when the right to vote at any election [for Federal or state offices] is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion, or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

In addition to Section 2 an almost unknown statute, originally passed in 1872 and still on the books, contains the same requirement.

Neither the Constitutional provision nor the statute has ever been successfully invoked to reduce the representation of any state in Congress. This failure to adhere to the plain language of our Constitution and law is a continuing national scandal. The matter is now of particular importance for two reasons.

In the first place, there is serious doubt that the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960, or indeed any legislation based upon judicial procedures, can effectively secure the Negro's right to vote. Thus three of the six members of the Civil Rights Commission, in the first report of that body, characterized proposals for amendment of existing laws as "stopgap" measures. They urged the adoption of a Constitutional amendment eliminating all restrictions upon the right to vote except age, residence and legal confinement. As will appear, this proposal seeks to accomplish by direct prohibition on the states what Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment, if enforced, would accomplish indirectly through reduction of state representation.

Secondly, a new apportionment of House seats, based upon the 1960

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census, will be made shortly now that Congress has convened. Hence the new Administration will have to face squarely the question whether to enforce or continue to ignore the Constitutional mandate.

An examination of the possibility of implementing Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment would therefore seem to be in order.

IN THE reconstruction of the Union following the Civil War, the North was united on one question — the legal abolition of slavery. The Thirteenth Amendment, providing that "neither slavery nor involuntary servitude . . . shall exist within the United States," was quickly ratified in 1865. On other issues there was bitter controversy.

One of these involved the political terms upon which the seceding states would be readmitted to the Union, and more particularly the relative strength of the Southern states in a reconstituted Congress. Prior to the war, Southern representation in the House, under the original Constitutional provision, was based upon counting a slave as three-fifths of a free person. The abolition of slavery would, therefore, result in additional Southern representation in the House. The victorious North was unwilling to accept such an increase in Southern power, particularly if based upon a disfranchised Negro population.

The issue of extending federal protection to Negro voting also arose in other connections. There were many who strongly supported federal guarantees on grounds of principle — that all citizens were entitled to the basic rights of citizenship — and as essential to giving the Negro a political base from which to achieve other civil rights. Republican politicians viewed the Negro vote as important in maintaining Republican control of the federal government. On the other hand, most of the Northern states did not themselves at this time extend the franchise to the Negro and the North was by no means fully committed to direct action on this issue.

The resolution of the problem was Section 2, which was deemed the heart of the Fourteenth Amendment. Historians are in some disagreement as to whether the major purpose of this section was to reduce the power of the Southern states in the House or to secure, by the indirect method of reducing representation, the franchise to the Negro. Undoubtedly both considerations weighed heavily. In any event, it is entirely clear that Section 2 was intended to establish, as a Constitutional principle, that representation in the House should be based upon population reduced by the proportion of male citizens over twenty-one who were denied the franchise for reasons other than the narrow grounds specified.

The Fourteenth Amendment was ratified in 1868. Two years later, in 1870, the Fifteenth Amendment was adopted. Designed to protect the Negro's right of franchise directly, it provided that the right to vote "shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude."

VARIOUS questions as to the interpretation of Section 2 have arisen, or would arise if effective implementation were attempted. The major ones will be noted briefly.

(1) It has been contended that the Fifteenth Amendment, which directly prohibits a state from infringing the right to vote because of color or race, superseded and nullified the indirect penalties of reduced representation embodied in the Fourteenth Amendment.

Neither the language nor the legislative history of the later Amendment supports this interpretation. The two provisions are entirely consistent, merely providing different sanctions for the same action on the part of the states. Indeed, the debate on the Fourteenth Amendment made clear that a direct prohibition would not necessarily solve the problem of indirect abridgement through property, literacy or educational qualifications, which by their terms or by discriminatory administration effectively deny the franchise to the Negro. Subsequent history has fully vindicated the position of the framers of the Fourteenth Amendment.

(2) The Nineteenth Amendment, prohibiting discrimination in voting on account of sex, has the effect of striking the word "male" from Section 2 of the Fourteenth.

(3) The question of what constitutes a denial or abridgement of the right to vote is, in the main, free of ambiguity: The states may, without incurring any penalty, disqualify noncitizens, persons under twenty-one years of age and persons engaged in rebellion or convicted of crime. The word "inhabitant" should probably be construed as including any bona fide resident of a state, regardless of the length of his residence. It can be argued, however, that a state residence requirement necessary for administrative purposes, say not over six months, ought not to be considered an abridgement of the right to vote.

All other disqualifications result in reduction of representation. These include disqualifications based upon race, color or national origin; property, literacy or educational tests; payment of poll taxes or other taxes; and the taking of loyalty oaths. They also include denial or abridgement through violence, intimidation, economic reprisal or similar pressures.

Section 2 probably also requires a reduction in representation where the right to vote is abridged by serious malapportionment or gerrymandering of Congressional election districts. This is a matter of considerable importance but involves complications we shall not attempt to unravel here.

(4) Does Section 2 apply where the infringement is not due to direct action of the state or state officials, but derives from the actions of private individuals or groups? This issue is of key importance. In many parts of the South the major reason for the lack of Negro voting is fear of reprisal. Indeed, it may be said

that the whole system of racial discrimination in the South, especially since the Supreme Court's repudiation of the separate but equal doctrine, rests upon the use or threat of violence and economic pressure.

The argument that Section 2 applies only where the right to vote is denied or abridged by direct state action is based mainly upon judicial interpretation of Section 1 of the Fourteenth Amendment. The Supreme Court has consistently held that the protections of due process and equal protection in Section 1 are available only as against action taken by the state. The same has been held of the Fifteenth Amendment. But this line of reasoning does not apply to Section 2. In contradistinction to Section 1 and the Fifteenth Amendment, Section 2 is not expressly limited to state action. The fact that the other provisions are so worded, and Section 2 is not, is persuasive that Section 2 is intended to be applicable regardless of the source of the infringement. The whole purpose of Section 2, as shown by its history, confirms this interpretation. Moreover, even if state action were required, a strong argument can be made that the state has an obligation which it cannot shirk to protect its citizens in the fundamental right to vote, and that failure to fulfill this obligation constitutes state action just as much as an affirmative abridgement by state officials.

(5) Nothing in Section 2 requires proof that the citizen has made an affirmative effort to register or vote. Statutory restrictions, discriminatory practices and intimidation constitute a denial or abridgement in and of themselves, whether or not any individual Negro has actually been refused the right upon demand.

(6) The effect of Section 2 is to reduce the representation of the state being penalized. It does not increase the number of representatives to which other states are entitled.

(7) Finally, the enforcement of Section 2 results not only in reduction of representation in the House, but also in the number of Presidential electors to which the state is entitled. This follows from the fact that the Constitution grants to each state "a number of electors, equal to the whole number of Senators and Representatives to which the State may be entitled in the Congress."

Thus the implications of enforcing Section 2 are far-reaching. Yet all efforts to do so have thus far been unavailing. What are the chances that, under present circumstances, Section 2 can now be enforced?

THE Constitution does not specify what agency of government is to determine the allocation of Representatives to the states or to enforce the Constitutional requirements. The procedure is now governed by legislation originally enacted in 1929. In its present form, this statute provides that within one week of the opening session of the Congress following the decennial census, the President shall transmit to Congress a statement showing the whole number of persons in each state (excluding Indians not taxed) as ascertained by the census, and "the number of Representatives to which each State would be entitled under an apportionment of the then existing number of Representatives by the method known as the method of equal proportions." It is then made the duty of the Clerk of the House of Representatives, within fifteen days after receipt of the President's statement, to send to the executive of each state "a certificate of the number of Representatives to which such State is entitled."

Both the language and the legislative history of the statute indicate that the President's role was intended to be strictly mechanical. His function seems limited to applying the mathematical formula of "equal proportions" to the total population. While the matter deserves further consideration, the chances of Section 2 being enforced through Presidential initiative seem somewhat remote.

Clearly Congress has the power to determine the apportionment of seats in the House by statute. Prior to 1929, it did so after each decennial census. Since then the matter has been governed by the general statute. Congress also could establish machinery for determining the number of disfranchised citizens in each state.

Ideally, therefore, Congress should assume the obligation of enforcing Section 2 of the Fourteenth Amendment. Continued flouting of current legislative and judicial efforts to assure the right to vote may lead it to do so. Certainly advocates of civil rights should mount a full-scale effort to force Congress to honor the Constitutional mandate. Yet, realistically, the prospects of immediate response are not favorable.

A THIRD alternative lies in resort to the courts—the traditional American method of securing redress for infringement of Constitutional rights. Here a number of legal obstacles must be overcome. These are mainly technical problems for the lawyers, which cannot be considered in detail in this article. But the two major problems may be briefly outlined.

The first involves the form of the lawsuit. Who should institute the action, against what officials, in what court? Two methods of procedure hold promise of success. One is a suit, brought in the Federal District Court for the District of Columbia, to enjoin the Clerk of the House from certifying the number of Representatives to the states on any basis which did not conform to Section 2 and the 1872 statute. Agents of Congress have in the past been successfully subjected to legal action. Such a proceeding should preferably be brought by a vóter from a state in which the election laws and practices impose no restrictions disallowed by Section 2, or by such a state itself. States suitable for the purpose include Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Michigan and Nevada.

An action of this sort would have

to be brought shortly before or after the President transmitted his statement to Congress under the 1929 law, and before the Clerk had issued his certificate. It would be available, therefore, only to rectify the initial apportionment made after the census. For present purposes, the suit would have had to be prepared and ready to file early this month.

A second procedure would be an injunction proceeding in a Federal District Court instituted by a disfranchised citizen against the election officials of his state to enjoin them from holding an election for Representatives by Congressional districts. This would be premised on the theory that the state was not entitled to the full number of Representatives allocated by the Clerk and therefore Representatives must be elected at large, rather than by districts.

This second procedure has the advantage that it can be brought at any time after the census has been taken and Representatives apportioned. It has the disadvantage that it would settle the issue only for the particular state involved. Separate suits would be necessary in each state where reduction of representation was sought.

Hence, it would seem that the first attempt at litigation should be by a suit against the Clerk of the House, brought as soon as possible. This could be followed by the second type of action where necessary to secure conformity with Section 2 between apportionments.

THE OTHER major problem arises out of the doctrine of political questions. The court would be faced with the argument that the method of apportioning Representatives is a political matter to be decided by the legislative branch of the government and not by the courts. In a case brought in Virginia in 1943, the lower federal courts dismissed the proceeding on this ground, and the Supreme Court declined to review. Moreover, the Supreme Court itself has several times invoked the doctrine (over vigorous dissent) as a reason for refusing to interfere with malapportionment of Congressional Districts within a state.

It is impossible to review here the various considerations underlying the doctrine of political questions. Suffice it to say that powerful arguments can be urged against its application to Constitutional issues of interstate apportionment, which by their very nature are not readily susceptible to solution by the legislative process. The task of persuading a majority of the Supreme Court to this view is by no means insuperable.

All these questions, and others not mentioned, make the litigation approach hazardous. But the chances of success appear sufficiently great to warrant an all-out effort to bring a court test.

THIS brings us to the final and perhaps the most troublesome question. How does one ascertain the number of citizens in each state whose rights are being denied or abridged within the meaning of Section 2?

This problem must be solved whether enforcement of Section 2 be sought through Presidential, Congressional or judicial action. And, realistically, success in securing enforcement depends in large measure upon formulating a fair, practical and reasonably objective technique for determining the amount of reduction.

If a legislative solution proves feasible, special machinery could be established for making the determination. Thus Congress could authorize the Bureau of the Census to gather information, or establish a legislative investigating commission (as has been suggested by Senator McNamara), or delegate power to the Civil Rights Commission. On the other hand, if reliance must be placed upon Presidential or judicial action, the issue would have to be decided upon the basis of information already available.

In any event, the securing of reliable data poses a difficult problem. We suggest that the best available method, at least for present purposes, is to base the calculation upon a state-by-state comparison of the proportion of persons actually voting in each state to the total number of citizens over twenty-one in that state. This ratio is readily available; the number of citizens over twenty-one is supplied by the census, the number voting by election statistics. In any state where that proportion is below the national average it is reasonable to conclude that the disparity is largely due to denials or abridgements within the meaning of Section 2.

Upon analysis, this test appears surprisingly reliable. It must be remembered that Section 2 requires reduction of representation for the denial or abridgement of the voting rights of any adult citizen for any cause other than participation in rebellion or commission of crime. The former disqualification is not now relevant; and the latter would occur in only an insignificant number of cases and be relatively constant as among the different states. Residence requirements involve no great difficulty. Most states have a residence requirement of one year, and therefore this factor also is relatively constant. To the extent that it is desired to reduce representation on the basis of such requirements, a reasonably accurate calculation could be made from census figures.

The major difficulty, therefore arises in attempting to take accoun of certain other factors which resul in non-voting but which cannot be considered a denial or abridgement These are primarily illness, absenc from the voting district on electio day, and various forms of apathy Illness and absence from the district insofar as not rectified by absente voting, probably do not vary muc among the states. In any event, th number of votes involved would no be large enough to make a differenc in result.

WE ARE left, then, with the fact of apathy. There are obvious diff culties in attempting to ascertai the influence of this factor in an state. A reasonable approximation all that can be expected or require

It is not unreasonable to assum that apathy, or at least apathy u related to denials and abridgement is fairly constant in the America population generally. There are, hov ever, several methods by which margin of safety can be allowed f possible variation from state to stat Thus, much apathy arises out of one-party system. But this manifes itself largely in failure to vote in final elections rather than primaries. It is possible, then, to compensate for this aspect of apathy by calculating the number of voters in each state on the basis of either the final or the primary election, whichever is larger. Again, it is possible to make an arbitrary allowance for possible variations in apathy, or to calculate the national average of non-voting in a way which makes such an allowance.

Data might be assembled showing the effect upon exercising the right to vote of income, education, population distribution and isolation, the political structure of the state, and other factors which might produce or reflect apathy. Where a correlation appeared, these factors could be taken into account. Such studies should be made. But even in their absence, the formula suggested above would seem to yield sufficiently reliable conclusions to establish a prima-facie case.

LET US now consider the actual results of applying the test. By way of illustration, we take the figures on the number of citizens over twenty-one in each state from the 1950 census, the latest fully completed and available. Figures on the number of voters in each state are those for the 1952 Presidential election. These are chosen partly because that election was the first after the census, and partly because Eisenhower's candidacy in the South tended to offset the effects of the one-party system there. Available primary statistics indicate that, in all but two Southern states, the number voting in this election exceeded the primary vote that year.

Using the above figures, the national average of the proportion of persons actually voting to citizens over twenty-one is slightly over 65 per cent. The ratio in the different states varies substantially. It ranges from 87 per cent in Utah to 24 per cent in Alabama and Mississippi. But certain patterns emerge. The eleven Southern states are all at the bottom of the list, well below the national average. Two border states —Kentucky (57 per cent) and Maryland (60 per cent)—come next. Only two other states are below the national average—Arizona (62 per cent) and Maine (64 per cent). The others range above the average in varying degrees, but a cluster of seventeen states occupies a middle bracket from 71 to 75 per cent.

It will be seen from the above that, by including all the states in a general national average, the figure is substantially biased in favor of the Southern states.

States Which Would Lose Representation If Fourteenth Amendment Were Enforced

State	Present Number of Representatives	Reduction on the basis of		
		10 Per Cent Below General National Average	*General National Average*	*Average of 17 Modal States*
Alabama	9	3	4	4
Arkansas	6	1	2	2
Florida	8	0	1	1
Georgia	10	3	3	4
Kentucky	8	0	1	1
Louisiana*	8	1	2	3
Maryland	7	0	0	1
Mississippi*	6	2	2	3
North Carolina	12	0	1	2
Pennsylvania	30	0	0	2
South Carolina	6	2	2	3
Tennessee	9	1	2	3
Texas	22	2	4	6
Virginia	10	2	3	4
Total Reductions		17	27	39

**Because 1952 primary statistics are not entirely reliable, no allowance has been made for higher primary voting in Louisiana and Mississippi. At most, adjustment for this factor would result in a reduction of one less representative in each column for those two states.*

Note: A fraction of .5 or over is counted as a whole number.

The final calculation is made by reducing the representation of each state by the percentage by which that state is below the average. This calculation can be done in several ways, depending on the margin of error we wish to allow for possible variations in the apathy factor:

(1) We may reduce representation only to the extent that the percentage of non-voting in any state is 10 per cent below the general national average. Thus Alabama, with a ratio of 24 per cent of voters to citizens over twenty-one, is 41 per cent below the general national average, but its representation would be reduced by only 31 per cent.

(2) We may reduce representation by the exact percentage that any state falls below the general national average. On this basis Alabama's representation would be reduced by 41 per cent. Since the general national average, as we have seen, is biased in favor of the Southern states, this method still allows for a margin of error.

(3) We may reduce representation by the percentage that any state falls below the average of the seventeen states which form the middle cluster. The average of these modal states is 73 per cent and by this method Alabama would lose 49 per cent of its Representatives.

The results in those states which would incur a reduction are set forth in the accompanying table.

The difficulties in implementing Section 2 through Congressional or judicial action are serious but not insurmountable. The chance of success is probably better than that of obtaining a Constitutional amendment. With a new apportionment based on the 1960 census imminent, the time is now ripe for a renewed effort to make the Constitution mean what it says.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Maps of the New Africa

TROPICAL AFRICA. By George H. T. Kimble. Vol. I: "Land and Livelihood"; Vol. II: "Society and Polity." The Twentieth Century Fund. 1,100 pp. $15 set.

THE TWILIGHT OF EUROPEAN COLONIALISM. By Stewart C. Easton. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 571 pp. $10.

Henry L. Bretton

UNTIL NOW, the standard reference work on sub-Saharan, tropical Africa has been Lord Hailey's monumental *African Survey* (second edition published in 1957). As a reference work, the Hailey still is unsurpassed, but its very encyclopedic scope tends to discourage the general reader. Also, Lord Hailey's intimate identification with British colonial administration—albeit in most respectable, constructive pursuits—interfered with his, and his staff's, objectivity.

Tropical Africa, wisely, was not designed to compete with Hailey, but to supplement it. Thus, George Kimble, expertly making use of the widely divergent views of some forty-six contributors, produces a less forbidding, more readable and more objective work. With a successful blending of lively prose and sound scholarship — by and large — and with less stress on inclusiveness, Kimble focuses more on the inter-relationships, the totality of human and physical environment. The result, conveniently divided into two volumes on "Land and Livelihood" and "Society and Polity," represents not a static mosaic of data but a flowing panorama of a continent and people in motion.

Although in places it still follows in the footsteps of colonial information offices (perhaps no independent sources could be located on the Belgian Congo, on Portuguese Africa, and on some of the French territories), *Tropical Africa* may still be ranked as the most significant effort of its kind to date. Scattered throughout the thirteen chapters of the first volume—and it is necessary to read all chapters not to be caught on some of the less solid ones—are instances of incisive analysis of the economics of independence, the bread-and-butter issues, the limitations and potentialities of the land and the people.

The author recognizes that, although the traditional concepts of colonialism are changing, some of the by-products, some of the old habits, are difficult to abandon. The independent countries still feel the effects of the continuing desire "of metropolitan manufacturers to have access to cheap raw material of which the colonies have been providers, and which have enabled them to stay in the export business, often against all comers." Another main problem confronting planners for tropical Africa is uncovered in this passage: ". . . the key to the industrial future of tropical Africa lies not so much in the mines, the rivers, or the plantations, or even the rising purchasing power of the doctors, teachers, truck drivers, and other select groups, as in the fields and on the grazing lands, and in what millions of Africans who tend them make of them. What they make of them will depend as much, probably, on what they feel is socially acceptable as on what is economically possible."

THE second volume, "Society and Polity," would have been more valuable had the author been as consistently analytical and as willing to cross lines of academic discipline to define inquiries as he was in volume one. And it is regrettable that the insight gained in the economic and technological chapters is not reflected in such chapters as the one on "Colonial Policies." We are told that colonial policy is "a pool of ideas and convictions that has been preserved by the guardians of [the colonial power's] culture and into which each new generation has poured its experience. . . . The objectives of its colonial policy may never have been precisely defined by those entrusted with colonial administration, but they are generally perceived as surely as most Americans perceive without being able to specify fully, the responsibilities of their citizenship." This does not accurately represent the nature of the problem. The evidence is overwhelming that colonial policies have had a way of becoming separated from the national culture, the national purposes, of the colonial powers. Also, colonial administrators, with few exceptions, are oblivious to what can properly be called policy. They execute low-level statutory instruments and administrative decrees, with little love, interest, or enthusiasm.

Another chance to correct a misconception about politics and government in developing countries is missed in the following observation on Ghana: "By 1957 the colony had demonstrated an ability to conduct its legislative affairs in the manner of a British parliamentary democracy, complete with universal adult suffrage, secret ballot and loyal opposition." Nothing of the sort had taken place. What is more important, if political conditions had been as implied, Ghana in all probability would today be in a state of civil war. Likewise, reading the passages on the Belgian Congo, one has great difficulty understanding why the territory exploded as it did. We are told: "Fortunately the Belgians did not find it too difficult to provide the Congo with a vigorous economy," and "the economic programs undertaken by them were remarkable as much for their humanitarianism as their foresight." What foresight? But in fairness to Mr. Kimble, one can readily go back to the economic, environmental analyses of volume one and regain a more realistic picture.

STEWART EASTON, a historian and political scientist, has produced one of the finest studies to date on the waning phases of European colonialism. His book ranges across the Continent of Africa, formerly and currently colonial, and includes for comparative purposes a few non-African territories such as Singapore, Guinea and the West Indies. But in the main, Professor Easton addresses himself to the transfer of power from colonial to indigenous control in what essentially is tropical Africa. Thus, his book is a companion volume to The Twentieth Century Fund's set. Together, these works provide the material for a good short course on Africa: one concentrating on the environmental, the other more on the institutional, procedural aspects.

A few weaknesses need to be pointed out in the Easton book, primarily because they follow a pattern which should not be allowed to grow to a new myth about Africa. Westerners tend to apply the rules of wishful thinking to the newly developing countries, and to ascribe to their peoples perspectives and values that are taken for granted in the West. In his treatment of the former British territories of Ghana and

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Nigeria, and to an extent also elsewhere, Professor Easton pays far too much attention to the formal, institutional aspects of the transfer of power processes and thus walks into a trap: he mistakes the appearance for the substance.

WHAT he brilliantly recognizes in the Congo and the Rhodesias, he fails to see in Ghana and in Nigeria. Even though these areas were spared the white settler problem, the economic control factor which has been the central theme of colonialism everywhere, also was pivotal in British West Africa. The constitutional systems now being introduced experimentally there, and elsewhere, do not reflect significant power distribution, they conceal it. Being somewhat blinded by the official line, the author evidently believes the story that the British really expected the Westminster model of parliamentary government to be transferred to Africa "without substantial change." One might give the planners in the Colonial Office more credit for knowing their subject. Similarly, the author could not have been more mistaken in his comments on democratic preferences among the leaders of Nigeria. He asserts: ". . . in Nigeria, and in Nigeria alone, among the British dependent territories, the African leaders have accepted all the implications of Western democracy." This is an extraordinary statement, in view of the fact that more than half of all Nigerians are still ruled by leaders who are dedicated defenders of a medieval, feudal order, that women still do not vote in the north of that country, and that only a minority of Nigerians can in any meaningful sense be described as participants in their country's political processes.

The author appears to be best informed on the Central African territories of the Congo and the Rhodesias. It would be difficult to locate at this time a better, more incisive analysis than his of race relations in the Federation of the Rhodesias and Nysasaland. The chapters on the Congo are excellent and although events have gone beyond the book, they will for some time to come rate among the most concise, analytical discussions on that topic. Professor Easton is perhaps a little too apologetic about the Belgian record there. The reader may sometimes wonder whether the Congolese are rioting against the Belgians or because they want their colonial masters to resume where they left off in the summer of 1960.

A Gallery of Jeffersons

THE JEFFERSON IMAGE in the American Mind. By Merrill D. Peterson. Oxford University Press. 548 pp. $8.50.

Adrienne Koch

THIS is a valuable book, a storehouse of information, on when and why Jefferson's reputation rose and fell and phoenix-like rose again. It is a tireless examination of what Jefferson has been made to mean by successive generations of Americans, from the time of his death to his "canonization" on the Potomac in the immortal company of Washington and Lincoln. Its powerful appeal lies in its richness. For in the course of his examination, Mr. Peterson has sampled generously newspaper opinion, pamphlet literature, gossip, libel, song and story; general history, special history, biography and what the guild calls "monographic studies."

The book also contributes to our knowledge of what might be called the "uses and abuses" of a great man in history. The author's premise, from which the entire study proceeds, is that Jefferson "more than any other American . . . impressed himself on the nation's future." For that reason, he feels that a full-scale review of what each generation has done with the Jefferson "image" is more than the study of an individual's reputation. It is a shifting index of the temper and intentions of the American people as they reshape, abandon, or introduce public principles, policies and programs. Mr. Peterson adduces abundant illustrations of his view that Jefferson's ideas and ideals were contended for by both or all sides "in the great campaigns of history."

In this very diligent display of how both the devil and the God-fearing can quote scripture, and how an unexpected host in between can snatch and memorize some necessary lines, the book tells many stories. It tells the story of Jefferson and strict construction; Jefferson and state rights. On the other hand, it tells the story of Jefferson as a vital and *enduring* symbol of democracy. It recalls the image of Jefferson the man who was a slave owner; a political manipulator wise as a serpent and not above hypocrisy; a leader who resorted to practices "inconsistent" with one or another of his principles. It also tells the story of the Thomas Jefferson whose vision of human freedom inspired Americans, generation after generation, and crisis after crisis, to emulate his hopeful ameliorative spirit, moving step by step in each fresh challenge to mitigate the most pressing evils and to maintain the basic rules by which free men can think openly, according to their lights.

Then it examines a host of sub-stories that cast one or another shadow over the changing surface of the "image." As these sub-stories make their mark on the reader, he asks: was Jefferson a "traditionalist," or a "revolutionist"; an agrarian, or the "champion of the working masses" against the overlordship of the "moneyed class," in FDR's way of putting it? Was he an aristocrat who posed in corduroy clothes and carpet slippers as a democrat; a frontier American; an urbane cosmopolitan; an "Old Dominion" Southern planter — or a "Continentalist" statesman with a program for limitless national progress?

THESE offhand suggestions of the pluriverse of "images" that are considered by Mr. Peterson should show something of the lively range of alternatives he presents as an "honest broker" in the Jefferson market. But for all the valuable information which this study contains, it fails to subdue the multiplicity and odd variety of its detailed components. In the welter of "images," one finds it difficult to view *The Jefferson Image in the American Mind*. As the author says: "My concern is not primarily with the truth or falsity of the image, either as a whole or in its parts, but rather with its illuminations of the evolving culture and its shaping power. It is posterity's configuration of Jefferson." This proposal apparently permits Mr. Peterson to comment on "what history made of Thomas Jefferson" without using as a standard for judgment a knowledge and reasoned interpretation of Jefferson's words and deeds. But lacking some elementary concern for reality over capricious or fortuitous image and symbol, what is the merit of employing a "Jeffersonian" focus to study "the evolving culture"?

Of course, Mr. Peterson cannot quite live up to the rigors of this symbolic or "image" approach. Thus, scholars like Beard, Henry Adams, Claude Bowers are criticized for *their* views of Jefferson and the Jeffersonian tradition—presumably on some sort of rough standard of

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truth. And Jefferson is liberally charged with: embodying ambiguity, creating dilemmas, suggesting an image "at the very heart of the people . . .," chiefly because his ideas went along with the national mind. Moreover, he is credited with having possessed "this genius of humanity, this power as a symbol." The "legend" employed by Southern sectionalists that social inequality was Jeffersonian in origin, is pronounced a "standard rejoinder" to Jefferson's (presumably real) ideal of equality, a rejoinder "going stale with age." Finally, a triumphant affirmation closes the book with a magnificent gesture which implicitly dismisses the indifference and neutrality among the sovereign images. "When so many of Jefferson's values have slipped away, he may yet go on vindicating his power in the national life as the heroic voice of imperishable freedoms. It is this Jefferson who stands at the radiant center of his own history, and who makes for the present a symbol that unites the nation's birth with its inexorable ideal."

Psychologists and Managers

THE SERVANTS OF POWER: A History of the Use of Social Science in American Industry. By Loren Baritz. Wesleyan Univ. Press. 273 pp. $4.50.

Leon Bramson

HOW HAVE social institutions like the army, the schools, the churches, the factories, found a use for the research efforts of social scientists? The background for the story in twentieth-century America is formed by the development of mass production, the rise of organized labor, the creation of an enormous corporate bureaucracy, and the active intervention of government in economic life. These developments created problems for management which could not be dealt with by ordinary nineteenth-century methods. Loren Baritz limits himself to the application of psychology and sociology to the new problems of industrial management in the United States.

His early chapters, describing the change in corporate mentality from an emphasis on meeting a payroll to the necessity for psychological testing, personnel and human relations programs, are among his best. He shows how industrial psychology was born in the first decades of our century, and how it made the leap from the universities to the factories. He discusses the efforts of the pioneers in this field who tried to help factory managers increase production, though he underestimates the extent to which these pioneers were often scorned by many of their "pure" colleagues in the universities. The author's treatment of this period is a rare combination of scholarship and understanding. Though he devotes little attention to Taylorism and time-study, his account of the early uses of industrial psychology by the Ford Motor Company manages to be both informative and amusing. The range and scope of his effort is most impressive. Having access to the files, personal interviews and memoranda of both psychologists and managers, he takes the reader behind the scenes and shows him how the psychologists and their employers defined each other, and what curious conceptions and misconceptions they developed about each other's methods and goals. The impact of the psychologists on the world of the factory is hardly less powerful than that of the managers on the psychologists. Professor Baritz here makes a unique contribution to American social history.

But the author is not merely interested in describing the process whereby psychologists and corporate management learned to talk to each other. His story has a moral, and he begins to build his case rather early in the narrative. Very few industrial psychologists during the first decades of the century ever asked themselves whether they were really impartial, as they claimed, or whether they had ever looked at the problems of testing and personnel programs from the standpoint of labor. Professor Baritz maintains that the decision as to how psychology was to be applied in the factories was always made by management and never by the psychologists. And he suggests a theme which, by the end of the book, leaves no one in doubt as to his own view: that American social scientists, with few exceptions, sold their services to industry with little regard for the social implications and results of their work.

PERHAPS it would be senseless to ask Professor Baritz to be less of a moralist—if he had been completely detached he might never have written this excellent book. His point of view has led him to his achievement, but it also accounts for places where he is not quite at his best — as in his final chapter when he closes with a froth of indignation about intellectuals who have sold out, or in his confusing preface when he tries to show the larger significance of his study.

The circular argument of the preface and to some extent of the entire book deserves a comment. It is clear that Professor Baritz defines an intellectual in terms of critical attitude — a resistance and opposition to society. But the purposes of his argument in this book require too that he "close one eye and assume that social scientists were intellectuals." Where, then, is the

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One Ocean

So there is one ocean, one way to wetness,
One sand-bottom flowing, ridged and waiting,
One tide ingathering, outflowing.
There is one beach where the exclusive people
In the newest covering for nakedness
Share equally the sea's virtues . . . as they share love.
In the same water, but entering from a lesser door,
The boisterous, common, sandy, bellowing
Men and women also seek absolution,
In the perpetually fretted water gathered together,
The lisping waves kissing rouged mouths,
Slyly stroking the secret places,
Soothing the slack bodies, the steaming faces.

The same ocean ignores the futile splashes;
Erases at day's end the tributes it finds . . .
Empty cigarette cartons, beer bottles, flabby sandwiches,
Crumpled magazines for tired minds, children's toys,
The usual joys. There is one ocean, one word spoken
Between the coming wave and the last wave broken.

SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

sting in his charge that those who worked for American industry "sold out" their heritage of opposition to society? The simple answer is that many industrial psychologists and sociologists are not intellectuals, in the sense in which the author has defined that term. Whether they *should* be is another question. I do not begrudge Professor Baritz his ideological thunder, but in a few places in this book it affects the substance of his work.

In his final chapter, the author reiterates that his book points to nothing less than a *trahison des clercs*. He combines this cloudy charge — dependent on his own definitions of the behavior proper to an intellectual — with an assertion that social scientists are now in a position to control us all through the exercise of their schemes. He apparently believes that because industrial management commands the services of social scientists, they endanger the country with their capacity to control us from within. At this point he approaches some of the shrill qualities of Vance Packard. He provides plenty of evidence to show that most industrial social scientists worked for management, but his other arguments lapse into populism.

After setting down these criticisms it remains to be said that men who are willing and able to undertake the kind of demanding work represented by Professor Baritz's study are unfortunately rare. American social historians and sociologists are in his debt for bringing together these unusual materials and for welding them into an interpretation.

The Errors of Excellence

COLLECTED POEMS: 1930-1960. By Richard Eberhart. Oxford University Press. 228 pp. $6.

NEW AND SELECTED POEMS. By Howard Nemerov. University of Chicago Press. 116 pp. $3.50.

Hayden Carruth

IT IS good to have Richard Eberhart's work brought together in one volume. The *Selected Poems* of a decade ago contained his famous poems, but has been out of print for some time. Besides, one can see now that some of Eberhart's finest writing occurs in poems that are less well-known. Some poems have been omitted, of course, since poets reserve the right to leave out of their "collected" editions the things they no longer care for. But I have looked up some of those missing, and we can rest, for the time being at least, on Eberhart's judgment. Some day, if his work is as good as I think, we shall need a scholarly edition of all that he has done.

Eberhart's best is very fine indeed. A dozen or so poems in this book are the equal of anything ever produced in America. Young writers who read this, those who have come along in the past ten years, will be astonished and skeptical, because Eberhart's recent poems have often been stony and too technical. His reputation is in danger of slipping. Young writers no longer know that he was the most exciting poet to come out of America during the thirties (they find it hard to believe that the thirties in America could have been exciting at all). Eberhart spent much time abroad, and is sometimes classified with the English poets of that period. But his language is American, his manner is Yankee. And the evidence of his genuine gifts is here in this book for young writers to study and the rest of us to enjoy again.

The really astonishing thing about Eberhart's poetry is not that it should be so good — his talent is obvious — but that so much of it should come so close to triteness. Eberhart has always approached experience with a conventional view. He is really a misplaced eighteenth-century sentimentalist; many of his poems are virtually "night pieces" and "graveyard poems" of the worst sort, with more than a hint of Thomson or the young Bryant. His themes are death, human frailty, the sad beauty of natural things, the acceptance of reality through a religiously motivated immolation in necessity, etc. These have not changed much in the course of his work, though his response has become more complex. He has written few political poems, few poems that attest the era of Freud, Fraser, Durkheim. Yet he has surmounted the familiarity of his attitudes by bringing to them a tough, original enthusiasm.

It is difficult to find Eberhart's affinities. Often the mystical strain in his work and the common metrical patterns have reminded critics of Blake or Emily Dickinson, but in rereading his poems

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HAYDEN CARRUTH is a poet whose work has appeared frequently in The Nation. *His latest book is* The Crow and the Heart *(Macmillan); another collection,* Journey to a Known Place, *is scheduled for May (New Directions).*

World peace
or
nuclear war?

In
PLACE
OF
Folly

NORMAN COUSINS
Editor of *Saturday Review*

A brilliant statement of the case for sanity and survival in the place of the folly of atomic war.

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this time I have found more of Gray, Wordsworth, even the Longfellow of the sonnets. The moderns are here too; in some poems Auden, in others Stevens, and in a few a strong anticipatory touch of Dylan Thomas. One concludes that Eberhart's style is really the central or common poetic style of the twentieth century. A theme for a future dissertation is the extent to which Eberhart created or helped to create it, and the extent to which he merely took from it.

Again the astonishing point is that he found a personal style within the commonplace, for there can never be any doubt that an Eberhart poem is an Eberhart poem. The individuality is a quality of feeling, an appealing awkwardness of metaphor, a brilliant, erratic play with common rhyme and meter. Eberhart has not been rigorous enough in his recent poems; he has often let them fall too easily into patterns learned earlier, not taking the trouble to choose words well. But there is more than enough fine work in this book to prove him a major lyric talent.

HOWARD NEMEROV, too, is a poet of superior gifts, but they have been misused, I think, or at least misdirected. A simple criterion of good verse, one that stands up pretty well even after all the extrapolations of the critics, is that the poem must tempt the reader to read it again. By this standard Nemerov's work, for all its cleverness and moral relevance, fails. His poems present themselves, to me at least, in the manner of praiseworthy newspaper editorials: they are interesting, pleasing, informative, literate, but when I have finished one of them I have no desire to go back to it.

The reason is plain. Poetry, whatever else it may be, is repetitive, specifically in terms of rhyme and rhythm, the primitive bases of its appeal. When this principle is discarded, you may have an interesting structure of language, even an incipient poem, but you do not have the poem itself. Nemerov is not alone; fashionable magazines these days are full of poems that have strayed into prose. Granted, the chief prosodic insight of modern poetry has been the role of prose in verse, but the school of low-keyed poets has gone too far. The point to be emphasized is that the poem must retain a recognizably poetic root or anchor if its language is to exhibit a proper tension between the underriding poetic compulsion and the surface tone of rational discourse. This tension is the origin of poetic, as opposed to ethical or emotive, effect. It has been lost in much recent verse.

Will of Granite

CREATION IS A PATIENT SEARCH. By Le Corbusier. Frederick A. Praeger. 306 pp. $15.

A. Hyatt Mayor

THIS substantial book, well printed in Germany, consists of more than 300 pages of black-and-white pictures, with a few in color. The illustrations are arbitrarily arranged to separate various views of each building, and they include rather too many of Le Corbusier's derivative paintings. In an interspersed commentary the architect writes about himself as "L.C." to explain his intentions and to scold the world for betraying and misunderstanding him. The translator, James Palmes, has managed to make readable English while keeping the angry telegraphic staccato of the original French.

The book is best looked at without reading, for the text reveals a granitic egoist like Louis XIV or General de Gaulle, whom you can only obey or behead, but with whom you cannot converse. Le Corbusier's well-known buildings are as starkly dictatorial. The obsessive geometry of his machines for habitation forbids a ball of knitting wool to roll on the floor or the morning paper to lie crumpled. The most determined living could never break his houses into homes: they represent the complete triumph of an architect over his client.

The case is different with Le Corbusier's great official buildings, where impersonality becomes a virtue. The great Indian Law Courts at Chandigarh rises out of the blank plain with the grandeur of a miracle, and the pilgrimage church at Ronchamp casts a spell as spooky as the cave at Lascaux. Le Corbusier would be most at ease in designing a complete monastery for a life as laborious and ordered as his own, for he embodies the austerity of the twelfth-century Cistercians. He is probably like Gordon Craig in being able to instigate more than he can execute.

A. HYATT MAYOR is Curator of Prints at the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

LETTER from YUGOSLAVIA

Donald Ritchie

IN A Beograd cafe, while eating Austrian ice, sipping Turkish coffee and listening to Louis Armstrong over the radio, a student said to me: "You won't understand anything about Yugoslavia until you understand how young we are. We are all just fifteen years old."

I heard this again and again. It was as though anything before the war, those centuries of occupation, that clutch of warring Balkan states, had ceased to exist. A man in Sarajevo said: "We are just like the Americans in one way: we all live for tomorrow."

It was strange to hear this from people on whose faces history had so plainly written. For, unlike Americans and certainly unlike the Germans from whose country I had just come, the Yugoslavians have faces. Several races and at least six nationalities and five hundred years of military occupation have created a people with strong, proud, well-defined faces — ones on which the pioneer spirit sits well.

And it is a pioneer country in many ways: enthusiastic, industrious, honest, and not given to the least introspection. The major cities are entirely reconstructed. Placid and wealthy Munich has far more wartime ruins than does any Yugoslavian city. Every week, kilometers are added to the impressive road system within the country. Hundreds of new apartment housing projects are rising; new air fields are completed every month.

Whenever I met with an inconvenience — no soap in the bathroom — I was told: "Oh, come back in five years. Ten years ago we did not even have any hotels in which to put bathrooms to put soap." I complimented a girl in Titograd on her French. "If I see you next week we will speak in English; come back in a month and I will talk German to you."

In the gardens at Zagreb a big man, Serbian, with eyebrows that met, said: "Well, and what do you think of our country?" I said I was impressed. "It's

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DONALD RICHIE is film critic for The Japan Times *and author of a number of books on Japan. He has recently returned from Yugoslavia, which he visited at the invitation of the Yugoslavian film industry.*

not quite like America yet, but it will be. And all due to the government." I said that that was not true, that it was due to the people. "That is true," he said: "But we are the government." Again I did not agree.

"But it is quite true," said a young man, an electrician in Piran. "Management — which is the people, since management is selected — is controlled by a workers' council, which is elected and rotated. This council is likewise controlled by management." I was not satisfied. "But, you have a government," I said, "what does *it* do?" He thought for a second, then said: "It is there, to be sure, doing whatever it is that governments do, but *we* are self-governing."

I kept asking such questions until, finally, a young man in Ljubljana broke off a discussion we had been having about the beats in general and Kerouac in particular with: "You Americans are not well-informed about us. You all expect a police state. You expect Albania. I will tell you something which should explain a lot to you: there are some 17 million people in Yugoslavia and there are only 800,000 Communists."

It seemed to explain a great deal. The freedom I was given, for example: I went alone every place I wanted to, I asked all kinds of questions, I scribbled endlessly in my journal, I took pictures all over—and not once was I checked or even questioned. "We do not have to check," a policeman told me in Sarajevo: "We are sure of ourselves."

THE ARTS too seem very free. At the Beograd October Salon there was not a single social-realist picture in the lot; everything was the most advanced kind of international abstract. At the ballet I saw an absolutely opaque number with dancers rolling on the floor and a Webernish score. *Twelve Angry Men* was being staged inside the Ljubljana Tribunal, and Ionesco had just succeeded Beckett on the Beograd stage. A chamber group in Sarajevo was doing Hindemith and the Zagreb Symphony was working up Roger Sessions.

In Macedonia I was wondering what language to speak to a boy in a kind of burnoose but it turned out he was carrying Dizzy Gillespie records under it. In Budva I took a long walk on the beach with a girl who knew some French but no English. We conversed by using strings of names. She would say: "Julie London," and I would say: "Perry Como." Then, suddenly, she said, with feeling: "*J'adore* Sarah Vaughn." I endeared myself to three boys in Dubrovnik by remembering, against all probability, the lyrics for *Be-Bop-a-Loola*. In an all-night cabaret in Ljubljana I watched a young man jazz the Yugoslavian national anthem.

The big hit of the year all over Yugoslavia is *Some Like It Hot*, and bits of the dialogue are fast becoming folklore. When he heard me speaking English, a waiter in Zagreb turned to me with: "You like flowers, Charlie?" and in Dubrovnik the boys are still killing each other with: "Oh, well, no one is perfect."

The satirical magazine *Jez* recently presented a toy locomotive to the Director of Transportation. The reason was that he had, for political reasons, bought a number of locomotives from Hungary only to discover that none of them worked. The leading satirical writer, Vlada Bulatovic, tells about a recent meeting when those getting 15,000 *dinars* a month and those getting only 1,500, banded together to complain to the government and ask why. The only difference was that the former did not complain.

"All right," I said to a young man with a beard in the mountain town of Bled: "But what about that?" and pointed to a picture of Marshal Tito on the wall. "I have yet to go into a room and not find him. Why is his picture all over the place — like Hitler, or Stalin?"

"He is neither Hitler nor Stalin, nor is he de Gaulle or Eisenhower, whose pictures also appear in public places. Look, no one has told us we must put him there. But the people do it. They want to. He is our George Washington. If you don't want to, you don't. I personally don't have a single picture of him. I have a Jackson Pollock reproduction in my room. But Tito is a great leader, he was a great partisan, he is a great man. He is popular. Do you know, when he returned from America he was met by a crowd of three hundred thousand? No one organized. The people just came."

"What would happen if someone drew a mustache on that picture?" I asked. "It all depends on who was around," he answered: "Some one might slap you on the back; someone else might knock you down." I asked: "What would the police do?" He answered: "What would they do in America? You would embarrass them; they would feel they had to do something."

In hotels and in *wagon-lits* I had to give up my passport. "Why?" I asked. "I have to turn in my own papers as well," said the man in the upper berth. "I don't know why—probably so you don't go without paying the bill." I said I didn't believe this; that it was for the police to check. "Perhaps," he said: "If they want to. Nowadays I doubt they do. It is a holdover from five years ago."

A reporter in Titograd said: "Of course they check. They know where you are." "They don't, they can't," I said: "Why, *I* barely know where I am." He was not reassuring: "You come from Japan. All right, the Japanese police are the best organized in the world. They know you are here; we know where you are; and believe me your police know too. That is the real one world, the police forces of the world. Wars come and go and don't even bother them. They are a club." He added: "I hate the police, no matter what country."

TALKING with film people in Ljubljana I said: "All right, I understand the structure, but how free are you? With management and workers' councils, it sounds like a perfect mass tyranny." "What is the problem?" they wanted to know: "What we want to show, the people want to see; and what they want to see, we want to show." "It sounds like a Utopia," I said, "but what I want to know is—can a director make the kind of film he wants to?" "Yes, but the script is chosen in committee." "If a director wanted to criticize, could he?" "But why would he want to?"

I told them that what I missed in Yugoslavia was any single dissident group, any group against something, against anything, against things as they are. A screen writer said: "But, no, we do not need any such group. There is so much to do in our country that it takes all of our time to do it. We don't have time to deliberately disagree." Then he added: "We don't want you to think we have no problems, we do. But our freedom is like this: we cannot, say, make propaganda

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for war because the state is against it. But we can perfectly well criticize things within our own country. But, you see, this is a young country; we are only beginning; we want to be independent and we are fighting for it. So, right now, in our literature, in our films, we are naturally still defending ourselves. Naturally, we do not attack ourselves. There are many things wrong, but these are small by comparison with what we will be able to do. We are just finding ourselves as a nation, and this is so important to all of us that we don't even think to waste our energy in attacking each other.

"Naturally nothing works perfectly," he continued: "Naturally, some committees are stupid—did you know that *Some Like It Hot,* that really enchanting film, was turned down by three committees before it was allowed in? Naturally we make mistakes all over the place, and we know it. But *that* is not what is important."

And this seems to me perfectly representative of the country and of its people. A people only recently united and surrounded by Communist countries; a people who cherish their independence and now, at least, have more of it than they ever had before.

In Beograd, in a restaurant, listening to Frank Sinatra on the phonograph, and while eating real Turkish delight, a middle-aged man at the same table told me a story which he thought representative of his country and of its people. It went like this: "You asked me what we stand for; all right, I will tell you. On the border between Bulgaria and our country is a small town and they hold a fair there and the inhabitants wander back and forth across the border. Well, one day a Yugoslav was talking about how democratic his country was and a Bulgarian heard him and said: 'How much did the Americans pay you to say that?' And our man, he said: 'They did not pay me anything. Look, here. I can say this. Damn Eisenhower! There!' The Bulgarian looked pleased. 'But,' said the Yugoslav, 'I can also say this: Damn Khrushchev! And now, let me hear *you* say that.'"

Flight to the Hebrides

The *Tourist's Day* lurched through steep, grey-haired waters:
Hundreds of passengers, heads, eyes, thousands of gulls
Sweeping the air above them, diving, rising, swaying;
They'd tear fish from the sea alive, bread from the throat —
Was that an eye plucked out? No. That was a cut of the wind,
The knife flying through air, the salt-edged, caustic spray.

Yet it was very close, a near try at almost death,
A sliding deck, the rail, not over, but against the rail —
There, across the sea, the waiting, green-streaked islands:
The great-eyed caves where waters foam and flounder,
And over them dark hills and darker skies that break
In sunburst flashed through cloud, half-rain, half-lightning:

Below decks, brass-bound stairs in smoke-closed heat,
The pale man with a drink, the port-holes shuttered.
"That was very close," a woman said, "How is your heart?"
Hand on his shoulder, "Do you need another?"
"What,
A heart or drink? Give me another drink."
"They almost
Got you, didn't they dear — that time."
"Not now, but later,
Not the damned gulls, I mean the others who look like gulls;
Above my head, they follow me in clouds. Murder makes murder,
Even if you wear gloves: blood grows in blood; it spills and stains.
You won't tell? Women always tell; they always tell; they weep."

"But you didn't do it; you mustn't say you did. Here's drink —
O drink my love to sleep! You're ill again, but you'll escape.
Here are the islands and the caves; you'll slip ashore
Into the waves and the wild Hebrides."
"No one can lift me,
Carry me from this room. Did you take the gun? If I don't
Go out, I'm safe. They can't tell a sick man to leave the ship:
Look in my eyes. They are still there: I can't get away,
Not even from you. They can't lift me from this place
To hide where I need not hide in a cave to drown —"
"But you said you would smile and slowly walk ashore."

"Not to those islands — dark, lit by a crazy sky,
Hills, water to cover me where bones float to the sand,
Not there, naked to wind, sea, sun, moon, stars, bats, fishes —
I need a room to wear — heat, fire — then they can take me
Through a locked door in a hotel in bed between the sheets
Behind *The Daily Mail, News of the World, The Times* — not God.
And now, you're crying. You'll tell, you'll tell — half-lies,
Won't leave until you see me flat and dead. That's what you want.
You're another gull, white breasts and pink-rimmed eyes,
And a heart-shaped, round-teared stare. Do you hear the gulls
Make shore, feet flying above us? Take your God-haunted, God-feared,
God-damned islands. This room is mine, and I'll sit here,
Back to the city: lights lit above the bar, deep smells,
Hope gone, you won't dare leave me. That's home: a windowed street,
A chair, a table, a bed, or night, or day — and voices.
They can take me then. One step at a time. In a room
At night, cars parked. You can hear them. *They!*

HORACE GREGORY

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

CITY DWELLERS learn ways to find a momentary measure of peace or release in their congested environment. One is by stepping into a large, dignified room, a serene space. Another is by knocking down bowling pins with a bowling ball. Last week the city authorities in New York earned a certain amount of professional release themselves by knocking down the plan to reduce the lofty ceiling of the waiting room at the Grand Central Station and to install bowling alleys. It was a miserable scheme.

But the issue still promises to get really mean. The promoters who rented this air from The New York Central and The New York, New Haven and Hartford have indicated rather clearly that, if they can't have bowling alleys, they will find something else to put there above the low ceiling — something that won't require a variance from the building code. There are, of course, plenty of things that could produce revenue in that large, rentable space, but perhaps the railroads should move their public relations departments into it. They will need ever-expanding ones, I should think, if they continue reaching constantly to the government for public support of their waning railroad operation, on the one hand, and sticking their fingers into the public eye, on the other.

ANOTHER New York architectural subject generating discouragement is the vacuum of the New York World's Fair for 1964. As time passes, the possibility of any coherent, constructive, over-all idea for the fair seems to be evaporating.

For a time, there existed a board of eminent designers to help Fair Boss Robert Moses arrive at an over-all concept which would encourage something better than the usual promotional midway *mélange* — the kind of eye-shrieking, incidentally, with which advertisers are filling both Grand Central and placid old Penn Station. Architect Wallace K. Harrison was chairman of the Fair design group, which included also Gordon Bunshaft, Edward Stone, industrial designer Henry Dreyfuss and engineer Emil Praeger.

These are not men to give up easily, but they have folded their blueprints and left quietly. There is no longer a board of design. Nor is there a design—just a set of building limitations. Mr. Harrison is still on the 100-man board of directors for the Fair, the only architect, and most probably he is still holding out in a disconsolate way for a decent scheme. But if he is having any success in persuading the Great Public Servant in charge there has been no indication of it in the data released to date.

NEW YORKERS have one cause to begin the New Year bright, however. A very good new building is now among them: architect I. M. Pei's first slab for William Zeckendorf's Kips Bay Plaza project (30-33 Streets, between First and Second Avenues).

Like most other new buildings in Manhattan, it is a great big slice of rentable space — apartments this time, not offices — and, personally, I would not be eager to live in anything quite so large. But this time the slab has been designed with real feeling, with delicacy, tact and reassuring strength. It is fine but not slick. Built under the 1949 Housing Act, with federal assistance, its construction costs are not particularly high (although its "middle-income" rentals make me wonder, as usual, if they are not for middle-income counterfeiters), but it is rich in its effect.

Both the economy and the effect came about because Pei and his associates chose to build in concrete, and spent a great deal of time restudying this old material. Originally they had planned to precast most of the members: i.e., pour them into molds in a factory, where setting conditions could be ideal. The surfaces could thus be perfected against the ravages of the weather. The trouble with exposed concrete is that if it is not well finished, water gets into it, freezes, and cracks the surface. That is why most of the reinforced concrete buildings in New York are dressed with brick veneer. The wall of the Guggenheim Museum isn't, and trouble is expected.

But shipping this heavy cargo through Manhattan proved impractical; so Pei and the contractor set up formwork on the spot, and supervised the work closely. The fact that the concrete of Kips Bay will stand naked and unafraid is a tribute to the conscientiousness of the designers. Good concrete is a handsome material; it is a pleasure to see it allowed to look like concrete.

Here it does so not only in color and texture, but in another way. The frame has a discreet fluidity. Where horizontals and verticals come together the connection is rounded slightly for stiffening, and lines are etched into the concrete to take up the inevitable minor cracking, localizing it and making it harmless, an anticipated part of the design. Another problem in pouring first-class concrete is hiding the joint where you stop at the end of a working day. Horizontal lines cut into Pei's framing take care of that just as clearly as if the members had been shop-cast and clamped together on the job.

But the design goes beyond being just a deft diagram of the qualities of the material. Like so many city buildings, the actual walls of this one are almost all glass, but this time the glass is deliberately set back into the structure so that the building is not flat-faced, but has depth to its façades. As a result there will be some shadowing, which will help a little to counter the glare and heat problems of summer — although I doubt it will help enough on the south side. (The building is air-conditioned, but who yet has air-conditioned summer sunlight?)

Finally, the glory of this big rectangular honeycomb of similar spaces is the beautiful proportioning between column widths and intervening window walls, between heights and widths and thicknesses. There is no technology to explain the nice balance here, just visual talent. This is a building which will gather respect and affection through the years. Too many of our better buildings in Manhattan end up a little belligerent to the eye, braggarts, but not this one. This is architecture with real presence.

ART

Fairfield Porter

AN EXHIBITION of Giorgio Morandi closed at World House January 14. More than any contemporary Italian painter's, his work has a quiet commanding authority. It is as though Cézanne had mellowed into a simplified serenity. There are two themes: in one, soft grayish bottles and leathery boxes cluster in the center of the tiny canvas; in the other, boxy Italian houses stand in olive groves, by the sea, under cliffs. No human face appears. Cézanne looked for the "motif" as a vehicle to express his "little sensation." Morandi's motif is not elaborated, but presented in abstract nakedness. It expresses idea rather than sensation. The color is subdued and clear.

The New York school paintings that are without any natural image, with no "motif" of landscape or still life, nevertheless have the variety of the sensible world. It is almost "photographic." Morandi's variety is intellectual. What he has seen in the fields or on the kitchen table illustrates the

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The *Tourist's Day* lurched through steep, grey-haired waters:
Hundreds of passengers, heads, eyes, thousands of gulls
Sweeping the air above them, diving, rising, swaying;
They'd tear fish from the sea alive, bread from the throat —
Was that an eye plucked out? No. That was a cut of the wind,
The knife flying through air, the salt-edged, caustic spray.

Yet it was very close, a near try at almost death,
A sliding deck, the rail, not over, but against the rail —
There, across the sea, the waiting, green-streaked islands:
The great-eyed caves where waters foam and flounder,
And over them dark hills and darker skies that break
In sunburst flashed through cloud, half-rain, half-lightning:

Below decks, brass-bound stairs in smoke-closed heat,
The pale man with a drink, the port-holes shuttered.
"That was very close," a woman said, "How is your heart?"
Hand on his shoulder, "Do you need another?"
"What,
A heart or drink? Give me another drink."
"They almost
Got you, didn't they dear — that time."
"Not now, but later,
Not the damned gulls, I mean the others who look like gulls;
Above my head, they follow me in clouds. Murder makes murder,
Even if you wear gloves: blood grows in blood; it spills and stains.
You won't tell? Women always tell; they always tell; they weep."

"But you didn't do it; you mustn't say you did. Here's drink —
O drink my love to sleep! You're ill again, but you'll escape.
Here are the islands and the caves; you'll slip ashore
Into the waves and the wild Hebrides."
"No one can lift me,
Carry me from this room. Did you take the gun? If I don't
Go out, I'm safe. They can't tell a sick man to leave the ship:
Look in my eyes. They are still there: I can't get away,
Not even from you. They can't lift me from this place
To hide where I need not hide in a cave to drown —"
"But you said you would smile and slowly walk ashore."

"Not to those islands — dark, lit by a crazy sky,
Hills, water to cover me where bones float to the sand,
Not there, naked to wind, sea, sun, moon, stars, bats, fishes —
I need a room to wear — heat, fire — then they can take me
Through a locked door in a hotel in bed between the sheets
Behind *The Daily Mail, News of the World, The Times* — not God.
And now, you're crying. You'll tell, you'll tell — half-lies,
Won't leave until you see me flat and dead. That's what you want.
You're another gull, white breasts and pink-rimmed eyes,
And a heart-shaped, round-teared stare. Do you hear the gulls
Make shore, feet flying above us? Take your God-haunted, God-feared,
God-damned islands. This room is mine, and I'll sit here,
Back to the city: lights lit above the bar, deep smells,
Hope gone, you won't dare leave me. That's home: a windowed street,
A chair, a table, a bed, or night, or day — and voices.
They can take me then. One step at a time. In a room
At night, cars parked. You can hear them. *They!*

HORACE GREGORY

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

CITY DWELLERS learn ways to find a momentary measure of peace or release in their congested environment. One is by stepping into a large, dignified room, a serene space. Another is by knocking down bowling pins with a bowling ball. Last week the city authorities in New York earned a certain amount of professional release themselves by knocking down the plan to reduce the lofty ceiling of the waiting room at the Grand Central Station and to install bowling alleys. It was a miserable scheme.

But the issue still promises to get really mean. The promoters who rented this air from The New York Central and The New York, New Haven and Hartford have indicated rather clearly that, if they can't have bowling alleys, they will find something else to put there above the low ceiling — something that won't require a variance from the building code. There are, of course, plenty of things that could produce revenue in that large, rentable space, but perhaps the railroads should move their public relations departments into it. They will need ever-expanding ones, I should think, if they continue reaching constantly to the government for public support of their waning railroad operation, on the one hand, and sticking their fingers into the public eye, on the other.

ANOTHER New York architectural subject generating discouragement is the vacuum of the New York World's Fair for 1964. As time passes, the possibility of any coherent, constructive, over-all idea for the fair seems to be evaporating.

For a time, there existed a board of eminent designers to help Fair Boss Robert Moses arrive at an over-all concept which would encourage something better than the usual promotional midway *mélange* — the kind of eye-shrieking, incidentally, with which advertisers are filling both Grand Central and placid old Penn Station. Architect Wallace K. Harrison was chairman of the Fair design group, which included also Gordon Bunshaft, Edward Stone, industrial designer Henry Dreyfuss and engineer Emil Praeger.

These are not men to give up easily, but they have folded their blueprints and left quietly. There is no longer a board of design. Nor is there a design—just a set of building limitations. Mr. Harrison is still on the 100-man board of directors for the Fair, the only architect, and most probably he is still holding out in a disconsolate way for a decent scheme. But if he is having any success in persuading the Great Public Servant in charge there has been no indication of it in the data released to date.

NEW YORKERS have one cause to begin the New Year bright, however. A very good new building is now among them: architect I. M. Pei's first slab for William Zeckendorf's Kips Bay Plaza project (30-33 Streets, between First and Second Avenues).

Like most other new buildings in Manhattan, it is a great big slice of rentable space — apartments this time, not offices — and, personally, I would not be eager to live in anything quite so large. But this time the slab has been designed with real feeling, with delicacy, tact and reassuring strength. It is fine but not slick. Built under the 1949 Housing Act, with federal assistance, its construction costs are not particularly high (although its "middle-income" rentals make me wonder, as usual, if they are not for middle-income counterfeiters), but it is rich in its effect.

Both the economy and the effect came about because Pei and his associates chose to build in concrete, and spent a great deal of time restudying this old material. Originally they had planned to precast most of the members: i.e., pour them into molds in a factory, where setting conditions could be ideal. The surfaces could thus be perfected against the ravages of the weather. The trouble with exposed concrete is that if it is not well finished, water gets into it, freezes, and cracks the surface. That is why most of the reinforced concrete buildings in New York are dressed with brick veneer. The wall of the Guggenheim Museum isn't, and trouble is expected.

But shipping this heavy cargo through Manhattan proved impractical; so Pei and the contractor set up formwork on the spot, and supervised the work closely. The fact that the concrete of Kips Bay will stand naked and unafraid is a tribute to the conscientiousness of the designers. Good concrete is a handsome material; it is a pleasure to see it allowed to look like concrete.

Here it does so not only in color and texture, but in another way. The frame has a discreet fluidity. Where horizontals and verticals come together the connection is rounded slightly for stiffening, and lines are etched into the concrete to take up the inevitable minor cracking, localizing it and making it harmless, an anticipated part of the design. Another problem in pouring first-class concrete is hiding the joint where you stop at the end of a working day. Horizontal lines cut into Pei's framing take care of that just as clearly as if the members had been shop-cast and clamped together on the job.

But the design goes beyond being just a deft diagram of the qualities of the material. Like so many city buildings, the actual walls of this one are almost all glass, but this time the glass is deliberately set back into the structure so that the building is not flat-faced, but has depth to its façades. As a result there will be some shadowing, which will help a little to counter the glare and heat problems of summer — although I doubt it will help enough on the south side. (The building is air-conditioned, but who yet has air-conditioned summer sunlight?)

Finally, the glory of this big rectangular honeycomb of similar spaces is the beautiful proportioning between column widths and intervening window walls, between heights and widths and thicknesses. There is no technology to explain the nice balance here, just visual talent. This is a building which will gather respect and affection through the years. Too many of our better buildings in Manhattan end up a little belligerent to the eye, braggarts, but not this one. This is architecture with real presence.

ART

Fairfield Porter

AN EXHIBITION of Giorgio Morandi closed at World House January 14. More than any contemporary Italian painter's, his work has a quiet commanding authority. It is as though Cézanne had mellowed into a simplified serenity. There are two themes: in one, soft grayish bottles and leathery boxes cluster in the center of the tiny canvas; in the other, boxy Italian houses stand in olive groves, by the sea, under cliffs. No human face appears. Cézanne looked for the "motif" as a vehicle to express his "little sensation." Morandi's motif is not elaborated, but presented in abstract nakedness. It expresses idea rather than sensation. The color is subdued and clear.

The New York school paintings that are without any natural image, with no "motif" of landscape or still life, nevertheless have the variety of the sensible world. It is almost "photographic." Morandi's variety is intellectual. What he has seen in the fields or on the kitchen table illustrates the

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theory that what is most truly known, is not known by the senses, but by the mind. The various boxes in a Morandi still life were constructed before they were experienced. They differ from one another like the cases in the declension of a Latin noun. The cover of one box is partly open, another has a label (without printing), a third is plain and closed; and also in the cluster, as if to show a range of container shapes, there is a carafe and a custard cup. If one of the containers has a handle, Morandi maintains the unity of the cluster against its surroundings by painting the hole darker than the background. Roses in a vase fit together like porcelain. Landscapes are verbal conjugations, and the most interesting, like irregular verbs, have some unique, odd and unrepeated element. His containers and boxes are soft, his olive trees have no prickly branches, there is no crispness of tactility, or hardly any difference between textures: the order is the order of the mind.

Part of the quietness of his paintings seems to come from his having thought about the question of the least number of things in a class necessary for a sample of diversity. If you count the members of a class, I would guess that there are always less than six of a kind; and unique things have unique shapes.

A medieval view of the world seems to underlie these austerely lyrical paintings—a view that assumes that the intellectual is more certain than the sensible, that the form and logic of an inflected language corresponds to objective reality, and that an effect is part of a whole that caused it to exist. Morandi's particular paintings seem to give precedence to the ultimate reality of which they are particular effects. They are remote from the facts of journalism and personality, and have a limited logic, the logic of the few, a contentment with a little quite contrary to contemporary restlessness.

ALSO contrary to contemporary restlessness are the paintings of Nicholas Vasillief, at the Heller Gallery. But Vasillief asserts the biological values of the country instead of the spiritual values of solitude, and his method is comedy.

Vasillief's father was the proprietor of an unheated third-class restaurant in Moscow, patronized by priests, nuns, jugglers and coachmen. His art teacher was Leonid Pasternak, the father of the poet. After serving in the First World War, Vasillief became professor of art in the Moscow Academy, where he had been a pupil. In 1921 he emigrated to America. His paintings, like the work of an icon artist who studied in the atelier of Matisse, have a juicy richness of color attained by no other contemporary. He has a range of glowing off-blacks, a variety of exact pinks, a rich orange tan, and a green as green should be, but never quite is, in nature—a green of dark, moist growth, like the most delicate, fresh-from-the-garden spinach.

His pink-cheeked, pig-eyed women, wearing fancy hats, are countrywomen dressed in their store clothes. His thick-walled, junky interiors are stuffed with cheerful Victorian luxury. The furniture and vases are like peasants dressed up for the city; and all the finery fails to conceal bursting, healthy contours. The crockery has more personality than the human beings: a princely pitcher, a black teapot dominating the table with maternal efficiency, coarse country lace and gilt curlicues, a tile pattern of the floor that depends on the table edge rather than supporting it. The table is seen from above in isometric plan, or even in reverse perspective, the vases in profile, to bring out their character. The fruits, flowers and vegetables, though they have no precise botanical classification, do have strong specific individuality: vitality counts above race or species. And though the flowers, fruits and vegetables all look exotic, you know that where they come from, they are as common as turnips. But his white is unconvincing. He fusses with its texture, he draws with it. Perhaps it is because white is not vegetable enough: it is too citified, and it is the color of the spirit.

The humor of the paintings consists in showing that fine manners and sophistication cannot hide an essential health, a cheerful stupidity. The country is bigger than the city. The juice of the vegetable animates the fragility of the flower. But though his paintings objectively show that art cannot conceal nature, and that biology supports artificiality, still, subjectively, they reveal just the opposite. The apparent primitive crudity of his drawing is only superficial: it cannot hide the sophistication of the form, and that the jewelry of his sequences is strung on a thread of invention.

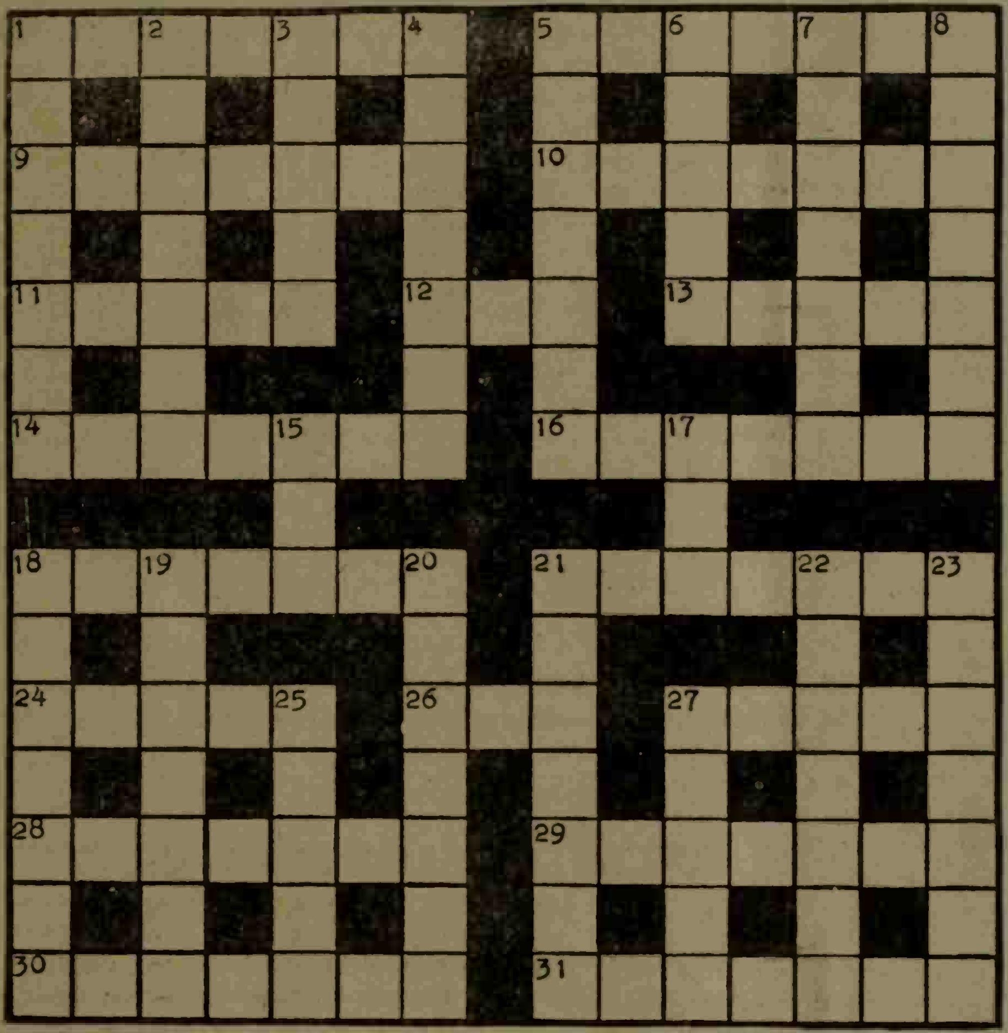
Geography Lesson

The rain in Spain
falls mainly on
the plain.
(The rich
have German umbrellas)

H. J. BARR

Crossword Puzzle No. 899

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What happened when the sailor was wounded and taken inside too quickly? (7)
5 Support to a private school? Such things shouldn't prove a later expense. (7)
9 A frenzied stomp inside is considered taxing, perhaps! (7)
10 On which at least one cereal is found exploded from guns. (The uninformed may be out of it.) (7)
11 and 13 They may take an unusual interest in their work. (4, 6)
12 and 17 down Save things to stick on the table! (6)
14 Pass on an effort about a form concerned with food. (7)
16 Is their work detailing men who don't make a habit of free-loading?
18 A way to put off exhaust around us? (7)
21, 24 and 6 down Evidently the sailor who belongs to the land is best! (3, 4, 2, 3, 5)
26 Good to eat, if a sort of lion's head.
27 A near thing for the gladiator and the lion! (5)
29 Nancy Mitford's caste symbol might also be associated with this. (7)
30 Anger which never seems to have a low form. (7)
31 Inarticulate sound, spoken with reference to blood, choler, phlegm or bile. (7)

DOWN:

1 Questioned as cheese might be? (7)
2 Is this pin able to fly? (7)
3 What makes shoes and sticks? (5)
4 You might be able to get your toes dry this way, and do away with something. (7)
5 and 28 across The button on the stop-watch has to be in a hurry. (7, 3, 4)
7 Theresa might make a few bows! (3, 4)
8 Doesn't feel for something. (7)
15 Yes, always half the size of a lemur! (3)
18 What Goldsmith's fools might have done, if they hadn't remained to pray. (7)
19 You might get this all sewn up! (7)
20 Rescind this, and get discriminate.
21 Finished from one end to the other.
22 Where the artist might be caught in a desperate lie, reputedly. (7)
23 Entangle. (7)
25 E.g., Philip Nolan. (5)
27 Evidently spread all over Middlesex. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 898

ACROSS: 1 Letter of credit; 9 Mounted; 10 Because; 11 Assonance; 12 Minim; 13 Descend; 15 Asunder; 16 Pinhole; 18 Spigots; 20 Plied; 21 Situation; 23 Avowals; 24 Episode; 25 Give up the Ghost. DOWN: 1 Lombardy poplar; 2 Trusses; 3 Entente cordiale; 4 Olden; 5 Cable cars; 6 Excommunicating; 7 Inurned; 8 Reimprisonment; 14 Dresses up; 17 Nairobi; 19 Orinoco; 22 Teeth.

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LETTERS

The Need for Fission

Dear Sirs: Carl Dreher's review [issue of Dec. 24] of *Nuclear Ship Propulsion*, by Holmes F. Crouch, summarizes concisely the formidable engineering and safety problems which surround this new field of technology. Unfortunately, Dreher also presents the U.S. nuclear-development program as important chiefly for reasons of military might and national prestige. Nowhere does he refer to one of the basic imperatives underlying all nuclear-development programs: the rapid depletion of the fossil fuels (coal, oil, natural gas). . . . There is no doubt that a serious gap between the supply of and demand for fossil fuel will develop before the end of this century. And the only present candidate for filling this gap is nuclear power — specifically, power from nuclear fission.

That the widespread use of fission reactors will present us with serious and perhaps agonizing decisions should be clear to any *Nation* reader. The disposal of fission products in particular raises fundamental questions of safety, public health and international relations. But the dangers of fusion power do not make it any the less essential if we are to remain an industrialized nation.

One can hope that the development of thermonuclear (fusion) power — which would produce no fission products — will render fission power obsolete before it becomes a serious problem. But there is as yet no guarantee that fusion power is practical, let alone that it can be achieved by any given date.

Dreher is quite right in emphasizing the perils of fission reactors — perils which the Atomic Energy Commission has all too frequently soft-pedaled. But let us not allow the perils to blind us to the very real need for fission power in the relatively near future.

ROBERT CLAIBORNE

New York City

The Kahn Opus

Dear Sirs: Mr. Kirstein's review of *On Thermonuclear War* by Herman Kahn (*The Nation*, Jan. 14), reminds me of the optimist as defined by Ambrose Bierce in *The Devil's Dictionary*:

> *OPTIMIST, n. A proponent of the doctrine that black is white.*
>
> A pessimist applied to God for relief.
>
> "Ah, you wish me to restore your hope and cheerfulness," said God.
>
> "No," replied the petitioner, "I wish you to create something that would justify them."
>
> "The world is all created," said God, "but you have overlooked something — the mortality of the optimist."

Perhaps God had in mind the nuclear annihilation of the optimist. If catastrophe does come, and if there is a single male survivor, I trust it will be a pessimist and not Mr. Kahn. He might meet the last female survivor and try to rebuild the Gross National Product.

E. R. KARR

Saline, Mich.

Is Hitler Laughing?

Dear Sirs: The appointment of the Hitler General, Adolf Heusinger, to a key post in NATO is typical of our government's macabre policy toward postwar Germany. General Hans Speidel, another Hitler General, commands NATO ground forces and it is reported, and I believe reliably so, that every general officer in West Germany's present military forces served Hitler loyally.

The civilian side of the Adenauer government, as well as the military, is honeycombed with former Nazis of high rank. This is especially true of the judicial system. It is a fact, also, that the Führer's missile man, von Braun, occupies perhaps the leading role in the U.S. missile program.

Before I left Germany in November, 1947, where for more than two years I had been U.S. Food and Agriculture Chief, the ordinary German was already beginning to believe that the only thing wrong with the Hitler program was that it failed to win the war. Our government's whole postwar foreign policy tends to confirm this belief. Now Tojo's Japan is being rearmed at U.S. government insistence and expense; and Franco, Hitler's warm Spanish friend, is our government's staunch "ally" at the cost of several hundred million dollars.

Yes, man's memory is indeed short.

HUGH B. HESTER
Brigadier General, U.S.A. (Ret).

Chapel Hill, N.C.

Unilateral Initiative

Dear Sirs: Let me thank you for the attention given Tocsin in your editorial "The Contagion of Conviction" [Dec. 17 issue] and specifically for your mention of the principle of unilateral initiative. Many people still think unilateral disarmament (which, for cogent reasons, Tocsin does not favor) is the only alternative to a continued arms race. One of Tocsin's main purposes is to advance the idea that solid progress toward disarmament may be made without passing to this extreme; that a nation may undertake specific steps — unilateral initiatives — which do not put it in a militarily untenable position, but which do bring the world, either by their own weight or by their calling forth reciprocal steps, closer to disarmament.

More detailed information on our program can be had by writing Tocsin at 52 Dunster Street, Cambridge 38, Mass.

CHRISTOPHER Z. HOBSON
(For Tocsin)

Cambridge, Mass.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Scientist-Warrior or Scientist-Statesman?

Many commentators have called attention to the fact that World War II brought into prominence the soldier-statesman. The appointment of Dr. Glenn T. Seaborg as Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission raises the question of whether the soldier-statesman will now be joined, in the conduct of great affairs, by the scientist-statesman. But still another combination is already very much in evidence — the scientist-soldier. Herman Kahn, Edward Teller, Henry Kissinger, to mention only a few of the luminaries, are essentially soldiers in mufti; there are thousands more of them in the think-factories and universities lovingly yoked with the military, and in the armament-research and armament-manufacturing industries. On his record, Dr. Seaborg does not belong clearly in either of the two categories open to him. But now he must choose, for the two are incompatible.

The AEC traditionally has included one member from the field of science, but Dr. Seaborg is the first scientist-chairman. His two immediate successors were businessmen — Lewis Strauss, who got into almost everybody's hair, and John McCone, who improved relations between the AEC and the Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, but was no more acceptable to enlightened public opinion. Under both men, the victory gained after World War II by the liberal forces represented by Senator Brien McMahon, over the would-be military monopolizers of atomic energy led by Chairman Andrew May, was largely dissipated. Chairman David E. Lilienthal never recovered from the fantastic aspersions on his loyalty recklessly broadcast by Senator McKellar. Under his successors, the commission became almost as secretive as if its responsibilities had actually been turned over to the Pentagon, and its public relations attitudes were among the most slippery of any of the public agencies. Its press agents seemed to be trying to achieve a reputation as experts in making the half-truth look like the whole truth, and sometimes in downright lying. And always the single objective to which the commission unreservedly dedicated itself was the manufacture of a vast and inordinate stockpile of nuclear weapons. Chairman McCone carried on a personal campaign against the continuation of the moratorium on atomic testing and, with all the publicity resources at his command and not the slightest evidence, succeeded in convincing a large section of the public that the Russians must be cheating and that national salvation depended on a speedy resumption of testing.

This is the situation that Dr. Seaborg inherits. If he elects to approach his new task in the spirit of the scientist-statesman, rather than the scientist-warrior, he will minimize the rule of secrecy in the AEC, restore public confidence in the agency's pronouncements, emphasize non-military objectives, change the relationship between the AEC and the Pentagon from that of an auxiliary service to one of arm's length independence, and seek to work out an acceptable test-suspension agreement. If he seeks these objectives he will, of course, encounter the opposition of the armed services and their industrial cohorts, but at least he will make a dent in that awesome partnership against which Mr. Eisenhower has warned the nation.

Farewell and Hail

It can be said, quite without irony, that nothing became Mr. Eisenhower's career in office like the leaving of it. In his farewell address to America last week, he brought boldly out into the open the issues that concern him for the future. They proved to be the great issues that concern his most thoughtful countrymen. We have become a permanently militarized state, and a country standing at arms is in fearful danger of losing its freedoms. We have put our best minds under government contract, and the fruits of unfettered intellectual curiosity and original insight now threaten to wither before they ripen. We are not at war, but neither are we at peace; and Mr. Eisenhower admitted with gallantry that his Administration had been unable to make progress in the direction of peace.

There is a great enigma here. For eight years, Mr.

Eisenhower has depressed his fellow Americans by a seeming inability to grasp the major problems of his era; but now in the closing days of his Administration he spoke like the statesman and democratic leader we had so long hungered for him to become. That is sad, but it can be said that he has handed the torch to Mr. Kennedy with an honesty and resolution rarely equaled by previous retiring Presidents. And Mr. Kennedy seems to us too intelligent to overlook the urgent accents of his predecessor's farewell.

And there is irony in one aspect of the situation. Mr. Nixon irritated a large sector of the public by insisting that the President was the most perfect leader of the most perfect Administration of the most perfect country on earth. If he had struck some of the grave and fertilizing notes that were sounded by Mr. Eisenhower on the air last week, he would very probably be residing today at the White House.

The Dream War

The war in Laos is somewhat like one of those dreams in which the dreamer doesn't know where he is, much less where he is going. The street has a familiar name, but it is not the street which he knows by that name in his waking life. He thinks he recognizes the neighborhood, but then he realizes that he was mistaken and that even the city is strange. He wants to make a train, but he knows neither the time nor the railroad; and when he finally arrives at what looks like a railroad station, the train has left.

We are told by the State Department that if Laos is lost, all Southeast Asia is lost. This is firm, since Lincoln White says it. But it does not remain firm very long. Hanson Baldwin of *The New York Times* denies that Laos, mostly mountains and jungle, is strategically important. It "could scarcely serve as a major invasion highway for anyone," Baldwin declares, ". . . no big armies are going to penetrate its vastness and still remain big armies." He is corroborated by Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, the military analyst of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* who says that effective military action by Western troops in Laos is next to impossible, and cites Representative Porter Hardy to the effect that the American decision to support an army of 25,000 in Laos was reached by the Department of State over the objections of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who wanted a smaller force for internal security purposes and to resist guerrilla incursions. You have your choice between the military experts of the State Department and the military experts of the Pentagon and the press.

Don't expect to do any better on the spot — it will shift under your feet. Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* is in Vientiane, which is as close to the front as the government of Prince Boun Oum will allow a correspondent to get. As far as battle information goes, he might as well have stayed in Chicago. But he does know that Boun Oum's Information Minister, Bouavan Norasing, is a joke. When Bouavan announced that Russian and North Vietnamese troops had entered Laos in battalion and division strength, the newsmen burst into "uncontrollable laughter," and Bouavan looked at the communique he was reading "as if he didn't believe it himself." All the military news in Laos is like that. The Laos information ministry is staffed by professional liars. "What makes matters worse," says Beech, "is the government's feeble attempt to cover up its own lies with censorship." But the censors don't know enough English even for that.

Finally, this is a war the Laotians don't want to fight. The Lao soldier is in the army strictly for money and rice. He doesn't even know or care that he is a Laotian. Such loyalty as he has is to his family and his native village, to which he returns if he is not watched. The war is none of his business.

Yet it is a war, for there are casualties, although the warring factions cooperate to minimize them. For these casualties the super-powers are to blame, and especially the United States which, until forced by the defection of its allies, would not hear of intervention by a control commission. "Logic," the Chicago *Daily News* suggests, "strongly supports the Canadian idea of sending an interim observer team" pending the reconvening of the control commission. Perhaps, under Secretary of State Rusk and President Kennedy, some logic will be injected into the dream war; under their predecessors there has been only chaos.

Induced Schizophrenia

Probably nine Americans out of ten who have any political sense realize that the United States must ultimately recognize Red China and is damaging its own interests by delay (see Mr. Spector's article on page 71). But the climate of McCarthyism and the China Lobby lingers on and it remains politically dangerous to say what one thinks — especially when one is being examined for fitness for office by a Senate committee. The result is that the candidates talk as if they needed treatment for some disorder of either the mind or the speech centers, or both.

Listen to Dean Rusk. "I see no prospect at the present time," he declares, "that normal relations can be considered or established with the authorities in Peiping. . . ." On the other hand, it would be "very difficult" to consider questions of world disarmament without taking these selfsame authorities into account. Yet Secretary Rusk and President Kennedy say they wish to consider such questions. It is all rather puzzling.

Adlai Stevenson was somewhat more forthright, but he also tried to carry water on both shoulders. As to Chester Bowles, even before he testified, his attitude toward Communist China raised "grave and serious questions" in the mind of Senator Cotton as to whether he should be confirmed as Under Secretary of State. Bowles had, indeed, expressed opposition to recognition of Red China, but that's not enough. Cotton wanted to be sure that this will continue to be a "bedrock foundation of our policy." Mr. Bowles apparently reassured the committee.

The system of thought control is not confined to the Senate chamber. Robert Moses expresses the view that Red China should be represented at the 1964 World's Fair. "They're a big nation with hundreds of millions of people," Moses points out. "They have scientists and inventors. We'd like to invite them to show what they have, the same way athletes were invited to the Olympics in Rome." He adds quickly, "This has nothing to do with their admission to the U.N., or diplomatic recognition."

Nothing?

Hands Across the Continent

1964 is a long way off, but no ophthalmologist will find Governor Nelson Rockefeller myopic. "Santa Rocky Opens Up His Bag," a headline reads, "Discloses 2½ Billion in Goodies" — mainly, be it said, for those already rich in goodies. But the voters will not look a gift horse in the mouth and the working man will presumably be as grateful for his $10 share of the $90 million state tax refund as the capitalist is for his thousands. Still better, the Governor can mix oil and water; while he dispenses tax refunds with one hand, with the other he spends generously on public works, education, medical care and other worthy causes. "Our Republican Governor's great heart yearns to do good for just about everybody in sight," rasps one cynical editorial writer, ignoring the Governor's greatest virtue. This is the smiling man's thrift and foresight, which has enabled him to combine a concern for the expansion of New York trade and commerce with an equally laudable concern that the people in the other forty-nine states should share — after 1964 — in the "goodies" which New Yorkers will enjoy these next four years.

Recently the Governor presided at the opening of tax-supported "branch offices" for New York's State Department of Commerce in Chicago and in Los Angeles (where Richard M. Nixon is about to embark on the practice of law). He offered reassurance that the Los Angeles branch office was not "a carpetbagging operation" nor yet an attempt to steal business from California; rather it was just "a friendly, cooperative effort . . . [in a] hands-across-the-continent atmosphere." Many in the audience were moved to tears, but Governor Brown seems to have taken a narrow view and spoke only briefly. "I'm happy New York has decided to enjoy our business here in California," he said, and added that California would exceed New York in population at 11:30 P.M. on August 29, 1963, which is not so long before the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, 1964.

BREAKING the CHINA STALEMATE . .

by Stanley Spector

THE MOST distasteful inheritance which our new President receives from the Eisenhower Administration is the quagmire which currently goes under the misnomer of the China policy of the United States. It has been a policy only to the extent that one can trace a line of increasing frustration, tension and inextricability as we have stumbled from one wrong decision to another.

The United States has effectively cut itself off from relations with mainland China and the advantages these relations might bring. Mr. Kennedy must continue to expend vast American resources upon the Republic of China, which at present consists only of the island of Taiwan and a few smaller neighboring islands. He must maintain the commitment of American military and naval forces to the defense of the Nationalist regime of Chiang Kai-shek, a regime which no more commends itself to the favor of the American people than it does to the Chinese. He becomes the spokesman of a nation which for more than a decade has refused to recognize what most other nations in the world clearly acknowledge: that the Communists, legally and in fact, represent the people of mainland China. He becomes responsible, together with Dean Rusk, Adlai Stevenson and Chester Bowles, for the direction of a United Nations delegation which has played the major role in preventing Red China from taking its rightful seat in the world organization.

A steadily increasing number of neutral and friendly countries are casting their votes with the Communist bloc in favor of seating China in the U.N.; this year they are quite likely to win. Just how the United States will face this development can hardly be imagined, nor can its consequences be foretold; in short, we have not only brought an imminent crisis upon ourselves, but we may have paved the way for the gravest challenge to its existence that the U.N. has yet faced.

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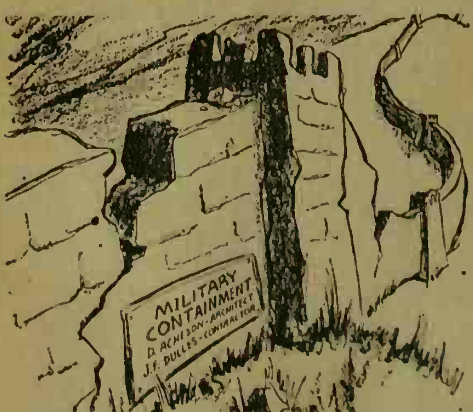
Severely limiting Mr. Kennedy's freedom of action vis-à-vis the China problem is the public climate here at home; no aspect of major policy (with the exception of the segregation issue in the South) has called forth more hysteria and vituperation. Even before the smiling mask of the Eisenhower Administration concealed vital issues from the American people, the forces of McCarthyism, aided by the small but powerful group of Chiang Kai-shek devotees (often loosely termed the China Lobby), had stifled public discussion. The Korean War made matters worse.

THE WORD "appeasement" lies at the nub of the China problem. Appeasement means to pacify, usually by satisfying, another party. Certainly we want to "pacify" the Chinese Communists, but we are not willing to "satisfy" them; we had too much experience with extortioners who used each attempt at appeasement as the starting point of another demand. Consequently, it has generally been sufficient to call an advocate of accommodation an "appeaser" in order to render him obnoxious in the public mind. This has created a genuine problem for those who would face the China issue realistically. Before we can attain satisfactory relations with the Chinese, we must weigh their demands (which to them are grievances, not demands) and determine which of them can be reasonably and honorably satisfied. Let us be under no illusion that the Chinese Communists come to us on bended knee for recognition or for admission to the U.N. (either or both of which many Americans would be quite willing to grant, provided no further demands were made upon us). Unfortunately, the Chinese Communists do have other demands — and for us to yield to them would sound disturbingly like appeasement. Thus a stalemate appears to have been reached: the Communists must be satisfied; we must not appease.



Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Anachronism

Communist aggressiveness cannot be blamed entirely for the situation. American behavior under the Eisenhower regime has also been provocative and aggressive. Consistently, we have sought to deprive the Chinese of rights due them. The truth is that some of the Communist claims have substantial justification, others warrant genuine consideration, while some, from many points of view, are obviously extravagant. But the Eisenhower Administration lumped all of them together as evidences of totalitarian voracity. One cannot starve a person deliberately and then call him greedy if he reaches for bread. Yet this is exactly what the Eisenhower regime has done. It should be clear to everyone that yielding to China those things to which she may be entitled historically, under international law and custom, or in accordance with moral and logical concepts, is not appeasement.

RECOGNITION of the Peking regime would be an act of immediate and long-range advantage to us. In the eyes of the world community, and especially of the new young nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America, it would signify the end of a blundering and sometimes patronizing attitude which is often asssociated with such terms as "colonialism" and "imperialism." Moreover, it would notify people everywhere that the ostrich has finally pulled his head out of the sand; once again hope would be born that America was concerning itself with constructive solutions to world problems rather than with a gigantic international Madison Avenue operation. If, with recognition, normal diplomatic and cultural intercourse between China and America could be initiated, we would obtain very real benefits. At the moment the only picture of America which the Chinese obtain is that provided by Peking. Cultural and economic exchanges are the best means of influencing Chinese opinion, of mellowing the Communist regime, of removing some of the fears and tensions in China which encourage internal repression and external belligerence.

The seating of China in the U.N. appears to be a certainty in the near future. How shall we act when the time comes? We could continue to vote No, and suffer a resounding blow to our prestige. We could abstain from voting, which would leave us in a hardly less humiliating position. Or we could, breaking once and for all with the Eisenhower policy, issue a statement *prior to the vote* explaining the basis of a new American approach and inviting our allies to join with us in supporting China's admission. Such sharp policy reversals are unusual, and may even seem embarrassing. But the Kennedy Administration is in no way bound by the paralysis which marked the Eisenhower years. The admission of China over our protests would be far more embarrassing — and far more injurious to the U.N. It would also place our allies in a dilemma. For the sake of Anglo-American unity, the British, for instance, have already allowed themselves to be placed in an extremely awkward position. Red China's Premier, Chou En-lai, in a television interview last September, stated that the only reason that Great Britain (which recognizes the Communist regime) has not enjoyed improved relations with China is that "while the British Government on the one hand recognizes the Government of the People's Republic of China . . . on the other hand it trails behind the United States in supporting the Chiang Kai-shek clique in the United Nations. If this obstacle is removed, Sino-British relations will improve at once." (*Peking Review*, November 8, 1960.)

In the swan-song address of the Eisenhower Administration during last September's General Assembly, Ambassador Wadsworth repeated the all too familiar arguments against considering the Communists as legally or morally fit for admission. He cited the Korean War, the Tibetan repression, the Communist determination to retake Formosa by force if necessary, and various border disputes between China and her neighbors as proofs of Peking's "aggressiveness." Since the American public rarely hears, or at least never listens to, Communist refutations, it is too easily assumed that the charges cannot be challenged.

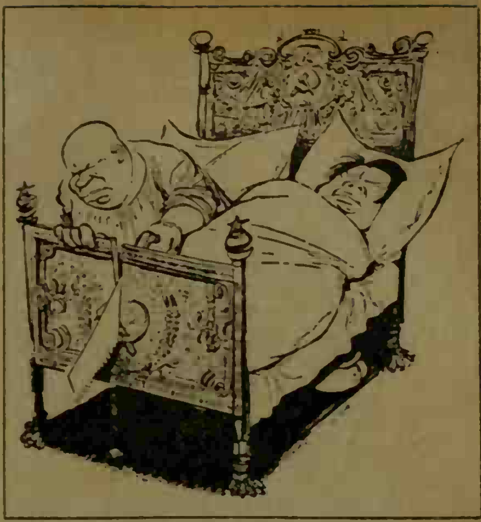
PROFESSOR Allen Whiting has recently demonstrated that China's decision to enter the Korean War was a sober, reflective and responsible one. Her national security was at stake, and in view of General MacArthur's bellicosity, and the uncertainty as to how far the American command of the U.N. forces was to be trusted, China could not permit the closer approach of U.S. troops to her borders. Peking reacted as any responsible and sovereign government would act: It sent troops and massive support into Korea. Here was a situation in which each side, according to its lights, could claim to be right. Moreover, the Chinese were responding to the request for aid of the North Korean Government — just as we have since responded to similar requests from Lebanon, Guatemala and Laos. The U.N.'s labeling of China as an "aggressor" was an unfortunate decision that provided the United States with a short-range propaganda victory, but one which has come back to haunt many countries that permitted themselves to be forced into joining us in the vote.

The Tibetan affair has given rise to much justified criticism. Nevertheless, the Communist actions were not illegal. China's suzerainty over Tibet has been exercised for several centuries, was acknowledged by the British and the United States, and is still claimed by no less an authority than Chiang Kai-shek himself. Our sympathies may lie with the Tibetan insurrectionaries, but the Chinese suppression of the revolt must be considered an internal Chinese affair. Only if the uprising had succeeded, or come close to succeeding, could the affair properly be considered open to international review.

There can be no denying that Peking has consistently threatened to use force to occupy Formosa. The Communists have every legal right to make the attempt. For eleven years, ever since Chiang Kai-shek was ignominiously driven from the mainland, the Nationalist leader has openly been developing the island as a base for a counterattack against the mainland. Formosa today is an armed camp, thanks to American intervention in the Chinese civil war; and if Formosa today is the primary objective of the Communists, we can share full responsibility for Communist "aggressiveness" with our equally aggressive puppet, Chiang Kai-shek.

The original decision of President Truman to interpose the Seventh Fleet between Formosa and the mainland was taken for the express purpose of preventing the Korean War from spreading into a general war in Asia. It was a courageous and reasonable decision. The "China Lobby" labeled Truman a Communist-protector and asserted that only his decision to prevent invasion *either way* across the Formosa Straits prevented Chiang Kai-shek from launching a successful attack upon the mainland. The Eisenhower Administration appeased the critics of Truman by "unleashing" Chiang, declaring that the Seventh Fleet henceforth would protect only Formosa (and the offshore islands?), but not the Communists. This unneutral act was followed up with our mutual defense treaty guaranteeing Formosa American support in the event of an attack. Thus we became a participant in the unfinished Chinese civil war.

IN THE light of this record, we are in no position to call the Communists aggressors. Indeed, they have a strong case to make against us. The position is comparable to what would have been the case had Great Britain, during the American Civil War, evacuated the Confederate Government to Puerto Rico (assuming it was then American territory), proceeded to arm it, placed the British Fleet between the islands and the American mainland, permitted Jefferson Davis to call for and encourage a general uprising in the United States and to declare that he would reoccupy America within five years, and then proceeded to call the government in Washington aggressive and irresponsible because it had announced its intention to recover the island and eliminate the Confederate Government.


Zeitung (Vienna)

Divorce?

Some of China's border disputes — example: Burma — have already been amicably settled. In others, agreement has yet to be reached. In every case, the Chinese have some sort of respectable claim, and like other governments, they occupy first and argue afterwards. Inasmuch as India, which has the strongest present grievance against China, does not ask that China should for this reason be barred from the U.N., we are hardly in a position to do so.

ASSUMING the advantages to us of a complete reversal of our China policy, can the Kennedy Administration actually accomplish it? The obstacles are formidable. American public sentiment must be made ready. But one may perhaps hope that Administration leadership, with the help of liberal organs of opinion, will make clear the complications involved and the relative merits of the alternative policies available to us.

Before we consider these alternatives, it may be well to remind ourselves of some of the facts of life in today's world:

(1) We are a minority nation — a minority because we enjoy a satisfactory standard of living; because we enjoy democracy; because we belong to a minority race.

(2) China is a majority nation — a majority because she has a low living standard and is desperately trying to industrialize; because her people are non-white; because she has never experienced democracy; be-

cause Marxism and communism are considered perfectly good blueprints for rapid national development by many underdeveloped nations; because, like most other countries of Asia and Africa, she has only recently emerged from a colonial-like status and shares with them a deep resentment of the past.

(3) Despite shortcomings, particularly in the agricultural segment, the present Red regime is probably the best China has known since the fifteenth century. It has given its people a strong sense of national strength and purpose, efficient government, renewed moral standards, impressive industrial development and hitherto unknown welfare services. Add to these a strong military force and a tight system of political and ideological control, and there emerges a picture of an ever more strongly entrenched regime.

(4) China, with Russian assistance, is making progress in the atomic field. She already has atomic reactors, the third largest submarine fleet in the world, and will soon have atomic weapons.

(5) China serves only China. She is not Russia's puppet, although, for the time being, she has no reason to break her present alliance with Russia.

(6) The Formosan regime is not democratic; it is a one-party government which crushes all opposition.

(7) Formosa exists only on American support; it is not a beacon of hope either for Chinese on the mainland or overseas.

(8) Many American military experts discount the military value of Formosa. They argue that it is too vulnerable to waste precious installations upon, and too unreliable to be a nucleus of American defense.

In the light of the above propositions, we can deal more flexibly with our China policy than the Eisenhower Administration or the China Lobby would have us believe.

THE MOST widely discussed alternative to our present sterile line is the "Two China Policy" with which Chester Bowles—to Senator Dirksen's great annoyance—is popularly associated. This would be a reasonable compromise, were it feasible. But since there is no provision in the U.N. Charter for China's holding two permanent seats on the Security Council, the plan might better be called the "One China-One Formosa Policy." Such a policy would only be acceptable to the Communists (and the aim of our policy must be reconciliation with them) if the Nationalists were ousted and Formosa completely neutralized. Chiang would never agree to this—and the question is whether we ourselves, after having built up Chiang for so many years, would now prove willing to ditch him. This solution, however unpleasant, may be the best we can obtain.

If the "One China-One Formosa" arrangement proved impossible to achieve, it would be necessary to move in more radical directions; i.e., after a suitable interval of preparation, turn the island over to the U.N. We would have to use the preparatory period to persuade Chiang to evacuate, warning him that if he did not, the Communists would be certain to invade, in which case he would get no help from us. In the end, a non-Nationalist Free Formosa under U.N. sponsorship, pledged not to attack the mainland, would be preferable to an unfree Formosa handed over to the Communists, or seized by them at a high cost of lives.

Today the Chinese Communists have the initiative; their legal and moral claim to Formosa is strengthened by our own recognition, in 1945, that the island is an inalienable part of the China mainland. Only if we square ourselves with reality can we move constructively toward an accommodation with them.

THIS SOMBER but, we believe, realistic reappraisal of our position indicates the true dimensions of the China problem. There are those who would argue that war is preferable to the solutions we have recommended, but it is difficult to believe that most Americans would agree. Some argue that we ought to continue our wait-and-see policy. But continued hesitation only involves us more deeply with a Nationalist regime committed to war, embroils us with our allies, and deprives us of the possibility of influencing the attitudes and activities of our Communist neighbors.

For these reasons, I believe that the new Administration cannot afford to back away from the prospect of establishing workable relations with the largest and (at present) most vigorous country in the world. President Kennedy and his principal aides, Rusk, Stevenson and Bowles, will, however, require all the support that enlightened Americans can give when they settle down to the task of erecting from the shambles of our old China line a policy that can revive hope for peace.

'Un-Americanism' Plays the Colleges . .

by Dan Wakefield

New Brunswick, N. J.

A ROAD-SHOW company production that might well be entitled "An Evening with the House Un-American Activities Committee" is playing to capacity crowds on college campuses these days. It features the now famous film *Operation Abolition* (or, as it is officially known, *The Communist-Led Riots Against the House Committee on Un-American Activities in San Francisco, May 12-14, 1960*), backed up by a live, supporting cast starring Fulton Lewis, 3d, who edited and narrated the film, and Herb Romerstein, a former Communist who serves now as a "research analyst" for the HUAC. Local talent is added to the live cast for the night's stand at any given showing, and the home-town extras aid

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DAN WAKEFIELD is a frequent contributor.

Lewis and Romerstein in giving the pre-film sales pitch and answering the often embarrassing questions from the student audience.

The show pitched its tent at Rutgers University one evening last week and drew a packed, standing-room house estimated at more than 600 students who stayed for four hours and were only dispersed by the ruling of the Dean, who had to see that the dormitory dwellers got back for curfew. The film shown is an official document of the U.S. House of Representatives. The great pity is that the House doesn't also make a film — a plain, uncut transcription — of the student question-and-answer period at one of the campuses after the HUAC film is shown. Dealing, as it inevitably would, with the Health, Education and Welfare of our students, it would be a worthy project for Abraham Ribicoff.

The HUAC movie has been the subject of considerable charges and counter-charges about alleged "doctoring" and cutting of the TV films that Walter's committee subpoenaed to use for this document. William Wheeler, chief HUAC investigator on the West Coast, admitted that the film has inaccuracies and distortions; the night of the Rutgers meeting, narrator Fulton Lewis said in reply to student questions that after the TV tapes were gone over, they were "put back together in proper sequence, not as well as they might have been." But surely the real issue raised by the film is not where Harry Bridges was having lunch on the day of the riots. Let us assume that the picturing of events is entirely accurate. The important thing is not so much what the film shows, as what it does not show.

THE FILM makes no mention of the fact that the HUAC had been in San Francisco the year before, and what it had done there (indeed, the year-end report of the committee for 1959 makes no mention of it) to stir up an outraged public opposition. On June 11, 1959, the committee subpoenaed 110 California school teachers whose names were published in the press and who were subjected to social and economic pressures — all without a chance to defend themselves in a hearing or a trial. Then, after an outcry in the San Francisco press against this harassment, the committee called off its hearings and left town. The treatment afforded the teachers brought forth condemnation of the committee in editorials or resolutions by the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the Episcopal Diocese of California, the California State Labor Federation, AFL-CIO, the Southern California-Arizona Conference of the Methodist Church, the San Francisco *Call-Bulletin*, the Los Angeles *Mirror-News*, and the American Federation of Teachers.

ONE might suspect that all this had some connection with the fact that the committee's return met with a certain amount of hostility in the San Francisco Bay area. But one would never know it from looking at the film *Operation Abolition*. There is only one group named in the film as opposing HUAC — the Communist Party. The hundreds of students who participated in the demonstration are "Communist Dupes"; because they protested against the HUAC they were, as one of the committee's Congressmen explained in the film, "toying with treason." Well then, isn't it likely that any students who protest any policy of the government — such as civil rights, civil defense or atomic war — are "toying with treason"? That would seem to be one of the important messages of the film, and of its explainers, who repeatedly told the audience that if it wanted any change in the HUAC, or in anything concerning government, the way to get it is by "legislative action" rather than by picketing and protests. In other words: "Students, Go Home."

At Rutgers, however, the students not only turned out to question the film's explainers, but fifty of them marched in a picket line beforehand to protest the HUAC. This demonstration was not regarded kindly by one of the local speakers, a Rutgers alumnus and attorney in Metuchen, New Jersey, who is head of the county Conservatives (Goldwater) Club. This gentleman, Richard Fleckner, told the student audience as the evening opened that "I'm sorry I'm late, because I'm sorry I missed the pickets. I heard there were pickets from SANE [the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy] here, and I wanted to see how you picketed while crawling on your belly."

While the movie was going on, there was sometimes laughter, applause and booing — as there is at any B-movie in a college town — and afterwards Mr. Herb Romerstein said that he hoped those students who had been brave enough to jeer in the dark would be brave enough to stand up in the light, give their names and make their comments. They were, and they did.

A NUMBER of minor points were debated which proved quite fascinating, such as whether the singing of "We Shall Not Be Moved," which was identified in the movie as a Communist song, was proof of membership in the Communist Party. One young lady pointed out that the song was originally a Negro spiritual, that it had been used by a wide variety of groups, had been sung by a student picket line for civil rights last summer at the Democratic National Convention, and that its tune was also used as the campaign song of Senator Hubert Humphrey.

Fulton Lewis, 3d, answered: "I'm not saying people are Communists just because they're singing this song." This seemed a momentary victory for freedom of tune, but Mr. Lewis went on to qualify his answer. He explained that the Communist Party had a long history of using songs for its own purposes, and had often used this particular song. Now if the people in the demonstration at San Francisco who sang it had heard it originally sung as a spiritual in a Negro church, they were all right. But if they first learned it from reading the words on a mimeographed sheet that he said the CP had handed out, then their singing of it made them Communist Dupes.

One student wondered about the attitude expressed in the film about the Fifth Amendment — he had thought that the use of the Amendment was a Constitutional right, and he asked if a man who took it was necessarily a Communist.

"Virtually, yes, he's saying he's a Communist if he takes the Fifth

Amendment," retorted Mr. Lewis.

Part of the students' confusion on these matters, Mr. Lewis explained, was that "Students are not educated as to what a Communist looks like." Unfortunately, Mr. Lewis didn't go on to clarify this point, and the students were left in the dark as to whether Communists have dark hair or light, are tall or short, fat or thin. The only clue was given in a remark by Mr. Romerstein, who told of one Communist Youth leader who sported a "Stalin-type mustache." Well, no one would have any trouble spotting *him*, but certainly this is not the only criterion, or we wouldn't be able to recognize Nikita Khrushchev as a Communist.

A number of students complained that the film identified all the San Francisco students as Communist Dupes merely because some CP members were also in the crowd. One young man pointed out that George Rockwell and the American Nazi Party were among a number of marchers who picketed the White House *in favor* of the HUAC. By the committee's reasoning, then, people who supported the HUAC were liable to be Nazis, and the other people in the picket line supporting HUAC were "Nazi Dupes." At this moment Mr. Romerstein, who had been sitting down while Lewis answered questions, rushed to the front of the platform and shouted "Let's get on with the questions!"

The audience broke out in jeers and whistles; it was obvious that someone had struck a sore point.

The committee's own logic is a one-way proposition, and is rather embarrassing when used against it. It is, however, a fascinating thing to behold, and was given some real workouts during the course of the evening. One student referred to the riots at the University of Georgia the week before that drove two Negro students from the campus. Wasn't that un-American, and if so, why didn't the committee investigate that? Mr. Lewis agreed that it was un-American, and he deplored it; but, he explained, it wasn't in their jurisdiction.

THE students questioned the aims, goals and results of the committee, and after a number of these questions and comments a middle-aged man rose at the front of the hall and said, "I am a Rutgers graduate, and I have been sitting here in anger that the students of Rutgers would be defending Soviet agents. . . . How," he asked Mr. Lewis, "have we failed here at Rutgers?"

"Rutgers has failed," Mr. Lewis benevolently answered, "in the same way that many colleges have failed. . . . They haven't provided courses on anti-communism, they don't read the Bible of anti-communism, J. Edgar Hoover's *Masters of Deceit.*"

A student jumped up and said, "I am a senior, and I am adequately equipped to know about communism. You're speaking from a lack of knowledge of our courses. We do have courses about communism, and we learn what it's about. I can't agree with your condemnation of our university."

The audience broke into cheers and applause, and most of the students rose in a standing ovation. A few minutes later a Negro student got up to make what was perhaps the most eloquent statement of the views of the majority of the audience:

"Students no longer tacitly accept everything that's told to them. We're not defending Communist views — if we seem to be questioning, we're questioning the good deal we have in this country so we'll know how to best protect it. We have said that your committee has no real legislative function — what are the real achievements of your committee? Are they so important, in view of the devastated careers and ruined fortunes it has caused? It is these things that people think of as the work of HUAC."

Mr. Lewis conceded any student the right to work for the abolition of the committee, if this was his conviction; but he added, in closing, that "My advice to anyone who urges the abolition of the committee is *not* to inform yourself about the committee but about communism."

Mr. Lewis' difficulty was that these students seemed to have informed themselves about both.

THE TRANSPORT SNARL

SLOW MOTION in the JET AGE . .

by Charles E. Stonier

IN THE PAST few months there has been a rash of articles about the nation's transportation problems. Except for airline crashes, transportation ordinarily rates about as much publicity as the manufacture of bathtubs. The fact that it has been receiving such widespread attention must, therefore, be due to some rather pressing reasons.

These are not hard to find. For instance, the advertisements which promise us the comforts of cruising along the open road have been so successful that everyone has taken to that "open" road—and so virtually closed it. The Malthusian principle, when applied to the supply of automobiles running ahead of the supply of roads and parking space, has taken on very serious proportions.

Overselling the automobile has gone hand in hand with the suburban boom made possible by the presumed flexibility of automobile travel. But as people continue to flock to the suburbs, they get no relief from their dependence on autos. Rarely are new public carrier services added. Consequently, the actual usefulness of owning one, two or even three cars, declines. Several years

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ago, Eric Sevareid made an apropos and foresighted comment: "I am for three cars in every garage, but damn it, let's keep 'em there."

Persons who choose to travel to and from work by means other than the automobile also have their problems. They have to pay more today for less service; slimmer schedules, aging equipment, frequent delays are increasingly representative of the commuter's lot. Roughly, what this adds up to is that the day-to-day needs of people to move about are becoming more difficult to satisfy. By any standards, the productivity of surface transportation is decreasing. The fact that air travel has made most remarkable progress is of little consolation.

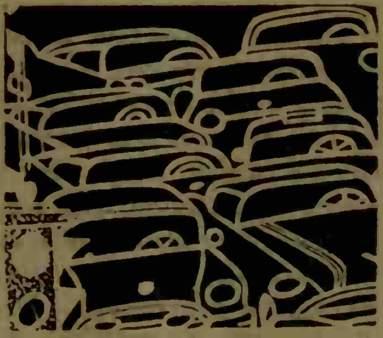
THE LESS publicized effect of our transportation frustration has been the consequent high cost. A look at the Labor Department cost of living index shows us that transportation expenses in November reached 46.1 per cent over the 1947-49 base periods. This increase is exceeded only by medical care (47.3 per cent higher). If, however, we break down transportation into private and public, we find the former index to be at 134.1 per cent, the latter 202.6 per cent—more than double the cost of a decade ago, and by far the highest item to be found in the entire index.

Transportation costs, therefore, represent the largest increase in the over-all consumption budget. Although the Department of Labor estimated five years ago that something like 11 per cent of the country's consumption budget went for transportation, it is likely that the percentage is now much higher. This is particularly true in the new suburbs, where the need for transportation is greatest (on Long Island, it is estimated to be at least 14 per cent).

The cost of freight similarly has been pushed up, partly because of the necessity to support a transportation system which is over-expanded and over-staffed, and because the distribution of freight today has also been caught up in the traffic problems of urban communities.

The statistics on transport productivity, however, are not altogether adequate. We have estimates of ton-mileages and passenger-mileages which measure output. But they tell little; just how much did it take to produce them and under what conditions? The time consumed by the typical urban/suburban dweller in order to span only short distances is an important factor that should be included in any meaningful appraisal of transportation productivity. Inconveniences, overcrowding, waiting time, breakdowns and many other facets ought to be considered in telling us what our net transportation product is. These are now largely overlooked.

Automobile usage becomes progressively less efficient where population density rises. Unfortunately, this important principle usually cannot be dealt with within the framework of existing institutions. Local governments are impotent to cope with long-run solutions to transport problems, which are essentially regional in scope. What agencies do exist have been generally designed to deal only with a single function, such as highways or bridges. There is none which deals with "total" transportation in terms of permitting the carrier which is most fit for doing a specific transportation job to develop its full potential.



Within metropolitan areas we have built a tremendous amount of highway and parking facilities which have rarely brought any long-range traffic relief. The output per dollar invested has been quite low. This has been not only because we have failed to channel funds to the most suitable type of carrier, but also because, in most cases, the appropriation of urban land for vehicular use is extremely costly, and it prevents such land from being productive in other ways. Los Angeles, for example, today has a somewhat loosely defined downtown area. However, that portion which is identifiable has to put two-thirds of its land use to roads and parking facilities to satisfy commercial requirements.

Had it been possible to relocate the basic attractions which an urban center has to offer, perhaps the betterment of highway transportation would have been more fruitful; but most cities have preserved their downtown characteristics. Offices, department stores, entertainment centers—all of these still give the typical core of large cities its *raison d'être*.

Obviously, when large numbers of persons must be deposited within relatively small areas and within a relatively short period of time, this cannot be accomplished logistically through the use of automobiles. Modern technology makes it possible to supply high-speed movements of people by means of mass transport agencies. Yet, under existing institutions—both private and public—we do not seem to be able to take advantage of this technology. We continue to build for the benefit of relatively few, while those who are in real need of transportation—on a day-to-day basis—are receiving little attention.

IN THE New York area, for example, $3 billion worth of arterial highways will serve primarily the needs of the comparatively few who wish to by-pass the city. Additional expenditures are now set aside in order to service customers for the forthcoming World's Fair. Yet four million riders who travel in and out of the city *each day* get little from these vast public improvements.

Anyone who has been riding the New York subways during rush hours recently, or who has been faced with a ninth or tenth postwar increase in fares on suburban railroads, fully realizes what this is all about. The disregard for the vast majority of travelers in the urban area for whom the use of public transport is essential is truly remarkable. There is, in addition, a significant social injustice. The motorist is made part of an elite class. For only he is given the major benefit of new expenditures; in some cases he is given the exclusive use of facilities such as the state parks on Long Island.

All of these considerations are apart

from the fact that modernized mass-transport carriers are superior as the proper means of getting people in and out of central business districts. Large expenditures on highways, tunnels, bridges and parking garages may be desirable, especially when not related to the totality of transport and other urban needs. But they become less economical when fully evaluated in terms of all direct and indirect benefits, such as impact on tax base and the like. As we continue to build more highways while public transit is left to its own devices, the imbalance of transportation is aggravated and public expenditures become even more uneconomic.

THE NEW YORK area has been plagued particularly by agencies that might be in a position to alleviate travel conditions. The Port of New York Authority and its New York counterpart, the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, are staffed by officials who have staunchly resisted looking at transportation in its entire context. The Port Authority, for example, has for some years now constantly avoided any involvement with public transit by rationalizing that the public wants to travel by automobile, and by claiming that its legal obligations prevent it from engaging in transit operation. A Congressional investigation of this agency at the moment is making some headlines; but so far the inquiry has failed to concern itself with the primary issue: Have the Authority's policies contributed to the economic welfare of the Port in accordance with the greatest possible public interest?

At the federal level, examples of poor transportation planning and coordination are plentiful. Let's take the Federal Highway Act of 1956. Already major mistakes have been unearthed, such as building overpasses too low to allow missiles to be trucked. More important, however, is the fact that the Act was passed without consideration of its potential impact on the already critical railroad situation. Furthermore, it allocates funds to the states in such a way that many non-critical areas receive aid in preference to those where major traffic tie-ups exist. It calls for expenditures in urban areas where the transportation problem is the greatest, but where the solution does not rest alone on the provision of more highways.

A great deal more could be accomplished by the rehabilitation and innovation of new mass-transportation services. If the latter were to be part of a federal transportation program, the magnitude of expenditures now contemplated under the Highway Act could be substantially reduced and its objectives more rapidly accomplished. Earmarking $45 billion for highways cannot benefit this nation nearly as much as would devoting a similar sum for transportation purposes in general. By the adoption of a comprehensive plan, it would be possible to channel aid wherever it is needed the most and where it can achieve the best results. Such action would avoid favoring one type of carrier over another.

THE COUNTRY'S transport policies, or lack thereof, have resulted in a chronic over-supply of commercial transport services. The railroads probably could carry today's traffic with half the mileage, trackage and personnel which they now try to support. In aviation, the failure of Capitol Airlines clearly was an indication of too many lines serving the same routes. Redundancy has been mistaken for competition. Regulation by the Interstate Commerce Commission and the Civil Aeronautics Board has been a failure. It has given us neither a balanced transportation system nor transportation at the lowest possible rate level. The ICC diligently prevents railroads from charging less than controlled freight minima; the CAB won't permit charter lines and others to offer fares below those now exacted by commercial carriers.

NOT RUNNING

Whenever it becomes necessary to override market forces in order to keep prices at a certain level, one should become suspicious. The long-run results are normally uneconomical. For example, it now looks as if the railroads will become nationalized, in which case the federal government will inherit and probably perpetuate existing shortcomings. If we are to have effective regulations, each carrier must be encouraged to display fully whatever advantage it has to offer. This was a mandate under the Transportation Act of 1920; but its chief aims seem to have been derailed. Wholesale consolidation of the railroads, elimination of minimum-rate regulation, encouragement of carriers to promote their inherent advantages would be some of the steps that would cut cost and add to the convenience of consumers.

A thorough examination of our national transportation needs is urgent. Unfortunately, there is now no adequate governmental machinery to plan and cope with the totality of the problem. We need much more than merely to plan highways, parking lots or transit improvements. Without a proper balance in transportation, more of our national product will be wasted. Without a coordinated public policy on the one hand, or the interplay of market forces on the other, transportation remains hopelessly snarled.

WHAT CAN BE done? For metropolitan areas, the device of regional transport authorities may yet be the answer. They could develop, finance and operate (or lease to individual companies) joint transportation services. They could integrate all phases of transportation, rather than deal with one form at a time and out of context, as is normally done today.

In order to combat charges of super-government, super-control or "Metro"—fear of which, in the light of previous experience, may be legitimate—the authority should be placed within a regular system of governmental checks and balances. This means that planning agencies at state or bi-state levels should be empowered to pass upon budgets and capital expenditures of operating authorities. These planning boards may be advisory to the appropriate state legislatures, or they may be given veto power in their own right. Their primary function would be to make sure that not only all phases of transportation, but all needs of metropolitan areas, are given a proper scale of priority. If school buildings, for example, are needed the most, then they should receive clearance ahead of, let us say, the construction of an expressway. In other words, there would be the opportunity for good planning.

And as to our national policies, the fact that this country is among the very few without a transportation post in the Cabinet has caught up with us. Our transportation bureaus are scattered throughout the several federal departments. The role of the so-called independent regulatory commissions has never been clearly defined. Consequently, there is no transportation policy or planning. Present circumstances virtually prevent conditions from taking a new turn.

Government reform, however, promises only a partial answer. The automotive business is far too entrenched to permit any substantive redistribution in transportation resources. For a public cause to succeed, there must be important backing by self-interest groups. Downtown retailers and makers of subway cars will have to find additional allies before they can match the influence of automobile, oil, concrete and highway engineering industries.

It is encouraging to note that the Transportation Association of America is sponsoring a research foundation — under the direction of Harvard's Dr. George P. Baker — in order to scrutinize closely this country's transportation needs and to come up with recommendations for improvement. Their implementation, however, would be most difficult without a regrouping of present governmental organizations. Some glimmer of hope lies in the report that the incoming Administration is contemplating the creation of a new Department of Urban Affairs, or a Department of Transportation, or both. Whether this will be enough to buck those who prefer the *status quo* remains to be seen.

In the meantime we had better allow ourselves a little more extra time—and money—and get down to work.

Willy Brandt: Our Man in Berlin . .

by Heinz Pol

THE CAMPAIGN for the fall elections in the German Federal Republic is under way. So far the American public, overburdened with critical domestic and foreign-policy issues, has paid it little attention. No country in the world seems more stable than Adenauer's. But the elections will decide whether the eighty-five-year-old Federal Chancellor will succeed, for the fourth time, in uniting the majority of voters of his own party — the Christian Democratic Union (C.D.U.) — which he runs along dictatorial lines. Or will the only other large party represented in the Bonn *Bundestag* — the Social Democratic Party of Germany (S.P.D.) — put an end to the regime of the "grand old man" and elect its own Chancellor?

In November, 1959, the Social Democrats held their party convention at Hanover. It was known beforehand that Willy Brandt, Mayor of Berlin, would be nominated unanimously to run against Adenauer. The convention was revealing in many respects and may become highly significant for the future political, social and cultural development of the Federal Republic. Willy Brandt's candidacy has two important aspects — the one symbolical, and the other concrete. Both are inseparable and mark a decisive phase in the course of West German socialism in general, and German Social Democracy in particular.

Symbolically speaking, the Hanover convention terminated the Socialist tradition from which the S.P.D. leadership had been steering away for years. Not only were the language and phraseology of the old times thrown overboard, but a new "bourgeois ideology" came into being, unalterably opposed to any and all class struggle and oriented, instead, toward some mystic "unity of the nation." Two years ago, at the party's convention in Godesberg, when the leadership seriously began to revise their former socialistic programs, at least the symbolic trimmings of faded glory were still in evidence. This time, in Hanover, even the traditional red streamers and banners had disappeared: the vast convention hall glowed in the innocent light of baby blue. Nothing was left to remind anyone that once upon a time the Social Democratic Party embraced revolutionary ideas (though in moderate form).

Since the Federal Republic has adopted the custom of using propagandistic slogans, the delegates at Hanover spoke of the "new look" which would now characterize the party. On closer inspection, this "new look" turned out to be an embarrassingly close imitation of the political system peculiar to America. The party drastically eliminated all its former political, social and economic reform programs — those that still contained the flimsiest remnants of Socialist or radical trends — and thus made room for a platform which in all major questions differs just as much (or as little) as the platforms of the Democratic and Republican parties in this country.

This is particularly true in for-

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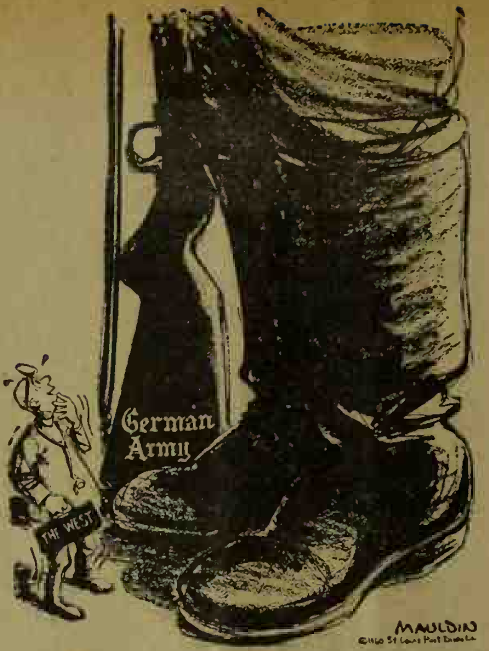
eign policy and national defense, fields as intimately connected and at least as important in Germany's over-all policy as they are in the United States. True, the purely social demands of the Social Democratic program contain numerous progressive proposals within the framework of existing conditions. But they hardly go beyond those of Adenauer's C.D.U.—programs he not only asked for but put into practice: namely, the continued maintenance of economic prosperity with high profits and enough crumbs left for workers and employees, tossed to them in the form of new cars, washing machines, hi-fi sets and similar gadgets of creature comfort.

The new bourgeois style of the Social Democrats differs only insofar as they demand more of all these things, including the distribution of "people's government shares." The idea is to turn every worker and employee into a small-time capitalist. Karl Gerold, editor-in-chief of the *Frankfurter Rundschau*, has written with a trace of gentle irony: "The [S.P.D.] has given up any idea of 'revolution.' It no longer wants to create a new world but improve the existing one; it no longer wants to upset the *status quo* but merely expand it."

IN A country where during the past fifteen years all class lines have become blurred, it has apparently proved inevitable that the attempt at revolution should be abandoned; almost everyone, after a seemingly total defeat and several years of real hunger and suffering, is today concerned exclusively with his material comfort. In this life goal, which has become a national creed, Herr von Krupp and his lowest-paid unskilled laborer are in complete agreement: this is the miracle of unity wrought by German economic recovery in the postwar period.

Those who may still be discontented, or still tend to embrace other political, social or cultural ideals, will find that the road to the Left is blocked. The Communist Party of the Federal Republic is simply banned (which shows that in undermining democratic principles, West Germany is a shade more honest, at least, than the United States, otherwise so inordinately admired by Bonn; in America, the Communists are merely persecuted individually while the party itself is allowed to exist). The citizens of the Federal Republic can no more turn to a differently oriented organization, outside of the two large parties, than Americans can in the United States. Even the suspicion of any contacts with Pankow (headquarters of the German Democratic Republic, directed by Moscow), even the slightest tendency toward leftist radicalism, is disastrous. Such persons will find themselves in political and social Coventry, if not in jail.



Mauldin in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"We certainly got you back on your feet!"

This recently happened to the Socialist Student Society, an organization which has always represented the best of German intellectual youth. The students rebelled against the ultra-bourgeois, chauvinistic course of the S.P.D. leadership and were promptly denounced as subversive elements, corrupted by Communist wire-pullers in East Berlin. They were expelled from the party, which hastily founded a new student society obediently following the "new look."

THE cold war has further lessened the distinction between the two major parties. However, aside from purely internal problems, is there really nothing left for the German but the road of bipartisanship? For a while, the S.P.D. leadership believed that they might win over the masses by swimming against the stream, i.e., opposing Germany's rearmament, which was first demanded by Dean Acheson. But this line was soon abandoned, for two reasons: (1) the unorganized masses in the Bonn Republic were too indifferent to see that such a step would involve the very life of the country; (2) the S.P.D., which is certainly German even if it isn't altogether Socialist, has developed over the years a nationalistic, at times chauvinistic, attitude. In 1914, the party — at the time the largest and most important Socialist party in the world — voted almost unanimously and with enormous enthusiasm for the granting of war credits. The first Defense Minister of the Weimar Republic, who recalled the imperial officers' corps to active duty instead of pensioning them off, was a Social Democrat, Noske. And it was Weimar's first Social Democratic Chancellor, Philip Scheidemann, who uttered in the Reichstag the phrase since become famous — that he would rather let his hand wither than sign the Versailles Treaty.

IT WOULD, of course, be highly unfair to regard the Social Democrats merely as camouflaged reactionaries. They have made extraordinary strides in the fields of health, education and welfare, starting with the Weimar Republic and extending their activities to Bonn. Adenauer has been the beneficiary of these progressive accomplishments, performed by local Social Democratic administrations: they have been credited to his regime, especially by foreign countries. But in judging the party's over-all political programs, it must not be forgotten that over a long period, and almost invariably in crucial moments of history, the S.P.D. has exhibited a fatal element of chauvinism. Repeatedly, the party has created situations which the real reactionaries were only too happy to exploit.

This is the way things look today. In spite of objections from certain representatives of the "old guard," headed by party chairman Ollenhauer, who insisted that the original resistance against rearming the *Bundeswehr* with nuclear weapons could not simply be abandoned, Willy Brandt was able to find a formula giving him and the party a completely free hand in pleading openly for nuclear rearmament — as openly as Adenauer, Strauss, Norstad and others. Willy Brandt declared, in so many words, that the cold war would have to be fought with new methods. For him, it was a question of maintaining the *status quo* until the Germans were militarily strong enough to win what they wanted politically. This is strong language even for a party which has ceased to be Social Democratic, is now dressed up in bourgeois garb and plans to win an election with nationalistic slogans.

THE S.P.D. is confronted with the peculiar necessity of abandoning, both in theory and practice, a non-existent class struggle: beginning with the fall of 1961, no matter what the cost, it no longer wants to be a powerless opposition party. If the plurality is large enough, the S.P.D. wants to replace the C.D.U. and rule alone; if the election is close, it plans to form a coalition government with the C.D.U. or with some other smaller parties. In order to achieve this goal, the party must appear harmless, dignified, worthy of the future tasks in a country swept clean of leftist radicalism in even its mildest forms. A major split need not be feared; the S.P.D. is no British Labour Party, although at one time it engaged in bitter internal struggles, even breaking up into two large Socialist parties during the First World War. But all this is over, and Willy Brandt announced in his final speech at the Hanover convention amid deafening applause:

> Today it is not the Party's job to philosophize, but to express in clear, hard, realistic terms what it will do for our nation in the world of today. . . . In the spring we will present a government program of such a nature that no democratic party can say that it is impossible to collaborate with German Social Democracy.

The S.P.D. government program will merely spell out what Willy Brandt, and with him the party leadership, proclaimed at the Hanover convention: unconditional willingness to follow a bipartisan policy in the crucial matter of German rearmament, cooperation with NATO and the continuance of the cold war in and about Berlin with all available means. There is no doubt that Brandt, if he wins in September, will enthusiastically welcome such a valuable "expert" as Strauss and let him run the Ministry of Defense.

Adenauer, of course, will not miss the opportunity to emphasize, in his campaign, that the S.P.D. had originally fought rearmament, NATO and the cold war on "grounds of principle," making demands that resembled those of the left wing of the British Labour Party. Some people feel that the German voter may bring with him at the polls the memory of how hastily the S.P.D. leaped into the camp of conformism. But Willy Brandt is almost forty years younger than Adenauer. Even at the S.P.D. convention his followers, who cannot Americanize themselves fast enough, acclaimed him as the "Kennedy of the S.P.D.," whose irresistible, youthful drive would wipe out the Eisenhower-Adenauer era.

WILLY BRANDT will conduct a tough election drive *à l'américaine*. After all, he owes almost everything he is to the United States. Up to the time of the Berlin crisis, he was no more than an efficient Mayor; no German thought him a genius. But then he was celebrated in New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco and elsewhere as the hero of the cold war, and even two years ago American publicity agents (together with some Washington politicians) presented him publicly and privately as "Adenauer's successor" — a tactless but effective maneuver. This was the only hint that the ambitious Brandt needed to groom himself systematically for his future role. It was a pushover. There are quite a few clever minds in the leadership of the S.P.D., but not a single individual so consumed with ambition and so ruthlessly capable of using his elbows as the Man from Berlin.

It would be very wrong to underestimate his energy, his gift for oratory and his talent as a natural politician. But he lacks practical experience, and up until the Berlin crisis the sweeping lines of world politics were a closed book to him. His Socialist past and his implacable, highly militant attitude toward the Nazis are clear enough. But he has weaknesses which should not be overlooked. Perhaps he came up too fast in the world, and perhaps his all-too-obvious striving for compromise and over-fastidious appearance conceal a character flaw. The exaggerated smartness of his clothes — he would consider it offensive to wear a suit without a vest! — seems to stem from a desire to mirror the bourgeois prosperity of his country. He is an adherent of *Realpolitik* through and through.

This may turn out to be one of the fatal miscalculations of Willy Brandt and others who initiated the "new look" of the S.P.D. As long as the prosperity of the Federal Republic continues, the *juste milieu* will be sated and contented. West Germany has no unemployment; indeed, it suffers from a shortage of workers. But there are increasing signs that prosperity has reached the saturation point. According to a good many experts, there may be recessions. In that case, a political "radicalization" process will quickly set in. And since there exists no organization to the Left of the S.P.D., the beneficiaries of such a development can only be nationalist groups and similar splinter parties. The Social Democratic government will be blamed for "mismanagement." This happened during the Weimar Republic, and the game must inevitably be repeated if and when the present prosperity ends.

But with the party's "new look" and with total conformism of its foreign and military policy, the S.P.D. has crossed the Rubicon. Under its current, firmly established leadership, it will have trouble finding a third course if times should change. The party has staked its first and last card on the glamour boy, Willy Brandt. If he wins the elections and brings the party back to power, even if only as a coalition member, all is well. Otherwise the future of the S.P.D. looks dim. Even without a major economic crisis, it will be mainly the rightist and reactionary groups that will profit from the failure of a party which has developed the technique of compromise to the point of political suicide.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Of Time and the Ostrich

Loren Baritz

WE HAVE in America a species of economic animal that one would expect to be extinct; it cannot adapt to its environment. Its most pronounced defensive characteristic is a tearful lament about the passing of a world in which it imagines happiness was possible. It longs to return to a Happy Time about which its elders have told it. Today its name is Vance Packard.

Mr. Packard, one feels certain, operates from some sort of economic and political position. It is possible to add up his three books,* to come to a conclusion about the kind of mentality that has been at work. By now it is clear that most professional social scientists do not like Mr. Packard's work; perhaps he sells more books and the green dragon is set loose; perhaps the usual criticisms of Mr. Packard should be taken at face value. It is true that he makes an uncommon amount of noise, that his work is, or rather seems to be, directionless, that his evidence too often is unconvincing, that he borrows the wrong conclusions from the wrong social scientists. But the conditioned reflex that is now stimulated in the professional social scientists when Mr. Packard and his works are discussed misses, I think, the essential ligaments that hold Mr. Packard and his works together. His works have direction; his implicit assumptions may be explicated; he belongs to a tradition. The most concise and serious thing one may say about Mr. Packard is that he is a particular kind of American.

As everyone must know by now, Mr. Packard disapproves of many of the most characteristic qualities of the United States today. Really, when one gets down to it, he disapproves of industrialism and — even — capitalism. Mr. Packard is a member of what was once a distinguished group of Americans who were committed to a concocted but believed image of the village in nineteenth-century America. This group—including Elton Mayo, Frederick Jackson Turner, and even the two Roosevelts in their different ways—saw in the nineteenth-century American small town the ultimate repository of good manners, good breeding, clear standards of behavior, and a general security that provided the most smiling environment man has ever known. Mr. Packard is still a spiritual citizen of such a village, and his self-appointed task is to convince those Americans most committed to the twentieth century to become villagers too. He wants Madison Avenue to become Main Street, and board chairmen to become blacksmiths. His task is large.

Mr. Packard is thus a reformer looking backwards, one who accepts the situation which gave rise to the things he now finds unpleasant, but is quite innocent of any sense of time. Progress, for him, consists in recapturing what he believes was once the common property of sensible Americans. Beginning slowly enough, he talked rather casually in *The Hidden Persuaders* about Professor Riesman's categories of inner- and other-direction. Village Americans, of course, were inner-directed. With *The Status Seekers* we move one step further: "Progress would seem to lie in the direction of turning inward rather than outward for inspiration in the creation of one's homestead." How long has it been since you have heard the split-level ranch-type house with barbeque pit referred to as a "homestead"? The breed of American of which Mr. Packard is now a major spokesman is nothing if not quaint.

WITH *The Waste Makers*, his most serious book, Mr. Packard gives the whole show away. Here he discloses what for him is the unhappy news that American youths have abandoned "our traditional concept" of them, that they are no longer "ambitious, dedicated, self-sufficient, individualistic idealists who hope to build a better world," that they even may not accept his standard of a "taste treat": "the cherry pies Grandma used to make." A strategy of waste and planned obsolescence has created, he thinks, a strong economy in a fragile society. Americans have paid for their prosperity with their virtue. Time and again, Mr. Packard conjures up his notion of the nineteenth-century pastoral as the measure of our degeneration. Thus, when he begins to suffocate in the chrome-plated world of our time he seeks out some New England village in which he may recreate his spirit. "It often occurs to me as I stroll," he said, "that the mass merchandisers of the sixties . . . have not been able even to approach creating as fine an environment for life as was created in these old villages in what are now the backwaters of the United States."

Mr. Packard's view of the problems leads him to his solutions. Merely recapture lost innocence and all will be well. Do you fear that corrupted, materialistic, rich, exploited and manipulated Americans will refuse to make themselves over in the image of Thoreau? Mr. Packard, too, has an occasional doubt, so he urges, in *The Hidden Persuaders*, that the Advertising Research Foundation and the Public Relations Society of America draw up "realistic up-to-date codes defining the behavior of ethically responsible persuaders." The Social Science Research Council and the American Psychological Association should define the appropriate behavior of social scientists. In *The Waste Makers* his solutions are more drastic: consumers should complain to manufacturers about shoddy goods: "Three letters of protest will create pandemonium." We poor, sick consumers should even write our Congressmen urging the establishment of an effective bureau of standards. This is all possible because, as he says in *The Status Seekers*, "Americans are accustomed to setting disagreeable situations straight in a hurry."

If his description of the corruption of American morality is accepted, his remedies constitute a grand *non sequitur*. He describes how senseless we Americans have become, and then appeals to our good sense. In *The Status Seekers* he asserted that the big institutions of America, because of their status selling, are preventing the realization of democracy, and he asked, "what can be safely done in the big company . . . to restore more democracy and more understanding?" Leaving aside the question of what safety has to do with democracy, and the validity of his notion of *restoring* democracy, it seems clear that Mr. Packard has somehow managed to miss essential elements of the American Way of

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**The Hidden Persuaders* (1957) $4; *The Status Seekers* (1959) $4.50; *The Waste Makers* (1960) $4.50. Published by David McKay Co.

LOREN BARITZ, author of Servants of Power *(Wesleyan), is a member of the History Department of Wesleyan University.*

Life. Because of his anachronistic liberalism, he must emphasize the good sense of senseless Americans, and he must ignore considerations of power. The modern factory is authoritarian, as every manager knows, and recent discussions about how to implement democracy within the industrial bureaucracy are, at best, camouflage for those who have difficulty reconciling the ideological tensions between power and Jeffersonian liberalism.

More basic is Mr. Packard's refusal to acknowledge that the American economy is what he partly has shown it to be. Waste is of the essence. Frequent replacement of goods is necessary for continued growth. He does not like it, but our economic strength now, in large part, derives from the very vulgarities and stupidities which he describes. Codes of fair play are his nostrum but they will fail, as they have failed, because the game can no longer be played fairly by those who have a continuing interest in profits. Credit cards for adolescents make perfect sense in the context of the American economy, and to say that this is immoral misses the point that immorality also makes perfect sense.

And more basic yet is the sight of Mr. Packard walking one way while looking another; he tries to relate himself to this century while living in the earlier one. America cannot go back. And because debasement and obscenity have become the *sine qua non* of the American System, it seems likely that America has discovered something new under the sun: a process without an end, limitless decay. He thinks that "we can choose not to be persuaded." Translated, this might read: we can choose to bring our economy crashing into the biggest pile of rubble the world has ever seen. Americans are now fat, will choose to become fatter, and protect our sluggishness and clumsiness by carrying a bomb. No pious wishing or wet hankies will change what has now become the necessary state of American affairs.

MR. PACKARD'S three books have confused further the issues he has presumably set out to clarify. The form his nostalgic liberalism takes has been devised by the hidden persuaders and the waste makers. His sprawling audience—the persuaded, seeking, wasters—has agreed to read about its slick, adman, production-by-formula society in Mr. Packard's three slick, adman, production-by-formula books. In his excursions into the occult world of motivational research, Mr. Packard learned much: the importance of the brand name, of the package, of tailoring the presentation to the intended consumer. So well has he learned that his books which discuss the rules of the game follow those rules themselves. His attention to and success with his own "brand image," packaging and naming, should show that an implementation of Madison Avenue cuteness is the most profitable way of criticizing the profitableness of Madison Avenue cuteness. He is himself not a hidden persuader; he is rather a persuader who would like to hide from his time and place. The garishness of the American landscape will not be much affected by an occasional ostrich.

Our Penurious Government

THE QUESTION OF GOVERNMENT SPENDING. By Francis M. Bator. Harper & Bros. 167 pp. $3.75.

Lorie Tarshis

THE SUBJECT of government spending seems to evoke in this country not so much a Conspiracy of Silence as a Conspiracy of Babble. Government spending, we are assured, is Socialist, extravagant, wasteful, inflationary; it will plunge the nation into bankruptcy and depression. Most economists know this to be nonsense, but Mr. Gallup doesn't poll economists. This irrational opposition to government spending, in a country which prides itself upon its democracy, would be amusing were it not so destructive.

Unfortunately it does provide the intellectual (*sic*) foundation for policy, and policies conceived in its name have been enormously costly. We are efficient in keeping physical sand out of the wheels of our machinery, but we have been unconcerned about the ideological sand that keeps them from turning as they could.

This is a long complaint with which to begin a review of an outstanding book. But it is important to stress the point that the book is not simply good; it is concerned with a matter that lies at the root of many of our economic difficulties. And this issue, if not properly handled, is apt to trip us up before we get anywhere near the New Frontier.

Mr. Bator's work falls into two parts. He first presents the very important but often little known facts about government spending. Is it widely known, for example, that the ratio of that part of the nation's output taken by government for purposes other than defense to the nation's total output was actually lower in 1957 than in 1939, and not very much higher than in 1929? What, then, is the basis for the image of our greedy, devouring and ever-growing government? Is it widely known that — once more not counting defense goods, and allowing for price rises — government purchases on a per capita basis were also slightly lower in 1957 than in 1939? Could this not account for our crowded schools, inadequate highways and slums? Let us hope that the forthcoming march to the New Frontier takes us at least back to 1939!

MOST of the book is concerned with basic analytical issues. First, the author attempts to deal with the allegation that government spending is necessarily inflationary — there seems to be a Gresham's Law of Allegations in economics: viz., "Bad Allegations Drive out Good." Incidentally, it was not so long ago that Senator Taft's allegation that government spending was deflationary—for every additional dollar spent by the government, private spending declines by two — was part of the accepted doctrine. Bator's case is a familiar one to economists, but what is perhaps unfamiliar is that he puts it clearly and sharply for the general reader. It is too bad that he did not consider the claim, now being put forward, that government spending is responsible for our gold losses. This appears to be the new line of those who oppose a more active role for government in education, housing, urban renewal, and so on.

But if it does not cause inflation, does government spending, except on such goals as defense and police protection, not direct the nation's resources into uses that are less desirable than they might have been had funds remained in private hands? In other words, would $5,000 spent on a new car not do more good than the same sum collected in taxes and spent, say, to pay the salary of a grade schoolteacher? This claim can be examined from two standpoints. The superficial one merely exclaims: "What! More tail fins when our schools are overcrowded!"; it is probably convincing enough. But the other is more fundamental and Mr. Bator pursues it. He tries to determine under what circumstances even the most dyed-in-the-wool supporter of consumer sovereignty and

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the free market would agree that welfare was raised by having the government do some of the buying and thereby influence the pattern of resource use. He makes the case as difficult and restrictive for himself as possible and nevertheless manages to show that government action of this kind would sometimes be appropriate. With a somewhat more realistic model — advertising, imperfect competition, uncertain anticipations, and so on — the case can be made somewhat stronger. But his argument is sufficient and it is, incidentally, presented with remarkable clarity.

It is a shame that this book did not serve as a tract for the elections. Had it done so, the Democrats might have presented their arguments for a more active government program less apologetically. The case *is* a good one, as Mr. Bator shows.

Freedom from Cancer?

CANCER: DISEASE OF CIVILIZATION? By Vilhjalmur Stefansson. Hill and Wang. 180 pp. $3.95.

George A. Silver

THIS BOOK combines a respectable author's name with a somewhat tarnished topic. Stefansson is well known, respected and admired for his writings and for his contributions to knowledge about the Eskimos and the Arctic. Since 1913 he has been writing detailed, carefully accurate descriptions of what he has seen and noted in the civilization of the antique and backward people among whom he lived so many years. The Eskimos have become a passion with Stefansson and he has been able to transmit his feeling of intense involvement to probably millions of people all over the world. His reputation is monumental, both in the scientific and literary worlds. In his eighties he seems as vigorous, productive, keen and argumentative as ever. He states his ideas squarely. He has no intention of backtracking or pussy-footing.

This long-winded prologue is a way of indicating how difficult it is to deal with the information that he now presents. In *Cancer: Disease of Civilization?* he has come to the conclusion that primitive peoples are free of cancer and that this freedom is due to their diet. Where primitive peoples have changed to a civilized diet, cancer seems to become prevalent. (In the main, he ascribes the evil principle to cooking the food. Raw food is the salvation of primitive peoples; hot food, frying, etc., is their bane.) As long as they remain on their primitive diet, cancer is unknown among them.

Laboratory information on nutrition as a cause of cancer or the interrelationship of nutrition and cancer, is nonexistent or else the scientific evidence is uncertain and certainly inconclusive. Statistical data on the incidence or prevalence of cancer among Eskimos is also lacking. But for Stefansson, his own observations and the information obtained from discussions with the doctors who first went into the Arctic sixty years ago, or from sea captains who observed Eskimos and primitive peoples in other parts of the world, make conclusive proof. He has decided that cancer doesn't exist in primitive peoples; that the primitive Eskimos as he knew them did not have cancer and that now they do. And, of course, their diet is now changed, so it is a fact that cancer and civilization have come to the Eskimos at the same time. He draws upon earlier writers on cancer to shore up his opinions. But opinions they remain.

It is difficult to argue against a persuasive cancer hypothesis, since by and large we lack real evidence as to what does cause it. As a matter of fact, "cancer" may be many diseases—some caused by irritation, some by radiation, some by infection, perhaps some by diet. But there's no one *cause*.

Rene Dubos, an outstanding scientist and member of the Rockefeller Institute who has himself made outstanding contributions to microbiology, has written a discreet introduction to Stefansson's book. He feels that Stefansson's theory needs to be given thoughtful consideration and that perhaps some investigation could be done along the lines he suggests. "It is the responsibility of social and medical sciences to analyze the natural and artificial forces which affect his [modern man's] health and happiness, in order to help him develop a rational way of life fitted to the new world he is creating." Scientists will undoubtedly have to take Stefansson seriously even if we enter the disclaimer that statistical evidence for changing prevalence or incidence of cancer among primitive peoples has never been established.

ASIDE from these controversial matters, Stefansson's notes, Stefansson's observations, Stefansson's quotes are interesting in themselves. The book ought to be read, not only for what it says about cancer, but for what it tells of the early beginnings of scientific insights into Eskimo life. It ought to be read, too, because Stefansson's felicitous descriptions of Arctic life in his youth bring the Arctic and the Eskimo people vividly before our eyes. This world, now mostly gone and soon probably forgotten, needs to be remembered. The anthropological events of the exposure of a primitive race to civilization should be brought to view again so that another generation can see for itself the fascination and the wonder that confronted the people of the nineteenth century when they uncovered this Stone Age world. Stefansson's *The Friendly Arctic* charmed a whole generation. This new book, with all that it re-creates of that hard, bitter, incredible life, is a contribution of value.

I don't know whether Stefansson has found an important key to the cancer problem. I do feel that the things he recalls, including the lost French investigations of the nineteenth century, the observations of the whaling captains, and his own heady life with the people in the far north, are worth reading for themselves.

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D., is chief of the Division of Social Medicine at Montefiore Hospital in New York.

What It Was

What it was, was this: the stars
Had died for the night,
and shone;
And God, God also shone,
Up, straight up, at the very
Top of the sky.
The street
Was one of the better suburbs
Of the night, and was a leaf,
Or the color of one
in the
Moonlit dark.
She, my mother,
Went to the window; it was
As late as night could be
To her.
She looked at the wind,
Still, the wind,
. . . never having blown.
And in the morning, now, of sleep,
The stars, the moon & God
began
Once more, away,
into the sky.
—And she, my mother, slept . . .
In her window, in her sky.

ROBERT S. SWARD

Remembering Richard Wright

Nelson Algren

RICHARD WRIGHT came to Chicago because there was no other place for him to go. He came as a stranger, lived as a stranger, and he left without looking back. "Whenever I leave that town I feel as though I had been in a three-day nightmare," he wrote from Mexico in 1940.

Yet his impact upon Chicago has been more enduring than that of any merchant prince, mayor or newspaper owner. For his impact was not upon City Hall but upon the city's conscience; and therefore upon the conscience of humanity.

Beginning himself as a face without a name among a multitude of nameless faces, an inarticulate man of no address, a being entitled to survive but possessing no claim to an individuality of his own, he became the voice of multitudes now claiming not merely an address, but their individuality as men. His voice opened a wedge for the inarticulate of the world, both black and white.

The challenge Wright raised was both specific and general. In *Native Son* he asserted specifically that, when a crime is committed by a man who has been excluded from civilization, civilization is accomplice to the crime. In defense of Bigger Thomas he demanded of the prosecution: "Let's see your hands."

More generally, he asserted that any man who exists without society's recognizing him as a unique being, is dehumanized, a mere thing. And he said this to Negroes as well as to whites.

"I really think Negroes are to blame for the reactions to *Native Son*," he wrote, "so few of them have ever tried to tell the truth about how they feel. They are shamed, scared and want to save their pride. Well, in writing that book I just threw shame, fear and pride out of the window."

"I knew I'd never get to be twenty-one anyhow," a teen-ager once assured a Chicago judge upon being sentenced to the electric chair. He also meant, "Let's see your hands."

"I never knew I was alive in this world until I felt things hard enough to kill for them," Bigger Thomas explains himself in the final scene of *Native Son*. "But I'm alright now." He meant that he had joined the company of men by the only means men had left him. He had made it, too.

Wright knew that in both of these youths the need to belong to the company of men had been strong enough to kill for that recognition. He knew this firsthand. *Native Son* is the emotional autobiography of a man who refused to be either a thing or a criminal. Bigger Thomas forced recognition by an act of murder, Wright by an act of art.

He went for truth first to the respectable and the articulate, but their answers were false. So he went where Dostoevski, Dreiser, Darrow and Farrell had gone for truth — to the born-to-be-doomed.

Today the walls of that death house where Bigger Thomas clung are widening, to reveal multitudes born-to-be-doomed, asking now, "Doomed by whom?"

The multitudes of the tin-roofed Hoovervilles of Caracas, the men and women burning passes that stamp them as mere things in Johannesburg, the Cuban peasants from the fields — these are not overturning our world upon instruction from the Kremlin, but from the instruction of their own spirits assuring them that they, too, belong to the company of men.

The accusation Dick Wright spoke as a prophecy has turned, two decades later, into a warning:

"Let's see your hands."

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

RHINOCEROS (Longacre) is Eugene Ionesco's "popular" play or, as he himself has said, the play he wrote *pour le public*. It has been a success in Paris, in Germany, in London (in good measure due to Laurence Olivier's participation), and now it has been cordially received by a press which was generally indifferent to Ionesco's shorter works.

The play's career makes a lively bit of theatre history. In Paris an American writer of *avant-garde* tendencies assured me that *Rhinoceros* was perhaps the only one of Ionesco's plays which was totally without interest for him, while at the same time an English critic affirmed that it was the first Ionesco play which was not rubbish. Nigel Dennis, English novelist, playwright and critic, complained that the play was too explicit and thus lacked the imaginative piquancy of Ionesco's *The Chairs;* Kenneth Tynan in London, where most reviewers favored the play rather than the production (directed by Orson Welles), declared that the production was good but the play bad—but I rather suspect that Tynan's seeming prejudice is dictated by his admiration for Brecht whom Ionesco scorns. Sartre — another author about whom Ionesco is icy—deems *Rhinoceros* to be a play for the complacent, because it doesn't really make clear why a man shouldn't become a "rhinoceros"!

With such a background of controversy—and having myself seen the London production—I approach the statement of my present reaction with particular care and caution. There is no use in a critic's pretending that he is never influenced. He would be less than human—therefore a poor critic—if this were so.

I advise my readers to see the play. It requires no courage—at this point—to say that it is the most interesting play of the season. (Of course, like all

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WINTER ISSUE

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

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Kingston, Ontario, Canada

comparative superlatives the remark is somewhat empty: it has been a dismal season and *Rhinoceros* cannot properly be linked with *A Taste of Honey* or even *The Hostage*.) What may certainly be affirmed is that *Rhinoceros* is entertaining and, whatever one's estimate of its underlying spirit, significant. This is sufficient today to make it important.

The play was originally a short story: it is overlong as a three-act play. Its apparent point is made at least three-quarters of an hour before its final curtain. I speak of an "apparent" point because there is something more in the play's message than is contained in the symbol of men who turn into rhinoceroses—the comedy and terror of conformism. For the play, despite the central figure's ultimate defiance of bestiality, is essentially anarchistic, bitter, very nearly hopeless.

THE rational mind and logic are absurd, Ionesco tells us; they have little relation to the truth (which is the chaos) of life. Intellectuals are fools. Most organized radicals are not only clowns but robots—ready under pressure to swing from extreme Left to extreme Right. The conventional middle-class gentleman is a moron; the smooth little subaltern of the business community is a fraud, favored hirelings of the *status quo* are grotesque, the sweet young thing whom we regard as the sweetheart of the world is spineless. Ultimately they all turn into monsters of blind energy, cruel forces of destruction.

A little man — confused, uncertain, without direction except for some nameless grace of disposition will resist, though he too is probably doomed. (He acknowledges that the person who wishes to remain an individual always ends badly.) Destined to defeat or not, he does resist—all by himself—which may be described as a *pathetic* absurdity. In almost all the other Ionesco plays the counterpart of Berrenger (the helpless "hero" of *Rhinoceros*) is always done in by the Monster—the mysterious Evil which dominates all. In this sense *Rhinoceros* may be said to mark an "advance" for Ionesco, a stirring of conscience against complete despair, an anguished sigh of protest against surrender.

Philosophically this is an unsound as well as an unsatisfactory position. Humanly it is quite understandable: many people the world over feel as Berrenger does, both lonely and afraid of others. Historically it is typical of the state of mind of a large part of the French intelligentsia today. At worst, its attitude is preferable to the non-awareness and spiritual inanition of, let us say, the ordinary American playgoer: Ionesco's merit as an artist is that he finds theatrically telling means to reflect this contemporary fright. His plays are brilliant statements for the stage: his therefore is an authentic and original theatre talent.

Ionesco has said that his work has been stimulated by Kafka and the Marx brothers: it expresses apprehension through gags. In Joseph Anthony's direction of *Rhinoceros* (more engaging than that of the London production) only the gags are effective. The first act (the most successful of the three) is generally hilarious—though there is a faint touch of college theatricals throughout. The latter impression is due to the fact that we get very little sense of how the fun and games relate to the central theme which is not at all funny.

The slightly Disney style at the beginning is not only childlike but rather childish and when protracted makes us surmise that we are witnesses to a one-joke affair. But this is not really the case. From the outset the play's final act and particularly its crucial last speech, which approaches the tragic, should have been kept in view. What is required by the material is not so much "Kafka *and* the Marx brothers" as Kafka within the Marx brothers. The present production has no true style because each of its elements apes whatever farcical trick or serious sentiment seems to be indicated moment by moment, and does not convey a sense that all of the play's aspects interpenetrate to form a single Idea with an indivisible meaning. Thus the last scene of the play descends to the level of a rather flat realism.

Still the "show" makes for a good evening with, as they say, loads of laughs. Complimentary remarks might be made about everyone—Eli Wallach for his bewildered sweetness, Morris Carnovsky for his expertness at rendering innocent idiocy, Anne Jackson for her cuteness etc., etc.; but the outstanding performance is that of Zero Mostel whose penchant for Rabelaisian antics of inexhaustible comic verve and inventiveness makes the conversion of his bonehead bourgeois into a roaring pachyderm seem masterfully easy, despite the perspiration. My only reservation on this performance is that the final emergence of the character as a rhinoceros should be indicated by a horn thrust through the bathroom door rather than by the actor's own Gargantuan baby face.

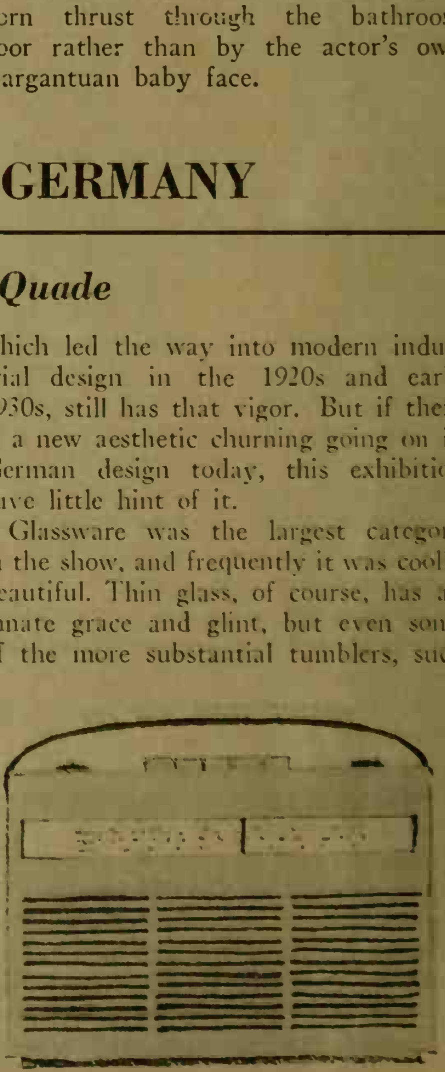
DESIGN from GERMANY

Walter McQuade

This is the last of three discussions of contemporary design exhibitions.

"DESIGN in Germany Today" is a serious scanning of German consumers' goods—700 items, mostly very small, of china, glassware, furniture, fabrics, radio-cases, etc.—now being circulated in America by the Smithsonian Institution under the sponsorship of the Federal Republic of Germany. In New York the show was displayed in the venerable old Cooper Union Building for the Arts of Decoration, a judicious background for a group of so completely modern objects. The atmosphere there is quite real, quite timeless. The old wood floors seem about to creak a little; at night you can hear the buses growling by in the streets four floors downstairs. You find yourself judging beyond the objects, and while I don't believe in looking for sociological content in the wine glasses on display at a museum, it was natural to try to infer from such a show whether Germany, which led the way into modern industrial design in the 1920s and early 1930s, still has that vigor. But if there is a new aesthetic churning going on in German design today, this exhibition gave little hint of it.

Glassware was the largest category in the show, and frequently it was coolly beautiful. Thin glass, of course, has an innate grace and glint, but even some of the more substantial tumblers, such



Radio by Hans Gugelot

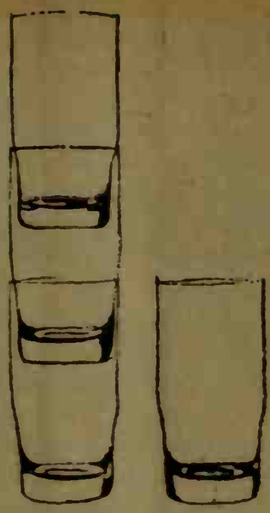
as the stacking glasses by Hans Theo Baumann, were nice things to own. The few furniture pieces shown, chairs, were smoothly pleasant, but with very little daring in shape, not much elegance and—from their looks—no particular comfort. The fabrics were dull modern. Most of the products such as radio cabinets, if without vulgarity, were sleekly anonymous. Several by a man named Hans Gugelot had the strength of bearing a family resemblance. Gugelot's touch is recognizable by the delicate contrasts he uses to point up his materials. For instance, although most of his things were made of plastics, he added a touch of leather, or a smooth wood of a bland color, a trimming which brings life to the usual blank stare of plastic and makes it seem quite airily aloof as a material.

Most of the porcelain plates and pots were pale and exquisite, but exquisite in a by now rather expected way. I doubt that it took a great amount of originality to design them — more good, cool taste, perhaps, than hot talent; and it was the kind of ruling good taste that sometimes makes it hard for original talent. Looking at the dishes and bowls, I was grateful when I came to the few pieces which were not white, or off-white, but vivid; a strong brown porcelain coffee service by Hubert Griemert was one of these. Deep color made the kindly curves of the pieces seem even a little voluptuous.

IN THE foreword to the exhibition, German Ambassador Wilhelm Grewe remonstrated mildly: "In making the selection, attention was given not to individually outstanding or ingenious pieces of work displaying the fantasy or imagination of a particular artist, but to ordinary consumer goods which are available to everyone and which, therefore, serve a useful, everyday function."

Well, it is certain that German consumers are to be admired for their simple good taste; it is refreshing when compared with the ingredient of jukebox fantasy that still seems needed to move house goods in the United States. When Hans Eckstein, who actually chose most of the objects in the exhibition, wrote his introduction, he might have had in mind the wild wares being manufactured across the Alps in Italy:

> Good production in Germany is distinguished by a sober sense for the practical. The German contribution to good design of functional objects lies not so much in the imaginative unusual, but rather in the solid, practical design. Is constructive elegance missing? The somewhat ascetic austerity reflected in the best German products has one prerogative, in any case, which is a merit in the present situation: it means a clear renunciation of dangerous modernism and fashionable extravagance.



Glasses by Hans Theo Baumann

But *dangerous modernism?* It seems to me we've heard that one before in Germany. It is reassuring to observe that what was dangerous modernism in the 30s is now being pushed by the federal fatherland, but there is something lacking in it today. It is very safe, possibly even a little smug. Across the quarter-century that has passed there are echoes of the stubborn grace, and sometimes positive fanaticism, that some of the Bauhaus people brought, unafraid, to the assembly line; but these are only echoes. It struck me that evening at Cooper Union, as some students walked through the show, that this is more like a historical exhibition than a contemporary one.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

AS USUALLY happens at this time of year, the New York music season is rising to a climax. In addition to standard fare, four full concerts of contemporary music were given on a recent Sunday. Since I could not attend them all, I went to the two most important: the opening of the sixth annual Music In Our Time series, under the directorship of Max Pollikoff; and a Pan-American Concert directed by Eric Simon as part of the Town Hall Festival of Music.

By coincidence, the forty-four-year-old American, Ben Weber, was represented by major works on both programs. In the afternoon, Mr. Simon directed the first New York performance of Weber's *Rapsodie Concertante for Viola and Small Orchestra*, Op. 47, with Ralph Hersh as soloist. In the evening, at the YMHA, Mr. Pollikoff was soloist and Paul Wolfe conductor in the *Chamber Fantasie for Solo Violin*, with an accompanying ensemble of two clarinets, two celli, harp and contrabass.

Both are beautiful works. Weber is one of the most meticulous craftsmen in this country, a 12-tonist of Romantic beat who, despite the complexity of his technical equipment, seeks always to express and to communicate. Though his music is evanescent and mysterious in color, due to his manner of orchestrating the intricate mesh of lines which makes it up at any given moment, it is always warm. He follows in the line of Wagner and Schönberg rather than of Webern, and his intricately detailed textures congeal into harmony instead of dissipating into thin air. While his techniques are almost entirely contrapuntal, the result is a *corpus* of considerable amplitude, and a strongly defined melodic flow.

I had heard the *Rapsodie Concertante* on an earlier occasion with piano accompaniment substituting for the orchestra. Though I was immediately sure of the work's quality and value, it was obvious that no single piano — and probably no two pianos — could deal adequately with the complex, linearly conceived accompaniment. This music had been written with orchestral instru-

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ments in mind, and I therefore looked forward to Mr. Simon's performance.

Unfortunately, the conductor had spread time and energy too thin, having scheduled an over-extensive program of music, and his performance fell short of Weber's music. It gave the general outline of the piece and a broad, rather muddy impression of its contents. (Mr. Hersh played his part robustly and well.) But this performance revealed little more about the music than did the earlier, viola-piano one. It is a work requiring an incredibly sensitive calculation of instrumental balances, and cannot be muddled through. Even the smallest cymbal sound must be exactly gauged if it is not to tear the fabric.

Mr. Pollikoff's performance of the *Chamber Fantasie for Solo Violin*, on the other hand, was beautifully warm and flexible, in complete control of the technical and emotional aspects of the music, and simply glowing with color. The transparent, luminous qualities of the accompaniment were fully realized by Mr. Wolfe and an ensemble of splendid chamber musicians. These were Alexander Kouguell and Joseph Tekula, cellists; Charles Russo and Stanley Walden, clarinetists; Florence Wightman, harpist; and David Walter, bassist.

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The Pan-American program listed the first New York performance of *Colorines* for chamber orchestra, by Silvestre Revueltas (Mexico); *Concertant IV* for clarinet, strings, piano, celesta and percussion, by Roger Goeb (U.S.A.); the first New York performance of the orchestral version of *Warble for Lilac-Time,* for soprano and chamber orchestra, by Elliott Carter (U.S.A.); the first American performance of *Tres Cantigas del Rey*, for soprano, harpsichord, string quartet and percussion, by Julian Orbón (Cuba); the same composer's *Hymnus ad Galli Cantum*, for soprano, string quartet, flute, oboe, clarinet and harp; the *Symphony No. 2* for string orchestra, by Hector A. Tosar (Uruguay). It was, as I have said, an overlong program, and would have benefited by the omission of the commonplace work by Tosar and the *Hymnus* by Orbón, which was commonplace too, though in a different idiom.

The other Orbón work was delightful—a *medieval cum modern* treatment of three Spanish plain-chant melodies on such subjects as: "How Saint Mary delivered a man who had been excommunicated for a long time," and ". . . how Saint Mary cured in her Church in Paris a man who had cut off his leg because of the great pain caused by the Fire of St. Martial." His treatment of the instruments was exquisite; the vocal lines were direct and appealing. Soprano Ruth Morris projected them with the utmost freshness and good spirit, and harpsichordist Rafael Puyana (to whom the songs were dedicated) did some of the finest playing I have heard in a long time.

I hope, however, that Miss Morris' Spanish was better pronounced than her English in the Carter *Warble for Lilac-Time.* Not one word of Walt Whitman's text was understandable, and following it in print hardly helped. The music was very pretty: limpid, bright and somewhat Coplandesque.

Roger Goeb's *Concertant IV*, coming after the vivaciously tinted Revueltas *Colorines*, sounded less attractive than it should have. (This was inept programing.) Goeb's command of instrumental color is firm. He prefers dark hues, rather than the more frivolous, lighter ones. He has a good sense of rhythm; a good sense of structure: there are no accidents in his composing. He writes the music he has determined to write. I do wish, though, that I could find more substance on the inside of this *Concertant*. Everything on the outside is so good, but the core eludes.

ON Pollikoff's YMHA program the main event, aside from the Ben Weber piece, was a first New York performance of Gunther Schuller's *Music for Brass Quintet,* played by the New York Brass Quintet. Schuller is the "hottest" young composer in New York right now. He is incredibly gifted and perfectly trained. He is also verbal and personally dynamic. It is exhilarating to see a musician still in his thirties so fully equipped for a major career.

But, like many young Americans, Schuller is intoxicated with the idea of finding "new sounds." To this end, he raises instrumental color to a major position, using it as if it could be the whole show. His music is dazzling, but, in the works I have heard, it has sometimes run short on idea. Color, whether instrumental, harmonic, or orchestrational, is a subsidiary element. When it is raised to a primary position, the result is bound to be some kind of simplification. I do not believe that this approach can result in a complete music, even though it can produce some very handsome effects.

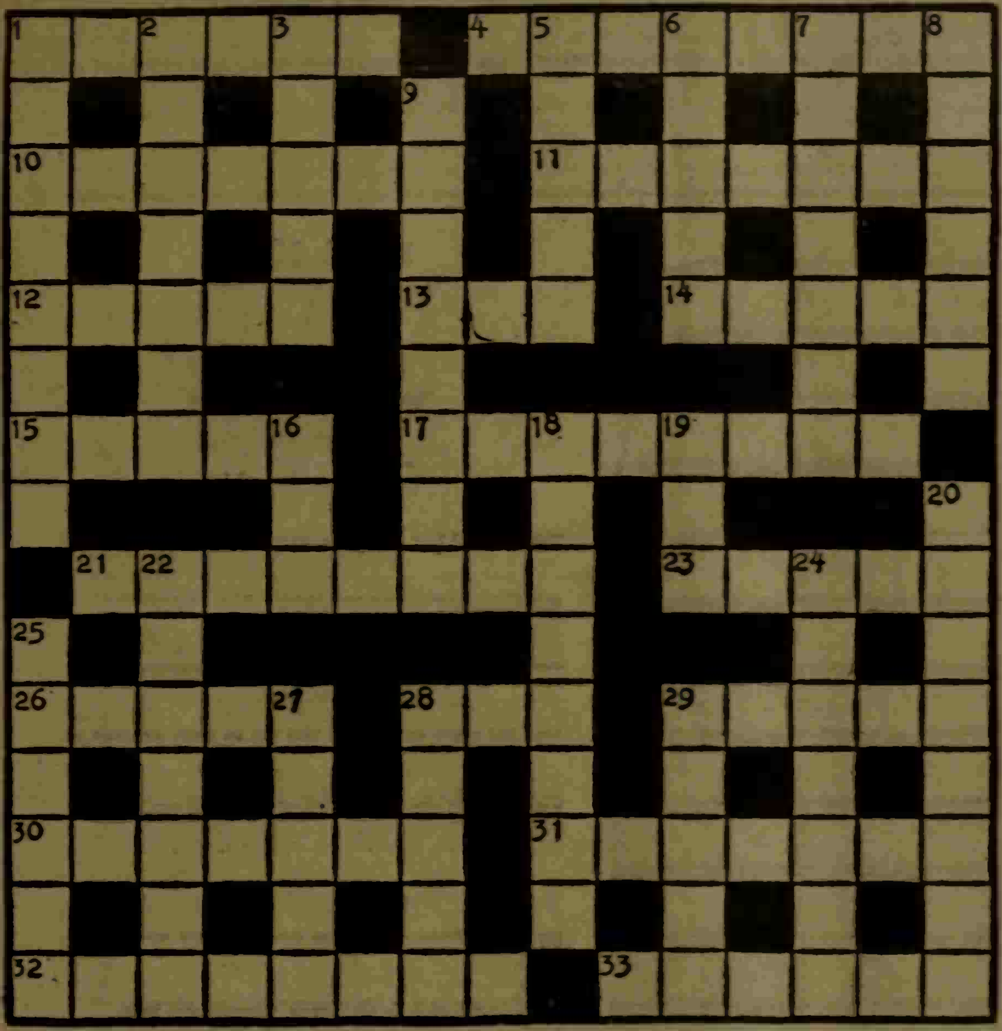
Lionel Nowak was represented on this program by two piano works, excellently performed by himself. They were the *Fantasia* (1954) and *Problem No. 2: Solutions J-K-L.* Like much of his music, these pieces were hard-edged, percussive and intelligent. It is a sign of the times that, though their style would very recently have been called "modern," they sounded a bit dated.

A set of *Duos* for woodwinds, culminating in a *Duo for Voice and Flute,* by Wallingford Riegger, showed, as this composer's work always does, marvelous economy and a charming sense of humor. I did not care for his treatment of the voice in the last *Duo*, however, because he simply pretended that it was a mechanical instrument and wrote the flute notes into its part. The fine young soprano, Dorothy Renzi, coped with the awkward vocalise without an ounce of trouble. But she did not turn into a flute.

Charles Wuorinen's *Consort from Instruments and Voices* was a piece of tape-recorder music in which organ sounds predominated. It was an early attempt at such composition—perhaps even the composer's first—and not surprisingly it sounded amateurish.

Crossword Puzzle No. 900

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A sort of Herculean job we might be found in, with jerks and twists. (6)
4 and 32 Talking picture? (8, 8)
10 Method of thought falsely associated with Rangoon. (7)
11 and 24 down The faux pas of staring when angry? (7, 7)
13 and 16 How to attack the Song of the Open Road? (6)
14 One answer if they say it won't make woven cloth. (5)
15 Found in a banana salad? Mmmm!
17 and 28 down The written word of the Lower House in some states? Rows with the workers might be implied. (8, 5)
21 One has to have more than one tongue. (8)
23 The most used type. (5)
26 Heeds an address to the native rulers. (5)
28 Should be green, but the red following it would make it skinny! (3)
29 Female circle found out West? (5)
30 This composer suggests what he might be. (7)
31 What Pope said fair tresses to do man's imperial race. (7)
33 Cap set for the sake of appearance? (6)

DOWN:

1 Might be associated with a sliding scale. (8)
2 States as great ones move slowly, according to Bacon. (7)
5 and 12 across Proving a squealer can be temporarily safe. (5, 5)
6 Separate at about the average level. (5)
7 In case of cigarettes, your last one might be on it. (7)
8 What a silly crowd to think it's a joke to have a broken leg! (6)
9 Grow fast, as viburnum opulus. (8)
18 Would you like to get completely satisfied? It's a date! (8)
19 and 3 Scars to spoil the beauty of even royal personages. (8)
20 Certainly not lined from work—or could it be not lined? (8)
22 The mark of the dagger. (7)
25 Stone bracket of the Germanic or Belgic period. (6)
27 The chair might have been smooth and glossy. (5)
29 Rolls and tilts. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 899

ACROSS: 1 Gobbled; 5 Prepaid; 9 Imposts; 10 Earshot; 11 and 13 Loan sharks; 12 and 17 Rescue; 14 Dietary; 16 Dockers; 18 Suspend; 21, 24 and 6 The salt of the earth; 26 Sir; 27 Arena; 29 Uranium; 30 Dudgeon; 31 Humoral. DOWN: 1 Grilled; 2 Biplane; 3 Lasts; 4 Destroy; 5 and 28 Pressed for time; 7 Ash tree; 8 Detests; 15 Aye; 18 Scoffed; 19 Sutured; 20 Discern; 21 Through; 22 Atelier; 23 Trammel; 25 Exile; 27 Alarm.

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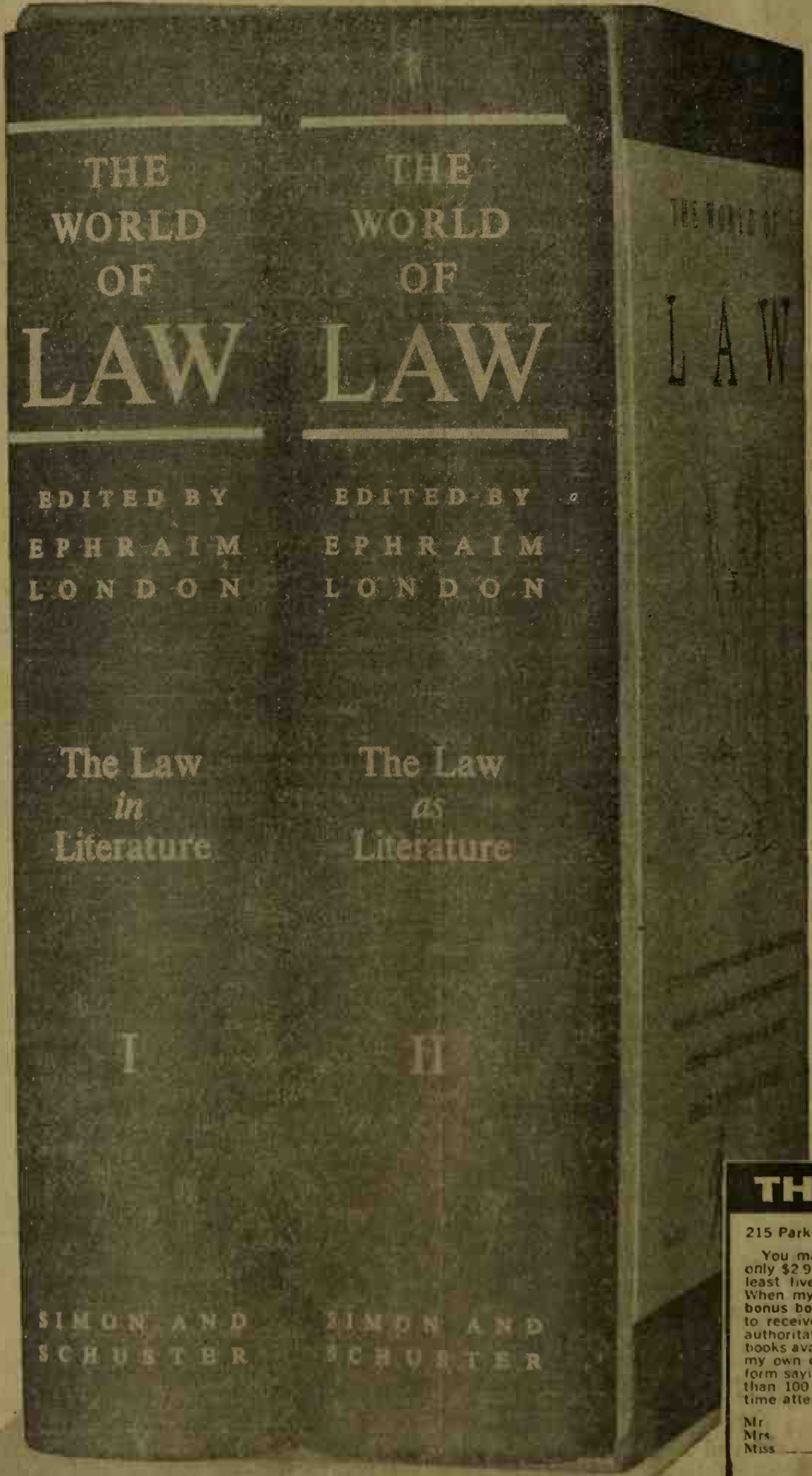

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LETTERS

Automation Overrated?

Dear Sirs: Being deeply involved in one corner of the field discussed in "Three Myths of Automation" by Charles C. Killingsworth (issue of December 17), I would like to comment briefly on some of his statements and conclusions.

Our company was responsible for the computer installation mentioned by Mr. Killingsworth as controlling "completely" the Texaco refinery at Port Arthur. Production from the unit in which the computer has been installed is less than 1 per cent of the total refinery production. Automation of this unit bears about the same relationship to automating the refinery that supplying a housewife with an automatic washing machine bears to automating a home. . . . Although the computer system does operate better than the previous control system, the improvement has been less than spectacular. . . . Finally, no human operators were replaced; in fact, we have supplied a maintenance man to Texaco under a service contract. In this sense, the installation can be said to have created a job.

I would like to comment on one or two of Professor Killingsworth's conclusions. In the chemical and petroleum industries, automatic-control devices are already in widespread use, and labor requirements have been reduced to a practical minimum. In these industries, where nearly all of our computers have been installed, the objective has been increased production, reduced raw-material or energy costs, or better control and quality. Manpower savings have not been claimed in any of our proposals and, so far as I know, no men have lost their jobs where a computer has been installed. As already suggested, my associates and I owe our jobs to this new activity.

With respect to upgrading of the labor force, three effects have been noticed. Companies installing process-control computers have had to train engineers in the art of computer programing. Process operators have had to master a new book of instructions for dealing with routine and emergency situations; operators who cannot read, and some can't, may indeed require education or relocation. Engineers who plan these systems, whether they work for a user or a computer manufacturer, have been forced to build on their basic training into new areas of mathematics and engineering.

Automation spans so many fields that it is difficult for one person to comprehend them all. Conditions in the chemical and petroleum industries may well be unique. However, I suspect that some "viewing with alarm" may be in order, and I would like to see it based on as accurate an understanding of the facts as possible.

THOMAS M. STOUT
T R W Computers Company

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs: (1) Of course, I did not mean to imply that all of the diverse operations in the refinery complex at Port Arthur are controlled by a computer. If any reader got that impression, I am glad to have Mr. Stout correct it.

(2) Mr. Stout is surprisingly modest about the abilities of his Port Arthur computer. It analyzes the operation of the whole complicated process under its control, calculates the adjustments needed for optimum operation, resets the controls and checks its calculations—every five minutes! Mr. Stout would agree, I am sure, that human operators cannot match that performance.

(3) I understand that, before the installation of the computer, three men per shift were needed to operate the unit. They no longer operate it; the computer does. In that sense, they have been "replaced," even though other jobs may have been found for them.

Some of Mr. Stout's other points relate to substantive matters of considerable importance. One is the employment impact of automation. It is true that the petroleum and chemical industries had a great deal of automation before the word was even invented. It is no doubt true that today manpower savings are rarely the major consideration in further automation. Yet production-worker employment in these industries is still shrinking. . . . The phenomenon of shrinking production-worker employment and rising production, which is obserable in many industries, today, is undoubtedly due in part to automation.

My article stated that "*. . . generally speaking,* the jobs that remain [after an operation has been automated] do not seem to have a markedly higher skill content." Mr. Stout points out some examples from his own experience that are somewhat inconsistent with this generalization. I believe, however, that the generalization is an accurate characterization of the broad trend revealed in dozens of published case studies by a large number of researchers working independently in a variety of industries.

I agree with Mr. Stout that it is important to avoid exaggeration when discussing the prospects for automation. I think it is also important to avoid the opposite—i. e., undue minimization of the prospects and problems. Frankly, many industry spokesmen have tended to emphasize the latter approach. A refreshing thing about Mr. Stout's letter is that his approach appears to be non-doctrinaire, and he seems willing to consider the possibility that automation may create some real problems as well as benefits. . . .

CHARLES C. KILLINGSWORTH

East Lansing, Mich.

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Style or Substance?

In any large bureaucratic organization, changes of policy are frequently foreshadowed by changes in the style of executive leadership. If the style demonstrated by President Kennedy at his first press conference proves to be a harbinger of things to come, then *The Nation* may soon be able to voice that "third cheer" for him which we withheld during the campaign. To begin with, there was the almost complete absence of the familiar "anti-Communist" rhetoric, except for a mild echo in the twice-repeated reference to "the enemy" by way of designating a nation with which we have formal diplomatic relations, mutual exchange programs, etc. The reference was unfortunate but, in the context, either inadvertent or responsive to the form in which the question was put.

More important than the absence of "anti-Communist" billingsgate, however, was the clear impression conveyed by the President that he is anxious to improve relations and reduce tensions. The brisk reference to a free, independent, uncommitted Laos "not dominated by either side" will no doubt come as quite a shock to C. I. A. personnel and to Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs J. Graham Parsons, whose role in Laos is discussed on the next page. So, too, the President's announcement of stepped-up aid to the Congo was in the spirit of his excellent Inaugural Address; it was made clear that aid was not being increased as a cold-war tactic. Similarly, in his reference to the possibility of allocating surplus food to China, the President made it clear that we would consider the matter only on the basis of need following a request and not as a propaganda gesture (the late John Foster Dulles would have answered the same question with a twenty-minute harangue on the evil ways of the Chinese Reds). While the President's comments about civil rights and proposals to enlarge the Rules Committee were mild and meager, he left little doubt as to his own attitude.

In the field of foreign affairs, even more striking than the announcement that "neutralism" was no longer an abnoxious concept, was the casual manner in which the President offered indirect encouragement to our neighbors to the south — in the Caribbean, Central and South America — to replace obsolete, semi-feudal social structures with something more modern and functional. No such bland encouragement to social change, even revolutionary change, has been voiced by an American President in our time. If this alteration in style does in fact foreshadow a change in substance — and there is reason to believe it does — then *The Nation* will voice that belated third cheer with appropriate vigor.

Piracy on the High Seas

The bloody pirate who seized the proud Portuguese cruise liner *Santa Maria* is not unknown in the United States, at least to *Nation* readers. *Nation* biographical sketches of authors are usually no more than two or three lines, but in the biographical note to an article in the issue of January 9, 1960, Henrique Galvao is described as a "distinguished Portuguese historian and novelist [who] formerly served the Salazar regime as Chief Inspector for Overseas Territories. Jailed by Salazar in 1951 for a report he prepared on contract-labor abuses in Angola, he was tried in 1958 and sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. He managed to escape to the Argentine Embassy in Lisbon and was subsequently given sanctuary in Argentina. He now lives in Venezuela." The tone contrasts somewhat with that of the account in the New York *Herald Tribune* of January 25, which begins, "The master *pro tem* of the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* is a hawk-faced revolutionary convicted three times for trying to overthrow Premier Antonio de Olveira Salazar."

Anyone who cares to look up the *Nation* article will also discover that, as the phrase goes, Galvao writes like a house on fire. He describes Salazar's dictatorship as one which, "under the guise of 'paternalism,' has robbed [the Portuguese people] of their fundamental liberties, degraded them to the status of a flock herded by police, sterilized them in spirit, and kept one-fifth of them in hunger and sickness." Of the dictator himself, Galvao says that Salazar admired Mussolini but, lacking the color and *élan* to imitate him, "decided upon a mask which would least contradict certain personal traits, such as his tendency toward misogyny, his position as an objective professor of economics, and his vaunted, albeit Tartuffean, Catholic faith."

The seizure of the *Santa Maria* has its comical aspects. We are, after all, a nation which secured and maintained its liberty with the aid of privateers to whom we raised plaques and monuments, but who seemed more like pirates to our enemies. If George III was a tyrant, the Fascist Salazar is doubly one, and a little political sophistication might save us from carrying our inconsistencies to the point of burlesque. Then there is the "defense" angle. The Caribbean is, of course, our *mare nostrum*, and others ply its waters at our sufferance. The *Santa Maria* was seized on a Sunday. Scorning to maintain radio silence, she held long communications with the Radio Corporation marine station at Chatham, Mass., on a frequency of 12.495 megacycles, to which anyone who possesses a short-wave receiver can tune. The U.S. Navy, as is well known, can locate a belaying pin sunk five thousand fathoms deep, but not until late Wednesday could we locate the 21,000-ton *Santa Maria*. Asked why the delay, a spokesman for the Navy said they could have got a "fix" had they known when Chatham was talking to the *Santa Maria*, a bit of information which was apparently beyond the powers of the Navy to discover. One of the British frigates which was dispatched to avenge Her Majesty's staunch ally was equally unlucky; shortly after she began her search she ran out of fuel.

A cynic might suspect that, on second thoughts, the armadas of the freedom-loving nations were not too eager to intercept the errant vessel. If they did catch up with her, and Galvao refused to halt, what would they do? Sink her with 600 passengers aboard? And what of the precedent that seizure might establish? Would either the British or the American Navy be disposed to seize a Soviet or Soviet-bloc vessel should the crew decide to make a dash for liberty?

Why Not Try Leaving Them Alone?

From Vientiane, Keyes Beech of the Chicago *Daily News* Service continues to send subversive diagnoses of a painful situation. When the history is written, he says, the United States is foreordained to be the villain of the Laotian drama. The United States came to Laos, bloated with money, and further corrupted an already corrupt government. It created a whole new class of millionaires. Then it shoved the French aside (and are the French sore!), bringing in soldiers in slacks and sport shirts to teach the Laotians how to fight with the American arms which were so lavishly supplied. The United States spent $320 million exclusive of military hardware, five-sixths of the cash on an Army which, Beech says with more truth than charity, "couldn't fight its way out of a pillow case." So Laos was saved from communism.

And the United States did it all by itself. Not one of America's Western allies—Britain, France and Australia included—wanted to overthrow the neutralist Premier, Prince Souvanna Phouma. And, to narrow it down further, it wasn't the United States, but J. Graham Parsons, our Assistant Secretary for Far Eastern Affairs. Parsons overruled our Ambassador, Winthrop G. Brown, who recommended going along with Souvanna Phouma.

Underlying the whole debacle is the theory and definition of neutrality. The Laotians, like other peoples in many parts of the world, want to be neutral. But neutrality involves dealing with Communists as well as anti-Communists. Not, however, in the Parsons lexicon. Parsons adheres to the John Foster Dulles definition, which is that he who is not for us is against us; neutrality, as Dulles said, is immoral.

Beech quotes an American official in Laos: "We've tried every alternative here but one." "What's that?" somebody asked. "Leaving them alone," replied the official. Maybe he can get a telephone line to Dean Rusk.

On Expelling Clerics

In the past two months, the dictator of a Caribbean country has expelled an archbishop without allowing him to pack; arrested another bishop in his bed and expelled him without his dentures, and arrested and expelled priests at random. Have there been mass meetings in the United States? Bristling editorials? Denunciations in Congress? Curiously, no. Could it be no one is interested in such Caribbean vagaries unless the scene is Cuba (instead of Haiti) and the dictator Castro (instead of Duvalier)?

Featherbedding vs. Job Security

In New York, 664 tugboat crewmen went on strike against their employers, eleven railroads, who wanted to eliminate some sixty jobs on the tugs. The tugmen weren't doing so well in the labor dispute, when somebody had the bright thought of picketing not only the docks, but the railroad terminals and yards, in particular those of the New York Central and New Haven roads. The rail brotherhoods, who are afraid of technological unemployment themselves, refused to cross the picket lines. The suburban trains ground to a halt, followed by long-distance trains. One hundred thousand commuters were stranded. Many of them were vocal in their indignation, and those who were not found a voice in Richard Starnes, a columnist for the *New York World-Telegram*. ". . . We have taken leave of the era of the boob," wrote Starnes, "and are well into the era of the slob." A few inches down the column he began frothing at the mouth. A "comparative handful of Tugboat Annie's spawn," he declaimed, had done their best to paralyze the nation's greatest city. Harbor draymen! Scow pilots! A fortnight of blackmail! A naked, obscene struggle for power! Aside from the epithets, the theme was that "ordinary decent people were getting damned sick and tired of being pushed around as pawns in a cynical game that did not concern them. . . ."

The Nation sympathizes with the commuters, but the idea that they were innocent bystanders in a power struggle of no concern to them is wide of the mark. The power struggle was waged by the railroads as well as by the unions. And the union members had something at stake, just as the commuters did. The commuters wanted to ride the trains, and the strikers wanted to stay on a payroll. What is featherbedding to the railroads is job security and keeping off relief for the men. If a technologically displaced worker could go around the corner to another job, that would be fine. But there are now 5,500,000 unemployed and the total is rising. A job is still the most precious possession of many an American. Next time they curse the strikers or let Starnes curse for them, let the commuters think of that.

How To Win At Blackjack

Computer technology, among its other wondrous achievements, may be the way to put a stop to organized gambling. Dr. Edward O. Thorp of M.I.T., in a paper presented at this year's annual meeting of the American Mathematical Society, reports success in devising a system on "how to win at blackjack" which has stood up under rigorous testing. Commenting on the paper, a spokesman for the society said: "If this should get out among the general public, it will necessitate changing the rules at the gambling tables at Las Vegas." Across the continent, in Los Angeles, another computer expert has devised a system for betting on races which threatens horse-players from coast to coast with technological unemployment. The bettor simply feeds into the machine such data as how the horse did in its last race, the maximum number of lengths it has trailed in a race, its number of wins, etc., and, with tubes aglow, the computer reckons the odds with scientific precision. That such systems are quite feasible will not be doubted by those who read Dr. John G. Kemeny's article in *The Nation* of January 21 ("Games of Life and Death"). Computer systems will not, of course, dampen the enthusiasm of bettors, but the machines may give the suckers a break.

From another quarter comes unhappy tidings for the racketeers who control organized gambling. The State Investigation Commission in New York has discovered that despite elaborate safeguards written into the legislation which authorizes and "regulates" bingo — a game which is supposed to be run only by religious, charitable and other non-profit organizations for worthy causes — professional gamblers have moved in on the $25-$30 million yearly play. The notion that the answer to the problem of gambling is to legalize it dies slowly; it is almost impervious to reason or demonstration (see: "Gambling, Inc.," by Fred J. Cook, *The Nation*, October 22, 1960). But the bingo scandal, still in its unfolding phase, may yet shake public confidence in this popular fallacy.

THE PRESIDENT HAS THE POWER

EQUALITY NOW . . *by Martin Luther King, Jr.*

THE NEW Administration has the opportunity to be the first in one hundred years of American history to adopt a radically new approach to the question of civil rights. It must begin, however, with the firm conviction that the principle is no longer in doubt. The day is past for tolerating vicious and inhuman opposition on a subject which determines the lives of 20,000,000 Americans. We are no longer discussing the wisdom of democracy over monarchism—and we would not permit hoodlum royalists to terrorize the streets of our major cities or the legislative halls of our states. We must decide that in a new era, there must be new thinking. If we fail to make this positive decision, an awakening world will conclude that we have become a fossil nation, morally and politically; and no floods of refrigerators, automobiles or color TV sets will rejuvenate our image.

The second element in a new ap-

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proach is the recognition by the federal government that it has sufficient power at its disposal to guide us through the changes ahead. The intolerably slow pace of civil rights is due at least as much to the limits which the federal government has imposed on its own actions as it is to the actions of the segregationist opposition.

If we examine the total of all judicial, executive and legislative acts of the past three decades and balance them against the sum needed to achieve fundamental change, two startling conclusions are inescapable. The first is the hopeless inadequacy of measures adopted—pitifully insufficient in scope and limited in conception. The second conclusion is even more disturbing. Federal action has been not only inadequate; viewed as a whole, it has also been self-nullifying. In 1954, the Supreme Court declared school segregation to be unconstitutional. Yet, since then federal executive agencies and vast federal legislative programs have given millions of dollars yearly to educational institutions which continue to violate the Supreme Court decision.

FURTHER, the federal government collects taxes from all citizens, Negro and white, which it is Constitutionally obligated to use for the benefit of all; yet, billions of these tax dollars have gone to support housing programs and hospital and airport construction in which discrimination is an open and notorious practice. Private firms which either totally exclude Negroes from the work force, or place them in discriminatory status, receive billions of dollars annually in government contracts. The federal government permits elections and seats representatives in its legislative chambers in disregard of the fact that millions of Negro citizens have no vote. It directly employs millions in its various agencies and departments; yet its employment practices, especially in Southern states, are rife with discrimination.

These illustrations can be multiplied many times. The shocking fact is that while the government moves sluggishly, and in patchwork fashion, to achieve equal rights for all citizens, in the daily conduct of its own massive economic and social activities it participates directly and indirectly in the denial of these rights. We must face the tragic fact that the federal government is the nation's highest investor in segregation.

Therefore, a primary goal of a well-meaning Administration should be a thorough examination of its own operations and the development of a rigorous program to wipe out immediately every vestige of federal support and sponsorship of discrimination. Such a program would serve not only to attack the problem centrally, where results can be produced, but collaterally to educate and influence the whole American populace, especially in the Deep South of massive resistance. It would also be the first step in the evolution of federal leadership to guide the entire nation to its new democratic goals.

THERE is impressive precedent in recent history for massive governmental mobilization to create new conditions. As a consequence of economic crisis in the early thirties, the federal government, under the leadership of President Kennedy's party, undertook to change fundamental economic relationships. Every person in the nation was affected. In a bewilderingly brief period, wages were regulated at new levels, unemployment insurance created, relief agencies set up, public works planned and executed. Regulatory legislation covering banking, the stock market and money market was immediately enacted. Laws protecting trade-union organization were brought into being and administrative agencies to interpret and enforce the labor laws were created. Along with this broad assault on the depression went an educational campaign to facilitate the changes in public psychology requisite to the acceptance of such formidable alternatives to old thought patterns. The nation which five years earlier viewed federal intervention on any level as collectivism or socialism, in amazingly swift transition, supported the new role of government as appropriate and justified.

These breathtaking, fundamental changes took place because a leadership emerged that was both determined and bold, that rejected inhibitions imposed by old traditions and habits. It utilized all agencies and organs of government in a massive drive to change a situation which imperiled the very existence of our society.

Viewed in this light, an Administration with good will, sincerely desirous of eliminating discrimination from American life, could accomplish its goal by mobilizing the immense resources of the organs of government and throwing them into every area where the problem appears. There are at least three vital areas in which the President can work to bring about effective solutions.

First, there is the legislative area. The President could take the offensive, despite Southern opposition, by fighting for a really far-reaching legislative program. With resolute Presidential leadership, a majority in both houses could be persuaded to pass meaningful laws. A determined majority-party leadership possesses the means to carry the reluctant along—and to hasten the end of the political careers, or the privileges, of those who prove unyielding. The influence the President can exert upon Congress when, with crusading zeal, he summons support from the nation has been demonstrated more than once in the past.

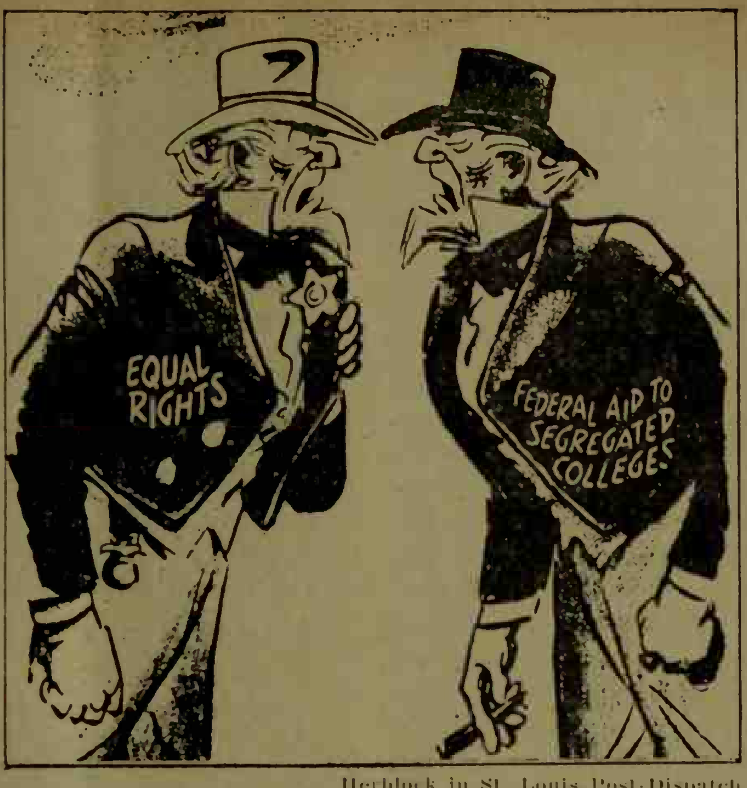
AN EXAMPLE of an area in which a vigorous President could significantly influence Congress is that of voter registration. The Civil Rights Commission has revealed that "many Negro American citizens find it difficult, and often impossible, to vote." It went on to assert that these voting denials are accomplished through the creation of legal impediments, administrative obstacles and the fear of economic reprisal and physical harm. A truly decisive President would work passionately and unrelentingly to change these shameful conditions. He would take such a creative general proposal as that made by the Civil Rights Commission of 1959 on Federal Registrars to insure the right to vote, and would campaign "on the Hill" and across the nation until Congress acted. He would also have the courage to insist that, in compliance with the Fourteenth Amendment, a state's representation in Congress be reduced in proportion to the number of citizens denied the right to vote because of race [see "Forgotten Remedy for the Voteless Negro," by Thomas I. Emerson and Arthur E. Bonfield, *The Nation*, January 21].

This approach would help us eliminate the defeatist psychology engendered by the alliance of Dixiecrats and Northern reactionaries in Congress. The same alliance, existing in even greater strength, failed in the past to stop legislation that altered patterns just as deeply imbedded in American mores as racial discrimination. It is leadership and determination that counts—and these have been lacking of recent years.

A SECOND area in which the President can make a significant contribution toward the elimination of racial discrimination is that of moral persuasion. The President is the embodiment of the democratic personality of the nation, both domestically and internationally. His own personal conduct influences and educates. If he were to make it known that he would not participate in any activities in which segregation exists, he would set a clear example for Americans everywhere, of every age, on a simple, easily understood level.

The calling of White House conferences of Negro and white leaders could be extremely useful. The President could serve the great purpose of opening the channels of communication between the races. Many white Southerners who, for various reasons, fear to meet with Negro leaders in their own communities would participate unhesitatingly in a biracial conference called by the President.

It is appropriate to note here that, even in the hard core South, a small but growing number of whites are breaking with the old order. These people believe in the morality as well as the Constitutionality of integration. Their still, small voices often go unheard amid the louder shouts of defiance, but they are active in the field. They often face problems of ostracism and isolation as a result of their stand. Their isolation and difficulties would be lessened if they were among the invitees to the White House to participate in a conference on desegregation.


EQUAL RIGHTS
FEDERAL AID TO SEGREGATED COLLEGES

Herblock in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Pardner, this country isn't big enough for both of us."

No effort to list the President's opportunities to use the prestige of his office to further civil rights could be adequate; from fireside chats to appearances at major events, the list is endless. All that is needed at the outset is a firm resolve to make the Presidency a weapon for this democratic objective; the opportunities would then arise by themselves.

BUT BEYOND the legislative area and the employment of Presidential prestige, a weapon of overwhelming significance lies in the Executive itself. It is no exaggeration to say that the President could give segregation its death blow through a stroke of the pen. The power inherent in Executive orders has never been exploited; its use in recent years has been microscopic in scope and timid in conception.

Historically, the Executive has promulgated orders of extraordinary range and significance. The Emancipation Proclamation was an Executive order. The integration of the Armed Forces grew out of President Truman's Executive Order 8891. Executive orders could require the immediate end to all discrimination in any housing accommodations financed with federal aid. Executive orders could prohibit any contractor dealing with any federal agency from practicing discrimination in employment by requiring (a) cancellation of existing contracts, (b) and/or barring violators from bidding, (c) and/or calling in of government loans of federal funds extended to violators, (d) and/or requiring renegotiation of payment to exact financial penalties where violations appear after performance of a contract. With such effective penalties, enforcement of fair employment practices would become self-imposed by those enjoying billions of dollars in contracts with federal agencies.

An Executive order could also bring an immediate end to the discriminatory employment policies of federal agencies and departments. It is no secret that, despite statutes to the contrary, Negroes are almost totally excluded from skilled, clerical and supervisory jobs in the federal government. A recent report of the President's Committee on Government Employment states: "That there is discrimination in federal employment is unquestionably true." A basic reason for this is that there have never been any sanctions imposed for violations of the law. In a real sense, a President can eliminate discrimination in federal employment, just as it was eliminated in the military services, by setting up adequately staffed committees with authority to punish those who violate official government policy from the inside.

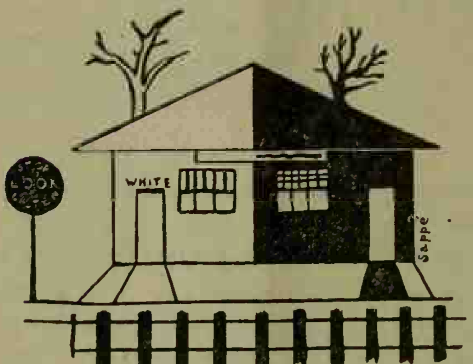
We can easily see how an end to discriminatory practices in federal agencies would have tremendous value in changing attitudes and behavior patterns. If, for instance, the law-enforcement personnel in the FBI were integrated, many persons who now defy federal law might come under restraints from which they are presently free. If other law-enforcement agencies under the Treasury Department, such as the Internal Revenue Service, the Bureau of Narcotics, the Alcohol Tax Unit, the Secret Service and Customs had an adequate number of field agents, investigators and administrators who were Negro, there would be a greater respect for Negroes as well as the assurance that prejudicial behavior in these agencies toward citizens would cease.

ANOTHER area in which an Executive order can bring an end to a considerable amount of discrimination is that of health and hospitalization. Under the Hill-Burton Act, the federal government grants funds to the states for the construction of hospitals. Since this program began in 1948, more than $100 million a year has gone to the states in direct aid. The government also makes grants to the states for mental health, maternal and child-care services, and for programs designed to control tuberculosis, cancer and heart disease. In spite of this sizable federal support, it is a known fact that most of the federally financed and approved health and hospitalization programs in the South are operated on a segregated basis. In many instances, the Southern Negroes are denied access to them altogether.

The President could wipe out these shameful conditions almost overnight by simply ordering his Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare not to approve grants to states whose plans authorize segregation or denial of service on the basis of race. This type of sanction would bring even the most recalcitrant Southerners into line.

There is hardly any area in which Executive leadership is needed more than in housing. Here the Negro confronts the most tragic expression of discrimination; he is consigned to ghettos and overcrowded conditions. And here the North is as guilty as the South.

Unfortunately, the federal government has participated directly and indirectly in the perpetuation of housing discrimination. Through the Federal Housing Administration (FHA), the Public Housing Administration (PHA), Urban Renewal Administration (URA), and the Veterans Administration Loan Program, the federal government makes possible most of the building programs in the United States. Since its creation in 1934, the FHA alone has insured more than $33 billion in mortgages involving millions of homes. As a result of PHA programs, more than two million people presently live in more than 2,000 low-rent housing projects in forty-four states and the District of Columbia. The URA, which was established in 1954 to help cities eliminate slum and blighted areas, has approved projects in more than 877 localities. The GI Bill of Rights authorizes the Veterans Administration to make loans outright to veterans for the construction of homes. This program has become so extensive that there have been years in which 30 per cent of all new urban dwelling units were built with the help of VA loan guarantees.



WHILE most of these housing programs have anti-discrimination clauses, they have done little to end segregated housing. It is a known fact that FHA continues to finance private developers who openly proclaim that none of their homes will be sold to Negroes. The Urban Renewal program has, in many instances, served to accentuate, even to initiate, segregated neighborhoods. (Since a large percentage of the people to be relocated are Negroes, they are more than likely to be relocated in segregated areas.)

A President seriously concerned about this problem could direct the Housing Administrator to require all participants in federal housing programs to agree to a policy of "open occupancy." Such a policy could be enforced by (a) making it mandatory for all violators to be excluded from future participation in federally financed housing programs and (b) by including a provision in each contract giving the government the right to declare the entire mortgage debt due and payable upon breach of the agreement.

These are merely illustrations of acts possible of multiplication in many other fields.

EXECUTIVE policy could reshape the practices and programs of other agencies and departments whose activities affect the welfare of millions. The Department of Health, Education and Welfare could be directed to coordinate its resources to give special aid in those areas of the country where assistance might change local attitudes. The department could give valuable assistance to local school boards without any additional legislative enactments.

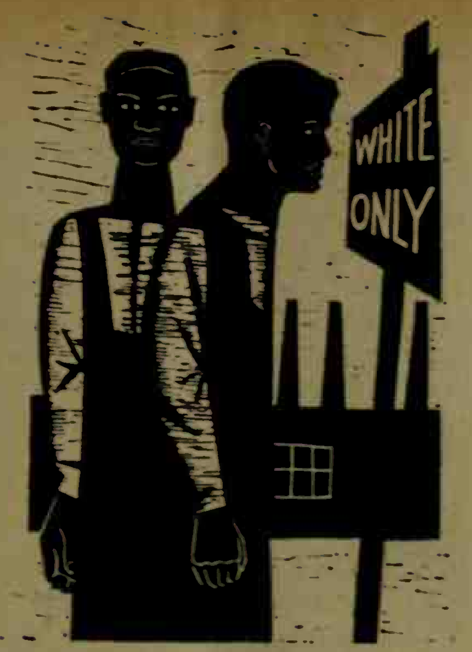
The Department of Agriculture—which doubtless considers civil-rights issues as remote from its purview—could fruitfully reappraise its present operations with a view to taking certain steps that require no new legislative powers. The department could be of tremendous assistance to Negro farmers who are now denied credit simply because of their desire to exercise their citizenship rights. To wipe out this kind of discrimination would be to transform the lives of hundreds of thousands of Negroes on the land. A department zealous to implement democratic ideals might become a source of security and help to struggling farmers rather than a symbol of hostility and discrimination on the federal level.

A Justice Department that is imbued with a will to create justice has vast potential. The employment of powerful court orders, enforced by sizable numbers of federal marshals, would restrain lawless elements now operating with inexcusable license. It should be remembered that in early American history it was the federal marshal who restored law in frontier communities when local authority broke down.

In the opinion of many authorities Executive power, operating through the Attorney General, opens many hitherto untried avenues for Executive action in the field of school desegregation. There are existing laws under which the Attorney General could go into court and become a force in the current school struggles. Atrophy is not alone a medical phenomenon; it has its counterpart in social and political life. Long years of ignoring this area of law and Executive power have led, indeed, to atrophy; nothing is done, nothing is studied, though new situations arise constantly where existing laws could reasonably be utilized.

SPACE WILL NOT permit a spelling out of all the measures by which every federal body could contribute to the enforcement of civil rights. This is the task of a master plan. Nor is it necessary to detail a legislative program, nor to list still unused powers inherent in the Judiciary. Justices J. Skelley Wright and W. A. Bootle in Louisiana and Georgia respectively have given examples of the ability of a single Federal District Judge to handle the unconstitutional maneuverings of state legislatures.

The purpose of this review is to emphasize that a recognition of the potentials of federal power is a primary necessity if the fight for full racial equality is to be won. With it, however, must go another indispensable factor—the recognition by the government of its moral obligation to solve the problem.



A recent visit to India revealed to me the vast opportunities open to a government determined to end discrimination. When it confronted the problem of centuries-old discrimination against the "untouchables," India began its thinking at a point that we have not yet reached. Probing its moral responsibilities, it concluded that the country must atone for the immense injustices imposed upon the untouchables. It therefore made provision not alone for equality, but for special treatment to enable the victims of discrimination to leap the gap from backwardness to competence. Thus, millions of rupees are set aside each year to provide scholarships, financial grants and special employment opportunities for the untouchables. To the argument that this is a new form of discrimination inflicted upon the majority population, the Indian people respond by saying that this is their way of atoning for the injustices and indignities heaped in the past upon their 70 million untouchable brothers.

Although discrimination has not yet been eliminated in India, the atmosphere there differs sharply from that in our country. In India, it is a crime punishable by imprisonment to practice discrimination against an untouchable. But even without this coercion, so successfully has the government made the issue a matter of moral and ethical responsibility that no government figure or political leader on any level would dare defend discriminatory practices. One could wish that we here in the United States had reached this level of morality.

TO COORDINATE the widespread activities on the civil rights front, the President should appoint a Secretary of Integration. The appointee should be of the highest qualifications, free from partisan political obligations, imbued with the conviction that the government of the most powerful nation on earth cannot lack the capacity to accomplish the rapid and complete solution to the problem of racial equality.

These proposals for federal action do not obviate the necessity for the people themselves to act, of course. An Administration of good faith can be strengthened immeasurably by determined popular action. This is the great value of the non-violent direct-action movement that has engulfed the South. On the one hand, it gives large numbers of people a method of securing moral ends through moral means. On the other hand, it gives support and stimulation to all those agencies which have the power to bring about meaningful change. Thousands of courageous students, sitting peacefully at lunch counters, can do more to arouse the Administration to positive action than all of the verbal and written commentaries on governmental laxity put together.

WHEN our government determines to ally itself with those of its citizens who are crusading for their freedom within our borders, and lends the might of its resources creatively and unhesitatingly to the struggle, the blight of discrimination will begin rapidly to fade.

History has thrust upon the present Administration an indescribably important destiny—to complete a process of democratization which our nation has taken far too long to develop, but which is our most powerful weapon for earning world respect and emulation. How we deal with this crucial problem of racial discrimination will determine our moral health as individuals, our political health as a nation, our prestige as a leader of the free world. I can think of few better words for the guidance of the new Administration than those which concluded the 1946 report of the President's Commission on Civil Rights: "The United States is not so strong, the final triumph of the democratic ideal not so inevitable that we can ignore what the world thinks of us or our record." These words are even more apt today than on the day they were written.

WHAT NEXT IN ALGERIA? . .

by Alexander Werth

Tunis, Jan. 22

TO ARRIVE in Tunis from Algeria is like moving from a world of war into a world of peace, from a world of racial hatred to one of friendly racial coexistence. This "most Western of Arab capitals" (containing a high proportion of Europeans and Jews) is living up to its reputation. I had not been in Tunis for four years. The changes (considering Tunisia's limited financial resources) have been spectacular; the old Casbah, the "citadel of French domination," has been razed to the ground; the Medina—the "native" city—is being modernized by a ruthless process of slum-clearance (and never mind about "Oriental picturesqueness"); the cave-dwellers just outside Tunis have been resettled in new houses of a European pattern; old cemeteries have been turned into parks; a vast new university has been completed (largely to take the place of the Moslem University, where nothing very modern was taught); and the city can now boast of a new fleet of several hundred baby-taxis—the cheapest taxis in the world. Beggars and the swarms of ragged shoe-shine waifs have disappeared from the streets; the waifs have been put in Bourguiba homes, where they are given a vocational training and are known as "Bourguiba's children."

Despite some opposition from the more traditional Moslem elements to the mass of new legislation against polygamy, divorce-by-repudiation (a right reserved for men only, of course), the observance of Ramadan ("insofar as this undermines working efficiency"), or to the new laws secularizing education and authorizing birth-control (complete with birth-control information centers and the open sale of contraceptives), Bourguiba continues to be the great national hero.

Bourguiba's foreign policy is not to be too dependent on any one particular country or group of countries (though his pro-Western slant is unmistakable). Nor is he sympathetic to Islamism or pan-Arabism as such; his relations with Nasser remain strained, and so also have been his relations with Morocco since, as a matter of "supreme principle," he recognized the independence of Mauretania. With the Algerian Nationalist government he remains a moderating influence; he has been urging the Algerians not to appeal for Chinese or Russian help unless absolutely necessary.

BUT WHAT today attracts the political observer to Tunis is less the Bourguiba experiment — or even Bourguiba himself — than the fact that Tunis is now not only the capital of Tunisia but also, as it were, the provisional capital of Algeria or, more precisely, of the Algerian Republic. There are Algerian government offices all over Tunis, besides a substantial Algerian population in the country as a whole, including some 150,000 refugees — mostly women, children and old men. Most of these still live in tents or improvised huts in altogether appalling conditions, though thanks to international help and private charity, there is no actual starvation any more.

During these days in Tunis I have had numerous long talks with prominent representatives of the Algerian government, among them MM. Boumendjel and Yahia, who were the two Algerian emissaries who, last summer, went on their tragically abortive mission to Melun, near Paris, to start peace talks with the French. They were telling me with some bitterness how this first open attempt to negotiate a peace, or at least a cease-fire settlement, had been a bad mistake from the start. The only reason why de Gaulle had invited them to France was that his generals in Algeria had told him that the F.L.N. was, militarily, on its last legs, and was ready to capitulate; when the F.L.N. representatives told the French that the Algerian government had no intention whatever of capitulating and asked, instead, that a meeting be arranged between de Gaulle and Ferhat Abbas, the Algerian Premier, they were put on a plane and sent back to Tunis. It was after that that Ferhat Abbas announced that he no longer had any belief in bilateral talks with the French, and placed his faith in the U.N. and—if all else failed—in "internationalization," which implied massive Russian and Chinese aid to the Algerians.

As if to emphasize once again that, if de Gaulle did not play ball, the Algerians would "bring in the East," Ferhat Abbas went off a few days ago on a two-week visit to Egypt, Indonesia and North Vietnam. Even so, the very important communiqué the Algerian government published on January 16, just before Ferhat Abbas' departure (and after several days' deliberation) clearly showed that the line about bilateral talks with France had now changed. Since de Gaulle's referendum victory in France and what was in effect a serious defeat in Algeria [see "Referendum in Algeria: Defiance of Terror," by Alexander Werth, *The Nation*, Jan. 21], the Algerian government is now willing to resume direct talks with de Gaulle; only it is for him to take the first step. As for the U.N., the Algerian government is not too optimistic about its effectiveness, after what has happened in the Congo.

AMONG the Algerian leaders and other representatives, I found the mood ranging from a very cautious optimism to black pessimism. The pessimists are convinced that the war will go on "for years yet." The "cautious optimists" take the line that although de Gaulle had been thinking in terms of setting up a stooge administration in Algeria when he first embarked on his referendum, the "December events" in Algiers, Oran and Bône and, even more so, the boycott of the referendum by all Moslems who were free to do so, had convinced him that a "Bao Dai" solution was not likely to work. De Gaulle had looked in vain for a "Third Force" in Algeria; no responsible leaders like Farès or Ali Mallem or Amrouche (i.e., rela-

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tively pro-French Algerians not directly associated with the F.L.N.), will now agree — so they say — to head a French-controlled "Algerian executive." And the French stooges like Sid Cara—even if they are willing to serve—will simply be assassinated by F.L.N. gunmen (the Algerians in Tunis make no secret of this). They also think it highly significant that most of the Algerians elected to Parliament in the 1958 election under the "*Algérie française*" slogan should now favor negotiations with the F.L.N.

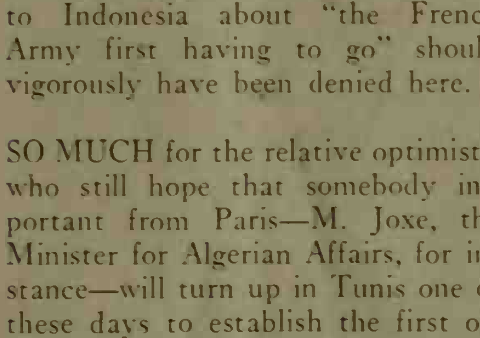
In short, as things are at present, the French (so the Algerians in Tunis maintain) simply cannot trust a vast Moslem administration, most of which would, in any case, be in sympathy with the F.L.N. Therefore, de Gaulle just cannot have an "Algerian Algeria" independently of the F.L.N.; and, on the strength of the referendum results, the F.L.N. claims that it is more than ever the sole authorized representative of the Algerian people—a contention very hard for de Gaulle to challenge.

What then, I asked, should the negotiations be about? The cautious optimists are saying there should be simultaneous negotiations on the cease fire and on the exact conditions in which the self-determination vote is to be taken. They would like the U.N. to supervise the vote, but are aware of de Gaulle's objections to this; so they are even prepared to let the French Army take part in supervising the vote, provided it behaves "strictly neutrally," and does not go beyond maintaining order between the two communities. Altogether, the Algerian government holds that there is a large field on which there is room for compromise: they are prepared to give adequate guarantees to all minorities (especially Europeans and Jews) in the future Algeria; they are not even insisting on the French Army's departing before the self-determination vote—except possibly the "savage" Foreign Legion and the paratroopers; they even hold that the withdrawal of French forces could be spread over a number of years. They are prepared to proclaim an amnesty for all Algerian collaborators (except possibly "war criminals"), to guarantee French interests in respect of the Sahara oil, etc.; in short, they say that there is scope for agreement and compromise on a vast range of subjects. What is more, they (rather convincingly) maintain that *the Algerian government alone has sufficient authority to guarantee that such pledges will be really respected and enforced*. What they are not prepared to consider, however, is partition or any regroupment of populations with partition in view.

It is along these lines that MM. Boumendjel, Yahia and others have talked to me in the last few days. All of them admit that it is in Algeria's interests, as an underdeveloped country, to maintain close economic relations with France; they are not even opposed to France's extending her "economic sphere" to the whole of North Africa, including Morocco and Tunisia. It is significant that the uncompromising statements alleged by the Agence Belga to have been made the other day by Ferhat Abbas in Cairo on his way to Indonesia about "the French Army first having to go" should vigorously have been denied here.

SO MUCH for the relative optimists, who still hope that somebody important from Paris—M. Joxe, the Minister for Algerian Affairs, for instance—will turn up in Tunis one of these days to establish the first official contact between the French and Algerian governments.

But other Algerian representatives are taking a much more pessimistic line. They believe that, under American or possibly American-plus-Russian (Suez model) pressure, de Gaulle might have to yield; but they fear that de Gaulle "has learned nothing from the December events" and will persist in setting up his "temporary institutions" in Algeria in the hope that they may become permanent. Also, they dwell on the "enormous psychological obstacles" in the way of a proper Franco-Algerian reconciliation; the worst of these, they say (apart from all the countless atrocities committed), are the "regroupment camps" into which two million Algerians — mostly women and children — have been herded in the last two years to prevent them from harboring, feeding and giving support to the Algerian guerrillas. Although, they say, there are a few "model camps" for everybody to see, there are over two thousand other camps where Algerian children are "dying like flies." They also say that the French Army is determined to stay on in Algeria so that "no one can start digging up all the corpses." They allege that over a million Algerians, including women and children, have been killed in the course of this war. (On the savagery of certain units of the Foreign Legion I have some evidence with which I shall deal another time.)



Franklin in Toronto Star

The de Gaulle Crawl

In short, the vision of Ferhat Abbas making a triumphal entry into Algiers in 1961—rather in the manner that Bourguiba made his triumphal entry into Tunis on June 1, 1955—seems, somehow, too good to be true. Even the relative optimists in the Algerian government have grave doubts about it.

When I asked President Bourguiba whether he thought the Algerian war would end in 1961, he shrugged his shoulders and said the problem was "maturing"; that both the international situation and the situation inside France were favoring a settlement *through negotiation*, but that there were still forces pulling the other way.

Bourguiba, as already said, is strongly opposed to the Algerian government's appealing to China or Russia for help, except as a last resort; until lately, he was giving de Gaulle the benefit of the doubt, though today he seems much less certain about de Gaulle's real intentions. His hope that M. Joxe would arrive in Tunis almost immediately after the referendum has proved an idle hope so far. If de Gaulle delays talks with the F.L.N., in Bourguiba's view the immediate result can only be an intensification of terrorism inside Algeria. The bombing at Tizi-Ouzou and other places this weekend, with dozens of European casualties, is highly significant in this context.

Bourguiba's biggest hope at the moment is President Kennedy. He is sending his son, Habib Bourguiba, Jr. as Ambassador to Washington; and the story most widely current in Tunis is that Mr. Kennedy recently said that he would look upon Bourguiba, Jr. (and, indirectly, Bourguiba himself) as "his principal adviser on that Algerian problem — which we *must* get out of the way this year."

THE POLEMICS of FLUORIDATION . .

Donald R. McNeil

A DECADE has passed since the U.S. Public Health Service and the American Dental Association endorsed the principle of water fluoridation, and in the succeeding ten years, no public controversy has provoked more invective, exaggerations and outright misstatements of fact than the proposal to reduce dental decay up to 65 per cent by adding one part per million fluoride to a community's water supply.

Ten years ago, scientists saw the horizons of public health suddenly and dramatically pushed outward. Mankind's most widespread affliction, dental decay, was about to be brought under control. The optimism was premature. Instead of sweeping the country and becoming a standard ingredient of the 16,000 public water supplies in the nation, fluoridation has limped slowly forward, with less than 10 per cent of the nation now committed to it. In recent years, the anti-fluoridation forces have increased in strength and, using the popular referendum as their major weapon, have won more battles than they have lost.

The continuing success of the anti-fluoridationists raises several questions regarding the role of science, the scientists and public-health agencies in a democracy. It demonstrates the power of a small, volatile minority which directs its appeal to the emotions of a community. And it poses the question whether community leaders and the medical and dental professions have met their obligations in combating the arguments which are being used to cheat future generations of sound, decayless teeth.

The history of the rise to pre-eminence of the opposition is a frustrating story. In 1945, the U.S. Public Health Service initiated an experiment in Grand Rapids, Michigan, to test the hypothesis that one part per million fluoride added to a communal water supply would reduce the incidence of dental caries (decay) by as much as 65 per cent in children — a staggering accomplishment in view of the fact that an estimated 97 per cent of the American population suffer from bad teeth in one form or another. The cost was estimated at ten cents per person per year.

The Grand Rapids experiment was scheduled to run ten years, but Wisconsin, meanwhile, began agitating for immediate fluoridation of all water supplies. Wisconsin officials waged a two-pronged attack. On the one hand, they campaigned to obtain the endorsement of the national dental, medical and public-health organizations, and on the other they sought to convince every community in the state to begin fluoridating without delay. By 1950, when the U.S. Public Health Service and the American Dental Association approved fluoridation, Wisconsin had fifty communities fluoridating — three times as many as in all other states combined.

In the five years Wisconsin waged the fight alone, it encountered every single argument still being used today. Yet, because in most cases its dental, medical and public-health leaders then worked quietly through the city councils, the controversy was held to a minimum. It is significant that in Wisconsin's first knock-down, drag-out battle at the ballot box in Stevens Point in 1950, the state's officials suffered their first stunning setback.

Beginning in 1951, there was a sudden rush to fluoridation. In 1951, 225 communities adopted the measure; in 1952, 347 more. Prospects for universal fluoridation seemed bright. But by 1953 the opponents had mobilized, and although there has been a gradual increase in the number of people drinking fluoridated water, the movement has lost momentum. The heterogeneous opposition has coalesced on one important point — getting the measure on the ballot. Since then, they have had more than their share of victories.

THERE ARE several thousand anti-fluoridation combatants in the United States, many of whom spend vast amounts of money, time and energy in their war. There is a *National Anti-Fluoridation News* published in Detroit, a National Anti-Fluoridation Committee established in Washington, D.C., and there are several physicians and dentists who roam the country presenting their "expert" views wherever the measure is on the ballot. There is also a sizable number of lay citizens who grind out reams of material quoting the so-called "experts," and send it to the anti-fluoridation committees established to defeat the measure in referenda.

On November 8, last year, fifty communities throughout the country voted on the question; only five, with a total population of 40,000, voted in favor, while forty-five, with a total population of more than a million, were opposed.

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In any community faced with deciding by vote whether to have fluoridated water, citizens can expect a tough campaign. The front for the opposition organization usually is composed of intelligent, conservative, well-meaning physicians and dentists who, after fifteen years of testing, are still waiting for more evidence. Beside them in the battle are intelligent, conservative, well-meaning laymen who listen and quote the advice of their professional advisers. Uniting with these two groups are the Christian Scientists, who see fluoridation as "mass medication" and consequently a violation of their religious beliefs and Constitutional rights, and many health-food enthusiasts. Beyond these four groups there are other elements: "natural scientists" (who for years have been fighting compulsory vaccination, pasteurization and the use of aluminum cookingware); lay pamphleteers who channel the public's interest into tidy profits; anti-Semitic agitators — Gerald L. K. Smith is a prime example—who exploit the opportunity to tie their hate campaigns into a popular controversy, and erstwhile McCarthyites who claim fluoridation is a Communist conspiracy to produce "moronic, atheistic slaves."

The ensuing confusion on the part of the citizenry can be easily understood. The problem is a local one; it involves every member of the community in a personal sense; and many of the antis use emotionalism, prejudice, fabrication, distorted statistics and character assassination. The wild charges slowly and slyly are intertwined with conservative fact and honest caution. The result, more often than not, means defeat for fluoridation.

THE SIGNIFICANCE of the fluoridation fight goes far beyond the importance of improving the teeth of our children. It raises three basic questions regarding the nature of our democracy in the modern age.

Science is taking giant strides in every direction. We are conquering space, providing tremendous technological advances, eliminating diseases, and improving our understanding of the nature of the universe. Yet always in this democracy, science and the scientist, in the last analysis, are subject to the political control of the people.

For example, if the people so decided, we could abandon our probes into outer space, we could halt the flow of moneys to medical research, and we could discontinue our study of the atom. But in making the decisions, the people ought, of course, to use the tools of the scientist—evidence, fact, data, reason, objectivity.

So it is with fluoridation. The people — either in town meeting, council convened, or at the ballot box — have the right to decide the issue. But if the measure is to be decided this way, then both those for and against fluoridation should discuss and argue the case on its merits, not on the wildly distorted claims of uninformed laymen and stubborn, egocentric professional men. It should be fought on the scientist's battleground.

Furthermore, there is the problem of how much factual information a lay citizen can absorb in this modern era. Science leaps ahead at an astounding rate. Scientists themselves carve out special niches in their field and become specialists in a single area; a metallurgical chemist, for example, will be the first one to hesitate in giving an opinion on a professional subject outside his narrow field of study. The ordinary citizen finds it impossible to master the intricacies of the scientific investigations made on any one subject.

It comes down to a question of whether the people retain faith in their scientific experts. But granting the people the right to challenge their experts does not open the door to untruths. And with water fluoridation, no matter what the antis claim, there is not one shred of evidence that it is harmful ("Rat Poison in Your Drinking Water," with skull and crossbones, is the way opponents often present fluoridation in large red and black posters). Moreover, citizens in several hundred communities drank naturally fluoridated water for many years before scientists discovered its efficacy and began adding it in controlled optimum amounts. Still, exaggerated claims and perverted statements and statistics are being used with devastating effectiveness by the antis.

THE SECOND problem raised by the vehement fluoridation campaigns is the latent power of an organized, militant minority willing to resort to the big lie, to distort facts, to lift statements out of context, and to twist the truth to its own ends. Witness this all-encompassing, not-so-laughable statement: Fluoridation is "unpleasant, unnecessary, unscriptural, unnatural, unscientific, unconstitutional, unlicensed, unlawful, unprofitable, unhealthful, unjustifiable, and unpardonable." Add the charges that fluorides slowly perform lobotomies of the brain, that the Russians use fluorides to keep their millions enslaved, that fluoridation is part of the Jewish plot to take over the world, and one wonders why members of the opposition aren't laughed out of court.

But they are not. In many cases the vocal minority succeeds in scaring away citizens who refuse to become involved in a scurrilous, violent campaign. The antis are masters of confusion and obfuscation. They argue that where there is smoke (usually of their own making), there must be fire. They hide behind the Constitution (although the U.S. Supreme Court and five state Supreme Courts have in effect declared fluoridation Constitutional). They plead caution and conservatism to the honestly doubtful and they are quick to plunge the needle of prejudice into a sensitive nerve.

The third question raised by the fluoridation controversy is to what extent professional men should concern themselves in combating the forces arrayed against a measure approved by practically every national scientific, engineering and educational organization in the country. Citizens usually look to their local physicians and dentists for leadership, but in too many cases they find either a staggering indifference or an extreme reluctance to throw themselves into the political arena. Too often the dentists and physicians are content to "supply information," and let their lay friends bear the brunt of the battle.

This ivory tower attitude stems

in part from the decision of the American Dental Association and the American Medical Association to stop short of decisive action. In the beginning, the ADA regarded fluoridation fights as a good public relations method of injecting the local dentist into the life of his community. But after a few vicious fights, the national organization withdrew. The policy now is to "educate," to provide information and to let the lay leaders mix it up with the fluoridation opponents. The number of times fluoridation has won at the polls is almost in direct proportion to the times that local dentists and physicians have taken a personal part in the campaign, that they have taken the time and trouble to bury the half-truths, exaggerations and bold-faced lies of the antis under an avalanche of smashing statistics and facts.

Certainly the people have a right to vote on fluoridation, but professional men and women aided, and sometimes led, by intelligent lay leaders have the responsibility to fight the innuendoes, answer the untruths and, still within the boundaries of dignity and good taste, bring the campaign out of the wilderness of emotionalism to the civilized world of calm reason, intelligent appraisal and sensible conclusion.

Health Care for the Aged (Progress Report) . . *Gerald Krefetz*

THE ISSUE of health insurance for the aged promises an early test for the Kennedy Administration. Both the National Conference on Aging and a new White House special task force on health recommended that medical insurance for the aged be financed through a Social Security tax. But resistance still flourishes, led by the American Medical Association, insurance companies, *The Wall Street Journal*, et al.

Two years ago President Eisenhower called for a nation-wide assembly to discuss the problems of geriatrics. The conference met in Washington January 9-12. Mr. Eisenhower addressed the group. Although he avoided stating his position on medical care, most of his listeners were aware that he was dead set against using the Social Security apparatus for the purpose. "I have been against compulsory insurance as a very definite step in socialized medicine," he has said.

Consequently, the conference was a disappointment to Eisenhower when it finally recommended medical care for the aged under the Social Security system. Nor, one imagines, was the then President overjoyed when two previous members of his Administration also endorsed this approach: Marion B. Folsom, former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and Charles I. Schottland, former Social Security Administrator.

The last Congress passed a belated health measure that smelled of political expediency. Goaded by election-year considerations, the Republicans defeated a Kennedy-Anderson proposal that was based on Social Security, and enacted instead a program authorizing the national government to extend matching funds to states willing to participate. Under this law, 2,400,000 persons already receiving some form of state old-age assistance benefit by an additional $12 monthly, and an additional million individuals, not state beneficiaries, were expected to receive federal medical assistance. The estimated cost of the program was $200 million a year.

Though the legislation was signed on October 1, 1960, only a half-dozen states, at last count, have so far decided to participate. Many states are reluctant or incapable of providing the necessary funds. But even if every state cooperated, the vast majority of the 16 million Americans sixty-five or over would still be unprotected, since the Eisenhower measure is based on a "needs" test. The needs test, which amounts to a secular vow of poverty, is such a demeaning requirement, psychologically, that it could not have been better calculated to dissuade the public from availing itself of the help offered.

THOUGH thirty-three nations furnish medical care for the elderly on a national basis, up to last summer the United States did not. Whether we can now claim to have joined their number seems dubious.

Last year the Senate Subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging, led by Senator Pat McNamara (D., Mich.), revealed some startling figures gathered from the *Statistical Abstract of the U. S.* America, dedicated to youth and riches, was rapidly becoming older—and definitely poorer. Already 8.7 per cent of the population was over sixty-five, compared to only 4 per cent at the beginning of the century. By 1975, probably one American in ten will be over sixty-five. So much for what medicine has done to check the death rate. (Ironically—perhaps significantly—the medical profession does not consider geriatrics as a medical specialty.)

What our senior citizens live on makes for grim reading. Their median income is about $966; only 15 per cent have incomes over $2,000, 4 per cent over $5,000 and less than 1 per cent $10,000 or more. Naturally, the type of medical protection these wages afford is something less than minimal. Nevertheless, two sociologists, J. W. Wiggins and H. Schoeck of Emory University, concluded last summer that the elderly are able and willing to finance their own medical care and emphatically did not want federal "interference." This report was widely touted by Dr. Leonard W. Larson, president-elect of the AMA, and by *The Wall Street Journal*. But the co-organizer and nine of the sixteen members of the Wiggins-Schoeck project sensed

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that the report had passed the point of credulity and withdrew their support of it.

Senator McNamara's subcommittee report effectively discredits the Wiggins-Schoeck findings. More than one-third of the aged have no "nest egg or liquid assets" of any kind. While 40 per cent of those over sixty-five have some form of hospital insurance, the coverage is usually rather limited and benefits are invariably inadequate for prolonged or serious illness (after which the ordinary commercial policy is often voided). Cooperative health plans are better than commercial insurance in some of these respects, but after sixty-five eligibility is limited and the continual rise in premiums (about 5 per cent a year) tends to make the cost prohibitive. The result: Only 21 per cent of the elderly with incomes of $1,200 or less (a category which constitutes a majority of all the aged) have any hospital insurance at all.

Moreover, the real threat to the aged—one that neither commercial nor the group type of insurance adequately compensates—is the high cost of drugs and the increased need for medical, dental and nursing care.

THE RELUCTANCE of the Eisenhower Administration to approve any form of medical care stemmed from the pious hope that commercial insurance companies would fill the need. Indeed, for a while the rapid growth of major medical insurance, since its inception in 1949, offered some promise. Hospital insurance is still growing quickly; at the end of 1960, 132 million persons were covered in some fashion. For obvious actuarial reasons the aged are still uncovered (and to some degrees uncoverable) by commercial insurance at rates they can afford. Though a recent study enumerated some 1,200 organizations in the health-insurance field, only 288 of them have provisions for persons sixty-five years of age or over.

The need for federal action is now clear to both Democrats and Republicans. Clear too is the morally degrading effects of, and the lack of state enthusiasm for, Eisenhower's stop-gap legislation of last summer—not to speak of its insufficient coverage. Whether the New Frontier will succeed in passing any new legislation is still problematic, despite the recommendations of the Conference on Aging and the special task force under Wilber Cohen of Michigan University.

The plan advanced by the task force envisages the coverage of 14.5 million persons (eligibility would be sixty-five for men and sixty-two for women) for the following benefits: in-patient hospital services, out-patient diagnostic services and nursing and home health services. Both this plan and the Kennedy-Anderson proposal, which failed of passage last summer, call for financing through an increase of the Social Security tax by half a percentage point, to be equally split between employer and employee. Anticipating the thunder on the Right, the task force went out of its way to state that "there would be no supervision or control over the practice of medicine," and "in no way will any . . . provisions [of the recommended legislation] socialize medical care."

The AMA, of course, remains unimpressed by the task-force report, even though it in no way proposes to alter doctor-patient relationships, to affect choice of physicians or to subsidize the general practioner with government funds. But logic has never been the forte of the AMA. Having earlier rejected outright every attempt to legislate medical care for the aged, the organization now sees the inept and unworkable Eisenhower legislation as a "historic milestone" which "in the opinion of the overwhelming majority of the physicians of America . . . is an excellent law which can and will work and deserves every opportunity to do so."

Individually, physicians are more sympathetic to the problems of the elderly than they are collectively. (A recent poll published by *Medical Economics*—the most widely read medical journal—indicated that physicians were more troubled by "socialistic trends in the United States" than by any other problem.) Slightly more sophisticated medical thinking recognizes the dilemma of the aged, but insists that any solution "should have the respect of those whom it will affect." Presumably, the 16 million elderly will not respect health insurance to which they contribute during their working years through Social Security, but would respect doles and old-age assistance programs based on a needs test.

CONSERVATIVES generally, as well as insurance companies, continue to oppose the Social Security plan. If the government steps in for the aged, what's to prevent it from expanding its activities—say to provide medical care for everyone? *The Wall Street Journal* warns that "each step on the welfare road can be considered 'logical' only if we are prepared to go the whole journey." There is, of course, no easy answer to this argument. But it does seem odd that insurance companies do not welcome government insurance for the elderly, which delivers them from an onerous, unprofitable task.

A program under Social Security can be reckoned as neither excessively expensive nor economically unsound. The task force estimated that its program would cost about $270 million—only $70 million more than Eisenhower was willing to spend on his grant-in-aids to the states.

The Forand Bill [see "Health Insurance for the Aged: Which Bill Is Best?" by Leo J. Linder, *The Nation*, May 28, 1960], a Social Security plan very similar to the Kennedy-Anderson measure, the proposals of the Conference on Aging, and the recommendations of the task force all had rough sledding last year in the House Ways and Means Committee. After four months of heated hearings, the Forand measure was shelved by a 2 to 1 vote. The Senate subcommittee on Problems of the Aged and Aging likewise has only one McNamara to every two Dirksens and Goldwaters.

The Democratic platform pledges: "We shall provide medical care benefits for the aged as part of the time-tested Social Security insurance system. We reject any proposal which would require such citizens to submit to the indignity of a means test —a 'pauper's oath.'" Will the new President be able to redeem this pledge?

BOOKS and the ARTS

Beyond Logic

THE ORPHIC VOICE. Poetry and Natural History. By Elizabeth Sewell. Yale University Press. 463 pp. $7.50.

George Steiner

AT RARE intervals there appear books whose intrinsic weight or singularity of vision seems to draw them down into a well of silence. Reviewers fail to deal with them at all or pass over them with perfunctory uneasiness. Yet such books have in them a force of life that will not be denied. They make their way, as if below ground, exercising a spell and influence which are the more lasting for being oblique. Before too long that part of the inner landscape to which the book addresses itself will have been subtly altered. And looking back, the reader asks himself: how could critics and reviewers have failed to grasp the importance of the work when it first appeared?

This has been the case with Robert Graves's *The White Goddess*, that riddling and whimsical grammar of inspiration. Working beneath the skin, it has exasperated our awareness into a new vision of how poetry comes into being. Even its detractors must take it into acrimonious account. This will be the case also with Elizabeth Sewell's *The Orphic Voice*. It is a difficult, maddening book, yet acts upon the imagination with undeniable power.

Like *The White Goddess*, it is a book by a poet for poets. But anyone concerned with language, with the nature of imagination and myth, indeed with the essential proceedings of thought and organic life, will ignore it at his peril. Being itself a kind of sustained argumentative poetry, *The Orphic Voice* exacts from the reader constancy of attention and a willingness to be guided into a world whose perspectives are novel and often out of focus with those of our habitual sight. For, no less than Orpheus descending into darkness, Miss Sewell is trying to cross the bounds which we ordinarily prescribe between poetry and science, between myth and fact, between mind and body.

The initial difficulty is one of definition. Like Adam in the garden, Miss Sewell is giving new names to the shapes which inhabit our imaginative lives. The key term is that notoriously complex word "myth": for Miss Sewell, myth is "the activity between mind and language whereby the mind invents new models and methods to understand new things." Mythology is not merely classic fable: it is the inclusive configuration of understanding and action whereby the human intellect, via the miraculous bridge of language, reaches and commands reality. Orpheus, in his threefold performance, as the poet who subdues animate nature, whose poetic powers overcome the gates of death, and who is finally torn to pieces by the Maenads, represents and enacts the role of poetry in the world. It is "the poetic and metaphoric powers of language operating on the mind" that make possible the contact between the life of thought and the life of organic being.

ORPHEUS casting the spell of music over rocks, trees and wild beasts embodies Miss Sewell's primary argument: the relationship of poetry to our apprehension of the mineral, vegetable and animal world. Her entire book is a plea for a mode of understanding ("an inclusive mythology") in which poetry and natural science will be recognized as interacting parts of a larger unity. She would have us reject the antitheses that have ruled the Western intellectual tradition over the past three hundred years: "the antitheses on which all this thinking and activity is grounded, science and poetry, analysis and synthesis, mathematics and words, are not antithesis at all. Science cannot be set against poetry because they are structurally similar activities. . . . Mathematics cannot be set against words because each is an instrument for myth in the mind." In both, the act of discovery "is a mythological situation in which the mind unites with a figure of its own devising as a means toward understanding the world."

It is biology with which Miss Sewell is most nearly concerned. Biology "needs poetry rather than mathematics or language-as-science to think with." Only poetry, language in a condition of myth-creating metaphor, can devise an instrument suitable to the elements of "change, process, organisms, and life" with which biology must deal. Living things can be dealt with in their organic relationships only "by means of words," and it is the task of poetry to give to words the necessary scope and power. Man himself, moreover, is incarnate in the miracle of language. It is his instrument and mode of being. Man is, as Goethe says in a cryptic, beautiful aphorism, the "first speech that Nature holds with God."

THE MAJOR portion of *The Orphic Voice* is a study of those poets, philosophers and natural scientists whose conception of poetry and thought belongs in the tradition of organic totality that Miss Sewell is seeking to revive. The list is entrancing: Bacon, Shakespeare, Erasmus Darwin, Vico, Linnaeus, Goethe, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Herder, Shelley, Victor Hugo, Renan, Emerson and Rilke. In each, Miss Sewell follows up, with an erudition at once formidable and pixyish, the references to Orpheus. Where Orpheus appears, the doctrine of the unity of poetry and science and the belief in the truth-discovering function of myth soon follow. Thus we see set against the dominant tradition of Cartesian rationalism a covert lineage of great minds endeavoring to establish that all-embracing image of reality which Bacon called *Novum Organum*, which Vico designated as *Scienza nuova*, and Mallarmé described simply as "*Le Livre . . . l'explication orphique de la terre.*"

If it contained nothing but this part of literary and historical criticism, this chronicle of a specific vision, *The Orphic Voice* would be invaluable. Miss Sewell is an admirable reader. Her quotations from Bacon show that he was indeed the poet Coleridge and Shelley discerned in him. Her treatment of Erasmus Darwin, the rhapsodist of broccoli, is a sheer delight, and no more glowing reading has ever been offered of the meditations on consciousness and vitalism in Wordsworth's *Prelude*. Continually, Miss Sewell arrests one by seeing with a kind of cunning simplicity what one should have seen long ago. She observes, for example, that under "Bottom" the *Oxford English Dictionary* cites Ralegh: "he received from Ariadne a bottom of thread." She goes on: "It is interesting that the word 'bottom' should have a peculiar right of entry into the story of Theseus and Ariadne." In *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Theseus is a leading personage and Ariadne is referred to: "Is Bottom the weaver

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GEORGE STEINER, a free-lance writer, is the author of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky *(Knopf). His* The Death of Tragedy *(Knopf) will be published in March.*

the 'clew' to this play?" asks Miss Sewell, punning in a profoundly illuminating way on the technical meaning, bottom=clew on which to wind thread.

A book of a poet moving among Orphic poetry. But more also. It is a philosophic argument toward an inclusive, plastic, organic world view, conjoining poetry and biology in a mythology of life. Through such conjunction (a word crucial both to the life process and to grammar), we arrive at what Miss Sewell calls "postlogic"—"a way of using mind and body to build up dynamic structures (never fixed or abstract patterns) by which the human organism sets itself in relation to the universe and allows each side to interpret the other."

Although there are elements of a similar vision in Whitehead, Polanyi, Jung, Aldous Huxley and Teilhard de Chardin, Miss Sewell is going boldly against the present tide. Our sciences are divided from one another in modest minuteness. Our humanities seek refuge in the historical or linguistic fact. On the rim of her argument flash the unsteady marsh lights of mysticism. And it is a grave failing in this book that Miss Sewell gives no precise example of "postlogic" at work, either in some sphere of contemporary science or in the vital matter of political conduct.

But nevertheless, *The Orphic Voice* will be heard. As one lays down the book, the intricate argument and the evidence offered by Miss Sewell's own poems, begin resounding inside one like remembered music. It is a great work.

The Man Who Lives Myth

CAN THESE BONES LIVE. By Edward Dahlberg. Preface by Sir Herbert Read. New Directions. 179 pp. $4.75.

Paul Carroll

IN A literary scene hag-ridden by famous alexandrine critics and their drones, and by four-square, no-nonsense authors, the books of Edward Dahlberg have, these past twenty-five years, been an embarrassing anomaly. They are earmarked by genius, obviously, but skeletons best kept in the closet and away from the classroom, writers' workshops, and fat-cat literary prizes. Even when critics admire Dahlberg, they frequently work more harm than good. They praise Dahlberg's prose for being vatic or Elizabethan and thus, by suggesting that his style is archaic and literary, damn the work and scare readers away. This attitude only obfuscates what Dahlberg really is: our only mythological poet.

When it comes to myth, everybody gets into the act — from the academic parlor game of "pin-the-appropriate-myth-on-the-tail-of-the-contemporary-experience" to the adoption of Moloch and the Lotus of Buddah by the Beat. Even so, Dahlberg pleases nobody. He does not *use* myth; he lives it. Myth is as natural to Dahlberg's sensibility as air, earth, water and fire. He has never forgotten, God help him, why Adam said, "I was naked: and I hid."

Can These Bones Live is a beautiful, disturbing example. This book of critical essays (first published in 1941; now made available again by New Directions, and in a handsome, revised edition with brooding drawings by James Kearns) is the best antibiotic I know for both the tidy-judicious and the wild-and-woolly uses of myth that plague us.

The eight essays center upon one brutal intuition: American literature is the Domesday Book of a people who have abnegated their humanity. Most of the book discusses the classical American authors, from Poe to Randolph Bourne, that Thersites of our political conscience; but the key to the intuition is found in the section, "The Cross and the Windmills," a brilliant playing-off of Jesus the Bride against Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. American literature, as Dahlberg argues, is one long, insane epithalamium to the Puritan Christ — the Logos stripped of skin, bone, hair, anus, guts and genitals. Quixote and Sancho, on the other hand, for all their absurdity, chaos and failure of communion, are the true image of what it means to be human: spirit and bone.

It took an Englishman, D. H. Lawrence, to show us what the classics of our literature were all about. And like Lawrence, Dahlberg delineates the Puritan nightmare, its incest, paranoia, homosexuality, violence and masochism. But Dahlberg brings the nightmare up to date. In Hemingway, Faulkner and the proletarian novelists, he finds only the other side of a bad coin. Either they write merely of "the kidney, the prostate gland and the intestinal tract," or they describe no more than the drama of Bread. These new classics resurrect the body the Puritans tried to bury; but, lost in flesh, their ignorance and denial of spirit make Dahlberg rage.

Dahlberg's thesis is hardly original, and may suffer a bit from being too univocal. But that is not the point. *Can These Bones Live* is a vision, and the ingredients of visions are never "original," as the Greek tragic poets and the medieval mystics show. In fact, the less original they are, the better. A great vision is the embodying — in the facts of one's life, or in history, or, as here, in the books of a people — of a myth given existence and sanction by human use.

Can These Bones Live reveals Whitman, for example, as "the pioneer Cosmos, before him nothing," Poe "the Adamic Evil," Moby Dick "the allegory of the disincarnate Ahab seeking after his own flesh"; and at the other end of time, the Whore of Babylon is Henry Adams' Machine "that has taken us far underground, where we wander over flowerless and treeless plains of macadam." Here is a vision embodied: a reliving of the myth of Genesis, the Fall, and Apocalypse. Smack in the center of the vision stands the fantastic, human, miraculous figure whom cripped American literature has never produced: the whole man, Don Quixote with "windmills in the brain," and Sancho, all good belly and groin.

DAHLBERG'S vision ends in a psychotic labyrinth. Two possible exits—salvation through the love of woman or fulfillment in the state — are revealed as only frustrating, fake paths back into the labyrinth of man's failure to realize his humanity. Prime examples of our sexual sickness are found in Shakespeare and Dostoevsky. Then Dahlberg blocks the exit for good with a passage from Tolstoy: "Man survives earthquakes epidemics, the horrors of disease, and all the agonies of the soul, but for all time his most tormenting tragedy has been, is, and will be — the tragedy of the bedroom." The myth of the State as Father is worse. Dahlberg sees any state — Hitler's Germany, Stalin's Russia, Franklin D. Roosevelt's United States — as a modern embodiment of man's old craving for a god, superstition, blood sacrifice, annihilation. *Can These Bones Live* ends then in a lamentation for the human condition. Dahlberg's vision is the vision of tragic poetry.

In Edward Dahlberg we have a classic on our own back porch. But one reads him at one's peril. His books ask nothing less than Cardinal Newman's motto: *cor ad cor loquitor*, "heart speaketh to heart."

PAUL CARROLL is editor of Big Table, *in recent issues of which have appeared several chapters from Edward Dahlberg's forthcoming autobiography,* Because I Was Flesh *(New Directions).*

The Quixotic Crusade

HENRY A. WALLACE: Quixotic Crusade 1948. By Karl M. Schmidt. Syracuse University Press. 362 pp. $5.50.

Peter Bachrach

ALL BUT the most tough-minded liberals should leave this book alone, for the memory of Henry Wallace's third party episode is extremely painful. Especially is this true for those who recently cast their ballot for the Democratic candidate with full realization that their man, although a shade superior to his Republican opponent, was hellbent on accelerating the arms race. If liberals had little choice in 1960, did they have a significantly greater one in the 1948 election when the alternative was between Truman, who stood squarely behind the containment policy, and Wallace, the candidate of a pathetic and isolated group of left-wingers? Perhaps the lesson to be drawn from the two periods is that liberals have no real choice, nor can they engage in effective political action as long as the nation is gripped by cold war. But Karl Schmidt, Associate Professor of Political Science at Syracuse University, would, I believe, reject this conclusion as being unduly pessimistic.

Henry A. Wallace: Quixotic Crusade 1948 is a discerning and scholarly study of the rise and fall of the Progressive Party. It begins with an analysis of the schism within the Democratic Party which in 1944 led to the rejection of Wallace as Roosevelt's running mate on the Democratic ticket. Although Wallace was by-passed for a more acceptable figure, he significantly had the support of four key groups: New Deal intellectuals, top CIO officers, Negro leaders and a small group of professional politicians. In addition, he was supported by the Communist Party. If Wallace could have held his liberal supporters during the course of the next few years, the people, as Henry Wallace so deeply wished, would have had a choice in the election of 1948. In actuality, however, once the Progressive Party was launched, liberal support rapidly evaporated, leaving only the Communist Party fully intact and firmly behind Wallace's campaign. Although the Communists eventually dominated the third party, Professor Schmidt points out that at no time "during the formative period of the party's activities did the Communists attain a leading position. They were fully involved from the outset, but the evidence does not bear out the "reasoning" of the press and the ADA: "Communist presence, hence Communist control." Schmidt's central thesis is that if the liberals had been less absorbed with the Communist issue and more with formulating an alternative to Truman's foreign policy, the Communists at no point would have had an opportunity to control the new party. In Rexford Tugwell's words: "If there had been a flood of Progressives [to the party]—energetic, determined, dedicated—where would the Communists, about whom we hear so much, have been? . . . The reason Communist workers were so prominent to the Wallace campaign was that the Progressives were . . . sitting it out; wringing their hands, and wailing." In addition to the natural timidity of liberals, the press, according to the author, had no small hand in keeping moderates out of the party. The emphasis of the press on the prowess of the Communists "became the bogey that had a greater influence on the destiny of the Progressive Party than did the actual presence of the Communist Party members."

PROFESSOR SCHMIDT sympathizes with the "Quixotic Crusader," but he is by no means uncritical. Wallace's deeply religious, idealistic traits are fully brought out, but as the subtitle suggests, his naïveté and overwhelming soft-headedness are also made clear. Wallace was completely in character, for example, in his refusal to disavow Communist support. Such an act of intolerance, he observed, would have violated his "fundamental integrity."

Although Schmidt admires the moral stature of Wallace, he does wonder whether the party would have fared better if it had disavowed both Communist support and red-baiting. I doubt whether this would have made a substantial difference. Even if Wallace had been a hard-headed politician and had kept the Communists out, the large majority of trade union and liberal leaders still would not have joined. The real fact is that they were not in basic disagreement with Truman's foreign policy. Certainly the ADA was not, nor was Philip Murray, Sidney Hillman or their colleagues. The Communist bogey was undeniably a stumbling block to the success of the third party, but more basic was the lack of widespread dissent on issues of peace and war.

The *idea* of a third party founded upon a fundamental departure in foreign policy in a Tocquevillian America in the midst of a cold war was, if not lunatic, at best, quixotic. A third party, dissenting sharply on foreign policy, can survive as a significant force only when the distinction between dissent and treason is widely understood. This distinction obviously was not understood in 1948, nor is it now.

PETER BACHRACH, author of Problems in Freedom, *teaches political science at Bryn Mawr College.*

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Silver Jubilee

ON JULY 30, 1936, Penguin Books offered its first ten titles at sixpence each. Those ten have increased to 3,200, with about 1,200 in print, and well over 13 million copies sold in 1959. *Penguins Progress 1935-1960* (Penguin, 85c) celebrates with good reason. Penguin is the bellwether of the paperbacks, and the current *Paperbound Books in Print* lists 11,000 titles in nearly 200 series which sell a million copies a day.

Penguin began purely as a reprint series for recent work—Hemingway, Maurois and Dorothy Sayers were among the inaugural authors—but within a year Allen Lane, the founder, published the first of a distinguished series of Originals, G. D. H. Cole's *Practical Economics;* then in 1937, the first Special, *Germany Puts the Clock Back*. Afterward came color-illustrated King Penguins, reference books, Puffins for children, classics, music scores, modern painters, four periodicals including forty fruitful numbers of *Penguin New Writing*, an illustrated series on Buildings of England and the lavish hardbound *Pelican History of Art*. The biggest splash by Penguin came in 1946, with the simultaneous release of a million copies of G. B. Shaw, 100,000 each of ten titles.

PENGUIN has proved out in this way the feasibility of nearly every type of paperback published in English and has carried on with a unique combination of enterprise, imagination, decorum and literary morality. Thus, fresh new translations have flourished under many imprints because E. V. Rieu's *Odyssey*, Dorothy Sayers' *Divine Comedy*, Nevill Coghill's *Canterbury Tales* and David Magarshack's Dostoevsky had a properly contemporary voice. The influence has been equally good on recent work in English, though copyright restrictions obscure it in this country.

In the production and design of Penguins Hans Schmoller's work is brilliant and unobtrusive. Typography is legible, appropriate and beautiful. Series designed for permanence use flexible, opaque paper which allows them to open well. Few pocket-size series are as well made, though most American covers are sturdier. Stiff, conventional book stock has made some of our full-size octavos crack at the spine but, as examples, Dover, Grove (Evergreen), Noonday and some university presses, notably Michigan, have consistently applied good design in "quality" series. Princeton and others use paper covers for second or third printings of isolated titles, as with Northrop Frye's exceptionally handsome *Fearful Symmetry*.

Many buyers pass up paperbacks like Frye's, which sells at $2.95. They forget what costs are involved. Discounts, royalty payments and promotion commonly take up to 60 per cent of the retail price, and the publisher is left with something like $1.35 out of $2.95 for editing, production and overhead. This leaves slim pickings indeed, and long press runs help very little once they pass 10,000. The fact is that paperbacks are almost incredible bargains.

Many titles on newsstands are as ephemeral as magazines, but Penguin keeps 1,200 titles in print. These are the company's bread and butter. They also represent a staggering commitment equivalent to keeping each book in print for a decade. For each book there has been a new decision, and here are ten decisions a month for ten years by which the company lives or dies. This takes faith, judgment and enterprise, and it deserves all the honors done Sir Allen Lane, his associates at Penguin and their competitors.

Criticism

Art and Technics by Lewis Mumford (Columbia, $1.25). Eloquently argues the primacy of a personalized, humanizing art over technics; the core of Mr. Mumford's thought in the Bampton Lectures of 1951.

Literature and Revolution by Leon Trotsky (Michigan, $1.85). A history, criticism and rationale of literature before and shortly after the October Revolution; a scintillating mixture of scorn, perception, humanity and dogma. The chapter on "Communist Policy Toward Art" is specially helpful in explaining alternate freezes and thaws.

Some Versions of Pastoral (sometimes *English Pastoral Poetry*) by William Empson (New Directions, $1.35). Searching investigation of primitive symbol and myth surviving in covert layers of meaning in proletarian literature, *Paradise Lost* and other work not normally classed as pastoral.

Also: *Albert Camus and the Literature of Revolt* by John Cruikshank (Oxford, $1.50), with Cruikshank's Tribute before the Institut Francais, London, January 19, 1960. *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* by Frank Budgen (Indiana, $1.95), combining memoir and analysis. *T. S. Eliot's Poetry and Plays: A Study in Sources and Meaning* by Grover Smith (Chicago, $2.45), with a new chapter on *The Elder Statesman*.

Theatre

Seven Plays by Michel de Ghelderode, introduction by George Hauger (Hill & Wang, $1.95). Not for an evening's relaxation, but stimulating and sometimes shocking; the prefatory "Ostend Interviews" clarified Ghelderode's concept of the artist in society.

Chekhov the Dramatist by David Magarshack (Hill & Wang, $1.45). Close analysis of Chekhov's plays and his techniques, offering reinterpretations directed chiefly at producers and actors.

The Poet in the Theatre by Ronald Peacock (Hill & Wang, $1.45). Essays on poetic form and matter in drama, chiefly from Grillparzer and Hebbel to Eliot but omitting Lorca and the French; new chapters on Goethe and Büchner.

Also: *4 Modern French Comedies*, introduction by Wallace Fowlie (Capricorn, $1.35; cloth, $2.50). *Brand* (Anchor, 95c) and *When We Dead Awaken and Three Other Plays* by Henrik Ibsen (Anchor, $1.45), new translations by Michael Meyer. *Seven Plays* by August Strindberg (Bantam, 75c) and *Five Plays of Strindberg* (Anchor, $1.45), new translations of eleven titles spanning thirty years.

Miscellaneous

What Is Cybernetics? by G. T. Guilbaud (Evergreen, $1.45). Lucid, authoritative, non-mathematical treatment of control systems, signals and messages and other features of this new "crossroads" of the sciences and technology.

Minds and Machines by W. Sluckin (Penguin, 95c). Explores definitions of feedback and thinking for the layman with little technical knowledge and describes several machines capable of some activities described as thinking.

History of the Islamic Peoples by Carl Brockelmann (Putnam, $1.95). Sound, readable, most comprehensive account in paper covers, with helpful

Karl Jaspers

The Future of Mankind

HANS J. MORGENTHAU has said of this book: "This is indeed a work of major importance. It is, as far as I know, the only systematic attempt to integrate the fact of atomic power into a philosophic system, providing an over-all view of the human condition, and to draw radical philosophic, moral and political conclusions from that fact. This is indeed a formidable undertaking, and the achievement is most impressive." $5.95

UNIVERSITY OF *Chicago* PRESS

On The INNER LIMIT of CAPITALISM

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The Arabs in History by Bernard Lewis (Harper, $1.35). Able, convenient short history including establishment of the United Arab Republic, 1958.

The Sicilian Vespers: A History of the Mediterranean World in the Later Thirteenth Century by Steven Runciman (Penguin, $1.45). A superb narrative of the intrigues and wars aimed at subjecting Constantinople and the Eastern Empire to Angevin Charles I and the Eastern Church to the Pope; the evening slaughter of Charles's supporters in Palermo set off the disasters which thwarted both hopes.

Fiction Package

Chin P'ing Mei: The Adventurous History of Hsi Men and His Six Wives (Capricorn, $2.45). *Adventures in the Skin Trade* by Dylan Thomas (Signet, 50c). *A Single Pebble* by John Hersey (Bantam, 35c). *Hawaii* by James Michener (Bantam, 95c). *The History of Mr. Polly* (Riverside, $1.25) and *Tono-Bungay* by H. G. Wells (Signet, 50c). *Erewhon* by Samuel Butler (Signet, 50c). *Mistress Masham's Repose* by T. H. White (Capricorn, $1.35). *McTeague* by Frank Norris (Premier, 50c).

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The New Augustan Age

Lincoln Kirstein

Washington, D.C.

NOW HEAR this, men! Now hear this:

> During our forthcoming Administration we hope to effect a productive relationship with our writers, artists, composers, philosophers, scientists and heads of cultural institutions. As a beginning, in recognition of their importance, may we extend you our most cordial invitation to attend the inauguration ceremonies in Washington on January 19 and 20. Reservations for inaugural concert, parade, ball are held for you. Room accommodations and hospitality will be arranged for you by a special subcommittee. RSVP which events desired and what accommodations needed by telegraphing K. Halle, 3001 Dent Place, N. W., Washington.
>
> Sincerely,
>
> President-elect and Mrs. Kennedy

I was awakened at dawn, Monday, January 16, 1961, when this command was delivered, as it was to some 140 other artists, musicians, writers, scientists, educators and theologians, including Igor Stravinsky, Roger Sessions, Arthur Miller, Samuel Barber, Mark Rothko, Franz Kline, Tennessee Williams, Paul Tillich, Reinhold Niebuhr, John Steinbeck, John Hersey, Robert Lowell. Hemingway couldn't make it; Stravinsky was in Hollywood. Auden called me; he always knows in advance who gets what. The railroad strike was threatening to spread to the Pennsylvania. I asked him if he wanted to go under any conditions. He said this was not an invitation but a command; if they had made the effort, we should. If we couldn't get alternate bus or plane transportation, we would drive. Snow had been promised a year ahead, in the *Farmer's Almanac*. We would leave at 6 A.M.

The last time we had had to drive together was in May, 1944. He had, as my sergeant described him, the stimulated rank of major, and was in Munich to interrogate Pastor Niemüller as to whether the German people minded more being bombed by the Americans or the British. Today, we took a train. In Georgetown, the street where we were going was cut off by television trucks and cops. Mr. Kennedy was visiting a friend, Mr. William Walton, a young painter (some years earlier, he quit as a foreign correspondent of *Time* from chagrin at the editing of his copy) who had done much to organize the campaign in New York. It was beginning to snow, and hard. Tickets had to be picked up from Miss Kay Halle, a beautiful and distinguished Democratic lady who has long lived in Washington. She it was who, a month earlier, had the original notion of inviting the intellectuals to the inauguration, but it had taken until now to reach the proper echelons of party organization. The euphoric telegrams were issued by a local impresario, Mr. Robert Richman, who, from his business of arranging lecture dates for intellectuals, knew one and all.

Mr. John Hersey looked a bit dashed when he picked up his tickets for the concert and found that they cost $50. It was lucky he had fifty bucks on him; he and his wife had driven down in the storm, leaving a new baby with a babysitter. With the concert tickets (benefit of the Democratic National Committee's deficit), one drew excellent grandstand seats for the inaugural parade, and a pale blue, square lapel-card which guaranteed "Preferred Standing Room" for the inauguration ceremony itself. There was a bit of confusion about the inaugural ball. Replicas of the official engraved invitation had been issued to loyal party workers in some numbers; these, thinking no ill, assumed they had been given bona fide invitations and responded in hordes. So there was not one but five separate and distinct inaugural balls for the Kennedys to attend.

The Walter Lippmanns decided that, since the artists, scientists and theologians had been asked, it would be nice if somebody 'did something about them in a human way; so on short notice, in the midst of a busy life, they threw an extremely pleasant cocktail party with warm fires and warm drink. People arrived in bursts. Washington was beginning to be demoralized by the conjunction of snow and inauguration; few had snow tires or chains; traffic was congealing. Mrs. Steinbeck said she was going to *everything*; to hell with the snow. Steinbeck looked sleek and purring. Arthur Miller towered benignly over all. He had made, at a book and author luncheon a few days before in New York, some nice noises about

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LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is General Director of the New York City Ballet.

the invitation to the intellectuals. "It seems we will now be looking at, or at least glancing towards, our poets, writers and men-of-the-mind for more than a laugh." However, he was not sent an invitation. It eventually arrived through the intercession of Cartier-Bresson, the photographer. Miller talked about the weather. "When *All My Sons* opened in Boston, it had snowed two days before. I wasn't known then. On the opening night, the theatre was about a quarter full. But the box office guys told me we were in."

TIME to prepare for the concert. Everyone had been told to be there by 8:15, or they would not be seated. We started from Georgetown with chains on, at 7:15. The traffic was almost impenetrable, but profiting from the knowledge of Washington's streets possessed by John Thacher, director of Dumbarton Oaks, we made a U-turn under the K Street viaduct and escaped onto the parkway. The snow was almost too heavy to drive. Five blocks from Constitution Hall the battery of the station wagon conked out; we walked. The décor was good for D. W. Griffith's *Way Down East*. Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy had not been able to get transportation from Georgetown; at the last moment the President-elect called the White House. A limousine was sent. The Kennedys arrived ahead of everyone, around 8. Howard Mitchell, conductor of the National Symphony, arrived a few minutes later; it was reported they chatted gaily until the concert, naturally delayed, started. Mr. Mitchell told Mrs. Kennedy it took eighty-five years to make a musician (conductor?). And then maybe not everyone. Constitution Hall, a vast hideous barn which seats some 3,400 persons, was innocent of bunting, flowers or any trace of gala welcoming. Maybe 340 persons were in the hall when we got into our seats.

When the Kennedys entered the hall, to sit alone at the far left of the stage, everyone rose and tried to make up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. Mrs. Kennedy appeared a princess in a magnificent white dress (Oleg Cassini) with long sleeves. With them was Mr. Walton. A little off sat a security officer, but the three young people seemed vulnerable and detached. The Howard University choir, which was to share the honors with the Georgetown University Choir, never arrived. Neither did Mischa Elman, who was to have played the Vivaldi *Concerto in G Minor*. The strings and woodwinds had suffered casualties from the storm. Still and all, the concert proper began with a *pièce d'occasion;* Mr. John La Montaine had made it, or rather, had it made, with his overture, *From Sea to Shining Sea*, a piece of alarming mediocrity whose thematic materials, if any, were based on *America the Beautiful*. Then Mr. Mitchell, not himself among the first rank of American conductors, led half the chorus in a horrendous rendition of Randall Thompson's grisly *Testament of Freedom*, a work not in the first category of American compositions. At that very moment, at the Frank Sinatra-Peter Lawford Hollywood Ratpack Gala to raise real dough for the Democratic deficit, Leonard Bernstein, a first-rate American conductor, was conducting a first-rate American composition: John Philip Sousa's *Stars and Stripes Forever*.

The New York Times reported next day that when someone asked Kennedy if he was "excited," he replied: "No. Interested." During the concert, the President-elect appeared interested, but since the four parts of *Testament of Freedom* seemed to last four hours, it must have been tough. "And *who* is William Walton?" asked Auden, during the intermission. "Any relation to Willie?" Sir William (Willie) Walton had written *Façade* in his youth for Edith Sitwell, and the march, *Crown Imperial*, for the coronation of Elizabeth II. No relation. "The least they could have done was to ask Stravinsky to write a twelve-tone Fanfare; his late pieces are so nice and short." No Stravinsky, and no Aaron Copland, or Virgil Thomson, or Roger Sessions, or Sam Barber or Charles Ives. Just John La Montaine and Randall, the wrong T. The Kennedys left for the gala; by now the hall was almost a third full and everyone rose and applauded. Few remained to hear Mr. Howard Mitchell render the fantasy-overture *Romeo and Juliet* (Tchaikovsky), or Mr. Earl Wild's well-worn overhauling of *The Rhapsody in Blue* (Gershwin).

We managed to corrupt a Virginia taxi, operating unlawfully in Washington; it took two and a half hours to arrive in Georgetown. During the journey Roger Sessions talked dispassionately about official art. It's not that, in itself, it is wicked; it all depends upon the officials commanding; one can get Giotto, Palestrina, the Place de la Concorde. Mrs. Kennedy had said she was going to redecorate the White House and every abstract-expressionist in America had had palpitations. Subsequently however, and here one felt a historical analyst at work, it seemed that she had decided, since the house was largely eighteenth century in concept and nineteenth century in style, that it would be best to keep the public rooms as they were.

SNOW sifted in fat drifts. Toward dawn it stopped. I caught a bus at Wisconsin Avenue in at attempt to trace the abandoned station wagon. The day was diamond-studded, crystalline: the sun of Wagram and of Austerlitz.

On the bus, into Washington city, sixteen white policemen and a very black Negro one. "Hey, Chalky; come over here, Chalky; you been up all night, Chalky." Complete integration. The station wagon seemed to have been hauled off by the police. At the Union Terminal, where I went to ask for news about the Pennsylvania strike and to secure transportation home, a distinguished young Negro with a powerful profile stood just ahead in the line. The ticket seller said evenly and kindly: "Sir, I cannot sell you a Pullman, only a ticket. The reason I cannot sell you any Pullman space is because there is none left. I hope you believe me." Sidney Poitier, who had come down for the Sinatra gala, replied: "Yes, I believe you."

The small square card entitling intellectuals to Preferred Standing Room (House Side) worked like magic. I found myself, with a bottle of brandy, in the midst of a vast clutter of convent students with their priests. The

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QUEEN'S QUARTERLY

Articles on: Canadian Broadcasting, Pasternack's Poetry, Nuclear Disarmament—and a series of studies of Urban Development in Canada.

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Queen's University
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teen-agers said they bet Jackie would wear the same robin's-egg blue wool coat she wore for the christening. One girl, with a mirror periscope, said: "This is like old history days, like Herodotus." "Like Thuycidides, dope," said her girl friend. For a few seconds there seemed to be a danger of panic—some boys smashed their way through the dense crowd as if they were being chased. Finally, one could see the central stands fill and the ceremony began.

Those who watched the inaugural ceremony on television had a much clearer idea of what went on than most of us in the crowd in front of the National Capitol. They saw the Diplomatic Corps form in the rotunda, the Justices gather, and Mr. Kennedy scratch Ike's back when he couldn't reach where it itched. A cab driver had said that Jack had completely won the old General over: "No one had told me what a fine young chap Jack is." But, standing in the crowd, what one did see was intensely impressive; what one heard was mightily moving. The dignity of the event was on the level of its importance to the world. "There was nothing common done nor mean / Upon that memorable scene." Mr. Kennedy has the public magic of inbred but detached authority; when was it last seen in America on such a scale of physical attraction? Not since the Duke of Windsor was Prince of Wales; or better, as Joseph Alsop said, not since the first Roosevelt, whom the new President resembles in physique and philosophy.

THE inaugural ceremony is essentially a religious one. Richard Cardinal Cushing, led off the prayers. He did go on a bit, but reflect, fellow citizens, that Cushing is the Bishop of Boston, Mr. Kennedy's home town and that he is neither Francis Cardinal Spellman, who is also a Bostonian, nor Fulton J. Sheen. Archbishop Iakovos, of the Greek Orthodox Church of North and South America, prayed most beautifully in the slight trace of accent; Byzantine richness and brevity. Marian Anderson sang two verses of *The Star-Spangled Banner.* Her lapidary diction made the verse sound like poetry; her mahogany voice was never strained.

Robert Frost tried to deliver some doggerel, grateful and decent, but doggerel. However, Apollo, Sun God and Leader of the Muses, shone his great disk full in the bard's face; bade him desist. But when Frost turned to poetry and spoke the good words he had written, the god smiled, hid his awful rays and our American laureate declaimed with steady resonance. The Monday following the inauguration, Frost told the President: "Be more Irish than Harvard. Poetry and power is the formula for another Augustan age, and don't be afraid of power."

The Rev. Dr. John Barclay, Pastor of the Central Christian Church, Austin, Texas, in the heart of Lady Bird land, sounded a bit dim in the company of the dynastic descent from Rome and Byzantium. Rabbi Nelson Glueck, President of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, added to his calm benediction the actual Hebrew words: *Adanoi Elocheinu, Adanoi Echod.* Kennedy may be a "bad" Catholic but he had one more piece of luck on his inaugural. He drew the fire of the American Primate on the Parochial School issue. Standing among convent students, one imagined Kennedy knows what prayer is about, what extreme danger and illness are, physical and moral, and the consolations of faith in something greater than self. Anyone who heard him say, from the steps of the Capitol, "I do not shrink from this responsibility — I welcome it." prayed for him. The crowd responded to his statement as if following a teacher. When was the last time one thought: I would do anything this man asked me to do?

Then the parade. The concert tickets entitled me to a seat directly opposite the White House. Walking back fast from the Capitol, since there were no cabs, I arrived just as the first motorcycle police squadrons swept by. My only friend there seemed to be Henry Allen Moe, the sage and generous Director of the Guggenheim Foundation, whose help to artists, poets, scientists and theologians over the long years, has certainly staffed the New Frontier. Alfred Barr, Director of Collections of the Museum of Modern Art, and a passionate bird watcher, had the fortune to see a female cardinal perch on the stands above his head. He reported this two days later in Fort Worth, where we were inaugurating the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art; a Texas lady, a trace high said: "Those Kennedys will stop at *nothin'.*" True story.

There was a splendid spectacle of the Service Academies in full battalions and, most appealing, the Virginia Military Institute in their early nineteenth-century uniforms with gray-red-and-white capes. Mr. Kennedy appeared with his tall father, now out of seclusion for the first time, in the big Presidential box just 100 feet across the street. The Philippine house servants attached to the White House staff mess, run by the Navy, gave everyone hot tea. Mrs. Kennedy, changed into gray, stayed for a bit and left. Lyndon Johnson enthusiastically greeted the most charming sight in the parade: a buck-skinned Texan riding a buffalo; the beast had snow in its beard, curvetted about like a kitten, and knelt to Kennedy.

NO: the concert wasn't much, but doubtless as good in the ears of God as music at the Coolidge, Harding or Truman inaugurals. And what would we have got from Dick and Pat? Listen: we wouldn't have been there. So after the PT boat float, and all of the President's plumper buddies had disappeared past the old State, War and Navy buildings, darkness came down. All along the block of stands, one heard, as the President of the United States turned to enter the White House: "Good night, Jack." "Good night, Jack." "Jack, good night."

A R T

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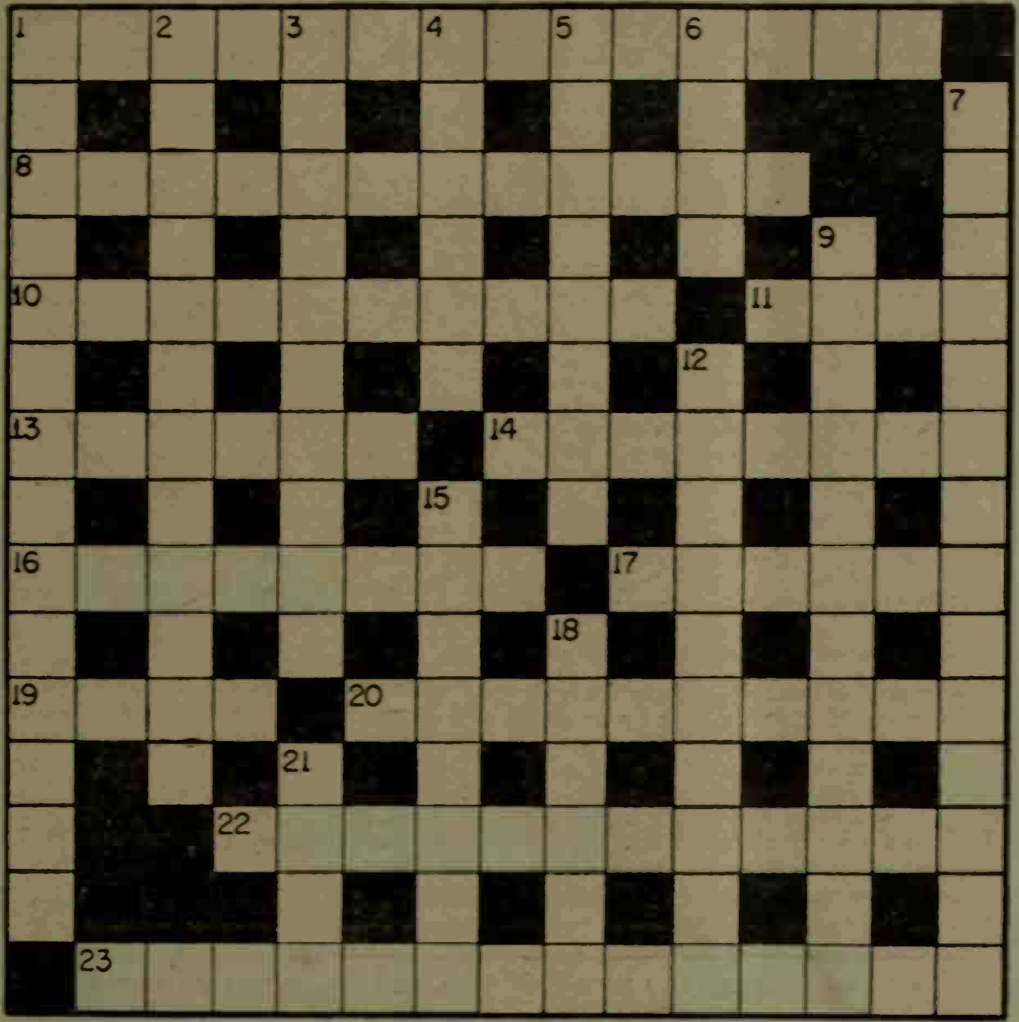
Crossword Puzzle No. 901

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 They might run the galley (while learning to cast the lead, perhaps.) (8, 6)

8 Spirit controls in one state or another. (6, 6)

10 Plans a sort of a sort of a sort. (10)

11 One might read the meter carefully to do so. (4)

13 Combines bonds or ranges. (6)

14 Is one not qualified for air transport? (8)

16 What to do with a sleeping dog, or a mendacious one? (3, 2, 3)

17 Perpendicular position. (6)

19 What 14 probably never did for the blood of France. (4)

20 A minute part of the opus might be associated with fatigue. (4, 6)

22 What they sometimes do to old ships and older officers? (12)

23 Does it involve matching letters? (14)

DOWN:

1 The one of any magazine early last November—or merely one of the things it called to attention? (9, 5)

2 One may no longer have to spend forty days here. (2, 10)

3 Hounds that marked the night of Sheherazade just before the last. (10)

4 The highwayman's road was one of moonlight to Noyes. (6)

5 To help up the old man and his boy should sound swell! (8)

6 Hindu scripture. (4)

7 Offset the remainder of the chips, perhaps? (14)

9 Room for this and a comic, too? (12)

12 The air of drill? (10)

15 Burns' mouse was this, in short. (5)

18 At an acute angle. (6)

21 This, Sir, might be the opening of 23! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 900

ACROSS: 1 Tweaks; 4 and 32 Speaking likeness; 10 Organon; 11 and 24 Glaring mistake; 13 and 16 Waylay; 14 Twill; 15 Nasal; 17 and 28 Assembly lines; 21 Polyglot; 23 Roman; 26 Obeys; 28 Lea; 29 Lasso; 30 Britten; 31 Ensnare; 33 Aspect. DOWN: 1 Trombone; 2 Engines; 5 and 12 Piggy banks; 6 Apart; 7 Initial; 8 Gaggle; 9 Snowball; 18 Satiated; 19 and 3 Markings; 20 Indolent; 22 Obelisk; 25 Corbel; 27 Satin; 29 Lists.

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LETTERS

Nemerov's Poetry

Dear Sirs: Hayden Carruth's review [*The Nation*, Jan. 21] of Howard Nemerov's *Selected Poems* caused me some distress — not by its opinion, for there was little enough evidence to substantiate any opinion, but by its method. . . .

We are told that Nemerov possesses "superior gifts," but not one is listed. Over half of the review generalizes about the evil of prose in much of today's poetry; when Nemerov *is* introduced, we learn that "Nemerov is not alone." Granted that Nemerov's poems may bear their part of the burden (and virtue) of prose-derived techniques, but this is surely true of the work of our best poets. When Carruth suggests that poetry "is repetitive, specifically in terms of rhyme and rhythm," I agree — and wonder how he has managed to avoid mentioning that Nemerov has, within the covers of this book, managed to include at least a dozen poems illustrating this tenet as well as any written by anyone in the past fifteen years. It seems a shame to use a man's work as scapegoat for a generalization and then to cap it by failing even to mention his work in pointed places.

DAVID GALLER

New York City

Dear Sirs: I would like to question Mr. Hayden Carruth's statement in his review that Howard Nemerov's poems are not the kind that one returns to for rereading.

During the past five years, I have used Mr. Nemerov's work extensively in my writing courses. I have used his work because I believe his poetry will stand as a lasting contribution to the history and tradition of American poetry. The experience of my students and myself through the years has been that Howard Nemerov's poetry at its best is essentially the kind to which one returns over and over and over. In his great poems, his understanding of man's predicament, and his lyrical, modest and oblique expression of that understanding, are an enduring reward.

May I cite Mr. Nemerov's "Moment," the poem which opens his new book; "The View from an Attic Window," "Brainstorm," "Absent-Minded Professor," "The Murder of William Remington," "Death and the Maiden" and "Storm Windows" as among the finest examples of a body of work from which at least my students and I have derived an enduring insight into the lonely depths of man? The lines quoted below, from Nemerov's "Runes," are among the many to which I return:

> This is about the stillness in moving
>   things,
> In running water, also in the sleep
> Of winter seeds, where time to come
>   has tensed
> Itself, enciphering a script so fine
> Only the hourglass can magnify it,
>   only
> The years unfold its sentence from
>   the root.

KAY BOYLE

Rowayton, Conn.

14th Amendment, Section II

Dear Sirs: I am presently involved in four federal law suits to enforce Section II of the Fourteenth Amendment to reduce Representatives and Presidential Electors of the Southern states, where the right to vote is denied or abridged.

A year ago (January, 1960), I wrote and published a book concerning Section II of the Fourteenth Amendment under the title *UNCONSTITUTIONAL Congressional Government.*

Did not Professor Thomas Emerson and Mr. Arthur E. Bonfield know about my efforts, or did they forget to mention them, in their article, "Fourteenth Amendment, Section II: Forgotten Remedy for the Voteless Negro," which appeared in *The Nation* of January 21?

VICTOR SHARROW

Crompond, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Mr. Bonfield and I were aware of Mr. Sharrow's book, since he had sent me a copy, and we were also aware of at least some aspects of his litigation. We disagreed with Mr. Sharrow's approach, but did not have space to discuss it in our article.

THOMAS I. EMERSON

Washington, D.C.

Quiet Hero

Dear Sirs: One of the responsibilities of a poet is never to stop exposing the villain and always to throw flowers at the heroine — or hero. Kenneth Patchen has been doing this all his life, although since 1937 he has endured almost total disability from a painful spinal condition. He has had two operations and now faces a third — with no money. His wife, who suffers from multiple sclerosis, is clerking in a Palo Alto store to support the family.

The powers that hand out prizes and jobs to poets have overlooked Patchen — which, perhaps, is not remarkable. The amazing thing is that Patchen can still say, "My interests are in the community of which I am a creative member"; and that he can write (in the December *Liberation*) a beautiful poem about "being created equal" — which begins "Had General Grant been a Xmas tree, you could take some little colored children . . ." etc., etc.

To get the rest of that poem and more facts about Patchen's condition than space here allows, please write direct to him at 2340 Sierra Court, Palo Alto, California; and if you can, enclose a contribution.

WALTER LOWENFELS

Mays Landing, N.J.

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THE
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EDITORIALS

Civility Is Not "Appeasement"

In his State of the Union message, President Kennedy invoked the memory of Franklin D. Roosevelt, but in his foreign-policy pronouncements and actions he has followed the oft-quoted advice of Theodore Roosevelt. He is carrying armament to a still higher level of lethality, and great is the rejoicing in the electronics, missile and aviation press that the skinflint Eisenhower, the puppet of the greater skinflint Humphrey, is now out of the way. Kennedy has restated, but not altered, the Acheson policy of negotiation from strength, which basically is self-evident—but in an armament race one never has strength enough (see Professor Melman's article on page 114). He has, however, done something else which may prove equally significant in the long run. The art of diplomacy consists in promoting national interests without giving unnecessary offense; it is an art which has been lost in America since the end of World War II. Kennedy has revived it, and that is all to the good.

The change, however, will not be welcomed in all quarters. The knives, in fact, are already out. In the United States there is an enormous vested interest—military, commercial and political—in everlasting hostility, and even the curbing of verbal expression of belligerence enrages its practitioners. Walter Lippmann may say that the talkativeness of American military men—"most of them reading speeches written by professional speech writers who are paid by the government"—is an international scandal, but to Barry Goldwater and Styles Bridges any attempt to restrict political utterances to civilian officials is a "gag on the military." Nothing is easier than to equate mere civility in international relations with "appeasement." When, for example, the President foregoes an opportunity to make a circus out of the return of two fliers by the Russians, he is accused of withholding information from the public. Goldwater asks rhetorically, "Are we entering into a new period of secret diplomacy in which our government's dealings with the Russians are to be kept under wraps and displayed to the people only after they are accomplished facts? . . . Is this new regime to be a dictaphone-type of 'gag rule' government bent on its own prestige? Or is it to be a government of free speech which holds the people's interest paramount?" The Senator can compose himself. Actions speak louder than words, and Khrushchev can derive little comfort from the Kennedy actions thus far.

As for secret diplomacy, there has never been any other kind—shouted public diatribes are not diplomacy, but propaganda, and usually ineffective propaganda. Woodrow Wilson spoke of "open covenants openly arrived at." The covenants should be open indeed, but in the initial stages, at least, they cannot be open; Wilson was speaking as rhetorically as Goldwater. President Kennedy and his Secretary of State are willing to experiment with confidential negotiation. It may or may not work, but it can hardly fail more abjectly than the policy of wrangling in the United Nations, of military men assuming omniscience, and of threats which are never carried out, such as unleashing Chiang Kai-shek or enlarging the war in Korea. Quiet diplomacy will certainly be a welcome change, and a hopeful one for the future.

The Transformation of the Pirates

Life has its ups and downs, the pin-up girl develops wrinkles, Cinderella becomes a princess, the champion gets knocked out, the banker is caught with his hand in the till. But no change was ever more rapid (and consequential) than the transformation into respectable international figures of the vicious pirates who hijacked the *Santa Maria* on January 22. Concomitantly, the government of Antonio de Oliveira Salazar, dearly beloved Premier-dictator of Portugal, has fallen into disrepute. Whatever the personal fate of Henrique Malto Galvao and his small band of rebels (at this writing, with the *Santa Maria's* passengers safely disembarked in Recife, Galvao was still negotiating at high diplomatic level with the Brazilian government), the Salazar regime will never be the same again.

The radio and the newspapers, hungry for color, blew up the incident in their usual fashion. The pirates who so quickly became honorable rebels, almost as honorable as the Hungarian freedom fighters of 1956, were not recognized as such until they had smoking machine guns in their hands. For his part, Salazar, like his counterpart Batista, was in the highest repute until somebody started shooting at his minions and got away with it. It would seem, especially in the United States, that force and violence in an allied government is perfectly acceptable as long as the lid stays on. The British, who were closer allies of Portugal than we, at least had the good sense to pull out of the imbroglio as soon as they perceived its true dimensions, leaving the United States holding the bag.

Still another lesson of *l'affaire Galvao* is that while an OSS temperament is desirable in a revolutionary, it also pays to be a literary man. It is too much to expect that Galvao's maritime insurrection will make the intellectual popular in the United States, but it is safe to predict that he will be less ignored in the future, especially if he is a foreigner. The fact is that Galvao knew exactly what he was doing and did it with a good conscience because he knows literature and history. At his 1953 treason trial, he quoted a classic observation of Victor Hugo's: "When a dictatorship is a fact, revolution becomes a right." This revolution started on the high seas, but it will not end there. The thirty-two-year-old dictatorship now faces new strains. Whatever happens to Galvao and his boss, Delgado, they can take the credit for focusing a world-wide spotlight on a man and a regime that for too long have evaded it.

Two Opportunities

From the job of President Eisenhower's press representative, Jim Hagerty goes to a news bureau vice presidency in the American Broadcasting Company at $100,000 a year. Formerly a $200,000-a-year producer of news and special events for the Columbia Broadcasting System, Edward R. Murrow takes over the United States Information Agency. ABC's news coverage, by general agreement among radio newsmen, has been the poorest of the national networks. Hagerty, if he wants to risk leaving the beaten path, might conceivably make it the best. It would not be a herculean task, for none of the networks has achieved consistent sharpness and insight in their coverage. Even NBC's Huntley-Brinkley team, the most adult of the lot, has left something to be desired from a progressive standpoint; their success has been due mainly to the fact that they found it was not necessary to be stuffy to remain on the air.

Murrow's assignment, however, is the more challenging one. He will need all his initiative and acumen to carry it off. The United States Information Agency has not been a light amid the encircling gloom; at times it has been a pretty sick medium in America's effort to make herself understood abroad. This is not only because a country as rich and powerful as the United States almost automatically evokes dislike. Nor is it because Moscow incited its mobs against a virtuous free-world agency. Our libraries and information centers abroad have been so frequently gutted by mobs, in many places—as in Formosa—that that explanation can hardly hold water. A more plausible theory is that American policies have so often been wrong, and even when right have so often been misstated, that resentment abroad was not unnatural, no matter how one may condemn the form it has taken.

Mr. Murrow says that whatever is done "will have to stand on a rugged basis of truth." This prescription is not quite as Utopian as it sounds—if USIA can be made to function as an information agency and not as a vehicle for propaganda. Even so, it will probably not be possible to tell "the whole truth" about everything or to say anything at all about certain matters; Mr. Allen Dulles and the other "spooks" at CIA have their own views on the limitations of candor. But if Mr. Murrow is to realize another stated objective, namely, "to tell the people abroad," he must use the truth as his yardstick. Admittedly this is a large order, but it would be hard to think of anyone more likely to bring it off successfully than Mr. Murrow.

The Fictitious Documentary

Readers with exceptionally long memories will recall —what television producers have understandably forgotten—that a little more than a year ago the broadcasters were absorbed in elaborate rites of purification following upon the sordid discovery that certain top runners in the quiz sweepstakes had failed the saliva test. We were promised, fervently, almost tearfully, that henceforth the home screen would be as innocent of subterfuge as *Little Women* is of bawdry.

The quiz shows have gone—at least those wherein the sums offered were so large as to be almost erotic— but new ways of providing a reality somewhat rouged and mascaraed for photogenic excitement are already corrupting the chaste wave lengths. The current device is to "re-enact" moments in the archives of American crime which would be exquisitely spine-tingling if in fact they had ever occurred. One such show is called "The Untouchables"; another is "The Witness."

The fictions are always so labeled, but, as it were, in a type so small as to verge on the unscrupulous. When, as in the case of "The Witness," every device is used to make the viewer believe he is watching chapters taken from the minutes of a real investigating committee, the disclaimer does not serve to erase the impression that we have "learned something" about crime and justice in this country.

"The Untouchables" is now under fire from the Federal Bureau of Prisons because it recently showed convict Al Capone in a state of dishevelment that reflected on the disciplinary methods of his jailers. Anyone, it is asserted, would be justified in supposing that Mr. Capone's bruises, though not perhaps historical, were at least typical of what a felon may expect while under federal restraint.

Animated by the energy of the new Administration, the FCC may very well press the issue here and try to obtain pledges of abstinence from various license holders. Its success is at best problematical, because the moot question of intent will arise and surely there will be cries of censorship. We doubt, in any case, that backsliding can be prevented. Television is an empire built on the intoxication of hokum; it cannot deny its nature.

Too Many Patrons

Last November, the Brooklyn Museum in New York enjoyed the largest attendance for any November in its sixty-three years. This year, the museum has responded to this growing popularity by closing its doors two days a week.

It is not that the Brooklyn Museum objects to receiving the public. Indeed, like museums in general, it has made a considerable effort in this century, and particularly since the war, to reorganize its exhibits and activities in ways to attract the largest possible response. Museum curatorship has now become actively a branch of public education: exhibits are designed to be both entertaining and instructive; special events are tied in with historical occasions or local activities, and accelerated programs of publicity and public relations are employed to throw maximum attention on the collections.

The public reacts vigorously, and that causes the trouble. As attendance rises, so does overhead — particularly the cost for more guards and larger janitorial staffs to handle the increased activity and care for the premises. Budgets are rigidly channeled (funds received for new purchases cannot be used for new guards) and they are limited. So the Metropolitan Museum is now closed one day a week, Brooklyn is closed two days, and other collections throughout the country are no doubt responding in the same way.

This ironic situation arises because most large city museums are only quasi-public institutions. In New York, for example, the city pays for upkeep, building improvements and guard service; the museum, through funds raised privately, pays professional salaries, supports its special events and adds to its collections.

Museums were founded, for the most part, as genteel embellishments to the community; today they are looked on as necessary public facilities, like schools, hospitals, libraries and parks. The details of such a proposal would require thought and investigation, but certainly the logic of the situation would be to transfer the museums to the public budget. There is no logic to the present situation of dividing responsibility and meeting the greatly increased patronage with curtailed service.

An Ugly American

On February 12, all the statues of Abraham Lincoln throughout the nation will be graced once again with a polite wreath and, perhaps, a few words of remembrance. This year, however, two of the more remote and outlandish monuments to America's saint call for a little extra consideration. One, a stiff wooden likeness of the President, is encased in glass in the museum at Juneau, Alaska. The other, equally crude, perches atop a pole in Saxman Park in Ketchikan. Both were carved by Alaskan Indians after we bought the territory from Russia in 1867. The Indian sculptors, formerly the slaves of other tribes, found themselves freed as a result of Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation four years before. In gratitude, they erected totem-pole figures of their liberator, already in his grave.

The totems stand as tributes to a master politician. Lincoln impressed the Indians for two good political reasons: First, he was able to *do* something for them, albeit posthumously. And, equally important, he had style — the homely touch, combined with a grandeur of heart and thought in his utterance of principles.

Our new leaders, who are anxious to raise America's prestige among the faraway peoples of the world, should note Lincoln's success in Alaska. It will not be easy to do something for all the millions of nameless Africans, Asians and South Americans, if only because they are citizens of other jealously sovereign states. People will live on hope and trust, for lack of better; and master politicians always have sensed that an image has holding power. President Kennedy may not be able to project himself as a fetish figure for the embattled Congolese, but he might bear in mind that the sophisticated and elusive Prime Minister Nehru of India keeps on his desk a cast of the hard-worn hand of Lincoln.

INFORMATION OR PERSUASION?

TV PRESS CONFERENCE . . *by Ted Lewis*

SINCE IT FIRST blossomed under the hand of that political genius, Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Presidential press conference has been Washington's best political show. Yet it is not as good as it used to be. Where once a President could use it to inform, it is now in danger of becoming a vehicle of persuasion rather than of information.

This deterioration is due basically to the development of TV and radio — scientific advances totally beyond the President's control. So Kennedy, much as he might prefer the intelligent format conceived by FDR, must accept the inevitable and make the most of what the conference has become.

What specifically are the weaknesses of the present question-and-answer production? First of all, it is a "live" TV and radio show, requiring the President to be cautious about the words he chooses. This alone results in a stiff, stilted quality, somewhat like that of a Broadway dress rehearsal when the actors are on edge over opening night.

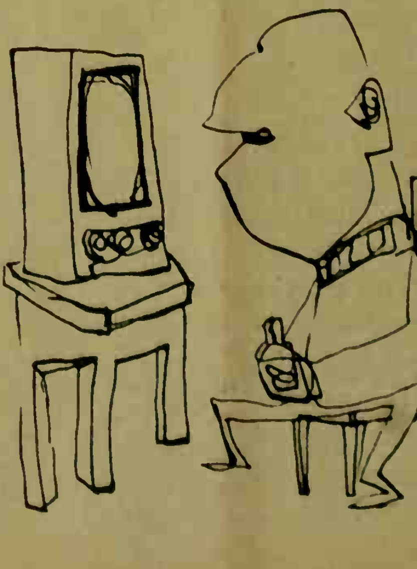
Then there is the time limitation. The prospect that the conference must end, come what may, after a stipulated time — for eight years, during the Eisenhower administration, the limit was a half-hour — gives an eerie quality to the whole performance, and especially for its participants.

There is also the objection to the new setting — the glossy, large auditorium in the State Department building, half a mile from the White House. It is a formal, cold room; and the young President, who cannot possibly like the arrangement forced on him, must stand on a step-high podium, the press spread out before him in upholstered seats like a college class about to hear a lecture. In contrast, Eisenhower stood level with the press in the Indian Treaty Room conferences. Those in the first row could almost lean out and touch him. It made for desirable informality.

All this criticism is valid, but isn't it trivial? Isn't the heart of a press conference the question-and-answer procedure? True, but one must examine what has been happening to this procedure. It is rapidly becoming a way of extracting only a great deal of superficial information from a President. It is no longer, as in FDR's day — even in Harry Truman's — a method for ferreting out what lies deep in the Chief Executive's mind. In those days the "Q and A" format could reveal basic information — the kind that a President is much more apt to give when he knows that he is not going to be quoted either directly or by attribution.

AS THE press conference now functions, the important "follow-up" questions aimed at drawing out the President on a subject he has but briefly touched on is almost impossible to put. Without the follow up, the answers often lack depth and significance and raise more questions later among the reading and viewing public.

But it is impossible for reporters to follow up the first prodding question in an arena where sometimes hundreds of hands are raised, most of them by newsmen more anxious to ask their own pet questions than to follow up another's more pertinent inquiry. And under the circumstances, a President must at times wonder how he can use the press conference to discuss in depth a problem on which he wants the nation to know exactly how he stands, and concerning which he needs the support of the people.



About all he can do today is to come to the meeting with a mimeographed announcement in his pocket which he will read at the start of the session — and then hope that the proper questions will flow. (Or sometimes, in advance of the conference, the press secretary will forearm a trusted reporter with a question guaranteed to elicit an "interesting" answer.) Even so, the conference can go off on a tangent, with too many important questions left unasked, and too many trivial ones asked.

The opening-statement technique is not new. FDR occasionally used it. Kennedy himself made sure his first Presidential press session would grab headlines by reading a prepared statement on the release of the RB-47 fliers. But the questions which followed the announcement revealed the handicaps imposed on good reporting by the setting and circumstances. For instance, the connection, if any, between the release of the fliers and Kennedy's continuation of his predecessor's ban on U-2 flights was never pinned down. Perhaps to the President's relief, the line of questioning suddenly shifted to the possibilities of a Summit conference, and the U-2 was forgotten.

KENNEDY'S announcement about the fliers assured what is generally called the success of the conference. But outside of this announcement, the public really learned very little.

What can be done to assure that a question-and-answer session will concentrate on really big news rather than on a scattering of subjects, many of merely parochial interest? Perhaps the conference could be lim-

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ited to a single subject — Cuba, for instance. It is a fair bet that after a half-hour of repartee, the country would have a good idea of the approach to the Cuban problem that the President has in mind. This would be true even if he ducked some questions; his "no comment" is often a tip to what he is thinking.

The same technique could be used when the President wants to say something about Laos, the missile lag, or a piece of domestic legislation that is on his mind.

THOSE WHO have not thought much about the Presidential press conference are inclined to accept it as it is. It is, of course, dramatic, if not always informative; it gives people the feeling that they are getting answers to what they want to know — and have a right to know — from the one official they all elect. The flaws in the production are easily overlooked. They become apparent only when a contrast is made between what we have now and what we had in the days of FDR.

The New Deal President usually met the press twice a week in the informal setting of his office. He often applied background to the problems with which he was wrestling. He spoke frankly off the record. What he said on the record usually could be paraphrased only, or quoted indirectly. The reporters became his information emissaries; informed themselves, they were able to inform the nation. And, of course, the President could use the technique to get his own views planted with the people before the critics got back at him.

Some of the delightful exchanges between Roosevelt and the reporters are a precious part of history. They need to be read occasionally by those who are a little saddened by the changes time has wrought on the White House press conference.

On April 19, 1933, FDR had a cold and the press conference was held in the oval room instead of in his office. The President starts the conference with a question: "What is the news?" There's general laughter. Then the reporters begin their questions:

> *Q.* There is some talk about inflation.
>
> *A.* How do you define inflation?
>
> *Q.* I don't know what it is. (Laughter)
>
> *A.* Neither do I. I have gotten to the point where even a cigarette tastes bad.
>
> *Q.* That is a sign of a cold?
>
> *A.* Yes, it certainly is. . . .

FDR had held his first press conference as President on March 8, five weeks before. The banks were closed, but in the works was the FDIC, aimed at guaranteeing most deposits so that the banks could open with depositors knowing the government would make good any losses. But on March 8 money was a scarce commodity.

"Do you favor scrip or scrip issued by clearing houses?" FDR was asked. Under the protection of his off-the-record edict, the President could reply frankly:

> Well, there again you are getting down to details and a very good illustration of why you cannot ask for too detailed legislation. About Monday, the day before yesterday, a very, very wide use of scrip seemed necessary: and by last night it looked possible to avoid such a general use of scrip. But it does not mean that scrip will be eliminated by any means.
>
> Scrip may be used in many localities, pending the working out of a sounder plan and more permanent plan to get additional currency in use. Now I can't tell you any more about that, because we are still working on the details, but essentially it means an addition to the available currency.

This informal chat gave background information on a delicate subject. The wrong word, the violation of a pledge to handle what was said without stating the source, could have had catastrophic results.

Only when the war came in 1941 did FDR's press conferences diminish in number. (He held 337 press conferences during his first term; they were rarely attended by fewer than 100 reporters, more often by 200.)

When the war was over and FDR in his Hyde Park grave, Harry Truman carried on his own version of the press conference — an unimaginative, almost wholly "Q and A" affair. Basically, that is what it remains. Yet the fault lies neither with Truman nor Eisenhower. Neither can our present President be blamed, although he is an audacious person who might well have thought of, and then desisted from, trying to break the chains that bind him. Perhaps he still may do so.

WHAT has happened is as natural as the flow of a brook to the sea.

The growing communications systems were bound to have a magnetic influence on Presidents. Any President worthy of being a politician is always anxious to project himself to the people as often as good taste allows for. His motive is usually good. He doesn't want to get his image into living rooms or his voice into the box that talks for any purpose other than the estimable ones of (a) informing the nation of what is going on; (b) explaining how he has lost sleep over problems; (c) coming up with the answers; and (d) pleading for support.

Remembering this human Presidential inclination, it was easy enough for Eisenhower's press secretary, James Hagerty, to sell his chief in 1953 on the capabilities of TV and radio. A somewhat historic move followed. Cameras and mikes were set up in the Presidential press conference room. To be sure, nothing "live" went out, only edited tape and voice recordings. The ban on "live" shows held for eight years, but it was bound to fall — and it has. So now we have a couple of hundred unpaid actor-reporters and, as star, a handsome, capable President who must sometimes wonder whether he is being "used" or whether he is using an opportunity he should appreciate to get before the public for free.

Because there is little question that Kennedy believes he must have the people with him, he must seek out the best platform available from which to reach them. The press conference podium is not the one. Perhaps the solution will be a 1961 version of FDR's fireside chats. What better way for the President to convey important information, packaged in simple, direct language, to the millions over the country whose support he wants as he seeks to end the cold war and lift the economic burdens at home?

THE 'ARMS-CONTROL' DOCTRINE . . *Seymour Melman*

> In the diffuse field of general disarmament, the Administration's thinking appears to center on "arms control" rather than on reduction of arms. . . . While keeping the reduction of arms in view as the ultimate objective, the Administration's disarmament theoreticians hope for more immediate progress in measures that would create what former Secretary of State Christian A. Herter once called a "stable military environment."
>
> —*The New York Times*
> Jan. 25, 1961

DISARMAMENT is still a professed goal of American policy. But for several years now a growing and influential group of American strategists, while continuing for the most part to give lip service to disarmament as an "ultimate" goal, in reality are working toward an entirely different one—arms control, i.e., a permanent, regulated international military-deterrence system.

This shift in aims has been apparent in a spate of publications, debates and forums which have come to public attention in the last year. Notable, in this regard, were the Conference to Plan a Strategy for Peace, held at Arden House last fall, and the "Collected Papers" presented at the Summer Study in Arms Control, published last year by the American Academy of Arts and Sciences.

The new doctrine evolves logically from the "hard-headed, realistic" thinking that produced, first, the theory of "superior military strength" and then, on its wreckage, the doctrine of "massive deterrence." The theory of superiority became obsolete, for all practical purposes, with the application of a bewildering number of technologies to military problems; no one country could count on being ahead of all others in every technology. Now massive deterrence is falling into obsolescence. Both sides have it, and it has resolved nothing; it has simply made the brink, on which both sides continue to teeter, more frightful.

So the "hard-headed realists" have come to the conviction that if we cannot have superiority in arms, we ought, at least, to have equality. This is the basis of the doctrine of arms control. And it is the more dangerous because, while remaining a salable theory to the Pentagon and to the arms industry, it can — and is — being sold to the public as a kind of disarmament.

THE FATHERS of the new doctrine — a vigorous, intelligent collection of scientists, scholars and military professionals — arrived at the idea for varying reasons and with diverse approaches to it. Some among them, as government advisers or weapons technologists, had played important roles in the arms race and had become fearful that it was getting out of control. For them, arms control reflects a crisis of conscience; they are well aware of the Armageddon to which a continuation of the arms race could lead.

A second trend favoring arms control can be recognized in certain military and political theorists, together with munitions makers, who found in the doctrine a method for heading off the growing public pressures for disarmament. This group finds the dual appeal of arms control entrancing: it can be presented to the public as disarmament, yet in some views of arms-control requirements it need not close down a single major military establishment, nor put any obstacle in the way of the Pentagon's war games and strategy planning.

Then there is a group of men, many of them in government service, who tried repeatedly to implement disarmament measures, and found themselves stymied by the opposition of the Pentagon and the Atomic Energy Commission. (Saville Davis, managing editor of *The Christian Science Monitor*, has marshaled impressive evidence on the persistence of this opposition in an article written for the fall, 1960, issue of *Daedalus.*) Wearily, this group has now decided that it is futile to buck the military any longer, and has turned to arms control.

Finally, there are those who fear disarmament because "it would leave the United States naked." (Fear of "nakedness" has become a national phobia. The fear is present even with our current high level of armaments; the mere prospect of disarmament heightens it. The phobia is the price we are paying for our apolitical attitudes of the last decade.) For these men, who have no explicit theory of society which they are prepared to match against Bolshevik doctrine, the sword is their only shield. Indeed, they know no other politics but the sword; and if, by the mischance of ubiquity, technology makes it impossible for us to be certain that we have the bigger sword, at least we should make certain that we have one just as big.

IT IS AT this point that the ultimate fallacy of arms control—in fact, of all military-deterrence thinking—is exposed. Wars generally serve political ends; one may go further and say that not all battlefields are military. Of what use is it, then, to exhaust our energy and resources on weaponry if the Soviet Union chooses to fight on the political and economic fronts? Or do we attack militarily anyway, destroying ourselves in the process of destroying the enemy?

The strongest supporters of the theory that military power is the best foreign policy are those who are out to "destroy communism," to "get it over with"—even at the cost of our own destruction. The theory finds merit with those who see it as unbearable that the military deadlock should continue while the Soviets succeed in extending their political system. Such are the tensions reflected in a military strategy which envisages the destruction of the Communists at whatever cost to ourselves. This is not really strategy; it

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is defeatism, a counsel of despair —all the more marked because it involves a yielding of the political and economic initiative to the Soviet Union.

ARMS CONTROL, say its supporters, will provide for both military stability and the factor of deterrence. Will it? To achieve military stability, i.e., a stable balance of military strength, it is necessary to agree not only on the numbers of weapons-in-being, but to freeze (a) the ability, and (b) the will, to make new ones.

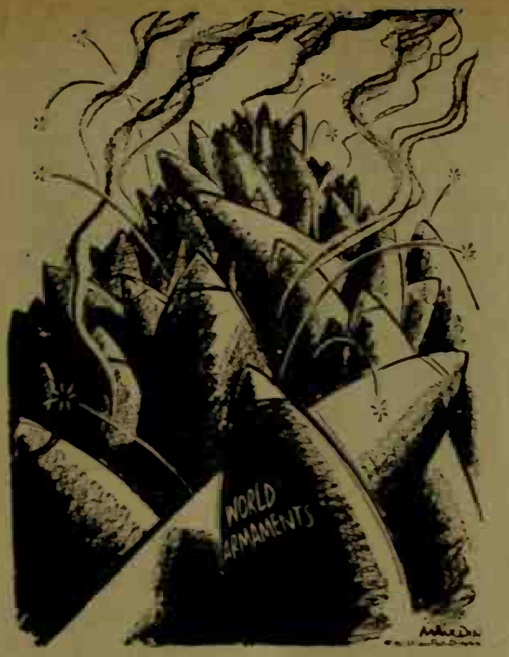
But the only way to freeze the ability to develop new weapons is to disband major research-and-development facilities and to put their personnel under appropriate inspection and control. No arms-control scheme yet put forward contemplates any such step.

And the only way to freeze, or to destroy, the will to make new weapons is to achieve a relaxation of the present fear-ridden mentality, engendered by distrust, which grips the world. This distrust, which is basically a political factor, will not be dispersed by agreements that are designed to regulate, but not to terminate, the arms race.

Arms control, therefore, will not achieve military stability. Military technologies will continue to be developed in the customary way, with first one side and then the other seeming to have the advantage.

We turn now to the factor of deterrence. What exactly will arms control deter? Presumably, a major missile attack by one of the great powers upon the other. But equality in missiles, for example—i.e., arms control—will not necessarily deter a "first strike" if that promises advantage to one side or the other (assuming the will to strike is there). Obviously, the more nearly equal two opposing forces are, the greater the role surprise and evasive maneuvers can play in the outcome of the conflict. In this sense, arms control might well increase, rather than decrease, the danger of surprise attack.

Of course, there is the deterrence implicit in retaliation "from the grave." This is based on the premise that the Russians know that, if they attack first and, in the process, utterly destroy our country and every living soul in it, our weapons-control systems would nevertheless go through their grim, automatic ritual and destroy their country and their people. The picture of death dealt from an uninhabited wasteland is surely a piece of insanity beyond reckoning; but it is an insanity to which both sides must subscribe, else there is no operative deterrence.



Critical Mass

Yet in other respects the promise of stabilized deterrence through arms control is based upon the premise that governments always behave with substantial regard for rationality. That this is not true, history amply demonstrates. Under conditions of recurring international tension, irrational decisions, based on erroneous estimations of the moves or intentions of the opponent, are more likely to occur than rational ones. Each side, equipped with an arsenal of strategies for outwitting the other, can readily impute to the other side his own intentions (which may not always be of the very best). Conditions of crisis are a standing invitation to national leaders to make human errors of judgment.

Moreover, error—human or mechanical — could precipitate catastrophe in another way: through accident. Arms control would not perceptibly lessen this danger, which is inherent in the very existence of the complex missile weapon and the equally complex warning and response systems that are its necessary adjuncts. And it must be stressed that, in a massive missile stalemate, even a single accident could be fateful for mankind.

All of these complexities would be multiplied by the appearance on the world stage of new members of the nuclear club, to say nothing of new ways to deliver atomic warheads. These altogether realistic possibilities underscore the importance of reaching some sort of test-ban agreement quickly which would put a limit to the number of nuclear powers. But this inference is not generally made by supporters of the arms-control doctrine.

IN A SUBTLE way, "national security," "stability" and "deterrence" —all promised by the new doctrine of arms control—have come to imply, to many persons, *political* security, *political* stability and *political* deterrence. This is self-deception. As I have already indicated, schemes for balancing military power can be outflanked by political and economic methods. Arms control could well become the political Maginot Line of the West. Political and economic competition must be met on its own terms; it cannot be evaded by alignments of missile systems and the self-deception involved in them.*

It is precisely in this field that inspected disarmament, with objectives and methods basically different from those of arms control, offers important hope. It opens to the West alternatives to a policy of sole, or major, reliance on military power; it presupposes that the West can indeed deal with political and economic competition on its own terms —and do so successfully (the economics of disarmament would strengthen the West in this non-military competition). If reliance on arms—controlled or not—to solve all problems is a counsel of despair, then

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*For an analysis of problems and conditions for meeting Soviet economic competition in the crucial sphere of machinery production, see: "Report on the Productivity of Operations in the Machine Tool Industry in Western Europe," by S. Melman (European Productivity Agency, Paris, Oct., 1959); "The Machinery Makers," *The Listener*, Nov. 26, 1959; "Russia—a Lathe Every 15 Minutes," *Mechanical Engineering*, Oct., 1960.

reliance on inspected disarmament is an article of faith.

Inspected disarmament holds out other realistic hopes. The inspection process would reduce the technological capability of war-making—a result impossible to obtain through arms control. By creating confidence in international political processes, it would reduce the intensity of the fear and distrust implicit in the cold war. The reduction would be cumulative. The first disarmament agreement (necessarily the goal would be arrived at in stages), which might provide *inter alia* for an international inspectorate and a method for adjudicating disputes, would in itself help to create an atmosphere of confidence in which subsequent agreements would be easier to achieve. (The feverish efforts of groups with an occupational or political stake in the arms race to prevent a bomb test-ban agreement may well be explained in this context. Obviously, a mere test-ban agreement would not affect present military capabilities; but the arms-race supporters can justifiably argue that such an agreement would encourage subsequent and more far-reaching ones.)

Inspected disarmament would certainly stimulate the pro-peace and pro-freedom segments of society in the Soviet Union and the United States. There is evidence that in both countries there exists a vast, latent sympathy with the disarmament ideal. While there is little evidence of anything other than private debate on the subject in the Soviet Union, the very fact that the discussion there parallels ours suggests that an operating disarmament process would strike fertile political roots among the Russian people.

PUBLIC DEBATE in support of disarmament invariably runs into the objection that no inspection system can be foolproof, and therefore the whole business is too dangerous to risk. But what is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Where are the assurances that an unhampered arms race, or even one under a system of controls, would save us from being blown to smithereens? The most that proponents of arms control can offer us is a dubious, short-range hope of avoiding immediate catastrophe. But none among them has seriously advanced the argument that arms control can have any long-term value in safeguarding this country, or the world, against a calculated or accidental nuclear holocaust.

Proponents of the arms race are willing to risk the destruction of civilized society in the name of defending it. The development of the arms-control doctrine may be regarded as the partial response of conservative theorists to the growing strength of the disarmament idea. The weaknesses and dangers of the doctrine are the weaknesses and dangers of the arms race—and of conservative thinking in the West.

This much is clear: arms control is a theory of armament, not of disarmament.

There is risk and uncertainty attached to every political policy. For each person in a free society, the choice of where to take one's chances is determined by one's values. If these values include a high regard for human life, a desire to develop man's potential for peaceful living, and the will to extend the boundaries of freedom, then the strategy of disarmament, with its allied political and economic goals, is the preferred course. But if one's values place human life at low worth and include a preference for man's destructive potential and for authoritarian relations in political life, then some variant of conservative military theory, such as arms control, is preferable.

The pity is that so many of us make our choices without awareness of the ends, or values, that are being served.

THE UNIVERSITY LEADS THE WAY

GEORGIA REJOINS the UNION . .

by Bruce M. Galphin

Atlanta, Ga.

THE TIMES caught up with Georgia last month with breathtaking speed.

The new year began with school segregation practices still intact. There was, of course, the handwriting on the wall for those who cared to read: the inexorable course of events in Virginia, Arkansas and Louisiana; the student sit-in movement in Atlanta, symbolizing the determination of the New Negro to become a full-fledged citizen; the gradual chipping away of segregation in waiting rooms, on trolleys and on golf courses; and, further away, the ferment of a whole continent of new nations.

But for the time being, at least, no one had snatched away the well-chewed States' rights pacifier; and, if a Georgian wanted to, he could still imagine himself an island.

Then, with the swiftness and force of a whirlwind, two young Negroes penetrated the state's racial barriers in education for the first time in history, and neither mob violence nor Georgia's bag of statutory tricks was able to throw them back.

Gov. Ernest Vandiver who, six

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years before, had promised in his campaign for lieutenant governor to go to jail before acquiescing in the Supreme Court's desegregation edict, and only two years ago swore that "no, not one" Negro would cross the color line, now had painfully to announce that "I will not defy the law"—and asked for repeal of Georgia's strait-jacket segregation laws.

One hundred years to the day after Georgia had seceded from the Union, the administration's legislative leaders introduced bills which would allow desegregation to proceed at an orderly if slow pace, and it seemed that Georgia indeed had rejoined the Union.

IT WOULD be easy to read too much significance into these events. They have not swabbed away the infection of racial intolerance. Nor has Georgia necessarily set the pattern for the Deep South. Following Gov. Vandiver's decision, Alabama's Gov. John Patterson proclaimed that, faced with the same choice, he would close the University of Alabama.

But the Georgia case does have educational value. It has demonstrated again, if the point needed demonstration, that the Supreme Court meant what it said in 1954 and has the power and machinery to enforce its decision. And it reaffirmed for the doubters the faith of the New Negro in the rightness of his course.

More important, it gave many Georgians, particularly the college youth, their first real look at this New Negro—not in the abstract, not in symbolic form (e.g., Martin Luther King, Jr.), but in two flesh-and-blood realities, young, attractive, intelligent and audaciously demanding to be treated like human beings.

The Georgia case also has shown how men of good will, if they find the courage to speak their convictions, may help create a political climate in which anachronous and indefensible positions may be abandoned with some degree of calmness and decorum. And finally, the case has clarified what should already be a self-evident political proposition: that states have "rights" only if they also accept responsibilities, and that among these is protecting the individual right, guaranteed by the Constitution, not to be discriminated against because of race or color.

The Teachers Take a Stand

On the night of January 11, violence erupted on the campus of the University of Georgia following the admission to the university of two Negro students. The two students were immediately suspended "for their own protection." In the ensuing twenty-four hours, the following petition, drawn up by faculty members Frank Gibson, Horace Montgomery, Lester Walker and Joseph Schwartz, was signed by 300 of their faculty colleagues:

We, the undersigned members of the University of Georgia faculty, wish to commend the administrative authorities of the University of Georgia, especially the president, the dean of men, the dean of students, and the majority of the student body for the manner in which they have conducted themselves under the trying conditions of the past week, and we pledge our continued support to these authorities in carrying out their responsibilities under the law.

We deplore and condemn the incidents of Wednesday night, Jan. 11, and regret that officials of the State of Georgia were unable or unwilling to protect the right and property of the University and its students.

We also deplore and condemn the behavior of certain outside elements and those University students who regrettably joined in lawless demonstrations.

Continued incidents of this kind can only destroy the prestige of the University, result in loss of faculty and discourage and depress the student body.

Let the governor of this state, its law enforcement officials and the people know that we, members of the faculty of this great institution, will not retreat from the responsibility of standing steadfastly by the rules of law and morality.

Believing this, we, the undersigned, insist that the two suspended students be returned to their classes and that all measures necessary to the protection of students and faculty and to the preservation of orderly education be taken by appropriate state authorities.

In the ensuing days, more signatures were added; as of now, more than 400 of the 500-odd members of the faculty have signed the petition.

It is possible that many students on the University of Georgia campus in January, 1961, will never again obtain so much education in one dose as when they first saw Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes. It may be inconceivable, in this day of television and other mass media, that any college student should cling to the image of the Negro as an ignorant, ill-clothed, obsequious fieldhand or "mammy," but there apparently is no other way to explain the shock expressed by so many students during the Negroes' first days. Exclamations of "Why, she has such poise!" and "I think he's cute" or the like were quite common. Undeniably, many of the students who followed the Negroes about on their first days bore animosity, but there was far more simple curiosity.

Much has been said about the demonstrations and ultimate riots on the University of Georgia campus. The student newspaper, *The Red and Black*, which campaigned so sincerely for calm acceptance of desegregation, laid part of the blame at the feet of the press. University and City of Athens officials criticized "outside influences." It is true that the presence of the news corps did focus undue attention on Holmes and Miss Hunter. That is in the nature of news coverage, especially news photography. It is also unfortunately true that there were some verified instances of camera men's exhorting students to violent gestures. (Being photographed apparently is an irresistible lure. I have seen high school students in New Orleans interrupt their rioting to grab up the latest editions of the *States-Item* to check for pictures.) It is true, too, that there were "outsiders" at the riot staged near Miss Hunter's dormitory — townspeople, adults from farther away, the head of the national Klan and some of his Klansmen. (Eight admitted Klansmen were arrested in Athens that night; one of their cars contained a small arsenal of pistols.)

But neither the K.K.K. nor newsmen can be blamed for creating the riot. Each group was merely practicing its trade, while some 1,000 to 2,000 students milled around either as direct participants or as observers. Photographers in particular were discreet that night. After a rock-throwing incident the night before, hardly one unsheathed his camera, with the result that the Athens riot was one of the least-photographed in recent years.

FOR ALL their desire for absolution, the students themselves must shoulder a great deal of the responsibility. Of course, it may be argued that university youngsters, being similar to people, are easily led. So perhaps the ultimate blame lies not on the thousand or more students who participated passively, nor on the 500 who participated to the extent of shouting, nor even on the "hard core" of recalcitrants and genuine psychopaths who planned the riot, but on the politicians who encouraged disobedience to law and order. While many a politician would like to duck this responsibility, the Speaker of the Georgia House faced it squarely. Stepping down from the chair to support a resolution urging leniency on suspended students, he reminded the legislators that adult politicians for years had preached defiance of the Supreme Court's ruling.

The face of the angry mob became the face of the University of Georgia to the world that riotous night, but it must be remembered that barely a quarter of the student body was there even to watch. Many students worked hard to welcome the Negroes, or at least to maintain respect for the law and human rights. A group, banded together as Students for Cooperative Action, collected nearly 2,700 signatures on a petition to the legislature calling for acceptance of desegregation. During the first tumultuous days, these and other students issued several sets of mimeographed appeals for good behavior and "golden rule" conduct toward the new students. The Newman Club designated official escorts for Miss Hunter, a Roman Catholic. Quite a few girls came to visit her room in Center Myers Hall. If these gestures seem small to the outsider, bear in mind that even this much human decency risked the calumny of fellow students and home-town friends.

The great bulk of the student body falls into the category of resigned acceptance. They will have nothing to do with the Negroes—or so they say—but neither do they want mob disorder or interruption of their education. Said the disturbed young man who sat in a nearby soda shop throughout the rioting at Center Myers: "I'm for segregation, but my father runs a two-pump filling station. Everyone in my family has sacrificed something for me to be able to go to college. It would kill them if I took part in the riot and got expelled."

This great mass of uncommitted students could be reached through education. One wonders what they have been studying at the university. Thus far, their only tutors in political science appear to have been the extremist politicians; they keep spewing up such clichés as "judicial tyranny," "federalism" or "socialism." (The prize was the complaint that the "long arm of federal tyranny is crushing us under the heel of its boot.")

Perhaps the faculty, now that theory has turned into reality, and now that more than two-thirds of them have signed a petition supporting acceptance of the Negroes, will find the courage to cure this defect in their students' education.

In the long run, if the university and the state maintain order at the university—and they have given every indication they intend to do so—it will really be up to Charlayne Hunter and Hamilton Holmes to win acceptance for themselves as human beings. Thus far, they have demonstrated the capability and resilience necessary to survival in their pioneer roles. Indeed, their obvious personal and scholastic qualifications made a mockery, during the trial of their case, of the university registrar's rejection of them.

APPARENTLY to bear out their contention that segregation was not practiced at Athens, university officials had given "tentative" acceptance to Miss Hunter—provided she could find her way through a fantastic maze of deadlines (which were not scrupulously followed for white students). But Holmes was rejected outright because, it was said, he had been "evasive" and "contradictory." The contention was so absurd that U. S. District Judge W. A. Bootle felt compelled to comment, in his opinion, that the university representative's interview with Holmes apparently had been conducted for the purpose of excluding him. The nineteen-year-old boy was asked whether he attended houses of prostitution, "beatnik" houses or interracial parties, what he knew of the Atlanta student movement, whether he knew of the Athens "red-light district."

Holmes was valedictorian and Miss Hunter third-ranking in their graduating class at Turner High School in Atlanta. He has attended a year at Morehouse College in Atlanta, and she a year at Wayne State University in Detroit. Both come from middle-class families: her father is an Army chaplain, her mother a secretary; his father is a tombstone manufacturer and his mother a teacher.

Of the two, Miss Hunter is by far the more outward-going. She has the good looks and great poise which surely made her popular at Turner and Wayne State, and which, she must reflect with some irony, may help her eke out acceptance at the University of Georgia. At times, during the first couple of weeks of her ordeal, her smiles disappeared and she looked exhausted as she was escorted about the campus by detectives. Holmes hides his emotions better than Miss Hunter and takes a little longer to know, but after you penetrate this reserve, you begin to realize that here is a young man of considerable substance.

At the moment, in interviews, both say everything is going well and that they are happy. Throughout the whole affair, both have shown a remarkable ability to ignore unpleasant remarks and demonstrations. But they are not blind. And they are bound to realize, in time if not now, that the role of the pioneer is a lonely one. To trade positions of popularity for what is obviously going to be a difficult three years requires stamina and self-control asked of few adults.

GEORGIA is the first state to have scrapped its massive-resistance laws relating to public schools before they were struck down by the courts. For Gov. Vandiver to make such a decision required a courage and decisiveness which should not be gainsaid even in the face of his timidity to call the new bills by their proper name. (In outlining his program to the General Assembly, the Governor performed such a remarkable feat of semantic gymnastics that the listener might have thought Vandiver was promising continued total segregation.)

But the Governor's task was made easier by several factors: the example of other states, the great feeling of the people of Georgia for its university (the late Eugene Talmadge was defeated for the Governorship one year by Ellis Arnall because he tampered with that sacrosanct institution), and finally, a climate of opinion carefully built up for at least two years by newspapers, civic and professional groups and responsible citizens.

The Atlanta Constitution and *The Atlanta Journal* both have reminded readers upon every occasion that the ultimate choice for Georgia lay between open, desegregated public schools and no public schools at all. Some two years ago, a group of interested citizens, centered in Atlanta but eventually spreading throughout the state, organized under the name of HOPE (Help Our Public Education) to drive home the same line. A group of Atlanta ministers drew the attention of the state (and considerable criticism) with a "manifesto" for public education.

Possibly the greatest break in the political climate came when James S. Peters, patriarch of the Georgia Democratic Party, an adviser to Eugene Talmadge and now chairman of the State Board of Education, wrote a letter to intransigent segregationist Roy V. Harris in Augusta with the warning that some integration was inevitable and that if schools were closed, the Talmadge political organization would be smashed.

Shortly thereafter, the legislature authorized a committee of professional leaders and its own members to feel out sentiment throughout Georgia on the question.

Though opinion varied from one part of the state to another, the committee eventually recommended local option and tuition-grant laws similar to those recently signed by the Governor. During the course of the committee hearings and with increasing frequency as the school-closing crisis approached, one influential group after another has endorsed an open-schools plan. Some of the most powerful businessmen in the state were drawing up a petition to that effect when the Governor sounded the knell for massive resistance.

The contrast between Louisiana and Georgia in this respect might well be taken to heart by moderates in the remaining hold-out states. New Orleans citizens, promised segregation by its officials at all levels and given little warning by their press, were almost totally unprepared for desegregation when it came. Georgia, though its troubles are by no means over, faces its problems armed with a strong dose of reality.

THE JORDAN'S TROUBLED WATERS . . *William S. Ellis*

Beirut

THE RIVER Jordan, its 200-mile route traced in 5,000 years of rich Biblical history, is the most explosive of all the many Israeli-Arab points of dispute. Israel has launched a project (work on it will be accelerated, according to an announcement from Jerusalem last week) to divert the waters and make its southern wasteland inhabitable. The Arab League, incensed at the possibility of an irrigated Negev which could provide living space for as many as two million additional Jewish immigrants, has gone on record as vowing to stop the diversion, by shooting if necessary.

"We will fight if Israel diverts the course of the river," Salah Salem, President Nasser's former Minister of Information, said. "I don't rule out the possibility that this question might be a prelude to the liquidation of existing affairs between the Arab people and Israel once and for all."

Israel's reply comes from Mrs. Golda Meir, the Foreign Minister: "None has a right to interfere. Our plans cannot depend on the mercies of the ruler of Egypt."

Nasser's tough Vice President and commander of the U.A.R.'s Armed Forces, Field Marshal Abdul Hakim Amer, broadened Mrs. Meir's reference to the source of "mercies" in the matter. "The diversion of this river," he said, "concerns the entire Arab world." And he added: "As far as the U.A.R. is concerned, this plan will never be allowed to go through."

The River Jordan rises in the foot-

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hills of Lebanon and Syria and ends its flow in earth's brilliantly blue and salty basement, the Dead Sea. Along the way it stitches together Israeli and Arab territory, thus coating all the threats and counterthreats with some degree of justification. Both sides can, of course, benefit from the waters. But that would involve compromise, and compromise is unlikely as long as more than eighty million Arabs continue to refer to Israel as "the occupied section of Palestine."

Five years ago the United States offered a plan whereby both sides could draw on the Jordan. The plan, as outlined by its author, Eric Johnston, ex-President Eisenhower's special envoy, would provide Jordan, Lebanon and Syria with sufficient water to irrigate their lands. And one drinking straw would be extended to Israel.

Johnston revealed that the United States was prepared to make financial contributions to the project, which meant that Washington did not intend to let money stand in the way of erasing this ready-made excuse for another Israeli-Arab shooting war. Moreover, Johnston assured Arab leaders that his plan would not entail a final settlement of the Palestine problem, but would "lead to promotion of the welfare of more than one Middle East country."

OF THE Arab states, only Syria was against the plan from the start. The driving force behind its opposition was less a reluctance to share the waters with Israel than a desire to avoid camaraderie with the West. One hundred and fifty years of past exploitations in the Middle East by the Great Powers have left their scars, and to agree to the plan would have involved a violation, so Syria thought, of the concept on which modern Arab nationalism was being built.

Examples of what usually happens when an Arab leader deviates from the course of nationalism are all too many and all too tragic. The late youthful King Feisal of Iraq and his cunning Prime Minister, Nuri as-Said, died at the hands of rebelling Iraqis simply because they detoured too far to the West. More recently, Hazzaa Majali, the Jordanian Prime Minister, was killed by a bomb explosion, and King Hussein's moving eulogy could not wash away the remembrance of Majali, with tears in his eyes, pleading in vain with the Jordanian Cabinet to join the Western-inspired Bagdad Pact in 1955.

Arab officials who take precautions to avoid Majali-like departures from office suffer from what *Al Hayat*, the influential Beirut daily newspaper, calls "fear of the street." This fear dominated any other consideration when the Arab states were confronted with Syria's adverse reaction to the Johnston plan. Before long, the rejection had been endorsed by all the Arab states.

ISRAEL, in effect, is now proceeding to take what waters she would have received had the Johnston plan been approved. It would appear, however, that the concern of the Arab states over the diversion is somewhat premature, since bringing the Jordan's waters only as far south as Beersheba [map opposite] will take about twelve years. The water life line is to be constructed with pipes of 108-inch diameter in some parts, open canals in others, pressure conduits, pumping and booster stations, a power plant, reservoirs and operating ponds. Israel's determination to complete the work has existed, in one form or another, almost as long as the country itself. Indeed, the intensity with which Israel fought to gain possession of the Negev wasteland reveals that the diversion project was inherent in the conception of the Jewish state.

Most of the work will be carried out within the boundaries of Israel. The first stage is scheduled to be finished before 1965 and will draw on Lake Tiberias (the Sea of Galilee) only, a body of water which is indisputably in Israeli territory.

In December, 1959, Mrs. Meir announced that "none [of the Arab states] have a right to interfere, since the project is being carried out entirely within Israel's frontiers." But the fact is that Israel will have to cross a demilitarized zone on the Syrian border to tap the Jordan, a move which has been judged contrary to the armistice agreement.

In 1953, the Israelis attempted to cross the neutral area to begin work on a hydro-electric project, resulting in a clash, militarily as well as politically, with Syria. Work was suspended a year later at the request of the U.N. Security Council. Under the new project, crossing the zone and drawing on the Jordan at a point just south of Lake Hula is scheduled for the final stage, in the early 1970s.

Would routing the pipe line across the patch of no-man's land be considered a violation of the Arab-Israeli truce agreement? Major General E. L. M. Burns, recently retired commander-in-chief of the U.N. Emergency Force (UNEF) in the Middle East, believes it will: "The truce observers made a finding about it and said that it would constitute a change in the demilitarized zone and therefore Israel should not do it."

ARMED with that statement, the Arab states intend to press for U.N. action against the diversion project. If they fail there, they have another plan short of war: their own diversion of the waters feeding the Jordan. This threat has troubled Israel more than the one of armed resistance, for the Arabs are in a position to play with the headwaters of the Jordan to the extent that Lake Tiberias could become a puddle. It would involve a massive and unrewarding engineering effort; and the simultaneous draining of the river and its tributaries by three or four states in competition with each other would be absurd and wasteful. Nevertheless, it is not impossible. Jordan, the United Arab Republic and Lebanon are that determined to keep the Negev a wasteland.

In Lebanon there is the Hasbani River; in Syria, the Dan and Banias Rivers, each of which flows into northern Israel where they merge to form the upper River Jordan. A few miles south of the Sea of Galilee, another tributary, the Yarmuk River, joins the disputed waters. The Yarmuk forms the boundary between Nasser's Syria and Hussein's Jordan until just before it meets the Jordan's waters.

The Lebanese government, in particular, is talking about diverting the Hasbani, while the U.A.R. is considering the erection of a dam in

Syria to prevent the waters from reaching Israel. Israeli officials have scoffed at the proposal to build the dam, pointing out that the tributaries rising in Syria account for only 20 per cent of the Jordan's waters.

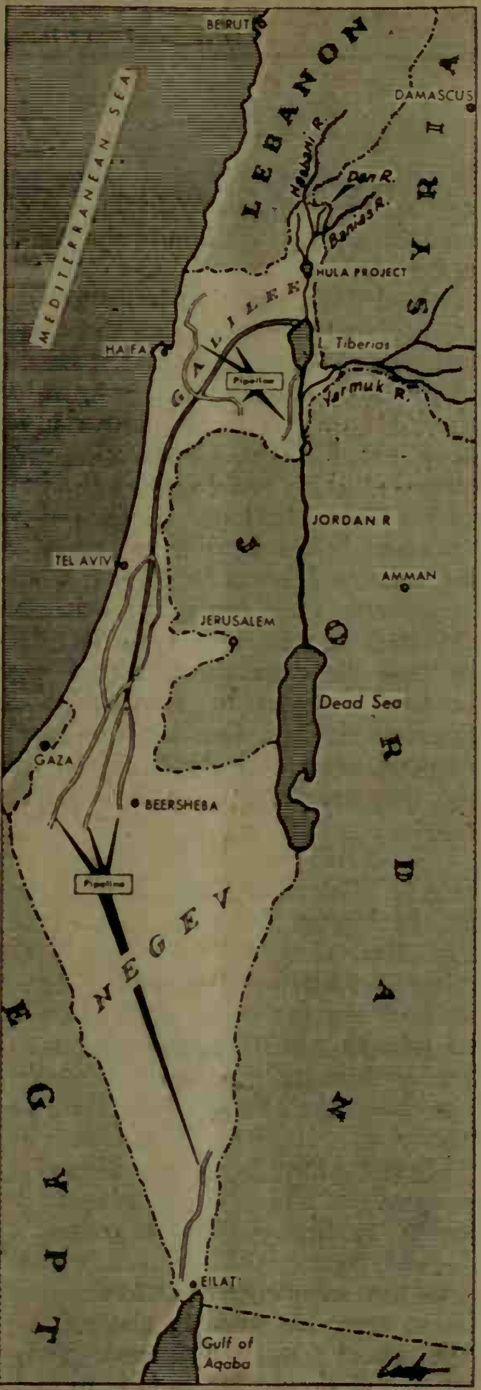
Yet, Israel has told Western diplomats she will go to war if these tributaries are diverted. One needs only to study a map of the Eastern Mediterranean to realize that it is possible to bend water until not only the Sea of Galilee but the entire Jordan Valley becomes dry. In its determination to keep the waters from Israel, the Arab League could, conceivably, cripple the fertile West Bank of Hussein's Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan.

THE EXPENSE involved in completing the Israeli project may prove to be as strong an ally for the Arabs as the diversion of the tributaries. The total bill is expected to be in the region of $250 million, and so far there has been no international help to meet this expense. The United States continues to be approached on the matter, but Washington is fumbling in its pockets with the finesse of a bankrupt baron. Where, then, does Israel turn? Until that question can be answered, the critical day when the scheme touches the Jordan will be delayed. Meanwhile, the Israeli government hopes to raise some money for regional diversion work. It is equally its hope that the Arab states, suddenly confronted with busy bulldozers across the borders, can be made to see reason and agree, before the final stage and the drawing on the Jordan, to some system of sharing.

Considering how very close Eric Johnston came to success, it may be that recommendations of another impartial observer would be accepted by the Arabs. Eugene Black, president of the World Bank, has offered to serve in such a capacity; but his offer will not be accepted this year, or the next or the one after that. Again, the reason lies in the course being taken by Arab nationalism, a course complicated by many inter-Arab quarrels, but fast and straight on the stretch known in Cairo as "the coming liberation of Palestine."

King Hussein is the Arab leader most likely to agree to a compromise (Jordan at first initialed the Johnston plan), but such a move would certainly set off new sparks around his already scorched throne. Many of the persons living in Jordan are Palestinian refugees, embittered men and women who are willing to give the Israelis water only by driving them into the Mediterranean. Nasser must also be careful of where and how he steps. Moreover, he feels the growing resentment of his power pushing in from all sides — President Habib Bourguiba in Tunisia, Hussein in Jordan, General Kassem in Iraq, and perhaps the biggest push of all from that Wahabi who recognizes the advantages of an air-conditioned Cadillac over a camel, King Ibn Saud.

Jordan's Troubled Waters



Double lines indicate general course of Israel's plans for diverting the waters of the Jordan River.

That leaves Lebanon among the riparian countries involved; and Lebanon, busy being neutral in all directions, is not likely to jeopardize her role as Middle East peacemaker by agreeing to foreign mediation.

Therefore, an agreement confined to Israel and the Arabs is not possible at this time, or, in all probability, ever. What might be possible, however, is an international guarantee that all countries sharing one river draw on the waters only up to certain defined limits. In that way, one diversion would not necessarily have to encourage others. The Arabs would no longer have to worry about admitting that Israel exists since the agreement would be cloaked in a broad, international concept. Israel wouldn't be allowed to satisfy fully the thirst of the Negev, but, on the other hand, neither would the Arabs be allowed to cause the Sea of Galilee to vanish.

IT MIGHT work. The only alternative appears to be complete anarchy and bloodshed.

A three-man delegation appointed by the Arab League to make a study of Israel's progress on the diversion scheme is now preparing its report. What it will say is already known: The work goes on and the big pipes are getting closer to the demilitarized zone.

What then? The League will perhaps be summoned in emergency session. Tables will be pounded, voices will be raised and communiqués full of sloganized xenophobia released to the press. This procedure is seldom altered during a meeting of the League. This time, however, the delegates will have a new document to toy with — a declaration of war drawn up at a meeting last year at which the League vowed to block Israel's water-development plan by force if necessary. If they feel that the time has come to do what they have been threatening to do for so long, the document will be signed and the Middle East will once again be plunged into bloody conflict.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Neglected Founding Father

CHANCELLOR ROBERT R. LIVINGSTON OF NEW YORK, 1746-1813. By George Dangerfield. Harcourt Brace & Co. 532 pp. $10.

Alfred F. Young

WHY ISN'T Robert R. Livingston better known? The head of one of the leading landed families of the Hudson Valley aristocracy in the era of the nation's founding, he was a prominent Whig patriot, Federalist and then Jeffersonian Republican. In 1781-82 he served, in effect, as the first American Secretary of State. He helped to draft New York's first state constitution and later to secure ratification of the federal constitution. His desertion of the Federalists in the 1790s was a *cause célèbre*, and on Jefferson's triumph in 1801 he was appointed Minister to France, in which post he conducted the negotiations that led to the Louisiana Purchase. In the last decade of his life he gained fame as a scientific agriculturalist and as the promoter of the first successful steamboat on the Hudson, Robert Fulton's *Clermont*, named after his family's estate. For more than a quarter of a century he presided over the state's Chancery Court — hence the title, Chancellor, which he proudly bore.

One is tempted to say that he is not better known because his contributions to many of these great events was often less than decisive. In the Revolution, he was one of New York's reluctant rebels who held out to the end against the final step of Independence; appointed to Jefferson's committee to draw up the Declaration, he took no part at all in its drafting. As secretary to the Congressional Committee on Foreign Affairs, he "performed his duties creditably," but as Dangerfield says, the office was "caught between the interference of Congress and the inattention of its diplomats," and credit for the effective peace treaty belongs to others. Where Livingston was important, for example in the Louisiana Purchase — and Dangerfield makes a convincing, new case that "he played a most creative part" in the negotiations — domestic broils, among other things, deprived him of the laurels he deserved.

It is obvious, too, that he epitomized a type that has not been to the democratic taste — a republican aristocrat, a vain, wealthy owner of a large tenanted estate. He was on the winning side — the Revolution, the Constitution, Jefferson — but his social order lost. He is not readily understood. In fact, there has never before been a biography of him, perhaps because he became a victim of the very family tradition he cultivated. It was only in the last decade that his descendants turned over the family papers to The New-York Historical Society. One of the largest untapped veins of early American history, they are the basis of Dangerfield's study.

WHATEVER the reasons for the neglect, Livingston has now been made memorable. George Dangerfield is the author of *The Era of Good Feelings*, a study of the period of James Monroe and John Quincy Adams, which won the Pulitzer Prize in 1953, and of a number of works in the history of England, the country of his birth. The Chancellor could hardly have been more blessed by a biographer: a historian who knows the English species of landed gentry of which Livingston is an American variety, whose own experience at Oxford permits him to savor his subject's classical heritage, whose *forte* is diplomatic history and who obviously knows how to make biography a branch of literature.

Not the least of the book's virtues is that it is permeated by its thesis ("To let the facts speak for themselves, as we all know, often results in an unseemly clamor"). It is "primarily a study in aristocracy" whose "central theme is the interplay between a man brought up in the atmosphere of a privileged colonial aristocracy on the one hand, and the emergence of popular government on the other." The thesis is that Livingston was "a man looking in two directions — forward as a scientific farmer and backwards as landlord, forward as a republican, backwards as an aristocrat." What may have made him different from many others in his class was that "he accepted change as a leading principle of political, no less than physical life." Unifying the seemingly disparate phases of his public life, according to Dangerfield, was an "innate conservatism" and a commitment to an "agrarian" way of life.

Within the framework of this analysis, Dangerfield illumines what has always been regarded as puzzling — the Chancellor's "conversion" from Federalist to Jeffersonian. This has usually been ascribed to resentment at President Washington's failure to appoint him to high office. Pique there was, but principle too. As an "agrarian" Federalist, Livingston did not stomach such features of Alexander Hamilton's financial program as the chartering of the Bank of the United States and the assumption of state debts.

The interplay of the Chancellor's personality and political behavior is fascinating. He went into the political arena both to defend his interests against the tides of tenant rebelliousness and middle-class democracy, and to seek for himself "the culture of laurels" — recognition and fame. Educated, elegant and egotistical, he was not "by temperament or training or background, equipped to play Mentor to rural lawmakers." The result was that he had "fits of revulsion" against politics at amazing times and "assumed a faintly Byronic detachment." In the 1790s he became increasingly "anti-political," withdrawing altogether in the last decade of his life to fulfill his "self-image" of a rural magnate and scientific improver, "useful, benevolent, prosperous, dispensing hospitality and advice."

THE BOOK is especially welcome as a contribution to the controversy now invigorating the study of early American history about the nature of class alignments in the revolutionary era. Was there a struggle in the Revolution not only for "home rule" but for "who shall rule at home"? Dangerfield's Livingston emerges as the epitome of historian Carl Becker's conservative Whig, suffused with a sense of class, battling to cage up the forces unleashed by the revolutionary upsurge. Was there an economic conflict over the federal Constitution? Dangerfield's Livingston is not Charles Beard's typical Federalist motivated by narrow pocketbook interests, yet he is impelled by a class fear of the threat to landed property from the taxing power of the state government in unfriendly hands.

This is convincing and a healthy tonic to the revisionist scholarship now so

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ALFRED F. YOUNG is the author of a forthcoming study, The New York Jeffersonians, *to be published by the Institute of Early American History. He teaches history at Paterson State College, New Jersey.*

fashionable. The problem remains, however, of getting into proper focus the character and program of the democratic movement of the era, one-half of Dangerfield's theme. Dangerfield's difficulty is not his alone; family manuscripts can take one just so far; after that, unfortunately, there are still too many questions about New York's complex politics which scholars have only begun to answer.

It may be that the jump from Federalist to Republican did not really require a "conversion," especially in the context of state politics. To identify Governor George Clinton, leader of New York's anti-Federalist host, as a "radical" and speak of the movement's philosophy as "agrarian democracy" is to miss the implications of what might be called the "aspiring middle-class" character of the leadership. Clinton was more or less indifferent to the plight of tenant farmers, the Livingstons were not the only aristocratic family in his camp (the Van Cortlandts were another) and an alliance with the Chancellor was not contradictory from his point of view. The democratic attitude to chartering banks, for example, reflected a concern for equality of opportunity for entrepreneurs, not a doctrinaire agrarianism—a point which may make the Chancellor's support for the famous Republican Bank of Manhattan less puzzling. On the other hand there was a "left wing" of the democratic movement built around tenants and poor farmers and several urban classes whose relationship to the Livingstons would be worth following after the Revolution and into the nineteenth century.

It may also be that Livingston's outlook on foreign policy can provide a theme to unify his three decades of public life as satisfying as "agrarianism" or "innate conservatism." Dangerfield's sure grip falters in placing the Chancellor's "withdrawal" so early in the 1790s. From my reading of the newspapers and family papers I would say that from 1793 to 1796 the Livingstons could hardly have been more "engaged" in the fight over Citizen Genêt, policy to Great Britain and the Jay Treaty. Indeed their vigorous, sustained leadership helped turn the tide for the Republicans in New York. I would not insist on what might seem to be a minor revision of timing, if it did not suggest that the Chancellor's republicanism emerged most fully as a reaction to the Federalists' pro-British foreign policy rather than to Hamiltonian finance. Secondly, Livingston's amazing enthusiasm for France in the 1790s seems to be of a piece with his "gallican" role as Secretary of State in the decade before and his performance as Minister to France a few years later; hence the consistency of his outlook in the sole field where he exercised national leadership.

If my suggestions are valid, it may be that Livingston made more of a contribution to the Republican cause than Dangerfield would have it, was perhaps less of an agrarian and was somewhat less contradictory. Others may interpret this intriguing man still differently, for Dangerfield has produced a study exciting in its insights and rich in its implications. It is a beautifully proportioned, vivid and subtle portrait, which commands the attention of scholars and will be turned to for the sheer delight of reading.

Studies in Reluctance

THE COLLECTED SHORT STORIES OF CONRAD AIKEN. Preface by Mark Schorer. World Publishing Co. 566 pp. $6.

David Ray

CONRAD AIKEN has, as much as any other writer, elaborated what one would probably today call the existential theme of "agonized sentience" — man's awareness that he is absurdly dependent on a world of matter for which he has only contempt. In his story "Gehenna," Aiken describes human lives as "precariously hung in the void," each with its own chaos waiting, "a chaos of my own . . . intimately and recognizably my own." Each life is a "majestic fiction" slimly insulated from the "primordial chaos" that surrounds it and waits to overcome it, to absorb it in the great flux of mere matter. Aiken is fascinated by the abrupt changes, the disruptions and shattering realignments that can be effected merely by an act of perception; even skins are suddenly "detachable"; circles under the eyes can become an unforeseen horror. While most men make their "step-by-step approach to destruction," unaware that they stand on the "brink of chaos," those with the curse of "agonized sentience" must face life's most brutal sufferings.

Since awareness itself embodies the greatest peril in life as Aiken characterizes it, his greatest stories read almost like object lessons; "Mr. Arcularis" and "Silent Snow, Secret Snow" treat death and hysteria as the rewards of awareness. "Try to be one of those on whom nothing is lost," Henry James advised, and Aiken seems to have devoted a great labor to his considered reply: "Yes, and end up in the psycho ward!"

NOWHERE is the opposition between mere observers and those who are committed to life with its tawdriness and its dangers more clearly defined than in "A Pair of Vikings," a story in which two boys observe a dangerous husband-and-wife carnival act, The Drome of Death — a motorcycle spin around a great barrel. As the couple go on to danger, to a power struggle for top billing, to the girl's death, the two boys stand behind the protective barrier, watching "beauty in danger."

Just as these boys draw back, merely observing the violent life of the performers, men in Aiken's other stories draw back from challenges of every sort, though perhaps most frequently from one of an erotic nature. For there is another boundary in Aiken's stories — that separating behavior by rules, society or civilization, from a world of intense eroticism, the demimonde, a vast jungle of libidinal "savagery" — experience hinted by a touched hand under a table or "tremulous little midnight knocks." His characters are frequently revealed by their responses to "that sleeping alertness of the body that must automatically and swiftly appraise every newcomer, appraise the beauty and the grace and the promise of passion and delight, appraise the nimbleness of the imagination that would be brought to love, the delicacy or fierceness of sensuousness or sensuality, the potentialities." Here too his characters realize that full awareness is disastrous, that "Gehenna" is hinted by every smile. Knowing that a "savage" response leads to hysteria and disorder, they fight to keep their

Poetry Editor

M. L. Rosenthal has received a Guggenheim grant and is spending this year in England. During his absence, the post of Poetry Editor will be held in turn by several poets and critics. The first of these is W. S. Merwin, whose poetry and criticism appears frequently in *The Nation*, and whose latest collection of verse, *The Drunk in the Furnace*, was published by Macmillan last fall.

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lives as ordered as Edwardian gardens; but one of Aiken's basic ironies seems to lie in his view of this retreat as an evasion of responsibility. In *Ushant*, that autobiographical skeleton key which provided us with a guide to the recurrent themes in Aiken's imaginative "pilgrimage" (to adopt Delmore Schwartz's appropriate description of Aiken's work), Aiken wrote frequently of "failures of nerve" and "failures of love."

HERE is the dilemma that Aiken sees — the tension of body and soul, of stability and disorder, presented by the grave risks of total awareness. His characters, reluctant to make plunges, whether into love affairs, self-testing work, or simply into a realm of honesty and realism in their lives, sometimes bumble ("The Necktie"), and frequently flee, citing "good sense," "respect for the conventions," or "religious scruples." Or they realize too late, like the boardinghouse roomer of "No, No, Go Not to Lethe," who feels that he can remain a detached observer of the rather amusing involvements of others, that one must be caught up in the delicate dilemma, the web of reluctance and awareness. It is relevant to mention that women do not seem to have this kind of trouble in Aiken's fiction — they are part of the seductive lure of life, more a part of nature, while men remain attached to society and its conventions of reluctance.

Aiken's characters who escape the "wisdom" of Henry James's advice are spared the horrors of death, hysteria and cluttered lives, then, but they withdraw with even their creator's contempt. While those who do take risks with their emotions are either sadly disappointed (the shattering of fantasy in such stories as "The Moment" and "The Professor's Escape") or prove the dangers of engagement by retreat into hysteria ("Silent Snow, Secret Snow") or into death itself ("Mr. Arcularis"). But who can doubt that these latter are the heroes?

The State of the United Nations

THE UNITED NATIONS AND U.S. FOREIGN POLICY. By Lincoln P. Bloomfield. Little, Brown. 267 pp. $4.75.

U.N.: THE FIRST FIFTEEN YEARS. By Clark M. Eichelberger. Harper & Bros. 147 pp. $2.75.

SHAPING OUR TIMES: What the United Nations Is and Does. By Harold Courlander. Oceana Publications. 237 pp. $3.50 cloth. $1.75 paper.

Jane Stolle

ADLAI STEVENSON mouthed no platitudes in accepting the nomination as United States Ambassador to the United Nations. Instead of reiterating the old saws about the organization ("parliament of man," "bastion of peace," etc.), Stevenson said simply that our policy in the U. N. must be governed by the fact that the United States and her traditional allies no longer enjoy a clear majority in the organization. Things have changed since 1945, when the U. N. was founded, and America must, and—tacitly—will, adjust to those changes as reflected in the world organization.

High time. For too long our U.N. position has been one of trying to slow with antiquated policies the surge of new nationalisms and "rising expectations" for a more equitable life throughout the world. Moreover, the United States has, when it seemed convenient, alternately used and abused the United Nations; and has not accepted it as an established, serious organization that deserves better from one of its largest members than a capricious, issue-to-issue policy of "beating the Russians." That policy has not only weakened the organization, but as Lincoln Bloomfield implies throughout *The United Nations and U.S. Foreign Policy*, has boomeranged against the United States itself.

This concise and provocative handbook is based on experience and knowledge gathered during eleven years that the author served as an official in the policy-planning-for-the-U. N. division of the State Department—a position of "modest responsibility," Bloomfield says. It became increasingly clear to him at that time that

> until the United States acquired a better over-all strategic doctrine in the political realm, until its broad and sometimes vague goals were made more explicit and backed by a more purposeful program of action, this country could not have the assurance that it was employing such instruments of diplomatic and political action as the United Nations with maximum effectiveness to achieve desirable ends. In the absence of a more meaningful over-all program of national strategy, the United Nations—both as a symbol and as a place of business—has appeared to many Americans a baffling mixture of ward politics and high morality—a stepchild of foreign policy one day and prodigal son the next.

From the State Department, Mr. Bloomfield went to the Center for International Studies at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he decided that "there was only one logical way in which to examine afresh the strategic uses of the United Nations for American policy over the next decade," and that was to "spell out systematically the foreign policy objectives of the United States, across the board, and to relate them to the capabilities and limitations of the United

Love Fast

I am hungry for the bakeries, not
Their bread. I am hungry for the road
That ran through every country and the
Tree turning color from the south up to the
North. I am hungry for the salt, famished
For the shields of color, flags of odor.
But I will not eat.

Flesh, you are going. Having given up the taste
For meat, I have given up the taste for fruit.
I have given up the taste for cheese. Salads
And weeds do not please me. My thirst is gone.

I am hungry for love, but I will not find him.
I will look in my drawer for a secret. I will
Hang up my clothes. I will keep from the ice-box
And the window.

I will become an old woman in three days.

SANDRA HOCHMAN

JANE STOLLE is The Nation's *U. N. correspondent.*

Nations as best those could be estimated from available evidence." This book is the result, and there is no wide-eyed nonsense about it. On the face of it, Bloomfield is a hard-hitting conservative. His definitions of our objectives in the areas of military and political security, stability and welfare and world order would not frighten the Pentagon, nor the State Department. Nor would the NAM cavil at his definition of our interests: "...the chief purpose for which our foreign policy operates is to develop an international environment in which we can enjoy our prosperity and cultivate our internal societal values without excessive disturbance or threat from the outside." He is securely wrapped in the American flag. Then comes the refreshing switch: These objectives and interests, Bloomfield says, do not necessarily conflict with the objectives and interests of the majority of the other U.N. members—most of whom are from the underdeveloped regions of the world. U.N. financing of economic development, early independence for any colonial territory under Western control, international commodity stabilization, the seating of Communist China, self-determination as the right to national control of resources, and *détente* in the cold war—all these are the paramount issues before the U.N. for three-quarters of its members, and will be the issues by which U.S. policy is judged. Mr. Bloomfield makes a sober and convincing case for our support of each issue, and all in the name of cold-blooded, calculated self-interest. They may not seem compelling arguments to some of our traditional allies who have a different idea of where their interests lie, but they might be our—and the U.N.'s—salvation.

AS LONG as we are paralyzed by our military alliances with Portugal, Belgium, Spain, Great Britain and France into blind support of their nineteenth-century policies in the economic and colonial areas, we shall find ourselves alienating potential friends and throwing them gratuitously into the arms of the enemy. We do not have common interests with the other NATO countries when those interests involve the delay of economic and social development in the hungry parts of the world. Our interests lie in the peaceful, steady development of such areas, and as Bloomfield says, "history teaches that ultimate stability is achieved not by attempting to suppress changes in the established order, but by understanding the underlying forces and imprinting upon the process itself the outlines of the desirable outcome." The process of change is inexorable, whether the old world likes it or not.

The titles and subtitles of two other books on the U.N. are self-explanatory: Clark Eichelberger's *U.N.—The First Fifteen Years: How the U.N. functions, How it has developed, How it has dealt with International Problems and Disputes:* and Harold Courlander's *Shaping Our Times: What the United Nations Is and Does*. Eichelberger, who is executive director of the American Association for the United Nations, was one of the founding fathers of the United Nations; he appraises the organization with a historical eye. He joins Bloomfield, however, in urging that the big powers—particularly the United States—cease their "play at the United Nations, using it one day and ignoring it the next. It must be the very foundation of policy, not a diplomatic tool." Less provocative than Bloomfield's book, it handily complements it.

Harold Courlander has served as a U.N. Information Officer and as Press Officer for the United States Mission, and judging by his book he was competent. *Shaping Our Times* is clearly based on the U.N. "bible," *Everyman's United Nations*, a 600-page encyclopedia, published bi-annually by the U.N. Office of Public Information. There is less "heart" in it than in Mr. Eichelberger's, less "tooth" than in Mr. Bloomfield's, but if it's just plain facts about the U.N. you want to know, Mr. Courlander is your man.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE IMPORTANCE of *The American Dream* (York Playhouse) is that it's Edward Albee's. Edward Albee is the young playwright who wrote *The Zoo Story* — one of the finest of American short plays. A young playwright of genuine talent — that is, one who is not merely clever — is rare nowadays. (I hope I am wrong about this scarcity.) So everything that Albee writes should be given special attention. This should not be adulatory: it is dangerous to make "stars" of playwrights while they are in the process of growth; nor should our attention consist of slaughtering the playwright's second or third play in behalf of the hallowed first one.

The American Dream is a one-act abstract vaudeville sketch. It purports to typify the well-to-do American mid-

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dle-class home in this age of automation and mechanized men and women. The excellent little set is hung with frames without pictures; the room itself has expensive furniture hideously gilded, blank prefabricated walls and above them all the Stars and Stripes — in short no intimacy, no personality, no vibrations. Daddy, who earns the money, has had part of his gut removed and of sex there is no question. The family is childless. Grandma who has a remnant of spunk left in her dry bones is at once a protected and abandoned bit of household crockery — a sort of skeleton in the closet. She says all the right things at the wrong time and the wrong things at the right time. No one listens to anyone else or cares about what is said when they do listen. There is total spiritual, intellectual stasis. The child — called a "bumble" rather than a baby — once adopted by this juiceless family was smashed and dismembered by them.

WINTER ISSUE

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Into this vacuum enters the "American dream" in the person of a tall, good-looking boy, a perfect juvenile specimen. He has no feelings, no active desires, no real ambition. Passively waiting, he is a prettily furbished shell. He is adopted by Mommy and Daddy — to undergo the same treatment as the earlier "bumble."

The play is funny and horrid, a poker-faced grotesque. It reminds one of Ionesco's one-act plays, *The Bald Soprano and Jack*, although the Frenchman's plays are freer in their extravagance and more devastating. There is no harm in a young writer's being influenced — it is inevitable; besides, one chooses one's influence in the direction of one's sympathies. But there is a certain literalness in *The American Dream* — even at moments a flatness of writing — which makes me suspect that the French influence on Albee (Genet, Beckett, Ionesco and others) is not altogether helpful.

I mean by this that Albee's talent — as with most Americans — lies closer to realism than perhaps he knows. *The Zoo Story* had its "symbolic" side too and was also terrifyingly humorous — as well as obliquely tender — but what abstraction there was in it arose from true observation of specific people in specific environments.

Abstraction becomes decoration when it loses touch with its roots in concrete individual experience; and the word "decoration" is just as appropriate where the abstraction is satirically fierce as where it is beguiling. So while I appreciate the comment and the bitter barbs which *The American Dream* contains, I would caution the author to stick closer to the facts of life so that his plays may remain humanly and socially relevant. For it is as easy to make a stereotype from a critical and rebellious abstraction as from a conformist one.

The cast of *The American Dream* is well chosen and ably directed by Alan Schneider.

BARTLEBY, a musical setting of Herman Melville's story by William Flanagan (libretto by James Hinton, Jr., and Edward Albee), accompanies *The American Dream*. The idea in *Bartleby* is superbly suggestive though unsuccessful in execution. The refusal to participate in the meaningless humdrum of life, makes the almost totally mute Bartleby (a wraithlike clerk isolated in the cage of a lawyer's office in old New York) a wisp of tragic nature. For Bartleby's "I prefer not to . . ." is a kind of a cryptic battle cry of a desperate negation bleakly murmured into the dank air of a civilization that has little to offer the commonplace man but futile chores. What Melville added to this — and the mark of his stature — is the terrible bafflement and guilt of the Boss (the world at large) unable wholly to understand or to do something for the perpetually present Bartleby.

Such a story is extremely difficult to dramatize or to set to music unless it is enveloped in as richly complex a texture as that which Alban Berg wrought for *Wozzeck*. But Flanagan's score — at least in the inadequate two-piano version in which it is given at the York — is as bare as the dialogue and thus fails to bring the piece as a whole to life. It is nevertheless an honorable failure. Credit should be given for an atmospheric setting (by William Ritman who also designed *The American Dream*) and for the singing performance of Bruce MacKay. [In the second week, *Bartleby* was withdrawn, and replaced by *Domino Furioso*, a satire presented by the Valerie Bettis Dance Theater.]

DION BOUCICAULT'S hit melodrama of 1859, *The Octoroon*, is to be seen in a limited engagement at the Phoenix. It is a "social" play — a tear-jerker about the plight of the Negro, even of the lightest shade — in ante-bellum Louisiana. It is sentimental, conventional, absurd and still rather effective.

To enjoy it one should see it not as a "sophisticate" but as a kid. (Our theatre "sophisticates" are provincial.) It is historically interesting in all sorts of ways. It made me think, for instance, of how tardy — being a "mass" art — the theatre in our country has been in relation to the themes undertaken and their presentation. For by 1859 *Moby Dick*, *The Scarlet Letter*, *Leaves of Grass* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin* had all been published. It is also worth noting that in *The Octoroon*, as in Harriet Stowe's novel, there is only one wicked Southerner, while in many of our most recent plays about the same territory all the native characters are wicked. How progressive of us!

There is some smart theatre trickery in *The Octoroon* and at least one very nice line: "If we can't act like Christians, at least let us try to act like gentlemen."

The Phoenix production is sound; I was glad to see the show.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE COMPOSERS' SHOWCASE, which in past seasons has presented concerts and discussions of contemporary music at the Circle in the Square Theatre, has moved uptown and into the relatively swank surroundings of the Museum of Modern Art Auditorium. Charles Schwartz, who originated the concerts and is their director and moderator, has from the beginning tried to add some degree of elegance to the forum-concert genre. In the first program of this year's series, he struck a tone decidedly chic.

Aaron Copland was the featured composer. The works presented were a group of his songs, exquisitely sung by the young soprano Dorothy Renzi, and a post-intermission performance of *The Second Hurricane*, a play-opera in two acts. This was given in a concert version by students from the High School of Music and Art, New York, with an attractive minimum of staging and lighting designed by Roger Englander and Lee Watson. Mr. Copland sat on stage and acted as narrator in the opera, providing a bridge between the choral sections to substitute for the original dialogue.

Copland is not usually thought of as a composer of songs, and as a matter of fact he has not written a great many. But those he has composed are highly attractive and display the same cleanliness of line and texture that characterizes his instrumental music. Among the most familiar are a set of twelve to poems by Emily Dickinson, written in 1950. Accompanied by the excellent young pianist, David Garvey, Dorothy Renzi sang four of these: *Nature, the gentlest mother; The world feels dusty; Dear March, come in!;* and *Sleep is supposed to be.* They are all lovely, and could not have been more beautifully sung. Indeed, I found the first one quite astonishing — music and performance alike — for its qualities of restraint and suffused warmth. Three earlier songs were also represented: *As It Fell Upon a Day* (1923), in which Miss Renzi was assisted by John Perras, flutist, and David Glazer, clarinetist; *Song* (1927) (e. e. cummings text); and *Vocalise* (1928).

The Second Hurricane was written in 1937 with the needs of student performance specifically in mind. In the forum part of the program, the composer stated that 1937 was a time when music publishers, knowing that performances of contemporary concert music were few and far between, were urging that American youth had better be given a chance to get contemporary sounds into their ears, so that audiences might eventually expand. Copland's work holds a keen balance between elements designed to appeal to high school-age performers (the plot, for instance, and the infectious rhythms) and elements of highly sophisticated and polished craft. The harmonic idiom of *The Second Hurricane* is bright and consonant. I would imagine it to be easily fathomable by most untutored ears. The composer's aim was not, obviously, to challenge the powers or taste of high school choruses with complex or dissonant harmony, but rather to create an appealing, performable piece, acquainting them with the flavor, rhythms and textures of an up-to-date though conservative style. As with all his music, the workmanship is of the highest order. Despite the militarian purpose for which the work was designed, Copland did not write a potboiler. Nor did he pander to cultural ignorance as do many composers of "practical" music.

AS AN example of the kind of work which can be achieved in a specialized High School of Music and Art, the performance of *The Second Hurricane* was revelatory. The American conductor, Seymour Lipkin, directed a double chorus representing, in Edwin Denby's libretto, "high school students" and "parents." There were seven "grammar school" students (soloists) and two accompanying pianists to complete the ensemble. The performance he drew from the non-professional body of singers was extraordinary. It is true that the same group had given the opera on a New York Philharmonic children's concert, and the preparatory work of their regular school director, Sybil Mandel, was probably fresh in their minds. But there are parts of *The Second Hurricane* which, for choral music, are extremely difficult, especially in terms of rhythm. These the performers flipped off as if they were singing the national anthem. Their diction was perfect. Every word, regardless of tempo or choral texture, was crisp, well-formed and understandable.

To achieve this kind of verbal clarity with a choral group was once considered almost impossible. That idea has been weakening in recent years, but I have never heard more positive proof that sloppy choral (or solo) diction need not be accepted. When high school students can make the sung English language sound so clear and beautiful, there is no excuse for professionals to do less.

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ART

Fairfield Porter

THE PAINTINGS by Paul Georges at the Great Jones Gallery illustrate in a very interesting way a relationship between tradition and individual talent. The exhibition features life-size — or maybe a little larger — portrayals of a pregnant nude. There are also landscapes, and they too seem to symbolize pregnancy: one shows a much-pruned apple tree whose huge trunk is quite disproportionate to the thin young branches; another shows the wide, dark end of a barn in the blue-green sunlight; and a third, a black pool with bathers under ballooning foliage. The acidity of Georges' color comes as a shock: violent greens, thin yellows and an almost Prussian blue-black. The flesh color is "traditional," but the acid pinkish bark of the tree-bole is not. Also in the gallery, though it was not hung at the opening, is a portrait of a man sitting on a studio couch below the artist's eye level, with the room behind him. This painting has none of the acidity of the rest of the show: its color is an almost conventional array of grays, browns and reds, and the handling has the virtuosity one associates (without sufficient justification) with the style of Sargent.

The scope of these paintings is a matter of width of areas and a graphic, firm impatience and hurry over details of fingers and feet; but still more, whether the paintings are vertical or horizontal rectangles, it is a literal matter of an underlying emphasis on the second dimension of breadth. His figures sit erect and the trees grow up, but his world is a wide one, a horizontal one. The artist seems instinctively to feel space in the sweeping gesture of spreading his arms. The paintings are impressive in their skill of handling and solidity, combined with a jarring color that holds its place. And they probably could not have been painted before the advent of "American-type" abstraction. They illuminate the relation between tradition and revolt.

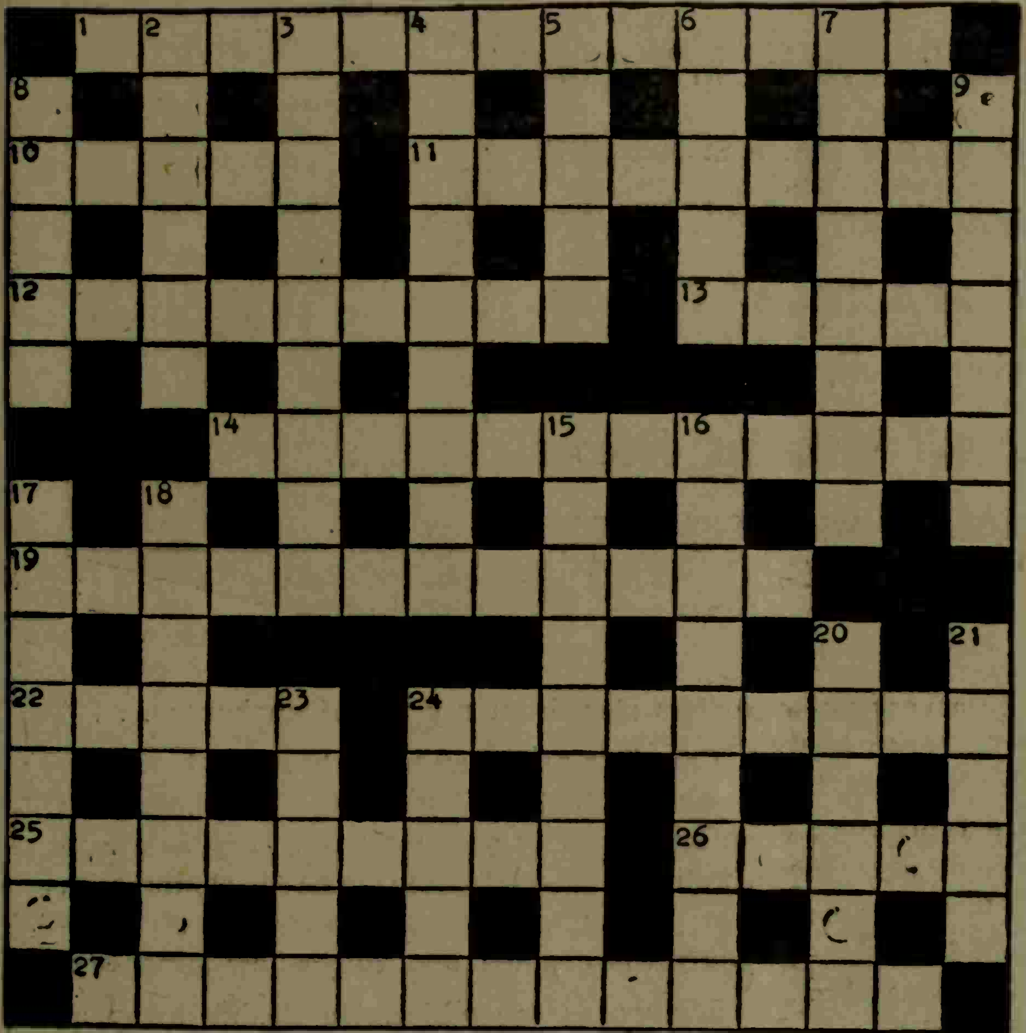
An artistic capital is a place where tradition has been assimilated. This cannot be deliberately brought about, and the reason for its occurrence is essentially mysterious. What "assimilation of tradition" means is an understanding on the part of artists of the essential nature of the form of the art of the past, or of another artistic capital, or the previous one. Artistic provinciality means that the artist does not understand the essential nature of the form of art in the capital, though he may be strongly attracted to it. Or he may consider himself a traditionalist, that is, attracted to the art of the past; and if his understanding of this art is superficial, he will be provincial to it. An academy is often a center of provinciality, even when located in a capital. The academic view assumes that art can be expressed in a series of rules, which in sum miss the essentials. A provincial artist's work depends on the art of a capital, removed in time or space. His work has formality without form. His work does not stand alone, but depends on art somewhere else. Or it may depend on ideas which, though they may make a consistent whole, are better embodied in their verbal exposition than in art. An independent art will elude any exposition of it.

SOMETIMES there exists a completely original artist, independent of tradition and independent of the capital. His denial of tradition and of the capital are equivalent to a denial of his profession, to a declaration of an amateur status. His work may consequently suffer from shallowness. Such an artist was Arthur Dove, whose revolt against tradition was based on the conventions of American magazine illustration. Another was Kandinsky, who based his revolt on the inadequate traditions of a provincial academy. In the paintings of both these artists, there are gaps between graphic and color formalities. Insuperable formal weaknesses usually occur in the work of revolutionary artists unattached to an artistic capital. This can be seen in the Guggenheim Museum. The formality of the Constructivists seldom transcends the detail, as if form should be guaranteed by choosing a formal subject, in this case, the shapes of geometry. Contrasting with these paintings is the Bonnard in the same museum. Any verbal exposition related to this painting would be less than the painting. And still it is the best abstraction there. Bonnard was attached to an artistic capital.

For all of its peculiarity, "American-type" painting contains within itself, just as Impressionism did, a sort of assimilation of tradition. This assimilation of tradition comes about through a reaction with the deepest, most inexpressible force of tradition, and it creates a new artistic capital. In such an artistic capital a significant conservative "return to tradition" can occur. Georges' paintings represent such a return. But tradition is available to him, here in New York, because it was first assimilated by the New York School, and the form in which it is available is characteristic of this abstract school.

Crossword Puzzle No. 902

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A little home carries weight when it comes to swatting flies, perhaps. (It's a soft job, though!) (6, 7)

10 Securing something and getting even? (5)

11 Should this part of the percussion section be in the woods, rather? (9)

12 Not breakfast nooks, though associated with many dishes. (9)

13 Commonly sweet slice that is sometimes associated with pie. (5)

14 Evidently relief is not necessary for the subject of art! (7, 5)

19 One might cut them both, as one fights, possibly. (5, 3, 4)

22 A strange thing in the dark? (5)

24 Snakebites used by Kipling's gentiles? (9)

25 Reduce the time of your late breakfast, by the sound of it. (9)

26 Walls might be, as I contended! (5)

27 Terpsichorean display with not so much coverage? (7, 6)

DOWN:

2 Ineffective and futile. (6)

3 One might make it more tight, and it still could fly. (5, 4)

4 The Wedding Guest was relatively close. (1, 2, 3)

5 Where one of Bizet's women came from? (5)

6 The subject of a Giotto picture. (5)

7 One might find it done on time. (8)

8 What a candidate does when he hasn't a leg to stand on? (5)

9 Makes like a postman and does away with the act, perhaps? (7)

15 No praline, but almost as sweet. (9)

16 Preserves the real character shown in stamina. (9)

17 Equivalent to one-time fits? (When it comes to country air, many of us drop out after the first!) (7)

18 A journal drawn up about a barbarian place of interment. (8)

20 I'd go in here, but the color is wrong! (6)

21 A team which might be away? (5)

23 The sort applied to polls is not taken internally. (5)

24 Could this have been injured by Father William's peculiar standing? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 901

ACROSS: 1 Printer's Devils; 8 Liquor boards; 10 Transposal; 11 Scan; 13 Chains; 14 Monotone; 16 Let it lie; 17 Aplomb; 19 Sang; 20 Work detail; 22 Recommission; 23 Correspondence. DOWN: 1 Political issue; 2 In quarantine; 3 Thousandth; 4 Ribbon; 5 Diapason; 6 Veda; 7 Counterbalance; 9 Accommodation; 12 Compressed; 15 Timorous; 18 Akimbo; 21 Dear.

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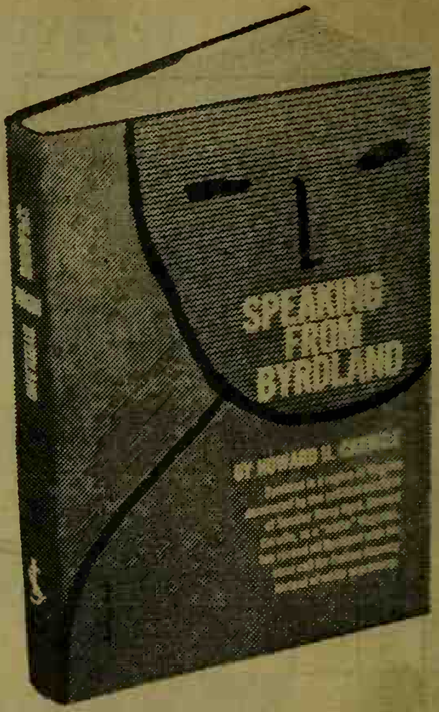

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LETTERS

Herman Kahn and RAND

Dear Sirs: The new book by Herman Kahn, *On Thermonuclear War* [reviewed in *The Nation,* Jan. 14 issue] has provoked a great deal of discussion and controversy. Unfortunately, in many news stories, magazine articles and in the Letters to the Editor, the point of view expressed by Kahn has become identified with the official point of view of The RAND Corporation.

I think that it is essential to point out that RAND is a nonprofit research corporation with no official point of view—except for that of examining problems of national concern. Its research includes studies ranging from space travel to cancer research, from neutrons to neutrality. As a member of the Physics Division at RAND, Kahn has the privilege of publishing his opinions on matters of civil defense, nuclear war, national survival and so on. They no more represent the official views of the RAND Corporation than do the views of Teller at Berkeley, a physicist; Pauling at Cal Tech, a chemist; or Shapley at Harvard, an astronomer, represent the official views of these universities on social, political and economic matters.

On the basis of personal conversation, I can report that a number of senior members of The RAND Corporation who have examined these questions over the last five or ten years do not share Kahn's views, and I myself do not have these troglodytic, apocalyptic visions of Kahn.

Richard Bellman
The RAND Corporation
Santa Monica, Calif.

The Ignored Statute

Dear Sirs: In the splendid article "Forgotten Remedy for the Voteless Negro" in your Jan. 21 issue, the authors, Thomas I. Emerson and Arthur E. Bonfield, overlooked a very important matter. I made a study of the subject some fifteen years ago; as a result, I suggested to Earl Warren, then Governor of California, that the State of California sue the State of South Carolina in the U.S. Supreme Court to have the number of Representatives of South Carolina reduced from six to one in conformity with the provisions of Section 2 of the 14th Amendment and the enforcing statute of 1872. At that time, it took thirteen times as many electors to elect one Congressman in the State of Connecticut as it did in South Carolina, the two states having almost equal populations.

Messrs. Emerson and Bonfield, after quoting certain provisions of Section 2 of the 14th Amendment, say: "In addition to Section 2 an almost unknown statute, originally framed in 1872 and still on the books, contains the same requirement." Later on they say: "Certainly advocates of civil rights should mount a full-scale effort to force Congress to honor the Constitutional mandate."

A close reading of Section 2 of the 14th Amendment and the statute of 1872 reveals that the former reduces the "*basis* of representation" and that the latter reduces the "*representation*" of an offending state, according to the same formula.

Congress has no power to change the *basis* of representation. It does have the power and, indeed, the duty, to change the representation of an offending state in conformity with the mandate of Section 2 of the 14th Amendment. *This Congress did by the statute of 1872.* Such was the sole purpose of that statute. In other words, Congress *has honored* the Constitutional mandate.

It remains only for the courts, or a court, *to apply and enforce* the provisions of the statute. This no court can do unless and until proper action is brought before it for decision.

Congress has not failed to comply with this mandate. Nor has any court as yet failed to comply with it. *The failure has been in a proper litigant instituting and forming a proper action in a court having jurisdiction.*

There can be no doubt that the statute of 1872 is Constitutional. Section 2 of the 14th Amendment establishes its Constitutionality, and Congress, by this statute, having *expressly* complied with the Constitutional mandate, cannot, *by implication,* be said to have repealed that statute. That is, Congress cannot, *by implication,* withdraw its expressed compliance with that mandate. Indeed, it would seem that Congress cannot, even by expressed repeal, void the statute; that is, it cannot nullify its compliance with the mandate. To do so would be unconstitutional. Of course, Congress can enact further legislation in conformity with the mandate or, even without further legislation, the House of Representatives could enforce the statute of 1872.

Any action should be brought to apply and enforce the statute of 1872, not Section 2 of the 14th Amendment.

One other matter. The application and enforcement of this statute would benefit not only voteless Negro citizens, but voteless poor whites as well. There are more of the latter in the Southern and border states than there are of the former, and this might very well turn the political complexion of the South from ultraconservative to mildly liberal

(*Continued on page 156*)

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THE
NATION

MAY 13

EDITORIALS

Management's Sad Day

For the past quarter-century, the heads of our great corporations have advertised themselves as men deserving of their six-figure salaries and seven-figure incomes. They have let it be known that they are members of a rare breed which could easily become extinct if not amply rewarded, a breed which furnishes the irreplaceable American executive without whom all technology, all practical endeavor, would come to nought. There they sit, the president of the company and the chairman of the board (sometimes combined in a single genius), brooding over the fortunes of the corporation, seeing with the X-ray eye all its intricate processes, moving about their hundred thousand minor geniuses and common employees like so many chessmen, and preserving the country from communism and chaos.

Now all this is changed — and by their own hands — in the aftermath of the electrical-equipment price fixing cases in which U.S. District Judge J. Cullen Ganey imposed fines of $1,924,500 on twenty-nine manufacturers and forty-four officials, and sent seven to jail. General Electric, which drew the largest fine ($437,500), made a typical announcement. It said, in effect, that its chairman, president and executive vice presidents did not know what every vice president and several thousand lesser functionaries did know. It said, if not in so many words, that almost anybody with a few years of business experience (it doesn't take too long for a good man to become a G.E. vice president these days) could pull the wool over the eyes of the high command. Over forty G.E. managerial employees were involved and seventeen were indicted. Yet listen to the G.E. announcement — the best that one of the finest publicity departments in the country could work up: ". . . The actions of these few individuals were not in conformance with company policy, but a deliberate violation of General Electric directive policy and of the expected high standards of our corporate way of life. The acts were ones of nonconformity and of conspiracy." In short, our high executives are moral men, but a little stupid. The court had a different view. The real blame, it said,

> . . . is to be laid at the doorstep of the corporate defendants and those who guide and direct their policy. While the Department of Justice has acknowledged that they were unable to uncover probative evidence which could secure a conviction, beyond a reasonable doubt, of those in the highest echelons of the corporations here involved, in a broader sense they bear a grave responsibility for the present situation, for one would be most naive indeed to believe that these violations of the law, so long persisted in, affecting so large a segment of the industry and finally, involving so many millions upon millions of dollars, were facts unknown to those responsible for the conduct of the corporation. . . .

There are compelling reasons for the corporations' throwing their hirelings to the wolves of the law. The companies face the possibility of civil damage suits from customers and competitors, in some cases for triple damages. Even so, the cost in prestige for the top officers is high. They may not be as smart as they pretended, but they are not stupid either. All that one can say for them now is that they must have nerves of steel and a firm belief in the infinite credulity of the public, to have maligned themselves so cruelly and, it may well turn out, to so little effect.

SEATO Was Never Healthier

Jim Becker, chief of the Associated Press Bureau in Manila, cables that the Philippine government "thinks SEATO has collapsed and is ready to write it off as an effective anti-Communist force in Asia." The reason, according to Foreign Secretary Felixberto Serrano, is that the United States, Britain and France have failed to meet the Laotian crisis by driving back the Communists by all military means necessary. Mr. Serrano wishes to fly to Washington to put the views of his government before President Kennedy—views which are shared by South Korea, South Vietnam, Nationalist China and "possibly" Thailand.

Why "possibly"? Thailand *must* share these views. The proof is in the February 6 *Insider's Newsletter*, which contains a heartwarming account of a recent visit of King Bhumibol and Queen Sirikit to West Germany. The King brought along 103 new suits made by a London tailor, who was thrice flown to Bangkok for fittings. The Queen had 130 dresses to cover her nakedness and her jewels featured a necklace of 250 pearls valued at $300,000. The royal couple traveled with 284 pieces of luggage and fifteen servants and courtiers, skiied for six weeks in Switzerland, and sampled the plushest hotels in every major capital of Europe. The thrifty West Germans could not understand "why Washington tolerates such extravagances while doling aid to such nations."

But why not? Everywhere, including Manila, SEATO is best defended in the banquet hall. Saigon is a little Paris, with the finest foods and liquors, night clubs comparable to those of Western capitals, snappy sport cars, and shop windows which rival those of Madrid. All this splendor cannot fail to impress the peasants and laborers and convince them that their interests lie with the West. This is the reason that a common Laotian can lick his weight in wildcats when fighting for free enterprise. Mr. Serrano should cease worrying; he merely fails to understand how communism is fought.

What Is News?

If the House Un-American Activities Committee (see article on page 143) were to disclose at a public hearing in Madison, Wisconsin, that a junk dealer on the city's outskirts had been a member of the Communist Party for three months in 1934, the disclosure would be rated top news by a sizable section of the press. But when Wisconsin's Governor Nelson urges that state's Democratic Congressmen to "vote against the continuation of this committee," it is news only to Wisconsin newspapers — and not even to all of them, by any means. At a recent news conference, the Governor spoke out in defense of several Wisconsin residents who had provoked the ire of Rep. Francis Walter by signing a newspaper advertisement calling for the abolition of the committee. Denouncing Walter's statement as "irresponsible and unwarranted," the Governor went on to say: "It is my opinion that the actions of this committee have served to violate Constitutional rights of freedom of speech and of public assembly. In an effort to combat a system that denies these freedoms, the committee has undermined the very freedoms that most sharply distinguish our democracy from the Communist system."

More recently, eighty-seven members of the faculty of Brown University, representing ten departments, signed a petition urging abolition of the HUAC. The Brown *Daily Herald* and a few Rhode Island newspapers were interested in the petition, but the wire services were not impressed with its news value.

Whatever its faults, the American press cannot fairly be accused of ever having minimized the activities of the HUAC. On the contrary, the coverage given to it has been so consistently extravagant in terms of linage and so uniformly lopsided in emphasis as to suggest the existence of a private concordat, or some covert collaborative relationship, between it and large sections of the press. In fact, if the visitor from abroad were to judge the objectivity of the American press solely on this issue, he might well conclude that it was officially controlled in the manner of the press of Moscow, Taipei or Lisbon. If only for balance and variety, the critics of HUAC should be shown a measure of the close attention that the press has so long focused on the committee and its activities.

New Men and Old Follies

West Germany is now a proud and powerful crediter nation, while Uncle Sam is a panhandler, still rich for the moment but facing the prospect of losing his shirt in the process of trying to win the cold war. When he applies to Bonn for a handout, he finds out what a hard world it is. The butler shows him to the door, with perhaps a small tip to speed him on his way.

How did Uncle Sam and the good Germans get the way they are? Since 1953, acting as host to our military forces, West Germany has earned by honest toil some $3 billion. Then American firms, in strict accord with the principles of free enterprise, invested some $8 billion in Free Europe in 1955-59 alone, and a third of that went to West Germany. About half a million Germans are working for American or partly American firms at wages averaging 50c an hour, which is much nicer for the employer than paying $3.50, say, for the same work. Income earned in Germany is largely reinvested in Germany; and why not? It can earn more than in the United States, and is there any other criterion for sound investment? This does not complete the list of factors involved, but it gives an inkling of why the Germans are rich and Uncle Sam goes around *schnorring*.

How easy it is to insult the forgiving former enemy and benefactor! And, for Germans, how pleasant! Being asked for money, the Germans offered the round sum of $1 billion, made up as follows: prepayment of $375 million coming due on arms purchased from the United States, $787 million owed the United States in settlement of postwar debts (previously scaled down from $3 billion to $1 billion) and some minor items. But $787 million plus $375 million add up to $1,162 million. However, during the war the United States seized enemy alien assets (Schering, Rohn & Hass and Hugo Stinnes Corporation) valued at $428 million. West Germany agreed in 1954 to reimburse its nationals for their seized property, but now it is 1961 and the Germans demand

$187 million as a discount, in recognition of the sacredness of private property. And don't come around again, Uncle Sam! No enlarged contributions to NATO, no aid to the defense-strained budgets of countries like Greece, Turkey and Jordan, no nothing. The German position is, in effect, that Uncle Sam should have been more provident while he had it.

Uncle's remedy is far from clear, for the way the Eisenhower administration managed these matters (to keep Adenauer in power) now makes it possible for the good Germans to do more to Uncle than he can do to them. For one thing, the West Germans hold monetary reserves of more than $7 billion. About 40 per cent of this tidy sum is in gold. As Paul Heffernan points out in *The New York Times* financial section (February 5), there is nothing to prevent Germany from switching the balance, now invested in liquid short-term securities, into gold. This gold, about $4 billion worth, would have to come mainly from Uncle Sam's diminishing reserves. ". . . It is hard," writes Heffernan, "to escape from the uncomfortable thought that Uncle Sam is not bargaining from strength."

GAMBLE IN THE CONGO . .

by Jane Stolle

United Nations, Feb. 10

AS THE Security Council, having met for the eighth time on the Congo problem, takes a few days' breather, it appears that the positions of the United States and the Soviet Union are farther apart than they seemed to have been in the first days of the Kennedy Administration. At that time, there seemed reason to hope that an agreement could be negotiated on the following basis: (1) compliance by Belgium with earlier U.N. resolutions calling for the withdrawal of all her military and paramilitary forces; (2) release by the Congolese of all political prisoners, including Lumumba; (3) reconvening of the Congolese Parliament, and (4) neutralization of Mobutu's army.

This four-point approach has been here set forth in the order of priority desired by the Russians. But preliminary U.S.-Soviet talks at the U.N.—preliminary, that is, to the Security Council meeting—apparently showed that the United States favored what was almost exactly a reverse of this priority, with the withdrawal of Belgian troops to come last, or nearly last. The Russians argued that neutralization of the Congolese Army would be facilitated by the exit of the Belgians, and that if Parliament were reconvened before the political prisoners were released, a problem in logistics would arise—some members of Parliament would still be in jail. The Americans appear to have argued that the Belgians must not be asked to remove their troops until a certain stability had been achieved in the Congo—a stability obtainable by prior enforcement of the other three conditions.

Neither the Soviet Union nor the United States has spoken out in meeting, as of this date, on any of the main points. Only France, among the big powers, took the floor, and her elegant, white-maned Ambassador Armand Berard either skirted the points adroitly or dismissed them as characteristic meddling in the internal affairs of the Congolese state.

Certain gigantic roadblocks to a solution of the problem have been thrown up by the Congo itself. Disarm the Army? Any attempt to disarm Katanga's provincial forces would be tantamount to a declaration of war, declared President Moise Tshombe; and General Mobutu, in Leopoldville, replied to the talk of disarmament by putting his contingents of the Congolese National Army in a state of general alert. The pro-Lumumba forces have as yet taken no official notice of the "threat" of disarmament, but no one doubts that they, too, would object.

THUS, if Secretary General Hammarskjold is given a Security Council mandate to disarm the Congolese, and the Congolese themselves are not "pressured" into laying down their arms peaceably, the United Nations must be prepared to take the consequences. But no one expects the world organization, founded to maintain peace, will assume the awesome responsibility that could be involved in these consequences.

So we come back to the all-important question: How far are the United States and the Soviet Union willing to budge from their original positions?

Will the United States cease its support of the Kasavubu regime and of the Belgians? (What price NATO alliances?) If not, and the United Nations operations in the Congo are withdrawn (as Mr. Hammarskjold predicts they might well have to be), what will be the cost to the U.N.? And what about the cost to the prestige of the Secretary General himself?

As for the Soviet Union: what are the conditions under which the Kremlin, given its past invective-ridden criticism of the Secretary General, would approve increased U.N. responsibilities in the Congo? Do the Russians really want to "get" Mr. Hammarskjold? And if they do, will they operate by seeking to curtail U.N. responsibilities—or by increasing them to the point where they become unbearable?

It may be too late for the United States—even with the best will in the world, translated into suitable policy changes—to alter now the course of events. It may be that the Secretary General has lost the great gamble he took with U.N. power and prestige in order to keep the cold war from the Congo. This, in any case, is the reasoning of many old

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hands at the U.N., and here is how they see things:

Mr. Hammarskjold, in a swing around Africa and Asia in the winter of 1950, saw at first hand the appalling problems facing the emergent countries in their struggles to become viable, independent nations. Domestic conditions of chaos, he knew, were foci for international meddlers. Perhaps the U.N. could help. The means at his disposal were minuscule, but they were enough to set up at least a skeletal international operation in a "sample" country. The Congo seemed to provide the needed sample when the Belgians left it in such haste that the ill-prepared Congolese were unable to keep even minimal public services operating. The original call from the Congolese government was for U.N. troops to neutralize mutinous elements in the Army and to oversee the orderly exodus of Belgian troops. As an afterthought, and prompted by the U.N. Secretariat, it asked also for technical assistance.

Here was the opportunity the Secretary General wanted for his organization. Secretariat personnel from all levels were rushed to the Congo—engineers, medical personnel, communications experts, river pilots. Mr. Hammarskjold hoped that a modicum of stability could be established; and he planned for the international cadre to stay only as long as the Congolese wished. It was a heady prospect: with the Congo as a showcase for other new nations, untold future possibilities opened up.

But Mr. Hammarskjold gambled on three things: the good will of the Belgians, the good will of the Soviets and—even more unrealistically—the reasonableness of the Congolese. The Belgians (supported covertly by the United States) would not get out as promised; the Soviets got out officially, but stayed by proxy; and the Congolese simply proved not up to the responsibility of nationhood.

Admittedly, this is an oversimplified version of a tortuous tale. At this writing, the likelihood of a happy ending is remote.

NEW APPROACH TO RUSSIA

THE PROBLEMS THAT UNITE US . . *by Harold J. Berman*

KENNEDY'S Inaugural Address has once again raised hopes for a settlement of the major problems that divide the United States and the Soviet Union. In calling upon our adversaries for international arms control, for joint exploration of "the stars . . . the deserts . . . the ocean depths," for common efforts to eradicate disease and to "encourage the arts and commerce," and for cooperation in creating "not a new balance of terror but a new world of law," the President followed in the footsteps of Roosevelt, Truman and Eisenhower, all of whom, at one time or another, with varying degrees of eloquence, voiced similar aspirations.

Yet, another note in Kennedy's plea may save us from the recurring disillusionment which since 1933 has characterized all efforts to find a rapprochement with the Soviet Union. Together with the cosmic vision of peace, the President's remarks contained an awareness of the slow, laborious steps which must be taken to realize that vision. "All this will not be finished in the first 100 days . . . nor even perhaps in our lifetime on this planet. But let us begin. . . . Let us begin anew. . . ." His call was for a return to "civility" in our relations with the Russians, and for "a beachhead of cooperation."

The Inaugural Address was not the place to spell out the details of what is involved in establishing such a "beachhead." Yet it is important for the President, and for the people in high places and low upon whose support he depends, to recognize the fundamental differences between a foreign policy which starts from the cosmic dream of a world at peace and is incapable of taking the first step toward realizing that dream, and a foreign policy which starts at the beginning, where we are, and moves step by step in the direction of peace.

International politics, no less than domestic, is the art of the possible. What is immediately possible, in our relations with Russia, is to take a series of concrete steps to eliminate some of the petty, artificial barriers to normal intercourse which have been created by both sides over the past years. If we do that, it will clear the atmosphere for a discussion of the larger issues of war and peace. If we do not, such discussion is likely to be tainted with suspicion and distrust, and to turn once again into a propaganda battle in which each side self-righteously accuses the other of attempting to deceive the world with fine phrases.

HERE ARE a few of the steps which could and should be taken to establish a "beachhead of cooperation":

1. Our State Department should invite the Soviet government to enter into negotiations for a civil air-transport agreement which would permit American commercial planes to carry passengers and freight to the USSR and Soviet commercial planes to carry passengers and freight to the United States. In 1959, the two governments agreed in principle that such an agreement should be negotiated. In July, 1960, negotiation was scheduled to commence in Washington, but almost at the last moment our government canceled the meetings on the ground that the atmosphere was not propitious. A request by the Kennedy Administration to start the negotiations would be a symbol of its belief that the atmosphere has changed. This is a

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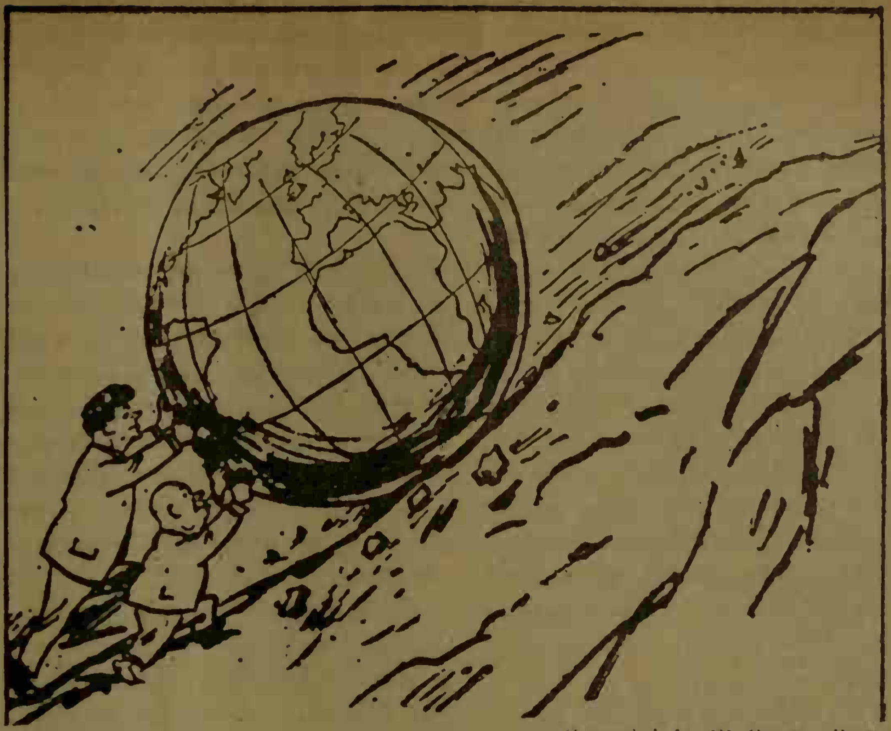
simple matter, which should frighten nobody; the Russians have similar air-transport agreements with Britain, Denmark and other Western countries, and the absence of a U.S.-USSR agreement is disadvantageous to both sides.

2. Negotiations should be commenced for a reduction of trade barriers on both sides. Here again the aim should be the achievement of mutual benefits. Our various restrictions upon imports from the Soviet Union (chiefly tariff discrimination and prohibitions of some—not all—Soviet furs) probably hurt us more than they hurt the Russians. Similarly, their barriers to the American trader who seeks to study their export and import potentialities and to enter into direct relations with their producing and consuming units are at least equally disadvantageous to themselves. The problem of strategic controls of exports should be resolved by the negotiation of a bilateral agreement of the type which other Western countries have long had with the Communist countries, under which each government agrees in advance to authorize the export of particular goods in particular quantities. Although the new foreign trade study of the Magnuson Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce has not yet been published, there are indications that it contains recommendations similar to the ones suggested here.

3. So-called "cultural exchange" should be greatly expanded. The concept of "reciprocity," by which it has been dominated, should also be greatly expanded. If a Soviet professor comes to this country, or if an American professor goes to Russia, to study or teach, he benefits, we benefit, they benefit, the world benefits—if the professor is good; if he is not good, everyone suffers. To insist, as our State Department and the Soviet government have both insisted, that there be a *quid pro quo* in each case—an American professor in Russia for every Soviet professor here—is to adopt a barter principle which is fallacious even when applied to the exchange of goods, let alone the "exchange" of professors. Moreover, American universities should be free to invite Soviet professors without permission from Washington, and Washington should be relieved of the legislative requirement that Soviet professors who are, or have been, members of the Communist Party cannot enter the country without special dispensation from the State Department. On the Soviet side, there is—to put it mildly—considerable room for improvement of the research facilities available to American graduate students and professors.



Camerini in El Paese (Rome)

"Let's stop it before the descent gets out of hand."

4. Travel restrictions should be relaxed on both sides. The policy of declaring various American cities off limits to Soviet visitors, which our State Department adopted as a device to compel the Soviet government to reduce the number of restricted areas in the Soviet Union, has annoyed a few Russians and many Americans, but is apparently accepted by the Soviet government with equanimity and perhaps even satisfaction. We should ask Mr. Khrushchev—who said last fall that he would like to see a million American tourists in the Soviet Union—to remove some of the petty Soviet restrictions which still exist, and to expand the area of permissible travel. We should do the same for Soviet tourists in this country—whether or not he accedes to our request. For here, too, "reciprocity" is out of place; we benefit from the presence of Soviet tourists in, say, Boston, "the cradle of liberty," just as much as they do.

5. Our restrictions on transfer of funds in estates to Soviet beneficiaries should be relaxed. This is a matter of state law, but in fact the probate judges almost always consult the State Department to determine whether there are federal regulations or considerations of foreign affairs which should guide them. The State Department's response in the past has been cautious and, in effect, discouraging; and many, perhaps most, probate judges have exercised their discretion to withhold the funds on the ground that the Soviet beneficiary would not have the "benefit, use and control" of them. A more encouraging attitude on the part of the State Department — and one which corresponds more closely to the actual views of the State Department officials who know the situation best —would lead to different results. Also, a Treasury regulation which prohibits the sending of government checks to iron-curtain countries (except Poland) should be withdrawn: it speaks in terms of disrupted postal conditions in those countries, and for the most part serves only to deprive relatives of U.S. Army veterans of the benefits to which they are entitled. (Soviet law, incidentally, imposes no restrictions on transfer of funds in Soviet estates to American beneficiaries, and in fact several

American beneficiaries have received funds from Soviet estates in recent years.)

6. An agreement is needed to protect the rights of American authors whose works are published in the USSR and of Soviet authors whose works are published in this country. We are probably not ready for a copyright agreement of the usual type, which would repose power in the author to prevent translation of his work in the other country. A compensation agreement, however, could be devised which would assure the author of recompense out of any profits earned by publication of his work in the other country, and would also protect the author against distortion of his work by omissions or changes.

7. An agreement is needed to assure legal protection of citizens of the United States accused of crimes in the Soviet Union, and of Soviet citizens accused of crimes in this country. The Roosevelt-Litvinov exchange of letters in 1933 contained an agreement in principle that in such cases the accused should have the right of access to counsel from his own country. This agreement was never implemented by treaty. It should be implemented now and, with it, other measures of legal cooperation should be adopted.

THERE ARE many other steps of a similar modest character which should be undertaken to establish "civility" in our relations with the Soviet Union—civility not only in the sense of adherence to traditional rules of diplomatic intercourse, but also in the sense of civilized relationships between the peoples of our two countries.

Of course, it is not suggested that any of these steps can be taken without great difficulty. On the contrary, the faltering experience of the eight years since Stalin's death shows that only by the most determined and imaginative effort can strength gradually be restored to the paralyzed body of Soviet-American relations. But the process is seriously impeded by those—in both camps—who wish to go too fast, as well as by those—in both camps—who say it cannot be done at all. Herein is the virtue of the President's stress on a start, a beginning of a lifetime's task, a beachhead.

Herein, too, is the virtue of Mr. Kennedy's stress on cooperation. "Let both sides explore the problems that unite us," he stated, "instead of belaboring those problems which divide us." Admittedly there are fewer of the former than of the latter. Yet by concentrating solely on conflict and competition, we lose the capacity to advance the interests which we have in common. Soviet-American relations are not, in the language of game theory, a zero-sum game, in which everything that hurts them helps us and everything that helps them hurts us. There are areas, especially in "the arts and commerce," in which there is room for mutual benefits. In exploring those areas we can build a foundation which may, in the course of time, support a larger structure of world order.

TRAFFIC JAMS in the AIR . . *by Carl Dreher*

WRITING IN *FORTUNE* in September, 1956, Edmund L. Van Deusen warned, "Before commercial jets start flying the airways in late 1958, the U.S. must have a traffic-control system that maintains 'positive control' of all aircraft at all times, good weather or bad." The jets have been flying for two years, and we still have nothing approaching such a system. What we have is a makeshift system which grew by piecemeal accretion in response to urgent necessity, always too little and too late. It has failed to keep up with increasing speeds of aircraft and airport congestion: that major accidents have not been more frequent is due mainly to the skill and vigilance of controllers and pilots. But human senses and nerves have their limitations. The over-all accident rate so far has been tolerable, but as the shift to jet propulsion continues and the toll rises, the public might finally be deterred from flying routinely for business and pleasure, and the air-transport industry could revert to something like its status of the early thirties, when the patrons were mainly the adventurous and those flying to funerals.

This would, indeed, be a solution of sorts, but hardly one befitting a nation hellbent on being the first to send a man into space. More to be desired are guidance and terminal facilities that will enable an increasing number of passengers to fly in increasing safety. A properly integrated system of air travel will not be achieved easily or at small expense, but then, radical problems call for radical solutions. In the meantime, some improvements that might well reduce the frequency of accidents could be made quickly and inexpensively.

On December 16, 1960, a United Airlines DC-8 jet passenger transport bound for New York International Airport (Idlewild) collided over Staten Island with a Trans World Airlines Super Constellation approaching La Guardia Airport, killing all 128 persons on the two aircraft and six more on the ground. It was almost immediately apparent that the TWA Constellation was where it belonged (in the Linden, N.J., holding pattern) and that the collision occurred because the United jet, for reasons unknown, had overshot its holding pattern (Preston, N.J.) some eleven miles to the south.

In a high-density area such as this — and New York is about as bad as they come — a Federal Aviation Agency air-route control center is responsible for traffic management, including radar surveillance, of all

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traffic bound for all airports until, at about twenty miles' radius, it transfers jurisdiction to the approach control center of the airport for which the aircraft is heading. The aircraft is notified by radio that the route-control center is relinquishing radar surveillance. In this instance, New York Center duly turned the jet over to Idlewild Approach Control — which never picked it up on its radar. La Guardia, which had the Constellation on its scope, did see the jet and warned the Constellation of its proximity, but either things were moving too fast or, for reasons which are discussed below, the warning was not taken seriously. The crucial point is that, while the jet pilot may or may not have known he was off course (most likely he did not know), the airport responsible for bringing him in most certainly did not know it.

Radar, as everyone familiar with it realizes, is not infallible, and the system presently in use on the civilian airways is especially defective in one respect. Even so, it is better than nothing, and the more so when aircraft prepare to land in bad weather. It is therefore of utmost importance that between all route centers and their airports there should be a positive radar interlock so that, incoming, the route center will not "hand off" an aircraft until the airport-approach control sees it by radar and, outbound, the airport must not relinquish radar contact until the center has definitely and verifiably taken it over. The "radar gap" cannot be allowed to continue to exist a day longer than it will take the FAA to obtain the necessary personnel and equipment.

MEANWHILE, the pilots should know where they stand. Apparently some of them, at least, are at a loss. Richard Witkin, aviation editor of *The New York Times*, quotes testimony of United Air Lines pilots at the Civil Aeronautics Board hearings to the effect that until the December 16 collision most pilots were not aware that they were not receiving continuous radar service in terminal areas. They assumed that "Big Brother . . . was solicitously watching them every moment." If this is true, Witkin goes on, "it says something very frightening about coordination between pilots and those in charge of traffic control." Surely misunderstandings need not be piled on top of shortages of equipment and qualified personnel.

THE JOB of the ground controller is one of the most nerve-racking in the whole of industry. But greater difficulties lie ahead. No new transports propelled by piston engines are being manufactured, but some 1,500 of these relatively slow-moving aircraft are still flying, together with about 200 jet transports already delivered to the airlines. Within a few years, many of the piston-engine transports will have been retired and the air will be full of jets cruising at speeds just below the supersonic and, even near airports, at speeds of 200-300 mph.

Looking farther ahead, a Mach 2 (1,300 mph) transport is on the drawing boards and a Mach 3 (2,000 mph) is to be developed in conjunction with the B-70 bomber. It is estimated that a saving of one hour a day on the ground for a Mach 3 transport will be worth $3.5 million a year to its owner, consequently the economics of the supersonic jet age will call for minimum hold-up before landing and as few diversions to unscheduled airports as possible. Obviously, these situations will be manageable only with a much higher degree of automation than anything now envisioned. Such systems do not spring full-blown from the brow of some aeronautical Jove. They are produced by teams of experts provided with ample funds and the feeling that they are not stepchildren or second-stringers of the space age.

Being only human, engineers tend to go where the money and prestige are, which means that they go where society tells them the really important problems are. The space-program task force headed by Jerome B. Wiesner, now President Kennedy's scientific adviser, cited "a general belief in the aviation industry that the national preoccupation with space developments has all but halted any advance in the theory and technology of aerodynamic flight." If this is true — and there is considerable evidence to support it — it is more than a surmise that progress in developing devices and procedures to promote air safety has likewise been relegated to secondary status.

The United States does not produce nearly enough scientifically trained engineers, and when a large proportion of the best ones are siphoned off into space activities, that alone is bound to skimp seminal thought in aeronautics and other underdog fields. The air traveler does not realize it, and the government and the corporations may not realize it either, but it may be a choice between getting our astronaut to the moon first, or getting the anonymous air traveler to his terrestial destination in one piece.

In aeronautics, as elsewhere, military projects normally take preccedence over those serving the public: radar is an example. Conventional radar used in civil aviation is two-dimensional, showing only the bearing (direction) of an aircraft and its range or distance. It tells nothing about altitude. Consequently blips (aircraft traces) merging on a controller's scope do not necessarily have any significance: the corresponding aircraft may be 10,000 feet apart in altitude. This is not only a technological defect, it is bad psychological conditioning for both pilots and controllers. The controller is accustomed to an indecipherable conglomeration of blips in a congested holding stack — like worms in a can, as they say. A jet pilot flying from Chicago to New York is similarly desensitized by the fact that the controllers may tell him of dozens of airplanes that appear in his vicinity on the scope. Almost always these are small aircraft flying far below him. If he changed course every time he received such a notice, his passengers would quickly switch to another airline. Lacking altitude measurement facilities, neither the controllers nor the pilots can distinguish between what is significant and what is insignificant.

It seems probable that the controller at La Guardia on December 16 could have averted the collision if only he had known that both aircraft were at 5,000 feet. He told the Constellation, ". . . traffic at two-thirty six miles northeast bound." That was the jet. At six miles evasive action was still possible. Then the controller said, ". . . that appears to be jet traffic off your right now three o'clock at one mile northeastbound." At one mile it was too late, even if an order to change course had been given. The Constellation was not heard from again. It was not until minutes later that the La Guardia controller learned from Idlewild that the jet had last been cleared to 5,000. "Oh boy," he said then, "our man was at five too."

ACCORDING to a spokesman from the FAA, it will be three to five years before three-dimensional radar is available for civil aviation. And then, he complains, "it will raise the cost of our radar several fold." Military aviation appears to be in a happier position. An Avco trade paper advertisement refers to the Air Force's FPS-26 height-finder radar with a reflector three stories high, now in production at Avco's Nashville plant. A news item in the December 19, 1960, *Missiles & Rockets* describes Hughes Aircraft's "Frescanar," a single-antenna radar system "capable of pinpointing simultaneously a target's range, bearing and altitude" which is said to be "standard equipment on Talos, Terrier and Tartar armed ships." According to Marvin Miles, the space-aviation editor of the *Los Angeles Times*, Frescanar has a range of 100 miles, reaches up to altitudes higher than airplanes can fly, and presents "instantaneous display of three-dimensional, multiple-target information." It has been in operation since 1958. Gilfillan Brothers of Los Angeles advertises that with 1950 as the baseline, radar altitude coverage, "the most critical factor in jet guidance," has been increased more than 400 per cent — for USAF jets. And no one seems worried about cost.

IN ADDITION TO 3-D radar, civil aviation urgently needs DME — distance measuring equipment. An airplane may be navigated with the aid of two intersecting radio beams or, more precisely, by flying a single beam and measuring the distance to the transmitter. In 1952 the Civil Aeronautics Administration began installing a DME system based on its existing VOR (Very High Frequency Omnidirectional Radio Range) stations. The Navy was unhappy because the antennas suitable for VOR reception were too large to be easily mounted on aircraft carriers. The Air Force joined the Navy in support of another system, TACAN (Tactical Air Navigation) which was to be developed by IT&T. While TACAN was still wrapped in security, the CAA equipped over 360 ground stations with VOR-DME. By this time the military had $175 million invested in TACAN. They abruptly declassified TACAN and launched it against VOR-DME. The ensuing melee lasted for years. Finally a compromise called VORTAC was agreed on and is now about ready to be installed on air transports. If the AF-Navy-CAA-FAA battle had been averted, or settled soon enough for substantial numbers of commercial aircraft to have been equipped with DME, the DC-8 might not have overshot its holding area. General Quesada, the former Administrator of the FAA, pointed out that United Air Lines has only two aircraft equipped with DME, while the military have 13,000 so equipped.

Still another device which might help to avoid mid-air collisions is an electronic inter-aircraft anti-collision device, which has been seriously researched only since the Grand Canyon collision of 1956. "Most devices tried so far cry 'wolf'," commented Gen. Quesada. "We are very discouraged." The problem is indeed a difficult one, but perhaps progress would have been more rapid had the objective been pursued with the same urgency and disregard for cost as, for example, the Air Force's nuclear-powered airplane, on which nearly $1 billion has been spent so far and another billion is estimated to be needed before the first test aircraft can be put in the air — if it flies, that is, of which there is no assurance. If it does fly, estimates of the cost of building a fleet of nuclear planes run to $10 billion-up.

Most engineers agree that a nuclear-powered plane would be so overpowered as to constitute an engineering monstrosity. Why do they want it, then? In an essay on "The Payoff in Nuclear Propulsion" (*Nuclear Flight*, edited by Lieut. Col. Kenneth F. Gantz, USAF, 1960) Lieut. Gen. Roscoe C. Wilson, USAF, indicates that while the aircraft might not fly very fast (he speaks of Mach 0.9 based on today's technology), it could stay aloft for a period limited only by the endurance of the crew, estimated to be about five days. Among other advantages, this would permit keeping as much as 50 per cent of the bombers on air alert. "Strategically placed around a sensitive area," writes General Wilson, "the airborne alert would be invulnerable to attack and in its close proximity to the enemy heartland would constitute an ominous deterrent." This contains several optimistic assumptions, but the purport is clear. He wants to keep a major part of the nuclear-powered SAC buzzing around the borders of the Soviet Union—if they stay outside, that is. How many billions this would require, how many engineers would be diverted from air safety and other useful tasks, to what extent the chances of averting all-out nuclear war would be diminished—why worry about such trifles?

THE perilous moments of flight are during the few minutes following takeoff and preceding landing. This is inherent in the conventional aircraft, stemming from the Wright brothers' invention, which secures aerodynamic lift by airfoil design and forward speed. For a heavy aircraft such as a passenger transport, a long takeoff run is required to attain the speed necessary for lift; once airborne, the aircraft will fall unless flying speed is maintained, and approach and landing speeds must likewise be dangerously high. Obviously, if transports could be designed to take off and land vertically or on short runways, and to be capable of hovering like helicopters, flying safety would be greatly enhanced and the problems of airport location and airspace utilization would be immensely simplified.

The VTOL (vertical takeoff and landing) airplane uses upward propulsion provided by a jet, or other reaction motor, to get off the ground and climb, and to descend vertically. The STOL, a less radical departure, requires a short runway. Considerable theoretical analysis and initial experimentation have been done with aircraft of these types, so far for military purposes only. If the military development is successful, passenger transports might conceivably follow. At present the project is wrapped in technological confusion and civilian applications are in the realm of pure speculation.

SENATOR Mike Monroney has suggested that in some areas, such as the New York complex, with its 173 airports in a rectangle forty by fifty miles, traffic has become so congested that the volume may have to be reduced by legal restrictions. If anyone must be legislated out of airspace, it should not be the airlines: they are common carriers, performing a necessary function and able to sustain it in the courts. Also, while they fly a lot of passenger-miles, the scheduled domestic carriers do not comprise more than 1,750 aircraft, as against 25,000 operated by the military, and some 5,000 multi-engine aircraft operated by corporations for transportation of employees and executives. These corporate aircraft are of airliner size, with the addition of bars, card tables and tiled lavatories. A good deal of their business flying is for fishing trips, deer hunting and the World Series. If restrictions must be imposed, this is one phase of flying which calls for Congressional evaluation.

Should V/STOL prove impracticable, it may become necessary to move major airports fifty or sixty miles away from city centers to obviate flying over densely populated areas, to abate the noise nuisance (which sometimes increases hazards by restricting what might otherwise be the preferred approach) and to provide buffer zones of vacant land which, in a dire emergency, might enable a pilot to make a landing that his passengers could walk away from, instead of ploughing into a school or a row of houses. The main airports could have auxiliary fields for private flying, thus further increasing the areas available for emergency landings.

IN THE New York area, airports like La Guardia, Newark and Teterboro may have to be abandoned during the sixties and supplanted by a new system of peripheral airports with rapid-transit links to the city center. Idlewild might be retained, principally for flights to and from the South. A new airport might be built at a cost of perhaps $500 million in Suffolk County on Long Island for traffic to and from the East, while the West would be taken care of by an equal expenditure in Orange County, say. Traffic from the North could come into the Westchester County Airport, now a white elephant used for Air National Guard training. Increased utilization of this field would not please the surrounding estate owners, but it would not be too difficult for them to find suitable accommodations elsewhere. An airport is like a sewage disposal plant: though all alike contribute to its necessity, everyone wants it located near someone else's home.

But what of transportation between the outlying airports and the city? Is it not strange that a nation which literally aspires to the stars, which talks seriously of traversing at the speed of light distances measured in light-years (a light-year is about six trillion miles)—that such a nation cannot solve the problem of moving passengers and their luggage fifty or sixty miles in, say, a half-hour? Of course it could be done even faster by helicopter, and large city heliports erected on skyscrapers might be considered, but this would run counter to the policy of minimizing flying over cities. Rapid ground transport from and to airports is not an insoluble problem; at the same time it might help to rehabilitate the disintegrating commuter railroads.

THE accepted operating principle has been to run fewer and longer trains, making all stops and wasting the time of hundreds of thousands of passengers daily, year in, year out. Some of the longest trains in the world start, practically empty, fifty miles out, lumber into town with fifteen or twenty stops, and finally reach the city line well filled, having taken some two hours for the trip. This travesty on transportation is then repeated in reverse, the train starting from the city terminal filled and ending up with one or two passengers per car at the suburban railhead. When the patronage drops off, the road applies to the public service commission for another rate rise and gets it. Then it slows up the service still more, demands another hike, etc.

With modern two-car trains, electric or diesel-electric, and some modifications in the roadbed, express runs from all stations could be made at speeds of 100 mph. The crew would consist of an engine driver and conductor, or the station agent could collect the tickets and the engine driver alone could do the job. Where there was a bottleneck, such as the tunnel under Park Avenue in New York City, short trains could be coupled together for the final run into the terminal. With such a system, airline passengers alighting at the end of a flight could be brought into the city faster than by bus from a close-in and unsafe airport now.

Will it be done? I doubt it. It took years to force the airlines to use Idlewild. We do some things exceedingly well—building and operating supermarkets, department stores and mail order houses, for example, where energetic managements can encompass the problems and plan and finance adequate solutions. But where local, state and federal jurisdictions overlap with debilitated private enterprise and the criteria of the balance sheet rule implacably, technology is hamstrung. In the case of the railroads, long-continued financial malpractice finally brought the engineering down to its own level. In aviation, though capital is invested lavishly and the industry is not lacking in technological virility, things nevertheless are going awry. When so many interests are in conflict and each man does what he conceives to be in his own immediate interest—and every corporation likewise—long-range planning and execution, difficult at best, become nearly impossible. The country's technology is further hobbled and distorted by preoccupation with the aims of the cold war. It goes too fast, into space too deep, with rockets too weak, and on the earth it leaves undone, or only half-done, the things it should have done. If we reap sudden death, what else was to be expected?

NEW CONCEPT in AUTO INSURANCE . . *Peter Fabrizius*

EVERY YEAR, two million people are injured and forty thousand killed by automobiles in the United States. Under present laws, the victim (or his heirs), in order to recover damages for injury or death, has to prove the driver's negligence. As a consequence, a jury deciding an automobile accident case can rarely do justice to both parties and at the same time observe the letter of the law.

For example, a young woman in Pennsylvania was crippled for life when she was hit by a stone that had fallen from a building. The stone had been loosened three days earlier by workmen who had extricated a truck which, when hit by a car, had been propelled into the building. The woman sued the driver who had started it all. Could this driver have foreseen, in the split-second of an improper reaction, that he would force a truck into a building and that subsequently workmen would loosen a stone which would hit a passerby? This was the question the law asked the jury to ponder. The jury, disregarding the law, decided in favor of the crippled woman.

She was lucky. In San Diego, California, eight-year-old Barbara was run down by a car on which the brakes unexpectedly failed to work. "Why should a man be punished," argued the driver's lawyer at the trial, "who is not at fault?" Barbara heard the words from a wheel chair. Having proved that she had crossed the street with the green light, her lawyer countered: "Who is more innocent—the man driving a faulty car or this child who will limp for the rest of her life?" Barbara left the courtroom empty-handed. This time the letter of the law had won out: No fault of the injurer, no compensation for the injured.

IN MILLIONS of cases, juries have either come to obviously unfair decisions by adhering to the law or tried to be fair by flouting it. But deciding for the victim on the basis of sympathy can hardly be called justice, either. Courts have often awarded totally unrealistic amounts. California reviewing courts have confirmed as "not excessive" $25,000 for two teeth and $73,000 for a broken nose. Amounts up to $100,000 have been awarded for the loss of a toe. If, in such a case, the driver is uninsured, the verdict may ruin him. And if he has nothing, the victim recovers nothing. If the victim does recover damages, the lawyer (his partner in the gamble more often than not) takes up to one-half of the "proceeds."

It is precisely as normal a risk for someone to get injured on the road as it is for a workman in a shop. But the workman is automatically covered by workmen's compensation, while the traffic victim, after he recovers from his injury—if he does—must hunt up witnesses, confer with lawyers and wait many months for his trial. Millions of Americans get discouraged by the prolonged process and do not seek justice at all—or settle for a fraction of what they are entitled to. If they stick it out, they may find that their case has crumbled. Many months or years after the accident, and with fickle and perhaps corrupt witnesses, they may not be able to establish that the actions of the driver contained the grain of "negligence" upon which a favorable verdict might depend.

That the present system of liability insurance as practiced under various state laws is inadequate has been established by many surveys. The United States is still one of the very few Western countries which lack a national compulsory automobile liability insurance law. Only two states—New York and Massachusetts—have such a law, and what they have leaves many loopholes. It does not protect traffic victims who are injured by hit-and-run or out-of-

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PETER FABRIZIUS is the nom de plume of a writing team, Max E. Knight and Joseph F. Fabry, who are editors of University of California publications.

state drivers or, of course, by "non-negligent" drivers. Most other states have introduced so-called "safety-responsibility" laws. Under these, the driver need not insure for liability; but, if involved in an accident, he loses his driver's license unless he posts a substantial bond or takes out insurance. These laws, too, fail to protect the victim of the hit-and-run, out-of-state and "negligence-cannot-be-established" drivers; besides—and worst of all—under "safety-responsibility" laws the "first bite" is free.

THE FOSSILIZED legal fiction that compensation in accident cases depends on negligence is dispensed with in a practical auto-accident compensation plan advanced by Albert A. Ehrenzweig, Professor of Law at the University of California. His proposals, developed in two books, *Negligence Without Fault* and *Full-Aid Insurance* (University of California Press), have been adopted in part—and on an experimental and optional basis—by several Eastern insurance companies, and they appear to have inspired part, at least, of the current legislative program of Governor Brown in California. Counsel for a furniture manufacturers' association has proposed a similar scheme for that industry.

Here is how Mr. Ehrenzweig's Full-Aid Insurance Plan would work:

1. Every car owner would be compelled to insure his car for personal liability in an amount to be fixed by the state legislatures. He could freely select any insurance company.

2. The victim of an automobile accident would be entitled to a limited but adequate amount of compensation without having to prove negligence and without going to trial. He would file his claim with the insurer; if no agreement is reached on settlement, an arbitration commission determines the compensation according to fixed rates keyed to the type of injury, length of doctor's care, and the like.

3. For hit-and-run cases, and other cases not covered in the general scheme, a special "uncompensated injury" fund would be available. The fund would be administered by the insurance companies and fed in part by fines imposed on criminally negligent drivers (as explained later in this article) and possibly by tax funds which would be tapped as the pedestrian taxpayer's contribution for his own use of the road. Similar so-called "unsatisfied judgment" funds already exist in several Canadian provinces, in North Dakota and in New Jersey.

4. Even though he is to receive compensation through the Full-Aid plan, the injured party could still go to court for additional compensation in cases where he wanted to prove that the injurer had been *willfully negligent*. To make these additional claims effective as punishment for drunk or reckless drivers, it would be impermissible to insure against them. If a driver wants to be reckless, he—and not the insurance company—will have to pay.

IMPORTANT precedents exist for the Full-Aid proposals. The principle of "no liability without fault" was, of course, abandoned in the Workmen's Compensation Act; the steel claws of modern machinery make this protection necessary, and it has worked well for almost fifty years.

A similar compensation principle has been applied to automobile liability in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan, where the traffic victim need not prove negligence nor go to court to collect damages. He is paid, automatically, certain amounts for certain types of injuries. But the system has drawbacks: compensation has been kept so low that usually the recipient uses the proceeds to hire an attorney and sue for additional money under the law of negligence. Moreover, the Saskatchewan system puts the government into the insurance business needlessly. Compulsory insurance did not mean government insurance in the case of workmen's compensation; neither would the Full-Aid plan.

But another precedent can be drawn on here at home. Nearly every automobile liability insurance policy now contains a clause entitling any victim of the insured to a minimum of $4,000 for medical expenses, whether or not the driver was negligent. The Full-Aid plan merely turns this "first-aid" clause into a comprehensive scheme.

THE objections raised to Full-Aid insurance include such essentially political slogans as "paternalism," "statism" or "socialism." Similar objections have been made to every new social scheme introduced in the past. Fifty years ago, people were saying the same thing about workmen's compensation. Another objection, the so-called "bathtub argument," points out that once we protect automobile victims, we may as well protect the victim of every accident—including the man slipping in the bathtub. Full-Aid insurance does not suggest that we go beyond the harm typically produced by typically dangerous activities of limited groups able to bear the risk, such as those of motorists, manufacturers or physicians.

A more serious objection, because more widespread, is based on the theory that protecting all victims, regardless of the negligence factor, will lead to carelessness. But the urge for self-preservation is too strong for anyone to be less careful because no financial sanctions are imposed on his conduct.

It may be that the "carelessness" argument is in reality a rationalization of something else: the desire of the victim for revenge against the culpable driver. To be sure, this desire is irrational; but it is human, and the law must take it into account. The Ehrenzweig plan does so without too great a sacrifice of the principle of equal protection of all victims. Part 4 of the plan (see above) contains these specific suggestions: (a) criminally negligent drivers would be deprived of insurance protection and would have to bear the risk of their actions themselves; (b) the victim of a criminally negligent driver, awarded damages in court or by a settlement, would have to pay a portion of his award into the "uncompensated injury" fund; (c) liability for criminal negligence would be measured by the degree of negligence rather than by the amount of harm done (this would restore to present law its historical function, which is primarily *punitive* rather than *compensatory*).

Objections have been raised to Full-Aid insurance on the basis of cost. No one can say whether limited compensation for "non-fault" accidents would increase the cost of insurance; one may argue, however that even if this were so, the plan would still be justified by imperative need.

Full-Aid insurance would protect the traffic victim, the driver, the insurance companies and the public, and would also preserve the moral principles of our present automobile liability laws. The traffic victim would be relieved of the burden of proof that the driver was negligent; he would be sure that his claim was collectible and that payments would be made swiftly. The driver—unless proved criminally negligent—need no longer fear financial ruin, and also would be spared the harassment (a court trial. The insurance cc panies would be saved from the threat of greater government interference demanded by the millions of frustrated traffic victims; they would receive the business of all those not insured at present, plus those who would like to protect themselves for loss greater than that contemplated by the plan. And the public would regain access to its courts, now clogged by traffic-accident cases.

'GREATEST LITTLE MAN in ASIA'. . *Huynh Sanh Thong*

ON JUNE 1, 1956, the American Friends of Vietnam held a public conference in Washington, D.C. One of the purposes was to sing President Ngo Dinh Diem's praises.

The absent guest of honor was then at the peak of his prestige in the United States. He had crushed the sects in the spring of 1955. Later, he had removed Bao Dai and the last traces of French colonialism. To crown these victories, he had seated himself and his multifarious clan on the throne of power, eliminating one by one all those who would or could challenge his rule. Legitimate opponents of the regime had not dared to protest, afraid to be mistaken for supporters of the ex-Emperor or the sects. The Vietminh, lying low and letting Diem do their dirty work for them and rid them of their own enemies, had done nothing to cramp his style either. To American optimists, it was proof enough that the Communists themselves had taken a beating at his hands. At the Washington conference, his supporters glorified him as a Saint George who had slain more than one dragon.

The principal speaker at the meeting was Senator John F. Kennedy. Like the other participants, he paid tribute to Diem. But unlike them, he added this veiled warning:

> [South] Vietnam represents a proving ground of democracy in Asia. . . . [It] represents the alternative to Communist dictatorship. If this democratic experiment fails, if some one million refugees have fled the totalitarianism of the North only to find neither freedom nor security in the South, then weakness, not strength, will characterize the meaning of democracy in the minds of still more Asians. The United States is directly responsible for this experiment—it is playing an important role in the laboratory where it is being conducted. We cannot afford to permit that experiment to fail.

On November 11, 1960, in Saigon, South Vietnam, three battalions of American-trained paratroopers, Diem's own best troops, attempted "a rebellion against an autocratic, corrupt and ineffective regime," wrote Sal Tas in the November 28 issue of *The New Leader*. Many among them had indeed "fled the totalitarianism of the North only to find neither freedom nor security in the South." Behaving like "gentlemen," they bungled the coup—at a cost of 400 lives—but their very failure dramatized the defeat of Mr. Kennedy's high hopes.

At this very late hour, an "alternative to Communist dictatorship" is yet to be found in South Vietnam. The reason is simple: no "democratic experiment" has ever been tried there since the day the United States decided to give all-out support to Diem and his clan in 1955.

DIEM did look at one time like the leader South Vietnam might need. Here was an aristocrat who, through his upbringing and education, seemed destined to become a living synthesis of East and West: a Confucian scholar-statesman, a Platonic philosopher-king and a devout Christian.

A few Vietnamese who could observe Diem at close range were less sanguine. They could not hold anything positive against him except this: he showed every sign of finding dialogue quite intolerable, and always managed to turn it into a marathon soliloquy. General John W. O'Daniel said in 1956: ". . . I visited him on numerous occasions and I listened to his theories for as much as two hours at a time."

As soon as he had consolidated his power, Diem proceeded to make his theories prevail. Uppermost in his mind seemed to be a conviction that

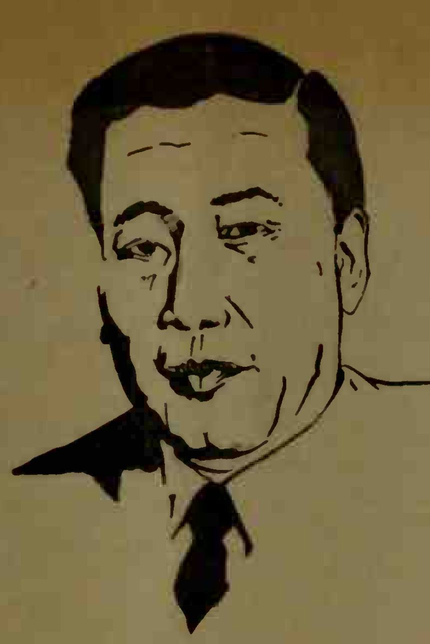
HUYNH SANH THONG, now teaching the Vietnamese language at Yale University, belongs to the strongly anti-Diem Dai-Viet Nationalist Party of South Vietnam, whose members are either in jail, in exile or in hiding. Mr. Thong says that his anti-Diem activities in the United States have cost him at least three jobs in this country.

he was God's chosen instrument to eradicate Evil from South Vietnam. Peppering his talks with quotations from the Bible, he inveighed against sins and undertook to legislate them out of existence: prostitution, gambling, opium-smoking, bribery. But the greatest sin, in his eyes, was to question his authority: anybody who criticized him could only be a lackey of the French, a Binh-Xuyen bandit or a Communist.

Diem was given a free hand to usher in the reign of godliness and cleanliness. Already known as an ascetic, a misogynist, and an incorruptible man, he lifted his reputation to new heights by his drive against vices. "The greatest little man in Asia!" wrote an American worshiper in the *Reader's Digest*. For the first time in Vietnamese history, a government smacked of a certain odor of sanctity.

It is perhaps poetic justice that a regime so hellbent on holier-than-thou slogans and edicts should have bred what an American journalist has referred to as "extra fancy corruption." The first major scandal to mar the immaculate façade of the regime broke out during its early days, implicating one of the closest members of Diem's family.

The government was mounting a much touted campaign against black marketeers at the time, making them subject to the death penalty. Some overzealous official discovered one day that there had been a brisk smuggling of rice across the partition line to the Communists. A few men were arrested, and the press raised quite a hue and cry against them. But soon it dawned upon the government that they had been plying their illicit trade only on the orders of Ngo Dinh Can, one of Diem's younger brothers and the "uncrowned king" of Central Vietnam. By then it was too late to hush up the affair, so the court went through the motions of putting the prisoners on trial. One was sentenced to death, and the rest received stiff prison terms. The real culprit was left untouched.



Ngo Dinh Diem

Not the smallest irony about the South Vietnamese government is the fact that, under a woman-hating President, it has invested a woman with unprecedented power: Mrs. Ngo Dinh Nhu, Diem's sister-in-law and First Lady of the land. Together with her husband, who is Diem's chief political adviser and strategist, she maintains a stranglehold on the economy and is "believed to be at the heart of most major corruption in the country" (Stanley Karnow in the January 19, 1961, issue of *The Reporter*). This is an opinion which the man in the street in Saigon would not dispute: practically all the taxicabs and gas stations in the capital belong to the First Lady.

Mrs. Nhu's language and behavior in public tend to convey the impression that she owns and runs the government as well. Some years ago, she tried to push through the rubber-stamp National Assembly a certain bill designed to promote her family's interests and nothing else. A few foolhardy deputies thought that they should at least put up some token resistance and insisted on a debate. She promptly called them "mad dogs" (in French, too). Anyhow, with Diem's help, the bill became law. Pro-Diem Americans hailed it as a "milestone in the history of Vietnamese women's emancipation."

The nearly absolute power which the regime has secured has come near to corrupting it absolutely. The ultimate paradox is that, starting out as an enemy of communism, Diem has ended up by copying its worst features: rigged elections, a puppet National Assembly, a muzzled press, a monolithic party with secret cells and underground members, mutual spying elevated into a patriotic duty, arbitrary arrests, concentration camps, "agrovilles" reminiscent of Mao Tse-tung's communes, etc. Once again, the extreme Left and the extreme Right meet.

There is one difference between North and South, however. Because they have lived ostensibly austere lives, the Communist leaders in Hanoi have succeeded in palming off their totalitarian methods on the people as short-term means necessary to the achievement of long-term goals. They are not loved, but they still command respect. On the other hand, Diem has allowed complete license to members of his own family while he has denied freedom to the people; he has failed to keep his relatives out of mischief and curb their ravenous appetites while he has imposed sacrifices on the masses. That his own elite troops chose to attack him last November showed how thin his charisma had worn.

THE ARMY'S growing disaffection will probably bring about Diem's collapse some day not too far off. But of far more ominous significance in the long run is the extent to which he has antagonized the educated classes and especially the students. His obsession with survival and his disregard for the future of the country are nowhere more apparent than in the way he persecutes youngsters in high schools and universities: at the least signs of dissent, his secret police descend upon them, manhandle them, and herd them like cattle into "political re-education camps."

There are now twelve such academic centers in South Vietnam with a total enrollment of between 25,000 and 42,000. The exact number is less important than this sobering fact: many of the most fanatic Communists in North Vietnam today began their education as juvenile patriots on *lycée* benches and completed it in French jails, which Maxim Gorky would have called their "universities." Eventually, all of them graduated with flying colors: a yellow star against a red background. Vietnamese Communists, Class '61, are being trained by Diem in his "political re-education camps" and waiting for their graduation exercises.

How could the Diem myth have been foisted on the American public for some six years before it was exploded last November in Saigon? By a dual process: an official conspiracy of silence plus a Madison Avenue campaign of image building (for which the American taxpayer footed the bill, of course).

For reasons unknown, or that can only be guessed at, people in key positions both in Congress and the State Department, who could have brought corrective pressures to bear on Diem, always refrained from doing so when it was still time to save him from himself and his rapacious clan. The most notorious instance of American appeasement occurred in the summer of 1959. The U. S. Senate was then investigating charges of misuse of American aid in South Vietnam. Diem's opponents entertained the hope that, at long last, a frank diagnosis would be made of what was ailing the Sick Man of Southeast Asia. Instead, high American officials rushed to his bedside and handed him a clean bill of health. Since then, Diem has cracked down on his critics more ruthlessly than ever before.

It may be true that, by the summer of 1959, the process of make-believe around Diem had gone so far that there was no turning back. For this, the American Friends of Vietnam should be held chiefly responsible.

With the organization's avowed purpose, no one would quarrel, of course: "a non-partisan group organized in support of a free and democratic Republic of Vietnam." And a distinguished group it is, too, whose roster reads like *Who's Who.*

As it actually operated, however, the American Friends of Vietnam was turned from the very beginning into a Diem propaganda outfit dominated by a relatively small but efficient group of activists on the executive committee. The fact that it was more interested in maintaining the *status quo* in Diem's favor than in promoting a "free and democratic Republic of Vietnam" was demonstrated beyond doubt in the days following the abortive coup. Without even bothering to inquire into the causes of the revolt, its executive committee dashed off a cablegram to Diem congratulating him on his "victory" and pledging its complete support. Of course, Diem was only too happy to splash the message on the front pages of his newspapers. It is not hard to imagine the damage that was done to this country's prestige in Vietnam.

IF THIS article places stress on mistakes and failures of American policy in South Vietnam, it is by no means aimed at minimizing American achievements there which speak for themselves. But the most imposing edifice will topple unless it is built on a sound foundation, and it is precisely the fundamentals of American policy that have inspired concern.

For instance, American policy in South Vietnam seems to have rested on the assumption that the United States must ally itself with anyone who is fighting the Communists at the moment. Theorists and practitioners of power politics *à outrance* should remember that those who now oppose the Communists only to further their own dubious ends, and not out of any real commitment to freedom, will go over to the other camp for the very same reasons, if and when anti-communism no longer "pays." Democracy has more to fear from its false friends than from its sworn enemies.

Even more disturbing, perhaps, is an apparent misunderstanding on the part of Americans of the nature of communism. Odd how the professed doctrines of Marxism, if not its actual practices, have come to influence the unconscious thinking of leaders in the United States! For what do they believe in, if not an economic interpretation of history, when their first reaction to trouble abroad seems always to be the advocacy of more economic aid? Such aid is a tremendous source of power for good *or* evil, depending on why, how, and to whom it is given. It can energize the constructive efforts of free people. Or, enriching the privileged few, it serves only to exacerbate the hiatus between haves and have-nots and unleash disruptive revolutions.

The grim joke here is that the Communists themselves place much less reliance on the loaf of bread or bowl of rice as the prime mover of men than their theories may lead us to believe. To paraphrase an old saying, they pray as if the emergence of their Brave New World were up to blind forces of economics, but they act as if it were up to the sinews, hearts and souls of men. We take at face value the "materialism" which the Communists preach, and we smugly believe that their "crass" philosophy will spell their own downfall. We keep harping on their "big lies" which people around the world are intelligent enough to see through without our propaganda. At the same time, we underestimate and ignore the half-truths with which they are now feeding the minds of millions in North Vietnam and other countries.

The common people of Vietnam have a proverb to describe the South at present: "A house leaks from the roof down." The one problem is, indeed, a vacuum in leadership. There are straws in the wind that the Communists may make a resolute bid to fill it in the near future unless new vital, progressive forces can pre-empt it early enough. The Vietminh are now roaming the countryside at will, killing some 800 "uncooperative" people a month, at the very time when the loyalty of Diem's army remains a huge question mark. The current war scare in Laos—to which Washington is reported to be giving top priority—has all the symptoms of a large-scale feint to keep the United States off balance and divert its thoughts and efforts from the deteriorating situation in South Vietnam, the Communists' real target.

WITHIN the next six months, President John F. Kennedy may be called upon to make the most agonizing decision in his life: whether to resist a Communist takeover not in Laos, but in South Vietnam—and if so, how and in whose behalf. As the Diem regime is proving day by day that it has long outgrown its usefulness and legitimacy, a fever for change is now at work in South Vietnam. Unless change comes with the help of America, it may well go against America and all that she stands for.

nistic promoter who is a product of an era in which driving opportunism has become particularly profitable. They do not include cheating; the concept of cheating, I submit, is approximately five minutes younger than the concept of amateurism.

ACCORDING to the classic definition, an amateur athlete is one who does not accept checks. Periodically, an amateur tennis player turned professional sells an article to a slick magazine in which he bares his chest (or bust, as the case may be). The standard title is, "I Was Paid to Play Amateur Tennis." There are others, such as "I Took Money Under the Table," which suggest interesting scenes; and I firmly expect that the next true confession will bear the headline, "I Was a Dirty Rat." The thing is losing its novelty and titles must become stronger and stronger.

The cheater customarily explains that after he told a promoter that he didn't want to enter the All-India tournament at Delhi, a messenger arrived bearing one ticket, two one-hundred dollar bills and a note saying: "We'd love to have you, if you can make it."

Despite the publicity, such falls from grace do not threaten amateurism any more than a prostitute in love threatens professionalism. They are instances of human weakness which every realist knew, or suspected, anyway. What has threatened amateurism is inconsistent definition of the term. With increasing stress upon materialism, the concept of non-materialism has lost some of its clarity.

An Australian amateur tennis player can sell rackets or balls for a living, lend his name to a brand of sweatshirt, or draw royalties from a ghost-written account of his heroics. He can, in short, use fame won as an amateur to earn money. This may not be your definition of amateurism, or mine, but it is Australia's, and it provides some explanation of why Australian tennis players are less anxious to turn pro than are most Americans.

The U.S.L.T.A. interpretation of amateurism is strict and pure. An American amateur tennis player is forbidden to profit from his sport in any way. If the American amateur wants to write a book about his adventures, he may, but he is not permitted to employ a ghost. Since athletes are even worse at writing than sportswriters are at tennis, this rule is highly effective. (Althea Gibson's life story, *The Grass is Greener*, carries the credit line: edited by Ed Fitzgerald. The editing was extensive, but there were special circumstances. Miss Gibson (a) had a racial story to tell and (b) signed the contract when the U.S.L.T.A. wasn't looking.)

The Australian-U.S. conflict on what amateurism means is something more significant than an amusing but trivial speculation about who slipped $100 to whom under what table. Involved is a basic argument about what the ideal code of amateurism really is, really means.

AGAINST this background of confusion, Jack Kramer has moved in with results that half ruined the United States as an amateur tennis power. Kramer is an excellent gambler, was once the finest tennis player extant and, although he is brash, he talks without pretense; his very brashness works for him. "Lovable old horse thief," people say of Jack. "Miserable, but sincere," the same people say of U.S.L.T.A. officials.

For a time, Kramer ran professional tennis in the accepted manner, making his money from one-night stands. But as he acquired more capital, he plowed it back into the business by signing more and more good amateurs.

He now possesses the services of Pancho Gonzales and Lew Hoad, the two best tennis players in the world, but he also possesses an extensive supporting cast including such players as Alex Olmedo, Ken Rosewall, Tony Trabert, Barry MacKay and Earl Buchholz. Neal Fraser and Rod Laver, the best of the remaining amateurs, being Australians, could afford to turn down offers from Kramer last December. MacKay and Buchholz, Americans, could not — or felt they could not.

Kramer now strongly supports "open" tennis, which is to say tournaments in which professionals and amateurs play one another. He is particularly strong for open tournaments organized by himself. Under Kramer's terms, he will make his stable of pros available for any open tournament in which prize money totals $10,000. In outline, this seems to be the ultimate and, possibly, a satisfactory solution to the U.S. tennis mess, although the problems involved in implementing open tennis are extensive and involved.

HOW SOON will we be able to see the best Australian amateurs face the best American professionals at Forest Hills? I am assured by Mrs. Gladys Heldman, who edits the comprehensive magazine *World Tennis* and knows the international politics of her sport, that it will be some time.

Open tennis is not yet permitted by the International Lawn Tennis Federation. As matters stand, an amateur of any country who plays against a professional immediately loses his amateur status. A year ago, the international group voted on the issue and open tennis was narrowly defeated. (The American delegation voted with the losers.) Kramer has made an enemy or two since then, and prospects for open tennis soon have grown correspondingly worse.

Meanwhile, with all the best Americans and some of the best Australians turned pro, Forest Hills cannot be what it was. Meanwhile, too, Kramer, with his large, expensive stable of stars can conceivably go broke. A war of attrition is possible, but Kramer, with the stars, reminds me of the small boy who owns the ball. If you want to play, sooner or later you will have to play his way. Which is why I say, Advantage, Mr. Kramer.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Elders of Our Tribe

David L. Norton

IT IS one of the subtler ills of life in an era of global distress that we are turned into intellectual ambulance-chasers. Relentlessly propelled in the direction of each new catastrophe, we have no power of attention left for events of a softer significance, events which in another time would be widely noted and discussed. Such, I think, must be the explanation for the fact that a massive program of research and publication — a program promising our nation a mature historical consciousness — has yet to receive due public notice.

Under government coordination, the new program of documentary historical publication is designed to remedy a congenital defect in our culture. By temperament forward-looking, we Americans have been unconscionably careless of our past. Whitman-like, we have gloried each day in the new dawn, in the splendor of which all yesterdays are forgotten. We have our small band of Historical Society devotees and Civil War buffs; and on Washington's Birthday the public musters a seemly piety, but it is indicative that of the two tales most often repeated on that occasion, neither is true. In the matter of our great historical figures we have largely preferred romantic fancy to the difficult and perhaps disturbing reality of the man. As a direct result, our basic historical documents — the tangible legacies of our great men — have suffered neglect and abuse, and previous attempts to restore the record have been subject to the vicissitudes of public interest, the profit motive and editorial whim.

Deep as the ruts of our recalcitrance run, it is doubtful that they will survive against the determined effort now being made by the National Historical Publications Commission to seed our national consciousness with historical fact. The commission, originally established in 1934, became inactive during the war. It was reconstituted by the Federal Records Act of 1950 and charged with two tasks: to encourage publication of crucial historical material, and to fashion a plan to coordinate activities of the numerous agencies that might be involved. Philip M. Hamer, himself an American historian, was appointed executive director of the revivified organization. Whatever Congress may have expected, it could not in the nature of bureaucratic process have anticipated the onrush of the present enterprise, which now promises to rescue from oblivion every extant speech, essay, letter, memorandum, grant, writ and marginal jot of our famous men — with, in some cases, checkbook entries and laundry lists thrown in as a final editorial flourish.

The commission came into being with a new precept and a ready example. The precept was comprehensiveness, the example was a project already under way at Princeton University to collect, edit and publish *The Papers of Thomas Jefferson.*

At Princeton nothing was spared in the effort to produce a comprehensive edition, and fifteen volumes have now been released of the estimated fifty that will comprise the work. On this model and sparked by the commission, some twenty-five comparable projects have been shaped. Yale's presses are regularly issuing rich, brown, buckram-bound numbers toward a forty-volume set of *The Papers of Benjamin Franklin.* Harvard is at work on the Adamses—John, John Quincy and Charles Francis—in ninety volumes; and, simultaneously, on a sixteen-volume edition of the Journals of Emerson [see p. 151]. Princeton has undertaken forty volumes of Woodrow Wilson. The Universities of Virginia and Chicago are collaborating on Madison; South Carolina has Calhoun, Columbia has Hamilton and Jay, Vanderbilt has Polk, Kentucky has Clay; James Fenimore Cooper provides a sideline at Harvard. And backing up the projects in work is a list of 112 names of historical figures, from Jane Addams to Brigham Young, that the commission is promoting for similar treatment.

THE volumes now being prepared represent in themselves an enterprise in historiography that taps substantial resources of several kinds. On the financial side the federal government is a patron, but a minor one thus far. Greater sums are being provided by certain states, like South Carolina and Virginia, that have a special interest in a favorite son. Probably the biggest investors are the private foundations, notably Ford, Rockefeller and Guggenheim; but Time, Inc. is a heavy backer of three of the largest projects (Adams, Franklin, Hamilton) in return for the right to publish selected material in advance in *Life.*

It is more interesting to analyze the energy investment required by the rigors of research and editing. One hundred years ago Jared Sparks could put together an edition of Washington's papers almost single-handed, but new editorial standards and the aim of comprehensiveness put today's projects out of all comparison. The Franklin volumes, for example, depend directly upon forty-seven people who are listed as editors, advisers and overseers. More remotely, hundreds are involved.

The case of Franklin is in some ways special, for the job of locating manuscript material was made unusually formidable by the habits of the subject. Franklin traveled widely and in times of crisis, which increased the dispersion of his material and added to natural hazards the peril of confiscation. Natural hazards themselves were considerably abetted by the Franklin manner, for neither he nor his heirs troubled much to preserve the papers that came from his hand. Many were lost, some were destroyed and a good number were distributed far and wide as souvenirs. Nevertheless as collection nears an end some 30,000 items have been recovered.

THE Adamses presented problems of a different kind. About the family hovered a keen sense of consanguine destiny which generated a record-keeping compulsion. A note in John Quincy's diary reads: "A letter-book, a diary, a book of receipts and expenses — these three books, kept without intermission, should be the rule of every man who can read and write." This staunch maxim of the statesman is followed by some mutterings of the private man about the insufferable boredom of the task. But the Adamses were up to it, with the result that the family archives, when unlocked, engulfed the editors of the present project in a mountainous clutter. Included were diaries, letters, letter-books, writs, drafts, posters, passports and check-stubs, in boxes, cabinets, cases, drawers and portfolios. Packaging, indeed, had become such a problem that many bundles were found wrapped in the sturdy parchment of degrees, certifi-

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DAVID L. NORTON is Associate Leader of the Ethical Society of St. Louis. He writes regularly for the Post-Dispatch *of that city.*

cates and commissions, with which the family was well supplied.

By earlier standards we might sympathize with an editor who grunted unprintably over the family's lack of selectivity, and even within today's editorial aims the riches of the Adams' archives, and others like it, are an embarrassment. What is to be done, for example, with the nearly 6,000 routine commissions, writs, land grants and licenses that were signed by Jefferson during his brief two years as Governor of Virginia? What is to be done with the hundreds of letters from Frenchmen that swamped Franklin in Paris, uniformly asking for commissions in the U.S. Army? What about Madison's repetitiousness, and Emerson's habit of inserting in his essays verbatim passages from the Journals?

In most cases of this kind editorial judgment is still used, and only representative samples are printed. The obvious regret with which editors speak of such compromises is our assurance that nothing out of the ordinary will be denied us. Included in the Jefferson Papers, for instance, is the letter from a singularly unimaginative correspondent who addressed the author of the Declaration of Independence variously as a "red-headed rascal," "red-headed villain" and "red-headed son-of-a-bitch" in the course of a twelve-line diatribe.

DESPITE minor compromises with the aim of comprehensiveness, the program being coordinated by the National Historical Publications Commission is an extraordinary enterprise, and abroad it is being widely noted as such. Something of its meaning is suggested by this comment which appeared in the *London Times* before the bulk of the present work was even recommended: ". . . there is a sense in which England is a profoundly historically minded country . . . [but] compared with the United States historiography in England is a minor matter, a hobby, a respectable activity but not big business, not one of the pillars of the State. We have no real equivalent to the State historical societies, no historical society of the antiquity and prestige of the Massachusetts Historical Society, no great scholarly enterprises . . . on the scale of the Washington or Jefferson papers or the promised edition of Franklin's works."

For scholars the blessings of historiography as "big business" are obvious. Material hitherto inaccessible will be on hand in every major library in the country, and no longer will it have been edited randomly or according to the acute sense of propriety that was once the rule and called for excision of all passages wherein the subject ruminated about sex, religion, politics, or the darker side of life generally.

But what of the effect on laymen? It will be slower, more residual, but it is here, ultimately, that the measure of culture and of historical consciousness lies. And the shapers of the program have this in mind, for while they have designed it in the first instance to serve the needs of scholars, all prefaces and introductions to these multi-volume sets contain a message addressed to a wider audience. The casual historiography of the past, the message runs in effect, has presented our great historical figures in a colored light. It has chosen their formal work, presented them in Sunday dress. The images that have thus coagulated are public monuments to be revered, not men and women whom we can understand. The new historiography will enable us to reconstruct the lives actually lived by our great figures, day in and day out. It will in short rectify the errors of natural, casual historical process, which is shaped by circumstance and wandering inclination.

This is a major claim, but perhaps not extravagant. It is almost certain that the new historiography will eventually produce deep-seated changes in our conceptions of the large figures of our past. Already amateur Emersonians,

Melancholy in the Families

(From the Spanish of Pablo Neruda)

I keep a blue flask,
inside it an ear and a picture.
When the night closes
the feathers of the owl,
when the rough cherry tree
destroys lips and threats
with shells perforated by ocean winds,
I know there are great expanses and wastes,
quartz in ingots,
pigments,
blue waters waiting for a storm,
heavy silence, veins running backwards, camphor
and fallen things, medals, tenderness,
parachutes and kisses.

It is no more than a step from one day to another,
a lone bottle walking over the sea,
a dining room where roses come,
an abandoned dining room like a fishbone.
I look at a broken glass, a curtain,
at a river dragging pebbles through a deserted hall.
It is a house built in a rain bed,
a house with boarded windows,
entangled with vines.

I go there in the afternoon,
I arrive full of mud and death,
dragging the earth and its roots,
its vague belly where corpses sleep in wheat,
where there are metals and fallen elephants.

But over all of this there is a terrible dining room,
a terrible abandoned dining room
with broken cruets
and vinegar running under the chairs,
a thin ray of the moon,
something dark . . .
and I search for a comparison inside of me.
Maybe it is a store surrounded by the sea
with its torn cloths dripping brine.

It is only an abandoned dining room
and all around there are expanses . . .
submerged factories, lumber,
which I alone know
because I am sad and old,
and know the earth, and am sad.

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

who have known their man through the essays and perhaps through Bliss Perry's condensation of the Journals, have been forced into an adjustment. That pure spirit, the Complete Journals reveal, in fact harbored as much dross as the next; that spare, crystalline style was lifted from a remarkable and often shallow verbosity. So, too, with others. So with Franklin; for in the first three volumes of the Papers I have found only one piece that unreservedly reinforces the popular image — a short item from the *Pennsylvania Gazette* of Feb. 18, 1735 entitled "Self-Denial Not the Essence of Virtue."

The demythologizing forced upon us by the new historiography is surely to the good. It leaves room only for the wry regret that it will inadvertently support what might be called the Jack Paar Compulsion in our time—the obsessive wish to see celebrities in their undershirts, for the wrong reasons.

The Mathematics of Dispute

FIGHTS, GAMES, AND DEBATES. By Anatol Rapoport. University of Michigan Press. 400 pp. $6.95.

John G. Kemeny

PERHAPS the least publicized revolution of the twentieth century is the invasion of the social sciences by mathematics. A bitter war is being waged inside ivy walls to decide whether mathematical methods will raise the social sciences to new heights or destroy them completely. One side accuses the invaders of dehumanizing human activities; the other claims that the pillars of tradition criticize activities they are not competent to understand.

Anatol Rapoport is eminently qualified to evaluate the arguments on both sides. His present volume is a delightfully written exposition of three major ways of analyzing human conflict: The purpose of a *fight* is to harm an opponent. In a *game* the opponents compete, but also cooperate to a limited degree. They do this at least in following "rules of the game." *Debates* differ from both fights and games in that the basic purpose is not to defeat the opponent but to convert him.

Fights are an area in which mathematical models, though limited, are highly successful. As a typical and timely example of a fight, the author considers an armaments race. Taking account of various factors which stimulate or restrain the armaments race, the author arrives at a simple model, consisting of two linear differential equations of the first order. As such, this model is simpler than any of classical physics.

Professor Rapoport makes a strong case for stating problems precisely and deducing conclusions from mathematical hypotheses, even if these hypotheses are crude. At worst this exercise will pinpoint the assumptions under which we operate, and at best it can stimulate more searching questions and further research.

Any situation of conflict on the part of two or more competitors, which is governed by precise rules, is considered a "game" by the mathematician. Thus the operation of the stock market may be considered a gigantic game of strategy. The author achieves an admirable balance by showing the area in which the theory of games has made an unquestionable contribution and by pointing to the difficulties in extending these results.

A two person zero-sum game is a conflict in which the amount one side gains is exactly equal to the amount the other loses. In other words, the interests of the two participants are diametrically opposed. For this type of game von Neumann and Morgenstern have worked out a complete theory, which has seen many fruitful applications and which can have direct practical consequences for the social scientist.

For instance, a mathematician can show that it is possible to decide a strategy at the beginning of a game without giving up any freedom of action. This can be accomplished by considering at the outset all possible reactions of the opponent. Equally important is the idea of mixing one's strategies to prevent the opponent from guessing one's motives. This random mixing of strategies is well known to poker players, and similar procedures are called for in most situations of conflict.

The difficulty in the theory of games arises when there is room for cooperation between opponents. This may come about when the interests of two players are not completely opposed, or when there are more than two players.

The problem of "the prisoners' dilemma" is a fine example of a non-zero-sum two person game. Two suspects are arrested on a relatively minor charge, but the district attorney hopes to obtain a confession on a major offense as well. Each prisoner is offered an opportunity of obtaining a light sentence on the minor charge, if he will turn state's evidence and help to convict the other prisoner on the major charge. If both of them refuse the offer, the sum total of their welfare will be maximized. However, there is a temptation for each one to improve his own lot by confessing. The danger, of course, is that they both confess, and will both be convicted of the major crime.

This problem has many ramifications even in this simple form, since such questions as the degree to which the men are able to communicate with each other must be considered. This problem is magnified when there are more than two players. Even more troublesome is the formation of coalitions among various competitors, an area in which a great deal has been written but very little has been agreed on.

The final part deals with techniques for persuading an opponent to accept one's own views. Rapoport proposes a technique for putting an opponent into a receptive frame of mind, and of eliminating from his mind fear of accepting the new view. He illustrates this by sketching a fascinating debate between a Russian and an American, each applying these procedures to his view of the East-West struggle.

NO DOUBT most of us will find this last part engrossing. It avoids the atmosphere of over-simplification and the necessity of passing to the strange and frightening language of mathematics. Nevertheless, it is the most questionable part of the book.

In the first two parts one easily sees where the limitations of the methods lie. The problems are clearly stated, the results can be clearly interpreted and the limitations can be agreed upon. But in the discussion of debates many of the terms are vaguely defined, and quite persuasive points could be turned around and argued as eloquently from the opposite side. The contrast between the third part and the first two is an excellent way of seeing why the non-mathematical techniques are both more appealing to a social scientist and in the long run are likely to be less fruitful.

The reviewer is troubled by a fundamental question concerning our civilization. Rapoport goes to considerable

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JOHN G. KEMENY, author of A Philosopher Looks at Science *(Van Nostrand), is chairman of the Mathematics Department, Dartmouth College.*

length to keep mathematical techniques to a bare minimum, and is apologetic about the necessity of using any mathematics at all. When translating a piece of literature from French to English we always feel that something is lost, yet it is worth while reading the translation. The same cannot be said in translating a mathematical argument, because there is no other language capable of reproducing the argument in its entirety. The intelligent layman has already conceded the battle of understanding modern physical science. Are we soon to enter an era in which discussions in the social sciences will also escape him? Or is it conceivable that we will some day agree that understanding mathematics must be part of the intellectual tools of a well-educated man?

Emerson at Harvard

THE JOURNALS AND MISCELLANEOUS NOTEBOOKS OF RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Vol. I: 1819-1822. Edited by William H. Gilman, Alfred R. Ferguson, George P. Clark and Merrell R. Davis. Harvard University Press. 430 pp. $10.

Newton Arvin

HALF a century ago Emerson's son, Edward Waldo Emerson, edited and published in ten volumes a very full, though by no means a complete, edition of the journals which his father had kept from the time when he was a Junior in college until his old age—over a period, that is, of about fifty years. It was a remarkable editorial performance in some ways, and no one has ever questioned the immense value and interest of these *Journals*, not only as a supplement to Emerson's published work but intrinsically and for their own literary sake.

The job was carried out, however, from our point of view now, imperfectly—not only because even ten volumes were too few but because an understandable filial piety had resulted in a somewhat distorted record. Many omissions were made for the sake of space, and almost all the passages in his journals which Emerson later incorporated in his essays were deleted. Often he revised them for such later use, so this meant that their original and often more striking form was suppressed. Sensibilities of one sort or another, moreover, "had to" be considered; personal allusions had often to be veiled; there was a certain amount of genteel expurgation; and passages were sometimes suppressed, apparently, only because they expressed attitudes that were not quite officially Emersonian.

Professor Gilman and his colleagues have now undertaken the heroic task of editing the complete journals without any deletions or any sort of bowdlerizing. The whole work, when finished, will come to approximately sixteen volumes; this first volume is made up of the journals and notebooks Emerson kept from early in 1820, throughout the rest of his college years, and into the summer of 1822, a year after his graduation—during less than three years, in short. At this rate sixteen volumes will not be too many.

IN AN ADMIRABLE introduction the editors give a very full and extremely interesting account of the ways in which Emerson's son labored to preserve the image of "Mr. Emerson," as he always called him, that had long since become familiar to his enormous audience of readers and admirers. (They do not draw their examples only from these very earliest journals.) Many of the suppressions deemed necessary were slight in themselves, but taken together they do have the effect of tidying up and expurgating an Emerson who was somewhat ranker and more earthy in his form of expression than one would have supposed. When he writes, for example, "What is there of the divine in a barber's shop *or a privy?* Much. All." —the italicized words were dropped.

It is not, however, primarily for the sake of these mildly sensational restorations that the new version is going to be valuable. It is going to be so simply because, on general grounds, we want the fullest possible picture of the mind of a great Representative Man, and writer, like Emerson. This the new edition of the journals will do much to furnish. These earliest journals, boyish and immature as they are, do not have the richer interest intellectually of the later years, and only the special student, perhaps, will find his reward on every page. But they have very decidedly the interest that, not only for the student, attaches to the spectacle of a young and potentially creative mind struggling to free itself from convention and commonplace and to arrive at its

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NEWTON ARVIN is the biographer of Hawthorne, Whitman and Melville. He is the editor of The Heart of Hawthorne's Journals *and* The Selected Letters of Henry Adams.

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own idiosyncrasy of insight and truth-telling.

One section of Edward Emerson's edition the present editors have properly omitted: this was a section of nearly twenty pages which reproduced certain extracts from the record of an unnamed undergraduate literary society of which Emerson was for a time secretary; it is not really a part of his own journal. The editors have, however, added to the older version the contents of a college theme book, two miscellaneous note-books, a notebook made up entirely of quotations from Emerson's reading, and a catalogue of books read that runs from 1819 to 1824. All this is naturally of very uneven interest, but all of it should be accessible to readers of Emerson, and in general the care and thoroughness with which this volume has been prepared make one look forward impatiently to the certainly still more substantial volumes that are to follow.

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LETTER from BERLIN

Donald Richie

BERLIN has become such a cliché that even the most conscientious in other cities probably do not think much about it. Everyone knows it is an island; everyone remembers hearing about the horrors of life in the East; everyone has heard of the "economic miracle" of the West. But somehow it has not sunk in. From an atrocious historical fact Berlin has become a truism — that middle and most meaningful interpretation, Berlin as symbol, has been neglected.

Berlin is both symbol and symptom of the age. It may be thought of as merely a troublesome pimple on the face of Europe, but it is actually the reminder of an apparently permanent cancer and, like all cancroids, it is not pretty: Berlin is two cities, each alien to the other, side by side yet each unnaturally cut off from the other. This, of course, is part of the truism; the bare facts become threatening only when muscled with experience.

It is still impossible, fifteen years later, to take a taxi from one city to the other — it is as though all taxis stopped and turned around at Columbus Circle. Nor is it possible to make a phone call from one section to the other: one must call long distance, putting the call through Pittsburgh, as it were, in order to reach the Bronx.

The simple inconveniences continue to be legion. I know of a man who for fifteen years has lived in the Michaelkirchplatz at the edge of the East, and who works in the Waldemarstrasse, about two blocks away in the West. To get to his job he must board the U-Bahn in the opposite direction, change, and take a streetcar, the whole consuming forty-five minutes. If the East decides to check the subway that morning he may be held up for another hour. Somewhat more fortunate are those few through whose homes the line cuts. They boarded up their Eastern front doors years ago and on summer evenings continue to take the air from their back stoops on the West.

Most Westerners can avoid the inconveniences simply by not going to the East, but this is no escape from the consequences of living in a state of moral gangrene. In all of West Berlin there is no sense that any of these thousands actually belong there; roots have been retracted until the attachment to the city is merely nominal. Building methods, for example, often consist of simply throwing a shiny plastic façade over a ruin. The Kurfürstendamm, now the main street since the Unter den Linden is in the East, is a collection of tasteful and fairly permanent tarpaulins, all designed by the best people and made much of by nostalgic Berliners. Walking around the Bahnhof am Zoo one is inescapably reminded of some world's fair, a collection of rather imposing lathe and vinyl constructions, all terribly up-to-date. One of the results is that one believes only in the ruins; another is that people do not live in Berlin so much as they camp out in it.

THE REASON is that the city has no future; it is impossible to make plans; there is no incentive toward tearing down bullet-pocked ruins when you might not be there next year. Living in plastic tents is much more sensible. Utterly gone is the Berlin of Weill and Brecht, Döpplen and Grosz; completely vanished is that great city we know from Isherwood and Spender and Katherine Anne Porter. It has become a frontier town, with the frontier running all the way around it; it is a city infected with insecurity.

At the same time, however, this has galvanized Berlin into a kind of life one finds missing from other German cities: dear, dead, and beautiful embalmed Munich; new Düsseldorf, the most insufferably smug city since Chicago; bloated Bonn, utterly ridiculous, an old people's convention in the country; Hamburg, huffing and puffing and — like the rest of Germany — thinking only of how much more it can make.

Though the country, cleft in twain, is responsible for its cities, Berlin is, in a way, responsible for the country. Western Germany is a big and sprawling torso, bursting with apparent economic health but kept alive, one would guess, by injections. It has no head. There is no capital, since Bonn is so obviously not; no place for artists and politicians to congregate; no big and representative city one would rather visit than live in.

Still, in Berlin, the people are not allowed to forget the tragedy of their country. This is true nowhere else. Those in Munich could not care less about those in Leipzig, except to make fun of their accents. There is, in fact, grave

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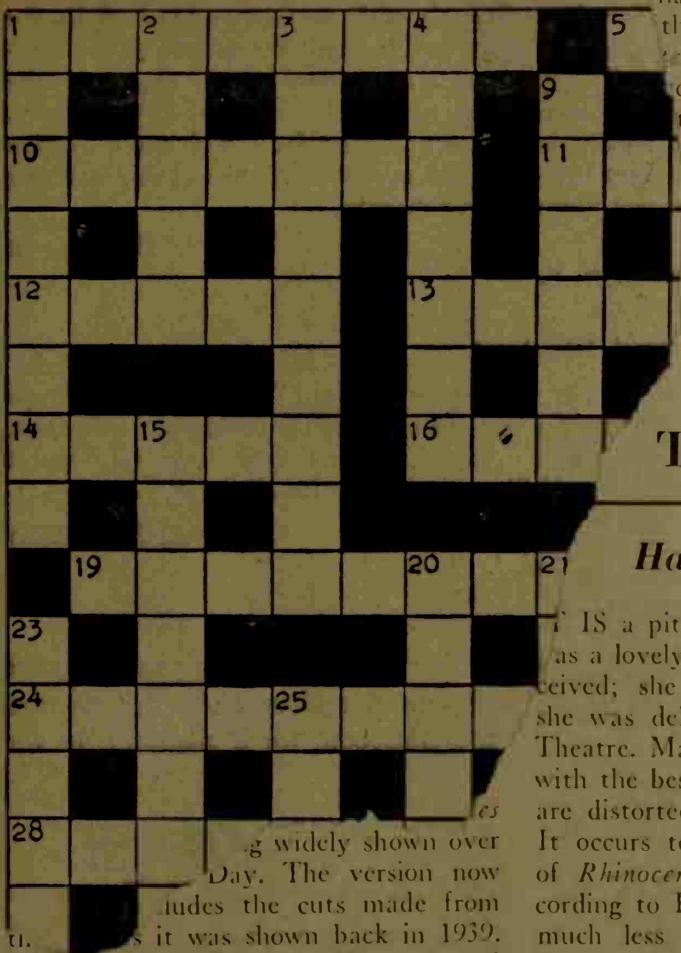
DONALD RICHIE, film critic for The Japan Times *and co-author of* The Japanese Film, *is at present working for the German film industry.*

Crossword Puzzle

By FRANK W. LEW



es

g widely shown over

Day. The version now

ludes the cuts made from

ti. s it was shown back in 1939.

The distributors are making a good deal of this, since the public can be relied upon to build private dreams on the word "uncut." The fact is, though, that scissors were taken to the film in the first place only because it was thought too long. The whole story — which says that love becomes tragic when you take it seriously — might be thought a little cynical, but the censors are not alerted by cynicism.

Renoir's picture has wit and craziness; it moves at a wild pace, with instants of personality and situation flashed on the screen like cards. No sane reviewer would attempt to summarize the plot; the situation is the "feudal" estate of a newly wealthy French entrepreneur, who is nevertheless the only person of feelings in the whole rout. Except, that is, for the philosophical oddity played by Renoir himself, a naive man of brimming heart, and for a rascally poacher of rabbits, played by the great comic Carette. The pair of them, too real for the harlequinade, bring the revels to a tragic end. This film woos the mind; it plays the fool with convention and dignity, mocks sentiment and honor, and at the end shows a drop or two of blood on the clown's breast. Taste and elegance are so rare on the screen that,

rdly, we hail them as miracles.

NGLISH are going in a good

now for what they call larking

have seen only one example

that are around — *The Two-*

h, in which Peter Sellers,

de White and several lesser

turn one of Her Majesty's

a convict's carnival grounds,

ffecting a fabulous robbery

tly safe behind bars. Not

yarn, and not in the class

avender Hill Mob, but fun-

as not. Though they do

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

T IS a pity about *Midgie Purvis*: she as a lovely creature when she was conceived; she became a grotesque when she was delivered at the Martin Beck Theatre. Many plays and characters — with the best intentions in the world — are distorted in this way on the stage. It occurs to me that if all the values of *Rhinoceros* had been preserved according to Ionesco's plan it might seem much less funny than it does in its present production — and might not have been so cordially received. If *Midgie Purvis* had been produced in the vein in which it was written it would perhaps have been less funny, but its chance of success might have been greater.

Mary Chase, who wrote *Harvey* and *Mrs. McThing* as well as *Midgie Purvis*, has an authentically personal gift for the fey, the delicately eccentric. A true and beautiful lady, she has an aversion to the stuffy and conventional. The girl from nowhere in the musical *Molly Brown* wants to get into Denver high society. Well-born and well-bred Mary Chase wants to fly from it. A poet at heart, Mary Chase has the impulse to evade social routine. All her plays are variations on the theme of imaginative escape, fairy tales of mimic descent to those who are too poor for pretense. Mrs. Chase's heroines always burrow their way down to freedom.

In *Midgie Purvis* a wealthy lady who had been allowed to remain her odd self, through the understanding of a steadfast husband and a fond son, finally feels obliged to flee her home when she has to play "straight" to her son's prospective in-laws — upper-class robots of the least attractive kind. She disguises herself as a lady of great age and hires out as a baby sitter. In this way she will no longer be compelled to wear the mask of seductiveness and prosperity expected of the society matron. Instead everyone will now protect her and favor her with kind attention, while she will use her job and disguise to cavort with kids and run riot as her caprice dictates.

For the most part the play is fanciful, humorous, charming and tender. It suffers chiefly from confinement to the framework of "realism," that is to say, the possible. But even in these terms of airy nonsense (which make the sense I have indicated) *Midgie Purvis* should prove refreshing. Our theatre today is very poor in expansive light comedy; musicals are supposed to fulfill this need,

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Waldo Frank, Chairman

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but they rarely possess th
which Mary Chase's plays, for
jocose sportiveness, always reta
Laurette Taylor or Ethel B
in their prime might have play
Purvis. (Today there are Ir
Geraldine Page and undoubt
others.) What I am trying
is an actress who, whatever
arities, would always creat
pression of a basic dignity
sensibility. Tallulah Bankh
ly endowed actress (at
resembles or sounds like
more) but she appears to h
the aim of her recent career
own dignity, to mock her fem
coarsen the image of herself to

R from BERLIN

Donald Richie

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actually belong there; roots have been retracted until the attachment to the city is merely nominal. Building methods, for example, often consist of simply throwing a shiny plastic façade over a ruin. The Kurfürstendamm, now the main street since the Unter den Linden is in the East, is a collection of tasteful and fairly permanent tarpaulins, all designed by the best people and made much of by nostalgic Berliners. Walking around the Bahnhof am Zoo one is inescapably reminded of some world's fair, a collection of rather imposing lathe and vinyl constructions, all terribly up-to-date. One of the results is that one believes only in the ruins; another is that people do not live in Berlin so much as they camp out in it.

THE REASON is that the city has no future; it is impossible to make plans; there is no incentive toward tearing
wn bullet-pocked ruins when you
ht not be there next year. Living in
more sensible. Ut-
n of Weill and
completely
we know

Letters

(Continued from inside cover)

and progressive. Not all at once, but
time, and in three years time can a
does move very quickly.

William F. Cleary
Chapala, Jalisco, Mexico

Mr. Baritz's 'Intellectual'

Dear Sirs: There can be no doubt that Mr. Loren Baritz demonstrates in his article "The Lonely Intellectual" (Jan. 21) that he has "met a muse." What he fails to demonstrate, it seems to us, is a thoughtful consideration of the proper role of the intellectual in our society. . . . The intellectual, whatever his discipline, who elevates his differences with society to the plane of a religion of alienation, cannot consider himself an enemy of God. His splendid isolation becomes highly analogous to the fragile mysticism of the Desert Fathers. But exactly what does he think about out there?

Michael and Elizabeth Armstrong
Bloomington, Ind.

Dear Sirs: Why does Mr. Baritz think that the only alternative to the intellectual in the schizophrenic ivory tower is the "responsible" egghead who becomes the consultant, joiner, good citizen, or member of the new Administration in Washington? Could it be because he poses the problem in essentially outmoded terms?

Mr. Baritz nowhere gives us his definition of an intellectual, but I suspect it rests on the old theory-practice dualism. Neither is Mr. Baritz aware of the possibility that the intellectual may have made society his enemy as much as society made him its enemy.

It is ironical—or downright unfair—

Springfield, Mass.

Chinese Nazis?

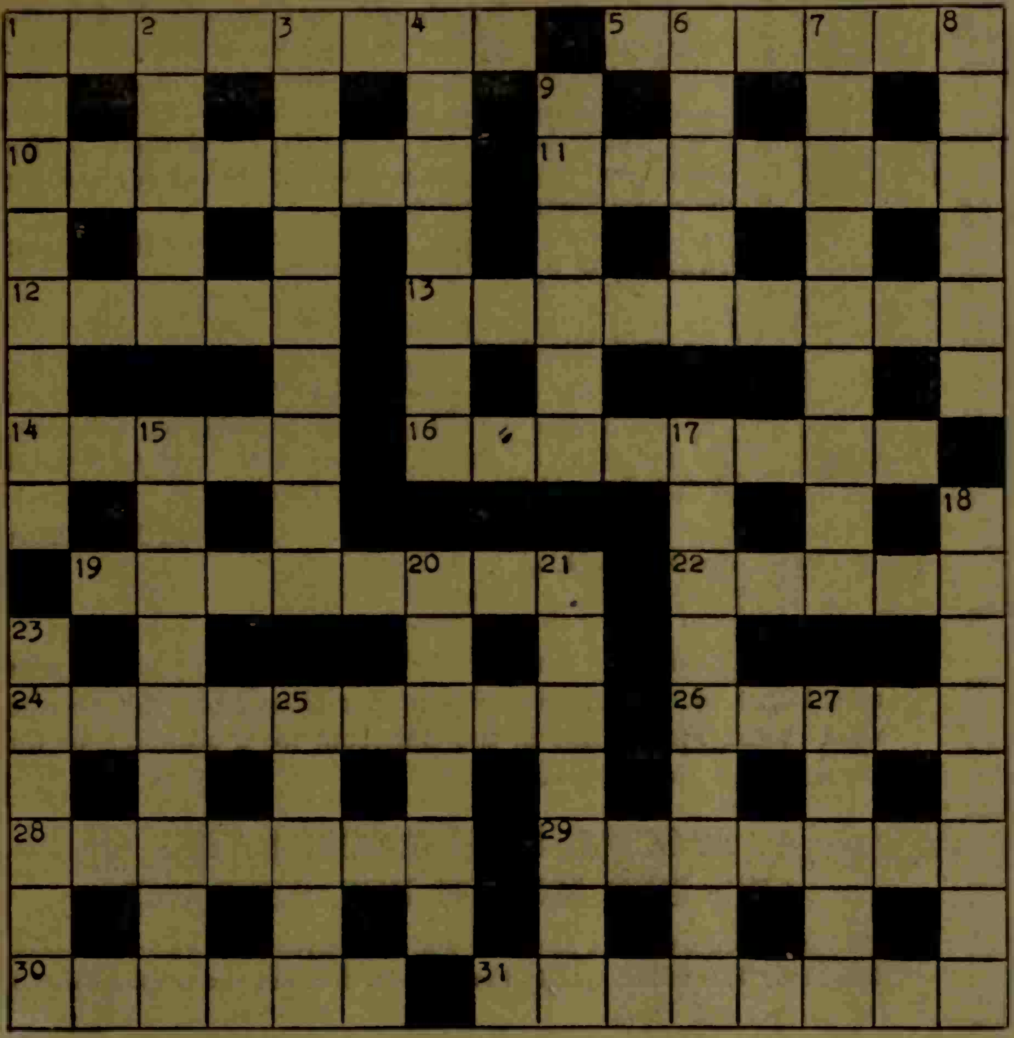
Dear Sirs: I noted with some shock the article by Professor Spector ["Breaking the China Stalemate," by Stanley Spector, Jan. 28] trying to prove by strict legalisms that we, and not the Chinese, were the "aggressors" in our mutual relations. . . . Mr. Spector equates the Chinese intervention in North Korea with our involvement in Lebanon, Guatemala and Laos. Lebanon and Laos were established nations; North Korea was a rump state, a pirate nation without roots in the 1,000-year history of the Hermit Kingdom. As to Guatemala, there was never massive intervention by the United States. A few stands of arms, a plane or two; this was not sending in the Marines.

Tibet, says Mr. Spector, is a purely Chinese internal affair; only if the insurrectionaries had come close to winning would it have become a proper concern for world consideration. . . . If this is a proper view . . . we have done a terrible wrong to Goering, von Schirach and others in standing them in the dock at Nuremberg for carrying out the internal business of the Third Reich. . . .

Howard Lowell Morris
New York City

Crossword Puzzle No. 903

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A toss of a coin the undeveloped version shows. (8)
5 Marches along, but not with the workers. (6)
10 You might get let out of the finish, after this plant. (7)
11 Sometimes taken by those who are easily upset. (7)
12 Is she the main character in the opera "Tosca"? (5)
13 One who comes out with a piece of furniture might be questioned. (9)
14 Antony made quite a to-do about his rent! (5)
16 and 2 down Urges a place of punishment on a foreign power? (It's pretty thin!) (8, 5)
19 One might find it the cap of the sentimental. (8)
22 These are sometimes slipped in back. (5)
24 Something neither animal nor vegetable in the G. E. line (9)
26 Where to put chalk with exact timing? (2, 3)
28, 31, 29 and 30 No effort to produce a loss? (7, 8, 7, 6)

DOWN:

1 Where the doughboy stood to make a stand? (8)
2 See 16 across
3 Is it mashed potato she makes, with someone treating? (9)
4 Altered altered and related related to footwork. (7)
6 To rob is wrong, especially for such a servant! (5)
7 Commonly stupid persons who might be associated with 15. (9)
8 A supposedly new sound, so it's about a form of Kilmer's subject matter. (6)
9 Bee? Bah! (6)
15 Ready for dinner? It's past eight! (9)
17 Does it help to blow off steam harmlessly? (9)
18 Sprinkled. (8)
20 Shoes and ships were two of many. (6)
21 Macbeth asked the Doctor to do it to the stuffed bosom with some sweet oblivious antidote. (7)
23 Three G's one found capable of causing dizziness? (6)
25 Splendor dazzles in vain one from home, in Payne's second verse. (5)
27 But the town type weeps no more? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 902

ACROSS: 1 Cotton batting; 10 Tying; 11 Xylophone; 12 Mushrooms; 13 Cutie; 14 Working model; 19 Tooth and nail; 22 Night; 24 Boastings; 25 Attenuate; 26 Ivied; 27 Dancing lesson. DOWN: 2 Otiose; 3 Tiger moth; 4 Next of kin; 5 Arles; 6 Topic; 7 Noontide; 8 Stump; 9 Repeals; 15 Nonpareil; 16 Maintains; 17 Stanzas; 18 Golgotha; 20 Indigo; 21 Aside; 23 Tonic; 24 Brain.

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An Eight-Year Plan

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Louis B. Sohn

CHICAGO'S VOTE-FRAUD HOAX

Herman Finer, Jerome G. Kerwin and C. Herman Pritchett

SHINKOLOBWE: KEY TO THE CONGO

Ritchie Calder

LETTERS

A Valid Point

Dear Sirs: I have just read "Health Care for the Aged: Progress Report," by Gerald Krefetz, in your Feb. 4 issue. There is one aspect of this problem that he does not touch on at all. Of all the people in the country past the age of sixty-five, about one-fourth are not on Social Security rolls. The older the age level you take, the larger becomes the number not connected with Social Security. Thus, over half of persons past eighty-five are not covered, and practically none who are ninety years old or more.

These old people without any Social Security are generally the neediest among us. I believe that the overwhelming majority of U.S. citizens want to provide for needs of the aged. It seems odd that so much effort is being expended on a bill that gives no help to those who need it most. . . .

LEWIS R. LANG, M.D.

Calhoun, Ga.

Relativeness of Literacy

Dear Sirs: Professor Kemeny in his review of my book, *Fights, Games, and Debates* [*The Nation*, Feb. 18] asks whether we are about to enter an era in which discussions in the social sciences will escape the "intelligent layman" for want of literacy in mathematics. Professor Kemeny points out that the "intelligent layman" has already "conceded the battle of understanding modern physical science." Since mathematics is increasingly becoming the language of social science as well as of physical science, conceivably the intelligent layman may also give up trying to understand the important ideas of social science.

In historical perspective, the situation does not seem so hopeless. . . . We take universal literacy as practically inevitable, yet the conceptual leap into associating visual patterns of abstract symbols with spoken language is probably as prodigious as the corresponding leap into mathematical thinking. We tend to overlook this, because we have come to regard learning to read by children as a commonplace achievement.

In spite of the esoteric nature of "modern" science, that is, of the knowledge representing the most recently conquered territory, I do not believe the layman today understands science any less than did the layman of the seventeenth century. Only our cultural heritage has made "classical" science appear to be founded on "common sense."

The common sense of yesterday dictated the conclusions that the earth is flat, "up" was heavenward, and that you can't make a silk purse from a pig's ear (let alone a necktie from silk solids and coal). Mark Twain's Jim was as bewildered by the fact that it is an hour later in Ohio than in Missouri as the modern intelligent layman is by the time paradoxes of relativity.

In short the sort of sophistication demanded by "modern science" for understanding its ideas is probably within the intelligent layman's grasp and will certainly come as "modern science," physical or social, becomes "classical science." The inhibitions of a rational understanding of our world, especially of ourselves, are not, I believe, rooted in a lack of capacity for abstract thought but rather in the fears engendered by threats to our cherished misconceptions. The two problems are not unrelated, but they are not identical.

ANATOL RAPOPORT

Ann Arbor, Mich.

For Better Reading

Dear Sirs: I read Helmut Bonheim's article, "American Books in Vienna," in your Jan. 14 issue, with much distress. I've known for a long time that only the most mediocre (and conservative) American literature is available abroad. . . . I have a stack of *Nations* at home that I'd like to make available to anyone interested.

HILMA COHN

North Hollywood, Calif.

The Choice

Dear Sirs: Reader E. R. Karr [*The Nation*, Jan. 28] hopes that the sole male survivor of the atomic extermination of mankind will be a pessimist, and not an optimist. I hope much more strongly that he will be an optimist. The great men of Western civilization have generally been optimists, combining with this fatuous faith the realization that people are awful. As a member of this society, I pray that the last male survivor will be an optimist who knows he is a stinker, but plans to do the best he can.

If *The Nation* were committed to pessimism, certainly it would not bother to publish; and why should it? If all *The Nation's* readers were whooping cranes or Great Indian one-horned rhinoceroses, both probably close to extinction, there would be very little constructive point in addressing them faithfully week after week.

From this point of view, the Ambrose Bierce fable Mr. Karr quotes is junk, except for the one glorious line: "'The world is all created,' said God." This fact is shattering to the pessimist, and exhilarating to the optimist. Do you choose, then, the dismayed, greedy pessimist or the magnanimous man? There is, indeed, a choice.

DAVID CORT

New York City

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 8

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The President's Speech

In a taut world, explosive events often lead to unexpected results not always directly related to the merits of the issue at hand. It can be conceded, for example, that the Secretary General's mandate in the Congo was imprecise or inadequate, or that he or his surrogates may have misinterpreted the mandate or been guilty of errors of judgment. Yet the haste with which the Soviet Union has sought to exploit the propaganda potential implicit in the murder of Lumumba—the murder could not have been better timed to thwart the emergence of a possible new American approach to the Congo at the U.N.—may well boomerang. The USSR has driven us, more or less in spite of ourselves, into leading the defense of the United Nations. With solid public backing, the President has now been able to align American policy with that of the small nations and to quote Prime Minister Nehru with relish and approval.

Neither this country nor the Soviet Union can afford direct military intervention in the Congo. As Walter Lippmann has pointed out, Rudyard Kipling and Queen Victoria are dead, "besides which they were not Americans" (nor were they Russians, either). The President, we may be sure, was well aware of this fact when he warned against direct unilateral military intervention. He also, and very wisely, stressed our willingness to negotiate through the U.N. an enlarged representation in the present government of the Congo. But by anchoring American policy to the defense of the United Nations, he has pre-empted the strong and, ultimately, the winning position. For when the full account of events in the Congo is better known, world opinion may well conclude that the U.N. intervention, whatever mistakes were made, was indeed essential.

None of this is written in underestimation of certain economic factors (see Ritchie Calder's article on page 163) which have undoubtedly played an important role in the attitude taken by individual Western nations toward the Congo problem. But neither Mr. Hammarskjold nor the U.N. Secretariat can be saddled with the sins of the West (no more than they can with the sins of the East). The fact is that any reading of the U.N.'s role in the Congo must arouse respect for its competence and admiration for the spirit which animated its personnel under nearly impossible conditions.

In a word, the returns on the U.N.'s role in the Congo are not all in, by any means, and it would be well to withhold final judgment on Mr. Hammarskjold's performance to date.

Bargains in Missiles

The cost of missiles is becoming a substantial part of total military costs. This, however, is a statistical field in which the interested taxpayer must watch his step. The figures handed out by the individual services and publicized by the press must be scrutinized carefully.

The first question to ask is the same as with an automobile — what accessories come with the unit? In buying missile protection, however, the accessories normally cost more than the missile. What is the cost of a Minuteman, *seul*? Answer: $400,000. But the taxpayer is advised to restrain his cheers — this is a bullet without a gun. When the Minuteman is mounted on a railroad train and its share of the capital cost of the train is included, the cost is $3.4 million. According to some sources, the cost of installing the Minuteman in a silo hardened to 100 pounds per square inch is about the same: $3.5 million, including the missile.

But still we do not know where we are at. Even disregarding range and accuracy, we must take the explosive energy of the missile into account. The best information to be obtained at the present time is that the Air Force's Minuteman and the Navy's Polaris are equal at about 0.3 megatons. This simplifies comparison of the two missiles, but if either is compared with the Air Force's Atlas or Titan, for example, the seven megatons, more or less, of the weapons must be taken into account. If the cost of a $3.5 million, 0.3-megaton Minuteman, hardened to 100 pounds, is computed on a yield basis, it comes to $11.7 per megaton. The cost of a $35 million, seven-megaton Atlas, similarly hardened, is only $5 per megaton.

Let us not, however, pay out our hard-earned money for Atlas just yet. What we are really interested in is the yield of the missile, its probable accuracy of delivery, its reliability (how many fail to go off) and the number of missiles that will be required to do a given job. Brig. Gen. Thomas R. Phillips, U.S.A. (Ret.), has performed such calculations for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch.* The target is assumed to be an easy one, such as an airfield. In this computation, Atlas and Titan come in at $105 million each, Polaris at $123.7 million according to one set of assumptions and $247.5 million with less optimistic assumptions, while Minuteman triumphs at $21 million and $42 million, respectively. "From these figures," General Phillips concludes, "it can be seen why Minuteman stands high in [Secretary of Defense] McNamara's 'benefit-cost ratio' in comparison with other systems." But it will still be more than a trifle, the taxpayer can be sure of that. Russia is a large country.

Pink Smoke

Brown University had better turn on the sirens and bring its security forces into action, for a dangerously subversive character has infiltrated its respectable precincts. He signs himself "R.D.F., '62" but sounds more like a professor. In a long letter on "America as a Civilization" in the February 10 Brown University *Herald*, R.D.F. makes the point that where America once rejoiced at the black smoke of its mills, now its heart is gladdened by the pink smoke of the advertiser. R.D.F. sees this new addiction as affecting the national character, and not for the better. Facts, he says, cannot be wished away beneath a plethora of soothing words. "An automobile is not beautiful," he goes on, "ignorance is not truth, and cancer is not good simply because all the communicative media chant jingles at us and present pictures . . . which show that each of these assertions is true. . . . The pink smoke has obscured the defined lines of that which is real . . . and in so doing has obscured . . . our true American heritage." The advertisers have eroded our traditional morality, because a sense of right and wrong "can only exist where men are concerned with reality."

It is the duty of the Brown authorities to shield the tender minds of their wards from such materialist heresy. What would become of the free American economy if the rude hand of the iconoclast were laid on the tender skin of the advertising profession? For instance, advertising induces the right-thinking and right-reading American to buy, whether he has any money or not; if he were not so persuaded, the black smoke would vanish altogether. As it is, things are just wonderful. True, the American Bankers Association is a little uneasy because installment-loan delinquencies rose again in December. And the American Bar Association is being urged to look into the growing number of consumer bankruptcies, up 400 per cent since 1950. The *Los Angeles Times* complains that easy credit has turned the Los Angeles area into the "bankruptcy capital" of the nation. The typical Southland bankrupt, according to a federal referee, is a man still working at a job with $75 to $125 a week in take-home pay, who owes $1,000 to $1,500 on his car, furniture and appliances, and $2,000 to $4,000 to general creditors. His gross monthly payments are twice his gross income. But he has done his duty. R.D.F. should be ashamed of himself for deriding this good man and the advertisers who inspired him to buy, buy, buy.

How the British Do It

The most sensational British spy case since Klaus Fuchs has revealed, in a general way, how the British go about catching their spies. It is in marked contrast to the American way, which involves a national hero, J. Edgar Hoover, the inspiration of every red-blooded American boy and the meal ticket of many a journalist and television writer. The British seem to think that spies are best caught by secretive methods and secretive people. Their counter-spy organization, as revealed by George Bryant in the Toronto *Star*, is called MI-5 and that name is used in British TV thrillers as FBI is used here, with the difference that quite a lot is authentically known about the FBI and its head, while the British script writers are driven to rely almost entirely on their unaided imagination. MI-5 changes chiefs on occasion, but the name of only one former chief is known: Sir Percy Sillitoe, described as a "gang-busting policeman" before he took the top security job. The MI-5 agents testify in court when necessary, but give only their initials (which are no doubt coded) and disappear after they have testified. One never sees them at the Stork Club and they are not interviewed by the press. One top agent, who testified at the trials of Fuchs and William Joyce (Lord Haw-Haw) was an exception: his name was William James Skardon and it was revealed that he was earning £23 a week. "The men I was attempting to direct," said Sir Percy after his retirement, "were highly intelligent but somewhat introspective, each working in a rather withdrawn isolation, concentrating on his own problems." How un-American! But what can one expect of the unromantic British?

Indian Point Four

According to Secretary of the Interior Udall, the American Indian reservations under his charge should rate as "an underdeveloped area" of the world. Why not? In area, "reservationland" totals 85,000 square miles with more than 350,000 people — comparable in size to the new African republic of Gabon.

Mr. Udall's opinion was anticipated last year by William Whirlwind Horse, chairman of the Oglala Sioux Planning Commission. At a meeting of the Association on American Indian Affairs, Mr. Horse reported that 80 per cent of his tribe live like Indians. He explained:

"When I say 'living like an Indian,' I mean sick, poor, confused and, very often, without any pride."

Where there is an "Indian problem," there may also be an Indian solution. In the same speech, Mr. Horse described the plans made by his people to preserve their tribal land from piecemeal sale and to use it more profitably. Sugar-beet farming, tourism and a local ceramics industry were among the ways he suggested. John Wooden Legs of the Northern Cheyenne offered a similar plan. Both would depend on modest federal financing and active technical guidance along the lines of the Indian Point Four program proposed in 1956 by the Indian Affairs Association, but ignored by the Eisenhower administration.

Now the Indian Bureau is being reorganized under a new chief, John Crow. Mr. Crow's first statements in office had a Point Four ring. He spoke of working closely with Indians in the field, helping them to help themselves up to first-class citizenship. Let's hope this can be done without making the Indians sacrifice whatever of their cultural identity they want to keep. Mr. Crow's own Cherokee ancestry may help him to understand Whirlwind Horse's legitimate plea: "We still want to be Indian!"

SECURITY THROUGH DISARMAMENT . . *Louis B. Sohn*

THE RACE in armaments is spiraling beyond the stratosphere. The nuclear stockpiles of the major antagonists have reached the horrendous size of an equivalent of some 60,000,000,000 tons of TNT—twenty tons of explosives for every man, woman and child in the world. Tremendous missiles, many stories high, can cross distances of more than 5,000 miles in half an hour, and no nation can any longer feel safe behind vast ocean ramparts. Very soon even a small and poor nation may afford to have a very few citybusters to threaten its neighbors.

The nations of the world are spending some $100 billion a year on arms which are supposed to guarantee their security, but there *is* no security. By design, by miscalculation, by accident—a war can start at any time. Some quiet morning when most of us are asleep, hundreds of missiles may rise from the depths of the oceans and destroy all the major cities within several hundred miles of our shores; half an hour later, the big missiles will arrive across the oceans and destroy the inland cities. With luck, a few of them will be destroyed on the way, but enough will get through to change most of our cities into radioactive rubble, and to kill on the spot some 40-80 million people. All our military might cannot save them, nor protect the remainder against fallout and starvation. The only thing we can do is to retaliate on the enemy, thus further increasing radioactive fallout and multiplying the chance that even innocent bystanders in other nations will not be able to survive.

Our great array of weapons is extremely important as a deterrent, but if war should start they would no longer give us any real security. By increasing further the size and quality of our armaments, we can increase our chance to retaliate and thus diminish the possibility of a premeditated attack. The grave danger lies, however, in a nuclear war developing from a limited war through gradual increase in the destructiveness of the weapons used in it by the losing side, or from accident or mistake. With growing reliance on intricate devices and push-button weapons, the chance of a mechanical failure increases at a rapid rate. This is accompanied by an increase in tensions and an accumulating desire to get rid of them at whatever cost. Finally, even if the present possessors of nuclear weapons can be expected always to make wise decisions, adequate caution may not prevail in the other nations which are likely to acquire these weapons in the near future. As an eminent scientist said recently, there is no longer just a probability, but a certainty, of a nuclear war in the next ten years.

IT IS the duty of the President of the United States to make these facts and dangers clear to the people of the United States and to Congress. Otherwise it may not be possible for them to accept the drastic remedies needed. President Roosevelt, writing before the advent of the atomic age, instinctively grasped the basic requirement of a peaceful world: *a comprehensive reduction in armaments*. The road to American security no longer lies in the direction of an arms race toward an illusive point of superiority in destructive power; we can obtain more security only by obtaining a cut in our potential adversaries' power to destroy us. Such a cut can be obtained in one way only—by an agreement on a reciprocal reduction of armaments to the point where neither of us will be able to destroy the other.

We must, of course, maintain our present strength while we try to find some mutually acceptable terms for such an agreement. It might even be a good bargaining point to threaten an increase in our military establishment, and in the deterrent strength of our allies, if an agreement is not reached within a reasonable time. But the main effort must be in the opposite direction. We need to start thinking about disarmament as

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the only remaining way of increasing our security. The question is no longer whether we can "risk" disarmament; not to risk it is to run a greater risk.

The main thing that seems to stop us is that we know the risks of the arms race, however frightening they may be, but we have really no idea what are the actual risks of reciprocal disarmament. In a disarmed world, national power will depend not on arms, but on other factors elusive at present and, therefore, looming as dangerous. Can we compete with the Russians in areas other than armaments? Can we win a race for the hearts and minds of men in a world free from the fear of a devastating war? Is our system sufficiently dynamic to devote as much to winning the peace as to deterring a war? To all these questions the answer is yes, if we are ready to buckle down to work and if our President is willing to lead us into this exciting world of peace.

ASSUMING that we are ready to explore the path to peace, where shall we start? In the first place, we need an agreement not with the Russians, but among our own people with respect to disarmament. While our government has accepted in the last two years "the goal of general and complete disarmament under effective international control," there is a strong feeling in this country and abroad that we are paying only lip service to the idea. The doubts would be largely removed if the President would officially proclaim his willingness to do all in his power to make considerable progress towards this goal during his Administration. His declaration should then be submitted to Congress for endorsement, and Congress should appoint a special committee, composed of leaders of both parties, to work closely with the President on the preparation of plans to realize the goal. The best brains in the country should be mobilized and alternative routes should be explored. While it is not necessary for the general public to know the details of the plans under preparation, there should be sufficient disclosure of general outlines to test the sentiments of the country.

Once the President has Congress and the country behind him, then the time will arrive to get the agreement of our allies and their suggestions for improving our proposals. Once our allies are satisfied, we will be ready to talk seriously to the Russians, and they will be forced to believe that we are actually ready to arrive at a meaningful agreement. For as long as there is serious doubt that anything proposed by our government will be approved by Congress, any proposals will be considered as sheer propaganda; once there is preliminary approval by Congress and the people, the other parties to the negotiations will no longer be able to avoid the issue and will have to bargain in good faith.

The ideas suggested here are not novel. They are based on two of our most important past experiences: the preparation of the United Nations Charter and the North Atlantic Treaty. From the Fulbright Resolution to Dumbarton Oaks, and from the Vandenberg Resolution to the Washington Conference, this method was followed with success. We ought to try it again in seeking to obtain an agreement on disarmament.

IT WOULD be presumptuous on my part to attempt to anticipate the exact details of the agreement that might be finally reached on disarmament, but some possible alternatives may be outlined. All of them are based on the assumption that the United States will not abandon the goal of general and complete disarmament, under effective international control, that was endorsed in all the principal draft resolutions presented at the fifth session of the General Assembly; and that the main problem relates to the method by which this goal can be reached.

Over the last few years, we have been trying to proceed by small steps, hoping that an agreement, for instance, on nuclear tests will establish a more favorable atmosphere for a more comprehensive agreement. It cannot be doubted that such an agreement would brighten the horizon for future negotiations; but if the next small step should require the same amount of time and patience as did the first, many years would elapse before we could reach any actual disarmament agreement. It seems desirable, therefore, to abandon this preliminary fencing and to start thinking instead about some big steps toward controlled disarmament. In fact, such a big step might be easier for the Russians to accept, as it would involve an amount of controls which would be more proportionate to the amount of effective disarmament. We have seen that a nuclear test is worth, according to the Russians, only three inspections a year, with important limitations as to the size of the territory to be inspected. If we want more inspections, we have to accept more meaningful disarmament measures.

ALMOST thirty years ago, President Hoover proposed that all armies and navies be reduced by one-third, and that certain specific weapons (heavy artillery, tanks and bombers) be abolished entirely. Over the years the Soviet Union repeatedly made similar proposals; in particular, last year it picked up a French proposal for the abolition of all means of delivering nuclear weapons (missiles, military aircraft, naval vessels, submarines and artillery), and suggested that they be abolished in the first stage of the disarmament process. Other measures to be taken in the first stage, according to the Soviet plan, would include: reduction of the armed forces of all states to fixed levels (for instance, of the United States and the Soviet Union to 1.7 million men each, equivalent to a cut of about one-third); a corresponding reduction in conventional weapons and military expenditures; withdrawal of all forces to national territories and the elimination of foreign military bases; launching of rockets for peace purposes only; prohibition of transfers of nuclear weapons to states which do not possess them and of the manufacture of such weapons by these states. (The only important measures missing from these proposals are the abolition of nuclear weapons and the prohibition of their manufacture.)

The Soviet proposals also contain provisions for a control organization which "shall at each stage have powers in conformity with the scope and nature of disarmament measures involved." In particular, international inspection teams would be permitted: to watch over the destruction of prohibited means of delivery and the abolition of foreign bases; to insure that airfields and ports are not used for military purposes; to establish permanent controls over factories previously engaged in the production of prohibited means of delivery, and to examine documents pertaining to the budgetary allocations of states for military purposes.

The United States proposals for the first stage, also presented in 1960, included the following steps: prohibition of placing nuclear weapons in outer space; notification of all launchings of missiles and space vehicles; establishment of a zone of aerial and ground inspection in agreed areas of the United States and the Soviet Union; cutting of military forces of the United States and the Soviet Union first to 2.5 million and, after the verification of this reduction, to 2.1 million, and of the forces of other militarily significant states to agreed levels; stopping of production of fissionable materials and transfer of thirty tons of weapons-grade uranium from weapons stockpiles; and, to prevent a surprise attack, exchange of observers at agreed military installations, including missile and air bases at home and abroad.

BOTH groups of proposals are clearly deficient from the other side's point of view. The United States proposals contain an extremely small amount of actual disarmament and a relatively large amount of inspection. The Soviet proposals, on the other hand, are deficient in their inspection provisions, though they contain more effective disarmament provisions. While the United States puts strong emphasis on measures to prevent a surprise attack, the Soviet Union considers that these measures are designed to obtain information about the location of Soviet air and missile bases. On the other hand, the Soviet proposals do not seem to contain inspection provisions adequate to insure that all bases, means of delivery and factories have been actually opened to inspection, and that no means of delivery are hidden in other places or that no other factories are engaged in producing them.

It would seem desirable to combine the good features of the two groups of proposals and to eliminate their deficiencies. There are three basic difficulties. In the first place, it is not likely that the inspection system in the first stage will be so efficient as to guarantee complete compliance with the provisions of the agreement. A margin of safety would be necessary, therefore, and each of the two sides might wish to keep a number of means of delivery roughly equal to the hypothetical number of means of delivery which might have been hidden by the other side and which are not likely to be discovered immediately by the international inspection teams. (Since an aggressor needs more than a 200 per cent superiority in weapons to destroy the ability of the other side to retaliate, a number of weapons equal to the size of the possible error in inspection checkup should constitute sufficient insurance against a premeditated attack.)

IN THE second place, it is not practicable to declare that on a certain day all means of delivery will be suddenly abolished. Even the first stage will have to be subdivided into several phases, during each of which certain measures will be taken. But if this proposition is accepted, then a third difficulty will arise, due to Soviet insistence that controls be proportioned to disarmament. The Russians might be willing to allow inspection of *all* their territory only *after* all means of delivery have been abolished. Otherwise, the Soviet air and missile bases which are now protected by their efficient secrecy will become vulnerable to a sudden attack by the other side. During the various phases of abolishing the means of delivery, only partial inspection would be permitted, preserving the rest of the territory from foreign spying.

To get around this difficulty, it has been suggested (e.g., see American Academy of Arts and Sciences, *Summer Study of Arms Control 1960, Collected Papers*, pp. 265-69), that disarmament and control measures should be phased on a territorial basis. For instance, each side might divide its territory into six areas, in each of which there would be an about equal number of its means of delivery. One of these areas would then be chosen either by the other side or by the international control organization, the selection to be based either on a random choice by lot, or on a suspicion of the likelihood of evasion in a particular area. If both sides should try to apply the game theory, the first method of selection might be safer, as otherwise one side would try to outguess the other. (If B thinks that A is likely to choose area "a," B would transfer all extra weapons to area "b"; if A thinks that B might think so, it would choose area "b" instead of "a"; if B thinks that A might think that B might transfer the weapons to "b" because it thinks that A might choose "a," B might put them in "a"; etc.) In addition, military intelligence experts might prefer not to have the task of deciding which area should be chosen, as too many variables and inadequate data would make a decision extremely difficult. Thus choosing by lot might be better in the long run, and with each subsequent selection the odds against a successful evasion increase considerably. On the other hand, in the early phases, a certain amount of possible evasion is not too dangerous, as the other side would still retain most of its retaliatory force.

TO prevent sudden shifts of armaments after an area has been selected, inspection teams could be stationed temporarily on the borders between all the areas prior to actual selection, as well as at rail and road centers and at airfields. After an area has been selected, the inspection teams on the boundaries of the selected area would remain there, but all the other teams would be withdrawn from the boundaries of other areas and would be brought to the selected area to aid in inspection.

Prior to the selection of an area, each side would be required to submit a general list of all its armaments and other objects of inspection, subdivided by areas; and after the selection of the area, it would be obligated to submit a more detailed list of armaments and other objects of inspection located in the selected area, the totals of which should not differ from those contained in the general list submitted in advance. Meanwhile inspection teams would be entitled to check the accuracy of the list and to check whether any non-listed control objects are located in the selected area. They would also supervise the actual process of disarmament within that area, and would see to it that all the armed forces, armaments, military installations and production facilities in the area would be reduced by the end of that particular phase to the numbers agreed on in the disarmament agreement.

This process would be repeated in the second phase with respect to the second area, and go on until by the end of all the phases of the first stage all the territories of both sides would become permanently subject to inspection and all the components of military strength would be reduced to the minimum specified in the disarmament agreement.

SUBJECT to the acceptance by the Soviet Union of these or equally effective control provisions, the President should propose a big step toward disarmament which would establish a bilateral balance between both sides, on a level much lower than the present one, with respect both to weapons of mass destruction and other weapons. Once this balance is established and satisfactorily verified, it should be easier to scale the armaments still further to police forces needed merely for the maintenance of internal security. In this second stage, an international police force would be simultaneously built up, effective means would be provided for dealing with international disputes and the United Nations would be strengthened to the point necessary to maintain peace and to enforce world law in the limited field of freedom from fear.

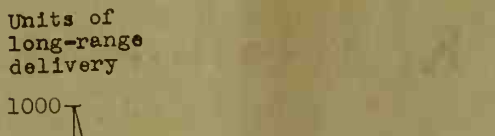
But progress toward the second stage depends on the successful completion of the first stage. This stage must contain a sufficient amount of disarmament to compensate for the Soviet acceptance of the amount of inspection which we deem necessary. It is suggested, therefore, that the American proposal for the first stage contain all the following elements.

1. The number of means of delivery of nuclear weapons should be reduced to an agreed small number needed as an insurance against the possibility that one side has hidden a similar number of weapons.

2. The production and testing of new military missiles should be prohibited, and the production, testing and use of rockets needed for space research should be permitted only under strict international control.

3. Military stockpiles of fissionable materials should be reduced in the first stage to an agreed amount, proportionate to the number of authorized means of delivery. (If, for instance, the number of means of delivery should be reduced to 100, the military stockpile of each side might be reduced to two metric tons of fissionable materials. While it might be more difficult to check on possible evasions of stockpile limitations, the size of the actual stockpile is not very important if there are strict limitations on means of delivery, as was well stated in the French proposal of 1959.)

4. All fissionable materials not needed for the authorized military stockpiles would be either destroyed, denatured or used up for peaceful purposes. The production of new fissionable materials would be limited to those needed for peaceful purposes. Both this production and all the peaceful uses of fissionable materials would be subject to strict international supervision. (Necessary safeguards for that purpose have been drafted in 1960 by the International Atomic Energy Agency.)



Two-stage disarmament plan.

5. Testing of nuclear weapons would be prohibited.

6. All existing stocks of biological, chemical and radiological weapons should be destroyed, and new production and testing would be prohibited.

7. The armed forces of the Soviet Union and the United States should be reduced to 1,000,000 and no more than 100,000 of them should be stationed outside their national territories. The remaining naval forces should be restricted to specified ocean areas. Flights by remaining military airplanes should be restricted to national territories and specified foreign areas. (If the United States should agree to a limitation on its main armaments, i.e., nuclear weapons, it must require a corresponding drastic reduction in the chief Soviet asset, i.e. the Russian Army. While most foreign air and missile bases should be deactivated, and all airplanes and missiles should be removed from those remaining, not all foreign troops need be withdrawn if the allies in whose territories they are stationed required the presence of some to guarantee immediate assistance in case of attack.)

8. Simultaneous reductions would have to be arranged for the military forces of other nations, in particular in Europe and Asia, taking into account in each region the need for maintaining a proper balance among various possible antagonists. The limitations in Africa and Latin America, where the arms race has been relatively limited, can be even more drastic.

WHILE it is not possible to estimate exactly the time needed to put all these measures into effect, there would be four main periods of varying length during which the following steps would take place: (1) the preparation of the United States plan for controlled disarmament; (2) the negotiations with other nations; (3) the first stage of disarmament to a level of an insurance force sufficient for retaliation against a violator, and (4) the second stage of disarmament to such a point that, to quote President Roosevelt, "no nation will be in a position to commit an act of physical aggression against any neighbor."

During World War II, the preparation of the United States plan for the Charter of the United Nations took three years and involved many redrafts in the light of comments from various government departments, Congress and special consultants. With proper leadership by the President, and in view of the urgency of the situation, this period may perhaps be cut down to a year. The negotiations with the United Kingdom and the Soviet Union at Dumbarton Oaks took less than six weeks, and negotiations with China required only nine extra days; the Mexico City Conference with our allies took two weeks, and the San Francisco Conference itself required two months. The Charter of the United Nations came into effect on October 24, 1945, fourteen months after the start of the Dumbarton Oaks conversations.

It might be difficult to emulate this part of the United Nations record, but it is conceivable that the Russians are going to be more cooperative if we present to them a really effective and reasonable plan for disarmament, well thought through and sufficiently detailed. The bargaining position of the United States would be much better if our negotiators could go to an international meeting with an agreed plan rather than with a few vague ideas requiring more precise formulation during the negotiations themselves. If the President can persuade the country and the Congress, he may find out that it might not require much additional effort to persuade the Russians as well.

The two actual disarmament stages must fulfill two basic conditions: all steps must be taken as rapidly as possible, but at the same time each phase should be long enough to allow sufficient inspection to insure that no large evasions are taking place. Six phases of six-month duration would allow the completion of the first stage in three years. The second stage, in which most weapons would be scaled down to zero, might be a little more dangerous, and would require a slowing down in the tempo of disarmament. A five-year period, composed of ten six-month phases, should nevertheless provide sufficient time for the further improvement of inspection methods and the creation of an additional element of security through the establishment of an international police force.

Thus, general and complete disarmament under effective international control could be accomplished safely in eight years from the coming into effect of a disarmament agreement.

This is a drastic program, but desperate times require drastic remedies. It is for the United States to take the initiative, as it has done with respect to the United Nations Charter, the North Atlantic Treaty and the Marshall Plan. All these great steps forward were done under Democratic administrations. The new Administration should take the logical next step, and there can be but little doubt that the country would follow a vigorous leadership in this direction. If we want to survive, we must take the necessary risks, and these risks are certainly smaller than those involved in the present arms race.

SHINKOLOBWE: KEY to the CONGO . . *Ritchie Calder*

SHINKOLOBWE is a gray ulcer on the landscape near Jadotville, eighty-seven miles northwest of Elizabethville. It is, however, one of the most important mines in the world. History of the most portentous kind was dug from it. It began to produce radium after World War I. The ore body was first worked from the surface; as the surface ore gave out, the miners went underground. The ore was sent back to Belgium to be processed as pure radium for hospitals all over the world. But so much ore was produced that the stockpile could keep the Belgian refineries going indefinitely. The mine was closed and the pumping was stopped so that the workings flooded. The uranium, found in conjunction with radium, was then so worthless that it went on the slag heaps.

At the beginning of World War II, M. Edgar Edouard Sengier, head of Union Minière, was approached by Sir Henry Tizard, the British scientific adviser on defense, who told him the Germans were aiming to make an atomic bomb out of uranium and that no supplies should be allowed to get into their hands from the Congo. Sengier could guarantee that. And shrewdly, and on his own account, he shipped over a thousand tons of pitchblende (with its uranium as well as radium content) to a New York warehouse. He secretly informed the U.S. State Department of the shipment. The Department got so excited that it wanted the supplies moved to Fort Knox where the federal reserves of gold are stored—and then forgot about it.

When the Manhattan Project was set up, the military approached Sengier, then in New York, and told him that, for reasons which could not be disclosed, uranium had become important and as a matter of greatest urgency he must ship in some from Katanga. Sengier's reply was to take them down the street and show them the supplies he had been hoarding for over a year. Then, at a secret rendezvous, he met Gen-

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eral Groves, chief of the project, and asked him whether he wanted Shinkolobwe reopened. The General did. While the mine was being restored, abundant supplies were available from those slag heaps of rejected uranium. The uranium of the bomb which launched the Atomic Age at Alamogordo, New Mexico, at 4 A.M. on Monday, July 16, 1945, came from the Congo; so did the explosives which destroyed Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The uranium mine was then exclusively Belgian.

Although uranium is now available from many other sources, the Katanga deposits are naturally an important factor in the international and, indeed, in the internal political concerns of the Congo. A recognized Congo government will have a very important say in the present and future of the concession. But which government — an independent Katanga state? or the Central Government of a united Congo? Like the great powers, watchful over the disposal of bomb material, Union Minière cannot pretend to be disinterested in the politics which will decide the destiny of the concessions.

THESE concessions involve far more than uranium, which commercially forms a very small part of the mine's operations. The minerals include copper, cobalt (80 per cent of the world's supplies), zinc, cadmium, silver, platinum, columbium, tungsten and coal. The copper deposits are probably the richest in the world. This year's production, on market demand, of Katanga copper will be 50 per cent more than any previous year's.

In addition, the corporation has vast subsidiary interests. It owns a refinery in Belgium and a large electrolytic plant in France. It manufactures cables and wire. It has a large share in the Sabena Airline and in COBEAL, the parent company of a large group of aluminum manufacturers. It has an interest in harnessing a big waterfall (one of the biggest cataracts in the Congo) for working the Congo bauxite into aluminum. Hydroelectricity is among its abiding interests. In the Haut Katanga region, it uses a lot of power from Northern Rhodesia (with a stake in the Kariba Dam) but its immediate policy (at least before Independence) was to develop its own power within the Congo. In Elizabethville and other towns, it has built up new industries, largely devoted to the production of equipment, spare parts, mining necessities, etc. It has created a big chemical and explosive industry. It owns transport concerns, dairies, flour mills and commercial stores.

In recent years, the corporation has invested 2 billion Belgian francs in its subsidiaries; it spends about 870,000 million francs a year on products produced in Katanga by 70,000 African factory workers. One way or another, Union Minière sold through Brussels about 90 per cent of all the mining products of the Congo. It produced 45 per cent of Congo exports of all kinds and paid about half of all the taxes collected by the Belgian Congo.

ORIENTAL
EQUATOR
Stanleyville
C O N G O
KIVU
Leopoldville
LEOPOLDVILLE
KASAI
KATANGA
Jadotville
Elisabethville

Its mines employed 20,000 Congolese and 2,000 Europeans. In the earlier days, the workers were brought in mainly from Northern Rhodesia. It was contract labor, which collected its pay and went home. There was a tremendous labor turnover. But little by little the corporation made the conditions such that today the turnover is only 7 to 8 per cent per year; the stability of the labor force can be measured by the fact that 83 per cent of the African miners have settled with their wives and families.

Union Minière for many years paid a great deal of attention to these wives, who have come to value the quite elaborate social services provided. The corporation has built hospitals of very high standard and, in smaller places, dispensaries with medical attendants. It has large institutions for mother-and-child care, with ante- and post-natal clinics which the mothers attend almost without exception. The clinics provide the vaccination and prophylactics for all the local diseases.

Every African child tries to get into the schools sponsored by the corporation. It built or subsidized the building of secondary and technical schools run by the religious teachers. It had made provision in two schools for four years of engineering training for 500 boys, who could then go to Jadotville for another two years and get a diploma corresponding to a Belgian degree. A few years ago, it began to give fellowships to children of miners and factory workers, making it possible to get an academic training at the University of Elizabethville, a state institution heavily subsidized by Union Minière.

By African standards, the wages paid were good, but not on a cash basis. The corporation accepted as fact that Africans "just drink money." But the workers got free clothing, food, housing, schools and medical attention. Housing is an example of the corporation's "philosophy." It owned the estates and provided houses, of fair standards, for all its workers. The workers could get loans, against future earnings, to buy a house; or they were paid children's allowances to rent a house. A system of mortgages was so contrived that, at a retiring age of fifty-five, an African could sell his home and retire to his tribal lands as a person of importance. Labor organizations were barred. While always under the supervision of Belgians, the Africans were thoroughly trained to do any technical job.

THUS THE Union Minière has not only an enormous economic stake in Katanga, but is part of the social fabric as well. When Moise Tshombe, the President, told the Secretary General of the U.N. that the presence and collaboration of the Belgians had made it possible for "the essential machinery of administration and public order to continue to function normally in Katanga," he was overlooking the disorder of

North Katanga. He was, in fact, referring to the dependence of his government on Union Minière.

Apart from the fact that Union Minière is of Belgian registry, and that its personnel in Katanga is largely Belgian, how "Belgian" is it? This is a problem which the U.N. has had to investigate. Although it would need a search warrant, a safebreaker, a cipher-breaker and a computer to discover and sort out the international ramifications of those two main corporations, they are obviously only fractionally Belgian; and, whatever one may say about international financiers, they are pretty far-sighted about their interests. The fact that the concessionary areas of Union Minière and Forminière in Katanga and South Kasai conform to the configurations of the two parts of the Congo claiming the rights of secession has provoked not unnatural suspicion.

But British Tanganyika concessions, Rockefeller's, De Beers and the rest who share control of Union Minière with the Belgians are not quite as crude today as the Robber Barons who encouraged the American Indian wars (with which events in North Katranga and South Kasai have a lot in common). Moreover, their long-term interests obviously override the primitive, and present, politics of Katanga and Kasai. Their anxiety is about concessions due to expire in 1990. Apart from any question of expropriation, one of their biggest shareholders is the "Government of the Congo." In terms of the constitution which the U.N. has gone into the Congo to maintain, that means the Central Government and not the self-styled "states" of Katanga or South Kasai. What was worrying the officials of Union Minière, while I was there, was the question, "to which government will we pay our next dividend?" In terms of the U.N. mandate, there is only one—the Government of the Congo—and so those officals, while humoring Mr. Tshombe, were remaining on proper and polite terms with the U.N. people on the spot.

Thus Katanga is a paradox. In the North, a primitive war is being fought with bows and arrows on one side against troops armed with modern automatics on the other. In Elizabethville (known as "Eville"), it is "business as usual." Nationalists denounce Belgian "colonialism," but are affronted by the U.N. offer to replace Belgians by international advisers and technicians. Katanga claims a separate status, but the only claim, legally, to the industrial wealth which it wants to possess is through the "Government of the Congo." A threat to nationalize was hastily disowned by Mr. Tshombe — because he probably realized that Union Minière is already inextricably internationalized.

Public's Role in Labor Disputes . .

by William Gomberg

EVERY EXPERIENCED negotiator in the field of labor relations knows that more bargaining takes place in the last few hours before the strike deadline than in all the ceremonial play-acting carried on for months before the crisis. Professor John Dunlop of Harvard University has raised the question of whether this "crisis method" of bargaining has not become obsolete. At any rate, a new and revolutionary method of coping with the problem is implicit in the Kaiser Steel Company-United Steelworkers settlement reached last year, and in the newly established Railroad Commission on Work Rules.

Collective bargaining includes two principal facets. It is, first, a method of setting an administered price for labor as a substitute for a free-market rate. Second, it is a device for setting up codes of rules and regulations that govern the operation of the industry during the time covered by the collective agreement. The two categories, to be sure, are not mutually independent. The rules and regulations often have just as much impact on the ultimate labor cost as does the official wage.

The arguments that take place over the wage rates lend themselves readily to the method of crisis bargaining; where the demand is 10c and the offer is 8c, the obvious solution nearly always applies. To be sure, these discussions are attended by weighty economic briefs. Each side makes ploys for public sympathy: opposing public relations counsels attempt to persuade the public that, on the one hand, if the union gets what it seeks the increased purchasing power released will be in the public interest and, on the other, that if management has its way inflation will be checked. The very nature of the decision itself calls for a yes or no answer. This is why attempts to forestall strike action by calling for cooling-off periods usually evolve into heating-up periods. The cooling-off period merely postpones the final date of reckoning.

However, when it comes to the peculiar technical problems involved in complex work rules, the crisis method for forcing a settlement breaks down. The accelerating pace of technological change has worked havoc with the rules structure in many industries; simultaneously, increasing unemployment has caused the workers to hold onto obsolescent work rules in the hope that they would spread employment (a completely human, if uneconomic, reaction). This problem was dramatized recently by negotiations in two industries, steel and railroads.

The steel strike of 1959 started as a normal breakdown over basic wages. Some days after the strike was in progress, management suggested that it would be ready to consider some adjustments in wage rates if the union would virtually surrender its rights to participate in

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a revision of the work rules. This was the famous demand for the revision of paragraph 2B of the collective agreement. What had been a half-hearted, desultory strike on the part of the workers at once became a militant, determined contest. At stake was not the preservation of old work rules keyed to an archaic technology, but the workers' rights to "due process" in any revision. Featherbedding had never been an aggravated problem in the steel mills. However, the impatience of engineers with "due process"—the machinery of adaptation was too slow for the monolithic thinking in which the engineers were engaged—snatched defeat out of the jaws of victory for the companies.

The Kaiser management finally broke ranks and signed with the union. Part of the agreement called for the creation of a long-range committee to assure equitable sharing of economic progress. The committee was made up of Professor John Dunlop of Harvard University; David L. Cole, the country's leading private mediator and arbitrator; Dr. George W. Taylor, chairman of Eisenhower's fact-finding board, on behalf of the public, and three representatives each of the company and the union.

THE VERY creation of the committee was a precedent-shattering action. Hitherto, the principals in collective bargaining, particularly in steel, had treated their negotiations as a private matter between the parties. Official mediation services were ignored and if any representative on behalf of the public attempted to intervene before the crisis stage—or even during it—he was treated with resentment. The principals were convinced that they could do everything themselves. To be sure, the not infrequent use of impartial umpires to resolve disputes that arose under existing agreements represented a departure from this tradition. However, the formulation of new agreements was forbidden territory from which the umpires were very specifically excluded. It is in this context that the Kaiser-Steelworkers arrangement constitutes a significant experiment in the evolution of collective bargaining. The public is invited to participate in the collective bargaining process *from scratch* in an effort to aid the principals to arrive at equitable agreements that will do justice to them and simultaneously protect the public interest.

After a number of meetings, the committee recommended a supplement to the agreement between the Steelworkers and Kaiser that included the following significant statement:

> That the services of this committee be utilized on a continuous basis in promoting harmonious relations between the parties of interest. It hopes to achieve this objective by settling problems as they arise and thus avoid the accumulation of complex issues that must then be settled under the pressure of contract termination pressure deadlines. These problems definitely exclude routine grievances that continue to be settled under the normal provisions of the contract. They include the kind of problem that cannot be foreseen at the time of the signing of the contract and is therefore not covered by existing agreements.
>
> The bargaining over new contracts is still left to the union and the management. However, no later than thirty days prior to the expiration of the old agreement, the full committee shall meet to review the status of negotiations. It may then take any or all of the following steps:
>
> (1) Determine to take no action
>
> (2) Attend the bargaining session as observers
>
> (3) Engage in mediation efforts including private meetings with each of the parties
>
> (4) Issue a private report to the parties, summarizing positions and making recommendations
>
> (5) Issue a public report

At no point in the process is legal compulsion invoked, thus overcoming the objection that "outsiders" are attempting to impose a decision. The "outsiders" become "insiders" by adoption.

The agreement terminating the strike between the major producers and the United Steelworkers provided for two committees which have been confused with the Kaiser long-range committee. These committees, however, were of a much more restricted scope. The Human Relations Committee, provided for in Section 6 of the agreement, replaces an earlier group known as the Wage Incentives and Job Classification Committee; its scope follows that of its predecessor, except that it has a slightly wider jurisdiction and a more public-relations oriented title. The committee is jointly chaired by David J. McDonald, president of the United Steelworkers, and Conrad Cooper, executive vice president of the United States Steel Corporation.

The second group, the Work Rules Committee, was provided for in Section 8, Clause 3, of the 1959 steel agreement. This committee was charged with making recommendations for the treatment of local working conditions no later than November 30, 1960. As of this date, the parties have not been able to choose a neutral chairman.

The authoritative journal, *Business Week*, reports a singular lack of enthusiasm for the Kaiser arrangement among the major steel operators. Steel management is concerned about the extension of collective bargaining into the areas of rates, prices, investment decisions and other financial policies, which they feel is implicit in the Kaiser arrangement. An analysis of company strategy in the last strike, however, would indicate that these subjects were introduced by management itself through its strategy of focusing upon the danger of inflation. Raising inflation as an issue must lead to a public review of these related factors unless boundless faith is placed in the efficacy of the Madison Avenue school of public relations: "Feel, but don't reason."

IN THE railroad industry, management and unions found themselves at a similar impasse over the issue of work rules, which are still keyed to the technology and culture of an earlier era of railroading. Many of the rules are obsolete; some of them impose an undue burden on the management, others on the work force. Again, "crisis bargaining" was found unsuitable for solving a problem that calls for a major overhauling of thousands of regulations. In this case, a fifteen-man committee, including five representatives each from management, the unions and the public, was created by Presidential order to make a detailed study of the problem and report back to the principals within one year. It will be interesting to see whether this committee also comes to the conclusion that a permanent body, representing principals and public, is required to act as a catalyst in the constant flux of changing conditions.

It has become clear that collective bargaining is rapidly approaching an impasse. If it is to survive, experiments with new institutions become necessary. In a sense, this echoes a development that took place when collective bargaining agreements began to break down administratively over the process of grievance-solving. The clothing workers' unions then pioneered the concept of a permanent umpire, with a thorough knowledge of the industry, who could propose equitable solutions. The previously employed system of *ad hoc* arbitration of grievances had become increasingly unsatisfactory: arbitrators, ignorant of all the intricacies of union-management relationships in the complex industry, often rendered decisions that were judicially equitable, but operationally impossible. The *ad hoc* arbitrator had to become a professional member of the family—albeit one with a professional obligation to the public.

Today, increasing dissatisfaction with *ad hoc* governmental intervention at the climax of negotiations for new contracts has led to a similar experiment, again making use of "members of the family" with a professional obligation to protect the public interest. But this time the experiment is applied not merely to the settlement of grievances, but to the actual formulation of contracts.

The development recalls a device pioneered by the late Justice Louis Brandeis of the U.S. Supreme Court, when, as a private lawyer, he drew up the "protocols of peace" that ended the New York cloakmakers' strike of 1910. The protocols, a highly idealistic document, carried no expiration date, but provided for a supreme conciliation and arbitration board of distinguished citizens who were to confine their attention to new fundamental conflicts that might arise between the parties. In a sense, it provided for a permanent industrial government by private citizens. In 1924, the protocols were dismissed by Louis Levine, historian of the ILGWU, as a visionary document that served as a bridge to the more orthodox kind of trade agreement. But in retrospect, it becomes clear that the protocols were in advance of their time. They may very well have been the harbinger of the next development in collective bargaining beyond the collective agreement.

CHICAGO'S VOTE-FRAUD HOAX

President Kennedy's narrow victory in Illinois last November gave rise to nationally publicized GOP charges of voting frauds. At the suggestion of Herman Finer, Professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago, Chicago's Mayor Daley appointed a three-man board to prepare a report which would compare the charges with the facts as they subsequently developed. The board comprised Mr. Finer and two of his colleagues at the university: Professor Jerome G. Kerwin, specialist in political philosophy, and C. Herman Pritchett, chairman of the Political Science Department, whose special field is public administration and public law. Professor Finer's specialty is comparative government. All three are Democrats.

A slightly abridged text of the three-man report, released February 8 under the title "Statement on the 1960 Chicago Election," follows. —EDITORS.

IN RELEASING this report, the purpose of the authors is not to defend the Democratic Party or to attack the Republican Party, but rather to make a sober and responsible evaluation of the charges which have created such an adverse image of Chicago. This matter is particularly serious since there seems to be no indication that the charges about the 1960 Chicago election are being permitted to die down. References continue to appear in the national press, three months after the election, to the Chicago "vote frauds" as though they had been fully established. One national magazine, *Look*, in its issue of February 14, 1961, was still alleging that the election was "stolen" in a lead article entitled "How to Steal an Election," and carrying a banner headline with the question, "How Dishonest Are Chicago Elections?"

The 1960 election in Chicago was, in fact, according to Republican U.S. District Attorney Robert Tieken, "cleaner than usual." And yet this election was made the occasion for an unjustified and unsubstantiated attack of extraordinary violence on Chicago's civic reputation. The assault was led by the official heads of the Republican Party in Illinois and especially in Cook County, and was aided by the Republican National Committee. It is understandable that in an election as close as the one of 1960, the defeated candidates should make strenuous efforts to reverse the results. But indiscriminate and irresponsible charges of thievery, corruption and fraud are not an acceptable method of contesting election results. This fact was recognized in the position taken at his farewell press conference by Vice President Nixon, who had more at stake in the election than any other Republican:

> I believe, first, that the time to work for correcting such evils is before Election Day, instead of protesting afterward. I am going to devote considerable time now to recommending changes in our voting system. And, second, I must point out that no party has a monopoly on this type of cheating.

Chicago and Illinois Republican leaders did not follow this policy. They originated charges such as the following. Frank Ferlic of the State's Attorney's office charged that the election was "probably the worst in election memory." Republican Cook County Chairman Francis X. Connell, a defeated candidate, said there had been fraudulent voting in as many as 800 precincts, and that the Democrats had stolen 100,000 votes. William H. Fetridge, Chairman of the Midwest Volunteers for Nixon-Lodge, said: "We have information that more than 25,000 persons in the skid-row area voted the 'right way' in exchange for whiskey and money." Frank Durham, of the Committee on Honest Elections, said he "had never seen fraudulent practices more vicious in his twenty-five years of poll watching." *District Attorney Adamowski charged flatly that the White House had been "stolen."*

The Chicago newspapers printed these charges, seldom pointing out the lack of supporting evidence for them. Moreover, the newspapers themselves became participants in the campaign to picture the election as fraudulent, and on their own account repeated, multiplied and pyramided the charges of fraud in a day-to-day crescendo. To meet the requirements of the campaign, minor incidents and irregularities were repeatedly blown up into the appearance of major, intentional frauds.

The newspapers may argue that they only carried the quotations of officials, candidates and others who were active in the election — that they did not themselves make the charges and accusations. But what actually happened in many cases was that the newspapers would carry stories of allegations; then make the allegations charges; then make the charges facts; then make the facts conclusions — the conclusions being that the election was stolen in Chicago.

ONLY A few examples of the misleading effect of newspaper coverage can be given. The prime example of alleged election fraud, referred to time and time again in the press, concerned the 50th Precinct of the Second Ward, where there was admittedly an overcast of the vote. The facts appeared to be that in this precinct most of the houses had been recently demolished, but that the former occupants had returned on

The Chicago Press at Work

In a 35-page appendix to their "Statement on the 1960 Chicago Election," Professors Finer, Kerwin and Pritchett present an almost day-by-day analysis of the manner in which the Chicago metropolitan press — notably the Tribune, *the* American *and the* Daily News *— played up the election-fraud charges. Extracts follow.*—EDITORS.

One of the first charges of election irregularity was made by the Committee on Honest Elections. This committee claimed to be nonpartisan and permanent. In fact, practically all its members were Republican.

On November 8 and 9, in the Chicago *Daily News*, the committee alleged its "clean election drive had prevented a minimum of 100,000 fraudulent votes in Cook Country." The very word "fraudulent" prejudged the case, and no basis for the 100,000 figure was ever given, although it became a figure often repeated by top Republican officials and by the newspapers.

According to the *Daily News* of November 9, the United States Attorney's Office in Illinois had received and investigated 400 complaints. And although Mrs. Marie Suthers, Republican member of the Board of Election Commissioners, said, "I can't prove a thing," the assistant state's attorney, Ferlic, alleged "a deliberate effort to disfranchise the voters," and charged that the election was "probably the worst in election memory." Mrs. Suthers did not pin herself to the 100,000 figure, but made it 10,000 — a considerable drop.

On the same day, a *Tribune* headline article put the word "error" in quotes in the allegation that 100,000 had been denied the right to vote. It charged "Names Illegally Taken from the Lists." In the body of the article, all that appeared was that Mrs. Suthers had *charged* that names were omitted.

Of 1,200 voting complaints in the State's Attorney's office, 500 were regarding omissions from the voting lists. And the "numerous complaints" sent to the *Tribune* were for the same reason. But the instances given were less than those to be counted on the fingers of one hand. They may have shown evidence of error, but certainly not of fraud.

On November 10, the *American* printed an article with the headline, "100 Voter Machines Can't Be Checked." But in the body of the article, the explanation is given. The superintendent of voting machines said that he didn't think there was anything crooked, but just carelessness on the part of the polling-place owners — and maybe the judges. When he sent for the machines by truck, "time and again we found no one." In other words, the people simply were not in when the truck called. [Subsequently, the voting machines turned up and were duly checked.—ED.]

One of the tactics of the *Tribune* was to print what it calls "guest" editorials — articles from other newspapers. Naturally they were articles that served to echo and re-echo the charges made by the *Tribune* and the rest of the metropolitan press. For example, there was one printed in the Peoria *Journal Star* on November 22. It merely summarized and reiterated what the Chicago press had said and then added more vilification. The Peoria paper said: "Reports of highly reputable poll-watchers are vicious — citizens lined up and told what names and addresses to give at the polling place! Obviously, to vote other people's registration, dead, alive or moved away!"

The *Tribune* of November 24 printed a long editorial with the headline, "Mounting Evidence of a Stolen Election." The only evidence given was the 50th Precinct, 2nd Ward, and the material brought in, about herself but about nobody else, by their own writer, Norma Lee Browning, who provided a series of articles on how she had been deprived of her vote.

The records of the Board of Election Commissioners disclosed that Norma Lee Browning, who had registered under her married name, Ogg, had moved from her residence at 163 West Burton Place to 171 West Burton Place. Although her name should have been removed, it was carried on the polling list until 1958; notices sent her received no answer. Thus her name was stricken from the polling list. Although Miss Browning wrote five articles concerning the theft of her vote, she only had *one line* in all of the five articles concerning her moving. She said that of course she had answered the notices. Election officials say that they did not receive any answers. There is no evidence of fraud.

Election Day and been permitted to vote. After this case had been exploited in many newspaper stories, George Thiem finally conceded in an article in the *Daily News* on November 25 that "it would be hard to prove deliberate fraud in this precinct. A more likely explanation is the unfamiliarity of the election judges with their duties and the election laws."

On December 2, the *Tribune* printed a story with the headline, "Nixon Gain Is 1,214 on Machines: GOP" The sub-headline is "See State Victory With Canvass Of Paper Ballots." Then follows a bulletin:

> Vice President Nixon made a net unofficial gain of 1,214 votes through a Republican comparison of actual voting machine figures with official canvass tallies, it was learned early today. Ralph Berkowitz, an attorney aiding the GOP, said Nixon apparently can go on to carry Illinois on the paper ballot recount. The Republican voting machine study, carried out by a firm of certified public accountants, also showed a net gain in Chicago of 1,616 votes for State's Atty. Benjamin S. Adamowski.

These figures — 1,214 and 1,616 — disappeared in the following days. The so-called machine study carried out by a firm of certified accountants never was presented or published. In fact the name of the firm completely disappeared from print. Yet this account was carried not only by the *Tribune* but by all three other Chicago newspapers, and the figures and the story disappeared from all other Chicago newspapers as well, with never an explanation.

The *Daily News* of November 12 stated that William H. Fetridge, Chairman of the Midwest Volunteers for Nixon-Lodge, had "recalled that in 1952 Secretary of State Carpentier was an apparent loser by 10,000 votes but the recount made him the winner by 9,000." The article then quotes Fetridge directly: "There is a precedent for this, that is what gives us encouragement." But the fact is that there was no recount in 1952 in the election for Secretary of State. Surely the files of the *Daily News* would have readily revealed this fact.

No one can question the constructive work which our newspapers in Chicago have done on many occasions. We are, however, confronted with a situation which does not promote a wholesome reporting of political news with all four newspapers following one party line on national questions. If it is worth while in our politics to have a vigorous two-party system, it is as worth while to have a two-party press.

Reaction to Criticism

The "Statement on the 1960 Chicago Election," severely criticizing the Chicago press for its handling of GOP-inspired election-fraud charges, was released on February 8. This is how the Chicago press handled the story on February 9:

Daily News: Fairly full and objective coverage on page 12.

Tribune: One-column story on page 3, with the adjoining column devoted to rebuttal under the headline "GOP Criticizes 'Uneducated Guesswork'."

Sun-Times: About a column and a half on page 5.

American: An early edition carried a first-page, eight-column banner headline, "Vote Whitewash Denied," over a story which began: "Three professors, all Democrats, today defended themselves against charges that they whitewashed the Democratic party after a superficial study of allegations of fraud in the Nov. 8 election." Later the story was moved inside. Of the twenty paragraphs in the story, only six were devoted to reporting what the "Statement" contained.

IN THE light of the charges made concerning the 1960 election, it is important to recapitulate the facts that have subsequently been established about the election.

Fact 1. A recheck of the voting machines in Chicago resulted in a net gain of 312 votes for Nixon out of a total of 1,780,000 votes cast—an amazingly accurate reporting of the vote.

Fact 2. The recheck of the voting machines in the State's Attorney's race resulted in a net gain of 435 for Adamowski.

Fact 3. On the "discovery recount" of the paper ballots, Adamowski gained a net of 6,342 out of 417,000 votes, leaving him some 20,000 votes short of the number that would be required to overturn the election of his opponent. (A discovery recount of paper ballots is made for the purpose of permitting a candidate to determine whether or not he would wish to file a petition for a recount, and is not made a part of the official canvass.)

Fact 4. The State Electoral Board, composed of four Republicans and one Democrat, certified the Kennedy victory in the state on the ground that there was not sufficient evidence of fraud in Cook County to change the canvass.

Fact 5. The First Assistant U.S. Attorney, Albert F. Manion, was quoted extensively in the press regarding the possibility of a number of indictments being returned by the federal grand jury, and "hundreds of complaints" were reported as having been referred to the grand jury for possible prosecution. Yet the December grand jury returned only two indictments and the January grand jury did not return a single one.

Further investigations of alleged violations of the election laws will no doubt be made, and should be made, according to the regular procedures of the law. They might indeed establish additional cases of violation. A recount of the paper ballots in the State's Attorney's race is now beginning, and it is possible that it might yield evidence of errors in the count. Because of the many opportunities for error or fraud created by the use of paper ballots, it is important to note that the City Council, at the request of Mayor Daley, has appropriated a half-million dollars for additional voting machines so that paper ballots can in the future be eliminated entirely.

On the basis of this analysis, we concluded that the charges that wholesale election fraud was perpetrated in Chicago were baseless and unsubstantiated. We agree with the judgment of Milburn P. Akers, writing in the *Sun-Times*, when he said: "Republicans had a right, legally and morally, to contest the results. But it is questionable whether they had a right to make sweeping charges of fraud without the evidence to back them up."

BOOKS and the ARTS

Christ Seen Darkly

RADITZER. By Peter Matthiessen. The Viking Press. 152 pp. $3.

Terry Southern

I BELIEVE it is accurate to say that those books which achieve a level or duration of meaning beyond their moment do so, almost invariably, through character rather than circumstance. This is seen to hold true even when the work purports to deal primarily with theme or event, and it is the key to why such characters as Lear, Hamlet, Raskolnikov, Ahab and Joseph K. loom above the immediacy of their circumstances — that is to say, above the work itself, living outside and beyond it, often, in fact, even sustaining it.

In order that a new work outmode the existing treatment of any particular theme, milieu, or circumstance, it has merely to go further inside the subject than those prevailing, rendering it with greater care, honesty and attention to idiom and detail — bringing it, so to speak, up-to-date — and it may well become, until next season at least, "definitive." But authentic character creations are not so easily displaced; nor are they so easily or studiously come by. An author can no more deliberately set about to "create an original character" than a scientist can a new dimension. It is a *conceptual* matter which either occurs or does not; for the reader, and most often for the author as well, it is something which will simply evolve, as in life the "getting to know someone" the likes of whom you could theretofore have never imagined, but whose existence, you realize now, was at no moment any the less real because of that. When this does happen in literature, or indeed in any other attempt at art, the work is a success in the purest sense.

The rarity of original characters in literature would seem due to their two contradictory requisites in the mind of the reader: uniqueness and verisimilitude — that is to say, the character must be without literary precedent in the consciousness of the reader, and yet be somehow recognizable as having undeniably existed all along. Consider a few fading portraits from Americana past: Huckleberry Finn, Jake Barnes, Babbitt, George Apley. It is no accident that the books within which they were born remain those most commendably identified with their authors — they were originals; at the time of their appearance they were without obvious literary derivation, and yet they were life-size and *known* to exist. Because of this they each bridged one of the voids which always separate life and art — though today, of course, in terms of semantic currency, the images are dead. No one now, except possibly senior staffers at *The Saturday Review*, could think of using Huck Finn as a conversational simile; it has been displaced, nationally, by Holden Caulfield, or possibly James Dean. As for Babbitt and George Apley, their attitudes or mentality are simply no longer of interest to anyone; the conversation is more apt to turn on the activities of a Sammy Glick or Stanley Kowalski. Jake Barnes, on the other hand, has not yet been satisfactorily replaced, though he is recognized as belonging distinctly to the past — as opposed, for example, to the urgent relevance of characters like Meursault of *The Stranger*, Lucky Jim, Jimmy Porter and Frank Alpine of *The Assistant*.

AND now Mr. Matthiessen's *Raditzer*, it seems to me, must be granted a niche in this slender pinnacle. For here again is a character distinct from those in literature, yet one who has somehow figured, if but hauntingly, in the lives of us all. It is, in certain ways, as though a whole novel had been devoted to one of Algren's sideline freaks, a grotesque and loathsome creature — yet seen ultimately, as sometimes happens in life, as but another human being. This is not to say that there is the usual parting fillip of compassion, "graciously bestowed on the poor devil," but rather that, again as in life, none is required. For such is the nature of the human experience that, given the necessary situation — as, in this case, prolonged common confinement aboard ship — even the most monstrous and despised must at last be taken to heart: revealed, that is to say, in *meaningful essence*, as the veils and trappings of behaviorism wear thin and, finally, fail to distract.

We see Raditzer, the ordinary seaman, mostly through the eyes of Charles Stark, his shipmate and reluctant mentor, aboard the *U.S.S. General Pendleton* in Pacific waters, late 1944. Stark is that sane and perceptive fellow who used to be played by Herbert Marshall in the movies but who frequently recurs, somewhat younger now, as first-person narrator in *New Yorker* short stories—a cardboard figure and a pretty dull tool actually, with his flagrantly self-conscious "reasonableness" and "normalcy," and his finger-deep introspection. Stark is, in short, a literary ideal; he represents the reader. But Raditzer is something else:

> The man was nondescript in size, thin and soft rather than wiry, as if all his life he had eaten sweet, cheap foods. The eyes, aimed straight forward out of a face very wide at the temples and narrow at the chin, were bright; the large ears seemed oddly cocked, and dark hair was matted on his forehead. . . . He maintained a horrid, almost joyful bonhomie, a man-to-man familiarity with hard drink and lurid fornication, to which his most striking contribution was a stale obscenity, unrelieved by either gusto or invention, and vented with a death-defying snigger, wink, and nudge, which delivered all of womankind, including the wives, mothers, and sisters of his audience, to the ranks of some vast unregenerate whoredom. The angry men would listen to him, unable to believe that he would dare suggest to them what in fact he was suggesting. . . . He was the bogeyman in childhood cellars, come back to haunt them, but he was also the wretched troll within, the practitioner of dirty adolescent habits, the latent liar, pervert, coward, suddenly incarnate.

From the outset Raditzer attaches himself to Stark, and the latter, much to the ire and consternation of the rest of the crew, tolerates the imposition — though, granted, with a rather formidable ambivalence. Raditzer's general demeanor might be described as gregariously anti-social; he is so obsessed with the ugliness others see in him that he is in a constant drive to assert it tenfold —groping desperately, one might believe, for alienation . . . hatred . . . punishment. The greater interest in such a case as Raditzer, however, does not rest with any standard or complex Freudian equation explaining *him*, but lies in the emotional Rorschach he evokes in others. That is to say, *shall we kill him?*

Close readers will follow an excellent

TERRY SOUTHERN has written The Magic Christian (*Random House*) *and* Flash and Filigree (*Coward-McCann*).

and updated Christ story in *Raditzer*, though this is not to suggest that the tale be limited to allegory, any more than should, say, *Miss Lonelyhearts*. Probably the weakest thing in literature, outside the pun, is the deliberate allegory, because it can never be more than that; in this way *Raditzer* succeeds where *A Fable*, for example, fails. There is, in fact, and unlike the other two works mentioned, very little overt use of traditional "Christ material" (elongated shadows and the like) throughout the book; at least, if there is an occasional trace of herring across the trail it is not enough to put one off, or rather not enough to put one too much *on*. But the novel's best reading, certainly, is not as allegory, but as character portrayal — the familiar face, that strange and furtive face seen somewhere long ago beneath brief lamplight . . . in an army barracks, a subway toilet, the last row of a Times Square movie . . . a rare bird and a very ugly one. But then is it really ugly after all? Perhaps what we sometimes see as "ugly" — in nature, in life, in the human condition — is but the unhappily twisted reflection of a much closer source.

Finally, of course, the book, like all good things alas, is not without fault. There is a great deal in it that is forced, especially at the beginning; much of the dialogue is wooden; the peripheral characters seem unduly dull and inconsequential, though perhaps here all must pale alongside the real-life stench of the hero; and lastly, the book is almost totally lacking in outward drama and suspense. This last fault is a serious one for a book of its format. It is well enough for coarse works of yesteryear's colors to pound along, fat and tardy, but novels of contemporary form should enjoy, above all, sharpness of pace and event. However, one must not cavil; wine, salad and cheese are not essential, surely, to the starving faced with a two-pound T-bone.

Democracy for Whom?

DEMOCRACY IN THE MID-TWENTIETH CENTURY. Edited by William N. Chambers and Robert H. Salisbury. Washington University Press. 151 pp. $2.75.

Howard Zinn

AMERICAN-type democracy, by turns reeling under Communist invective and waltzing to Chamber of Commerce panegyric, might have gone mad long ago if it did not occasionally make its way out into the bracing air of informed criticism. Since the war, the best-known of these criticisms are probably Walter Lippmann's *The Public Philosophy* and C. Wright Mills's *The Power Elite*; but we have had many more, hidden from the public eye in the pages of academic journals and the unpublicized lists of the university presses.

This book of essays, by a group of leading American social scientists, is the latest such appraisal, and should be welcomed with enthusiasm. If the content of its criticism leaves this reviewer dissatisfied, that should not diminish the importance of the book, for it touches upon almost every major question asked about democracy in the current debates. And its writers bring high competence to the discussion.

Louis Hartz's essay is a good opener, for it is particularly eloquent, and it is addressed to the over-all question of whether our democracy is in real trouble. Professor Hartz, who teaches at Harvard, answers: No. Then why are so many Americans worried today over the national future? Because we have suddenly confronted a truth we should have known long ago — that the democratic reality does not now and never has matched our ideal image of it. "Democracy has always worked through group coercion, crowd psychology, and economic power. . . ."

If reality violates ideal, some people might rush to change reality. Hartz refuses to panic. Yes, the actuality of American life is short of the Declaration of Independence, but its degree of freedom of choice is a great improvement over pre-capitalist rigidity. Yes, recognition of our only-middling success brings disillusionment, but the followers of communism, with ideals more grandiose and reality more base, have a longer way to fall. We are witnessing a "reverse competition in the process of disillusionment" in which the United States has a distinct edge. We have problems, Professor Hartz says, but largely they are of a "fantastic sort, an agony of the mind rather than of the real world."

This looks like an at-home version of what some State Department men advocate abroad — programs not to change our policy, but to change the *image* of our policy. Are our problems psychological, as political scientist Louis Hartz argues? Or are they real, as psychoanalyst Erich Fromm contends?

It seems clear that the crux of the issue is: whose version of the reality of American life is right? Have we, as Hartz says, "implemented popular government, democratic judgment, and the equal state on a scale that is remarkable by any standard"? Or are we a nation of status-seekers and waste-makers, tyrannized by hidden persuaders and power elites?

The truth is inconvenient, for we are both. We are well-fed, well-housed, luxuriating in appliances, free to speak our minds, and able to put pressure on our representatives. And we are slum-ridden, discriminated against, put in prison for defying Congressional committees, neglected in sickness and old age, and voiceless in the big decisions of national policy. As a democracy we are an enormous success, a pathetic failure, an incredible paradox.

The crucial fact is that democracy can never be assessed in the abstract, but only as democracy for whom, when, where? Hartz grasps only that aspect

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The May Day of the Wisewoman

Today when the cock crew and blew out the clock
I decided not to keep house with caution:
I intend to waltz and sing a cracked song,
And the King, trumpeting Death himself, shall not prevent me.

For today, traveling with all his sleights of light,
He strides like a wizard out of the bright horizon;
He has woven flowers into his hair and shimmering beard,
And thrushes are singing on his shoulders.

His cheek is made up like any cherub's, red and white;
He is dripping with dew and the dust of gardens.
Ha! My old cane has sprouted a green leaf,
And so I tumble to meet my ancient friend.

Thomas Vance

most visible to the middle-class intellectual, so it is not surprising that his prescription calls, not for bold social innovation, but for a psychological adjustment to the reality of partial success.

Charles Lindblom's essay (he is a Yale economist and co-author with Robert Dahl several years back of a remarkable book, full of insight, called *Politics, Economics, and Welfare*) inquires into the extent of democracy in our economic structure. He criticizes James Burnham and C. Wright Mills for ignoring our price system. Lindblom does not ignore it. He is most respectful of it, for, hardly touched by human hands, it runs our economy. It is power-steering with no steerer. If it does not always stay on the road, it has not killed us yet. And it has taken us far. As for the amount of democracy in the system, that is hard to judge, Lindblom says, until we have some criteria.

Yet, Professor Lindblom's rather cheerful assessment of our economic system is based on his own criteria, undefined, but quite close to Hartz's criteria for evaluating our political setup. That is, they measure us against the past and against other systems, rather than against what is needed and what our potential is. The result is the mild dissatisfaction of the liberal intellectual, to which, for a fuller understanding of our system, we would need to add the anger of the man with the lunch box, punching the last time-card before the layoff.

It is very hard, in this short space, to do justice to Professor Lindblom's essay, which is rich in the questions it asks, equivocal in the answers it gives, rightly insistent that we need to define our criteria, and gives an over-all impression of blandness despite occasional darting thrusts of criticism.

The essays of Samuel Beer (Harvard) and J. Roland Pennock (Swarthmore) inspect our governmental structure as a mechanism for efficient action. Pennock defends the fragmentation of our parties and dispersed political power as the essence of democracy. Beer, in one of the finest expositions I have seen of this much-handled question, argues that the dispersion of power in our national political structure favors inaction.

Their discussion leads to the more general theoretical question of how important is *structure* as such? Why is it that the United States and Britain, prototypes of the contrasting systems favored by Pennock and Beer respectively, have both developed a social-economic fabric similar enough to suggest that differences of degree (Britain has more planning *and* more freedom) may be due to factors other than political structure? However, a good case could be made for the point that once other pressures have fathered a new policy, the speed with which it is adopted may depend on the mechanism. And there is no doubt in my mind that Beer is right in condemning our apparatus as a maze into which innovation is cheerily sent with the instruction: "Get lost."

Foreign policy, Leon Epstein's essay points out, has always had some special dispensation for sinning against the democratic ideal. And Professor Epstein (University of Wisconsin) believes this is as it should be. He dismisses a little too easily, in this reviewer's opinion, Gabriel Almond's compromise suggestion of an "attentive public" composed of informed and interested private citizens before whom foreign policy alternatives would be debated.

AFTER reading all these essays one is suddenly struck by an air of unreality surrounding the discussion. It is not only that they leave out of the democratic reckoning those silent Americans who are out of range of our picture windows: the socially and economically depressed; the Negro; the political dissident; the alien. It is not only that their criteria for evaluating our progress are based on improvement over the past and our position relative to other countries, rather than the urgent needs of by-passed peoples and our pitifully unused potentials for both plenty and freedom. It is that they leave out the world.

Is it still sufficient on our suddenly small planet to evaluate American democracy as a phenomenon isolated from world poverty? If the belly is full and the limbs emaciated, are we to move up close with our bifocals and pronounce the digestive system in excellent order? If it is of the essence of democracy that people affected by a policy should have something to say about it, what of the countless peoples all over the world whose lives hang on American action or inaction and who have absolutely nothing to say? There were two billion disfranchised persons in our last election. Can democracy ever again be judged from a nationalistic viewpoint?

Perhaps certain structural changes in government can give a voice to the voiceless in America so that they can go about getting their share of the national wealth and of its freedom. Perhaps also some improbable Council of Lay Advisers, consisting of a Singapore housewife, a Cuban peasant, a Nigerian teacher, should be flown into the States every few months to let our President feel the impact of emotions beyond those of Allen Dulles.

But it is probably up to us comfortable middle-class professors and other concerned Americans to make the leap of vision and empathy into the hidden lives of fellow countrymen to whom we've never been properly introduced, and beyond them to rice paddies in China and black cities in Tanganyika, and then judge our democracy. What we seem to need most is the kind of direct perception and warmth without which the cold mechanism of government, however carefully put together, can only keep us flying in ever smaller concentric circles until. . .

Read this book. It is stimulating.

Rebels Without Claws

CAPTAIN CAT. By Robert Holles. The Macmillan Co. 222 pp. $3.50.

BILLY LIAR. By Keith Waterhouse. W. W. Norton. 191 pp. $3.95.

SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING. By Alan Sillitoe. Alfred A. Knopf. 239 pp. $3.75.

THE LONELINESS OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER. By Alan Sillitoe. Alfred A. Knopf. 176 pp. $3.50.

NO LOVE FOR JOHNNY. By Wilfred Feinburgh. Harper & Bros. 231 pp. $3.50.

Leo Hamalian

THE AUTHORS of these five books, samples of the excellent fiction the English are writing today, have much in common: they depend upon freshness of contact with action; they have devised for their protagonists not only a sensibility in keeping with their times, but also a voice, stark and anti-stylish (metaphor, symbol and poetry are strictly controlled), through which to project this sensibility; and behind the disguise of this modest manner, they have an intensity of feeling, an underground violence, which springs at us with the force of a flat hand striking.

Inversely, despite their native competence and curiosity, they have an almost total lack of interest in verbal or narrative experiment and an almost complete indifference to their literary ancestors, as if they felt compelled, like their heroes, to spit upon their past. It

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LEO HAMALIAN is at work on studies of D. H. Lawrence and of T. S. Eliot. He is a member of the English faculty at City College, New York.

is precisely this deliberate act of disengagement that is one source of their strength and freshness. Yet if an "influence" hunter were to suggest that they had read and absorbed certain of their contemporaries, we could not quarrel, especially if the contemporaries named were Kingsley Amis, John Braine, John Wain, and perhaps J. D. Salinger.

FROM their more famous contemporaries, our writers derive not an agreed point of departure nor a common destination. With the possible exception of Wilfred Feinburgh, they have inherited and share what might be called a posture, a negative stance. Society is associated with some aspect of the welfare wasteland of England — the drab industrial provinces, the reform institutions, the austere conscript camps, the sunless schoolroom — that is, a place that represents confinement either by unimaginative uniformity or mindless authority. Amid this setting operates the rebel without claws—the bicycle mechanic, the disabused conscript, the undertaker's assistant, the lonely young delinquent — those who live for the moments of physical reality, who oppose the forms of containment with the anarchic imperatives of the naked ego.

As the book jacket says, Robert Holles' *Captain Cat* most certainly does remind us of *Catcher in the Rye* in its tough-and-tender attitude to life, and I should like to add, of Kingsley Amis' *Lucky Jim* in its inventive comic fantasies; but it has a shape and rhythm that owes nothing to either. Based upon the author's early experiences in the Boys' Training Corps, it is a close-up of military life in Britain, seen through the eyes of Harry Bell, a cool youngster who faces the Enemy with a salty tongue ("She had legs like bloody Italy") and an "I'm all right, Jack" attitude from which he derives at first his defiant individualism. He makes friends with Rex Boone, a fat, unhandsome, unambitious brother to Joe Shaw of John Wain's *The Contenders*, and together they retreat up a tree into their own world of freedom and non-conformity, away from the crude, hairy "packers" of the barracks.

As a symbol of their rebel code, they adopt a stray cat and appoint him captain of their company of "indes." What happens to this rebellion the reader can guess, as Harry, like Winston Smith engaging Big Brother, faces the pack, alone and armed with only a puny "No." Neither preacher nor political propagandist, Holles snipes with the concrete knowledge of the novelist, but he has the deadly effect of a dumdum bullet.

If the spirit of *Lucky Jim* hovers even more persistently over *Billy Liar*, it does not interfere with the impression that Keith Waterhouse is among the most original and promising English novelists to pop up in recent years. His story moves through the realities and fantasies of a crowded day in the life of Billy Fisher, a young, sullenly lazy undertaker's clerk in a Yorkville town, who rebels against the chilly discipline of his home, against the tyranny of the time clock, against the trivialities of his mundane milieu by means of the rags and riches of his imagination. When his daydreams collide with reality, they get him into dilemmas from which he cannot extricate himself. Behind the wild fantasies there is a bright intelligence that will go to waste, and it is the unsentimental yet sympathetic approach to this small tragedy that raises the novel above the level of farce. When Mr. Waterhouse slackens his grip, the comedy becomes caricature and characters become stereotypes.

The hero of Alan Sillitoe's *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* is Arthur Seaton, a bicycle-factory employee with the same initials as the author, who as

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a youth also worked in a bicycle plant. Arthur is relentlessly working-class, not seeking room at the top nor anxious to become anything more than he is. When his weekend comes, he soaks himself in beer and broads, fires an air rifle at a street gossip, leaves by the rear as the husband enters by the front, gets involved in an abortion, and falls in love. Sillitoe hardly seems concerned with class, and there is no more than the suggestion of social protest in Arthur's occasional denunciation of Laborite and Tory alike. Protest and rebellion are there, but it is the protest and rebellion characteristic of those who brim with more life than their milieu will allow, of those who are making the hard passage from adolescence to manhood. Arthur is on the verge of turning negation into delinquency; but as the title suggests, before that happens he will pass from the turbulence of Saturday night into the peace of Sunday morning. He doesn't know where he is going after that ("All I want is a good time. The rest is propaganda."), but the solid, reassuring net of Nottingham friends and family will spare him the agonies of a Billy or a Harry. Perhaps Arthur has unwittingly joined the Enemy, but we suspect that he will always oppose usury, cant, conformity, snooping and whining with his earthiness and engaging honesty.

A more class-conscious Sillitoe works nine variations on the themes of rebellion and isolation in *The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner.* The splendid title story is the confession of a Teddy Boy putting in time at Borstal. The way to the favor of authority beckons to him: he can ingratiate himself by winning a cross-country race. Instead, like a disdainful tomcat, he chooses to walk — and to walk alone. In these stories, Sillitoe seems at home with the anarchic, incoherent working-class rebel-victim, and we feel none of Orwell's sentimental and often embarrassing sense of inferiority before the proletariat. Sillitoe's prose has pulse and vigor, and when he flashes these qualities across the acres of deliberate flatness, he is reminiscent of D. H. Lawrence, another rebel raised in the north of England that Sillitoe can evoke without blur.

THE protagonist of *No Love for Johnny* is neither misfit nor rebel. Imagine Joe Lampton of *Room at the Top* a little more awkward, a little more lonely, a little more ruthless and a lot more Laborite, and you have Johnny Byrne, the hotly ambitious M.P. of Marshfield who remembers his past as Yorkshire warehouse clerk and Socialist only when he needs to. The driving force behind his ambition is not anger, as it is subconsciously with Joe, but an abstract lust for power and prestige which he first tastes during the war while moving in the U-world of the British officer. Educated to the value of conformity and social polish ("If you've got the right accent and you are in command of the geography of the dinner table, the true mark of aristocracy is to eat like a pig"), he embarks upon a career in politics. Soon his only principle is to reach the top, and he jettisons any relationship — with his wife, his lover, his friends — that threatens to stand in his way (the title may be misleading, for the handsome, intelligent and personable Johnny is not hard to love).

In this novel, the author, himself a young Labor M.P. and writer before an auto accident took his life, does for British politics what *Advise and Consent* does for ours, with more skill if with less scope. Any American interested in life in England today ought to add these titles to his reading list.

Power and Leadership

NEGRO POLITICS. The Search for Leadership. By James Q. Wilson. The Free Press. 342 pp. $5.

Saul D. Alinsky

THE LAST decade and a half has witnessed a major population shift of Negroes from Southern rural areas to Northern cities. In New York City the Negro population has passed the one million mark, and in Chicago it approaches that figure.

This Negro influx, accompanied by a substantial white exodus into suburbia, has signaled impending major changes in the political as well as the socio-economic composition of our Northern cities. The power rearrangements compel an immediate facing up to the fundamental issues of racial discrimination in housing and jobs. The days of politeness and procrastination have vanished.

With this change has come a keen curiosity about organization, leadership, goals, Negro-white relationships and other forces involved in these huge Negro populations. Wilson's *Negro Politics* is addressed to these questions. With a few and minor exceptions the study centers on Chicago, but there are sufficient similarities from city to city so that much of Wilson's interpretation is either applicable to or helpful in understanding the situation elsewhere.

In a perceptive introduction, "The Structure of Negro Politics," Wilson points out that "the prior existence of a machine (city-wide) . . . means that the entry of Negroes into politics will take place over the forms and rules already established." To a significant degree the form of Negro political life reflects the prevailing pattern. This treatment of the political structure is knowing and realistic.

Wilson's analyses of goals and leadership are closely intertwined. The goals fall into two categories: the welfare conservative and the status militant. The welfare goal of securing more schools, housing and hospital beds, even if segregated, conflicts with the status goal of prime insistence upon integration and equality. However, the split is not as clear-cut as Wilson indicates, since the two major goals are in constant interaction, as when white vested interests yield immediate concessions on housing and schools partially to blunt

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The leadership types are largely determined by which goals they pursue. Here Wilson seems to wander from the hardheaded power orientation of the early part of the book into a misty classification of "token," "prestige" and other brands of so-called leaders. Many of Professor Wilson's distinctions of prestige and token leadership would be more proper as footnotes than as topic heads. The simple fact is that in any population, black, white, red, yellow or polka dot, a bona fide leader has an independent power base and a visible following. In Chicago at present the only leader who fits these criteria is Congressman William L. Dawson. Wilson's delineation of various other types of "leaders" reminds me of a penetrating comment by Chicago's Urban League Director, Edwin Berry: "People tend to confuse Negro leaders with leading Negroes." The "token" leader seems to qualify as a "leading" Negro, led by white interests. It is farcical to think that a "token" leader, lacking any power base, could negotiate with anyone.

Some points are open to question, among them the part played by color chauvinism in Negro politics. In his book Wilson ends a description of the recent political action of Detroit's First and Fifteenth Congressional Districts which, although heavily Negro, re-elected two white liberal Congressmen over Negro opponents and "voted the CIO ticket rather than on the basis of race." But writing on the same event in the *Reporter* (March 31, 1960), Wilson ended with: "The Union leaders feel that it is only a matter of time before it will be impossible to hold the seats for any white man."

Despite these reservations, Professor Wilson's *Negro Politics* is an important book about one of the most significant issues of our times. I like the way he does not shrink from specific instances. His is a valuable introduction to the power enigmas of Bronzeville and the nature of Negro politics.

ART

Fairfield Porter

IN THE twenties visiting French painters (Maurice Denis and Matisse) remarked on the good taste of American painting. That is not necessarily a compliment because it suggests shallowness. Good taste is not essential, and it is often a brake on energy. In a movie which shows Jackson Pollock painting, I remember his remarking that here he has lost contact with his painting. That is to say that he had lost contact with his deepest self, because of a failure of energy. Energy is a bridge to whatever is essential.

The Graham Gallery is exhibiting work of Edwin Dickinson painted between 1914 and 1959. From 1911 to 1914 he studied with William Chase, Frank DuMond and Charles Hawthorne. But his earliest pictures show contemporary French influence, as of a painter who wished to apply Cubism to the problem of truthful representation. "Nothing too much," neither Cubism nor representation. *The Rival Beauties* of 1915 simplifies the faces and dresses, the arch through which one sees a Latin street in perspective, the flags, the gesture of the cellist finding the note on the piano, and the singer, into flat, modernistic, kidney shapes. Dickinson's art is a draftsman's art. He perfected a tactile point of view in which everything goes from soft to crisp. But his tactility is as indirect as a stonecutter's. It is a discipline that he has transcended and that he constantly returns to. He returns to it in his large "machines" with downward perspective, in which he has assembled objects—drapery, figures overcome with exhaustion, roses, porcelain and musical instruments, for the symbolical suggestions of their association. In these paintings he seems overwhelmed by an ideal of consistency of texture and accuracy of rendering—like an architectural draftsman's exercise in perspective and cast shadows. In these paintings he does not seem to be in contact with his deepest self. But the show includes a larger number of smaller paintings, portraits, self-portraits, portraits of houses, and landscapes, as well as his extraordinary pencil drawings, where his energy transcends and makes use of an almost too rigorous and narrow discipline.

Such paintings are the two landscapes belonging to Edmund Wilson: *Black Fish Creek,* of a curving Cape Cod beach, with a few heartbreakingly accurate patches of dark seaweed, and sky above, with hardly a difference in the exact distinction between sky and sand, where color seems a way of defining edges, and edges, color. Or the *Boyer House,* with its Japanese-print orange-tans, in which, though there are no sharp edges, the softness of touch and the divisions of the canvas have an exactness that he usually expresses by a crisp line. The subject is one of the most mundane in American painting—the suburbs, seen with an eye that is both innocent as a child's and professionally careful. Or for contrast and immediacy, the pink *Villa La Mouette* against a perfect blue sky, belonging to the Metropolitan Museum. Dickinson makes the most out of the least, especially in *Winter Woods, Wellfleet,* or *View of Great Island.* Least is, green, flat ground and blue-green sky; or an impression of trees that gives, with trained simplicity, a single essential for landscape, namely, the presence of nature. In these little paintings, or quick ones, he is in touch with an elusive and fleeting essentiality. In his large exhibition pieces, he is in touch with not entirely coordinated ideas of art. In the large paintings, he expresses, like an inadequate classicist, the limitations of a formality that originates outside himself; in the small paintings he has been able to surrender to his deepest self which has a profounder form than the form one can know and understand. It is a form that does not impose itself on his subjects, nor is it outside them. Chekhov said he wrote about the ink-

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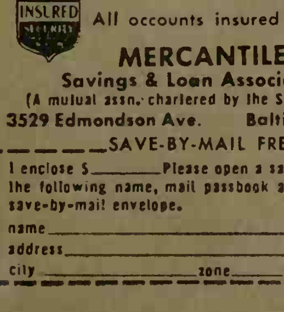

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The City and the Song

Metronomes deafen the musicians
The ears of the learned are dull with discourse
The mechanical city ticks like a bomb
In the desert outside the walls the beloved lies bound
Anointed with honey and tortured by ants, he sings
Only the loving can measure the song with their pulses
    as, listening for it, they twist the dials of time
The song ends. The city sickens
Barometers on the walls of the oblivious fall with the
    silence and weathermen forecast frost
A stranger short of breath cries news of the hill of
    bones outside the walls
and ephemeral columns print eternal news

The city of ants is dead. The singing youth was old, is
    dead. The ribs that sang are filled with roots
A truth grows from the bones — a tree whose leaves aim
    at infinity and find the mercy of limits
Circle this hill of pain. Drink at its brook
Under the singing tree, above the bones, gather flowers
    amazing as the questions of children

Dilys Laing

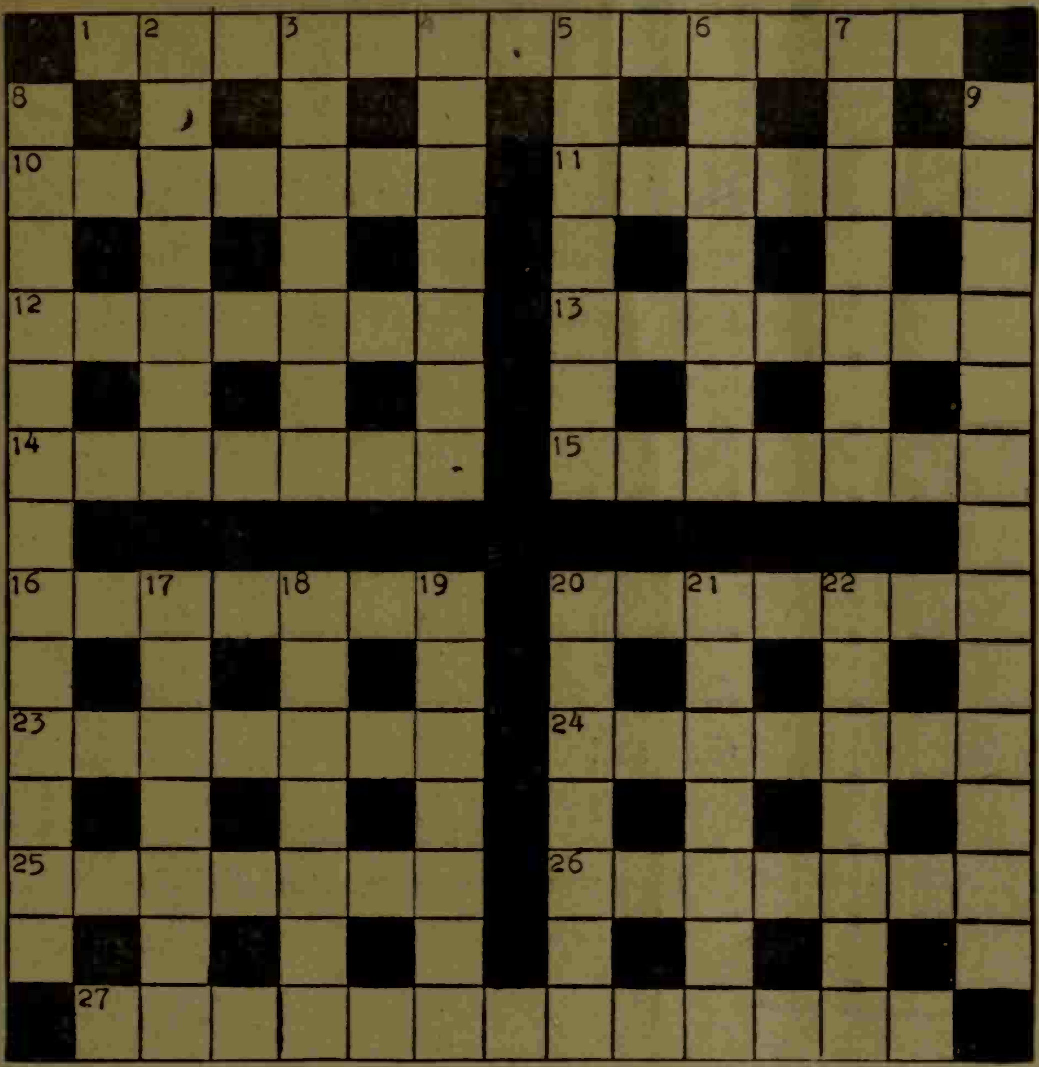
well, and in the same way, in Dickinson's small paintings, there is none of the manipulation of the artist who has lost contact with himself.

AT THE Museum of Modern Art is another retrospective exhibition: the oils and water colors of Mark Rothko. A characteristic Rothko painting is eight feet high by six wide, with an awkwardly placed horizon dividing two fuzzy rectangles of red and orange. His colors range from maroon to the brightest neon scarlet, from brownish to lemon yellow, pale greens, and a somewhat muted French blue. His canvases are divided into smaller rectangles, but not like Mondrian, whose space is cut up as if into servings: Rothko divides without separating, perhaps because of the deliberately awkward sizes, perhaps because of the blurred edges. Whatever the reason, if you add the parts together, the sum amounts to less than the whole. A whole Mondrian equals the sum of its parts, but a whole Rothko is greater than the sum of its parts. Rothko uses color in such a way that, if there are two colors for two rectangles, one inside the other, the effect is of one color; if there are three colors for three rectangles, one above the other and the two inside the third, the effect is of two colors; when the canvas contains many rectangles of many colors, the effect is again an effect of unity. Two is a weak number, and most Rothko paintings seem to express this number. His paintings have no structural skeleton. What holds them together? Perhaps it is simply the artist's energy, which acts like a magnetic field around plasma. The paintings express breadth and height: they spread. Their simplicity calls for more wall space than they have been given. They look like non-objective murals for no particular place. Like architecture, they provide a spatial background. They are abstract in the manner of modern American commercial architecture, with its inattention to specific space, place, or function. One might call them prefabricated murals. The energy they communicate is proportional to their size and their simplicity: if they were more complex they might fail. Rothko makes no demands on himself beyond his ability. He asserts space as two-dimensional and finite. His color is luminous and without substance, as if it were light instead of pigment. It is reminiscent of the changing colored light that diffused the interiors of movie palaces in the twenties.

ROBERT RICHENBURG'S paintings at the Tibor de Nagy Gallery seem to be specifically *about* energy. Bright colors, at maximum intensity, in swirls like sunset clouds, fires, explosions or electricity, are seen through holes in an overlying black, like very thick bars of a window. One sees that the black overlaps, and this forces the black, usually a receding color, to the surface; it brings it forward; and the colors which by their brightness naturally come forward, seem to be forcibly pushed back. The result is an almost unbearable tension. Each canvas exists at the highest possible energy level. Like the Rothko exhibition, this one is much too crowded. Here the conflicting energies cancel one another out like brilliant sunlight reflected from snow.

Crossword Puzzle No. 904

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What the ushers might be doing after the special matinee? (Check going through it!) (8,5)

10 What's wrong with January, February, April, May, etc., according to the chief magistrate? (7)

11 It's read more commonly on top. (7)

12 One of those things clapped on by a seal. (7)

13 Does he follow the leader? (7)

14 If I said it was raining, you might understand this to be the answer.

15 Not necessarily young and foolish, though probably green. (7)

16 Should they be able to cut their fares easily? (7)

20 Even though he understands more, in his position he has to look out. (7)

23 And to understand this, it suggests seers are not fakes. (7)

24 Is it wrong to spare such a city as Algiers? (7)

25 Where a worker contributes to the pile? (7)

26 When you get one, you're just beginning to 23. (7)

27 What is likely to happen when the one sitting is mad as a wet hen? (Just a shade, however!) (13)

DOWN:

2 One might have a peculiar urge to take to the sea. (7)

3 He seems to have a hold on father.

4 Play with the wind—and come into something this way. (7)

5 In the main one might be large enough, and yet carry small weight on a foreign matter. (7)

6 Grain export which implies some previous upheaval? (7)

7 Calls for a certain amount of response. (7)

8 Implying a vote for the highway project? (3,3,3,4)

9 The umpire and his equipment take time to reach the heights where it should be cold. (13)

17 Grant might be a cartographer. (7)

18 Cure-alls. (You might get a rise out of them, when about 59.) (7)

19 The last word in sneakiness! (7)

20 It helps to make one 23, as it seems plain to see. (7)

21 There should be a main association with this nationality. (7)

22 He might be in uniform to act with Roman disguise. (7)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 903

ACROSS: 1 Inchoate; 5 Tramps; 10 Thistle; 11 Umbrage; 12 Erato; 13 Debatable; 14 Casca; 16 and 2 Eggshell china; 19 Pathetic; 22 Discs; 24 Gehlenite; 26 On cue; 28, 31, 29 and 30 Nothing ventured, nothing gained. DOWN: 1 Intrench; 3 Osteopath; 4 Treadle; 6 Robot; 7 Meatballs; 8 Stereo; 9 Humbug; 15 Spaghetti; 17 Hydrostat; 18 Asperged; 20 Things; 21 Cleanse; 23 Eggnog; 25 Exile; 27 Crier.

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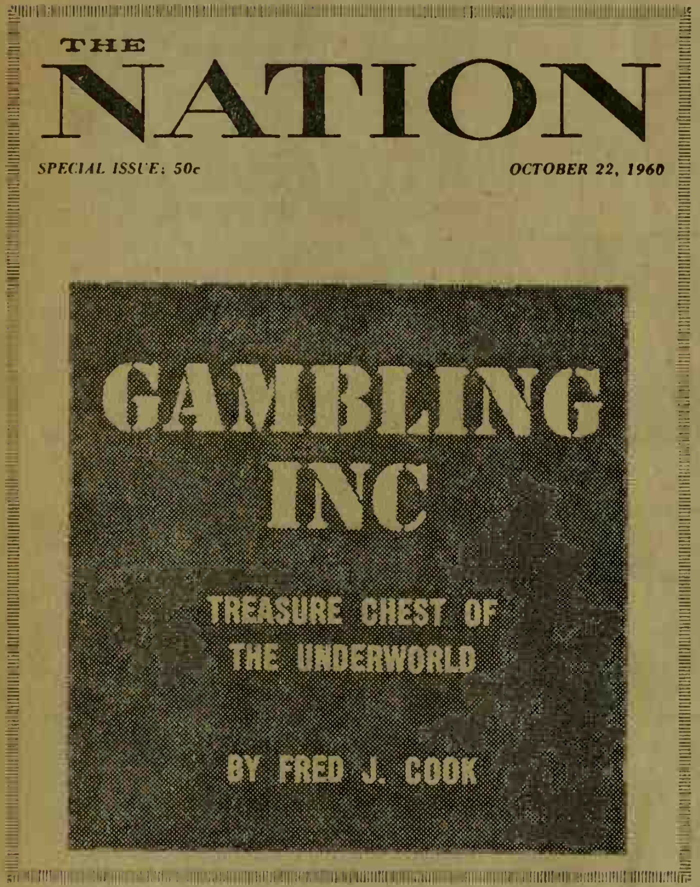
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OCTOBER 22, 1960

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BY FRED J. COOK

Dear Sirs: As soon as I read the special issue of *The Nation* with Fred Cook's door-opening article "Gambling, Inc.", I determined to have this as required reading in my Ethics class. Here is dispassionate reporting which, by its steady flow of evidence, should arouse all thinking Americans. . . . May America take time to read this, and then act!

PAUL H. ACKERT
Chairman, Department of Religion and Philosophy, Otterbein College

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LETTERS

Fluoridation

Dear Sirs: Mr. McNeil's article on fluoridation was very much to the point. I do believe that his statement that "the policy [of the American Dental Association] now is to 'educate,' to provide information and to let the lay leaders mix it up with the fluoridation opponents," should be qualified. For example, the A.D.A. president, Dr. Charles Patton, has been outspoken on the point that "the dentists should play a more active role in community programs for fluoridation." The Queens County (New York) Dental Society, of which I am president, has begun a campaign to disabuse Borough President Clancy of the notion that the only clamor in Queens is against and not for fluoridation. . . . Other dental societies in New York are thinking along the same lines.

LEONARD GORELICK, D.D.S.
Kew Gardens, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: Donald R. McNeil, in "The Polemics of Fluoridation", questions whether "the people retain faith in their scientific experts." Why should we, in view of the horrors they prepare for us? Scientists are no more infallible and no more proof against the temptations of money than any other human being. . . . For myself, it comes down to the fundamental question as to who has the right to say what I shall put into my own system? People who believe in fluoridation can easily have it without its being put into the public water supply.

Waterbury, Conn. MRS. H. H. MIST

Jaded Eye?

Dear Sirs: Mr. Fairfield Porter's reactions [*The Nation*, December 31, 1960] to my book, *The Insiders*, were to be expected from a painter and critic of his persuasion. I am only a little surprised that *The Nation* chooses to take its directions in art from a close associate of the publication most identified with the doctrine of moral no-commitment.

I do, however, welcome the opportunity to say a word or two about the artists your reviewer includes in his indictment.

Rico Lebrun cannot be disposed of by the insinuation that he copies Goya; being of a similar temperament and comparable in stature, he elects to pay tribute to Goya in this one picture.

The figures in James Kearns' *Seven Viewers on a Wall* are neither "standardized" nor "monsters." Rather they are particularized human beings projected with compassion. The fact that real people with real feelings are thus mistaken by the jaded eye of formalism today is not surprising.

If Cuevas' works do occasionally show "an adolescent disgust with the adult world," that may well be because the "adult" world is what it is, because Cuevas still keeps his eyes open, and because those eyes, like every true artist's, are essentially unsophisticated.

Finally Mr. Porter imputes to Baskin's great death images some Freudian "murder" of this artist's "sensuality." May I suggest that Mr. Porter apply the same fashionable yardstick to the art of Gruenewald, Van Gogh, Dostoevsky or Beethoven — it will work just as well, and be just as meaningless.

Oakland, N.J. SELDEN RODMAN

Dedication to Disaster?

Dear Sirs: During World War II, noted American philosopher - mathematician Morris R. Cohen wrote:

> We are adopting the things that made our enemies powerful, and incidentally the things that made them our enemies. The first result of any war is that the adversaries exchange vices. Our danger is that we shall copy the militarism that corrupted Germany and Japan.

Professor Cohen died not long after expressing this prophetic view. What he feared has practically overtaken us. We have been unconsciously but certainly creating an America dedicated to force.

While there is still time, the White House, the State and Defense departments, and Senate and House committees that deal with the armed services and foreign affairs, might well heed the wise man's warning. CYRUS EATON
Cleveland, O.

Double Standard

Dear Sirs: Frank Donner's very good article ["The Congressional Pillory," Feb. 18] on unconstitutional punishment resulting from hearings of the Un-American Activities Committee names General Electric and Westinghouse among the big corporations which dismiss employees who rely on the Fifth Amendment in refusing to cooperate with the committee.

It is interesting that these companies consider reliance on one's Constitutional guarantees as a more heinous offense than conspiring to defraud customers by violating the federal anti-trust law. The same companies recently issued a statement that the fact that their employees were serving a sentence in jail would not preclude them from further employment.

CLARK FOREMAN
Director, Emergency Civil Liberties
New York City Committee

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 9

THE
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EDITORIALS

Depreciating an American Tradition

In a supplemental report on his work as a member of the United States delegation to the General Assembly of the United Nations, Senator Wayne Morse points out that the delegation usually abstained from voting on key colonial issues at the direction of the State Department. As a result, the Senator reports, "the United States branded itself as a supporter of colonialism."

How could this be? Every schoolboy, at least every American schoolboy, knows that the United States is traditionally opposed to colonialism. "If one scratches deeply enough into the mistaken United States positions on colonial issues," comments Senator Morse, "one will probably find a United States military influence. The Department of State has seemed to lack the necessary disposition either to question the military need for such requirements or to balance their importance properly against other policy objectives." By yielding to the Pentagon, the Department of State has jeopardized our anti-colonial tradition which, if properly sustained, could be a powerful adjunct of American diplomacy in the '60s. Nor have we been of much service to our allies in the process. We began by covertly supporting the Belgians in the Congo; now we are putting pressure on them to get out. We would have served them better if we had urged them to get out at the start. Early in the postwar period we urged the Dutch to get out of Indonesia on the assumption that they were bound to lose the colony in the end, and would lose thousands of lives in the process of trying to keep it, and then it would be difficult to re-establish any workable relationship. The Dutch yielded only with great bitterness. Their ambassador, Elco Van Kleffens, in his farewell call on Dean Acheson, said: "We will never forgive you for the loss of our colony." But the Dutch have forgiven us, and the Indonesians appreciate and remember our help. Today it is as plain as the nose on one's face that Portugal is going to lose her colonies in Asia and Africa, and sooner than might have been anticipated (see article p. 181). Spain is going to lose her colonies. So will Britain lose her remaining ones, and France. Like men, nations can go through life making mistakes, but not the same mistake again and again. Senator Morse has performed an invaluable public service by calling attention to the manner in which the United States delegation at the United Nations has been repeatedly overruled on colonial issues by the State Department and often on the authority of an Assistant Secretary of State. Happily President Kennedy and Ambassador Stevenson may be counted on to heed Senator Morse's advice and reverse the ostrich-like attitude we pursued at the United Nations on colonial issues in the critically important 15th General Assembly. But it will take time and it will not be easy, for we have drawn heavily on the "reservoir" of good will we formerly enjoyed in Asia, Africa, the Middle East and Latin America.

Machine Guns and Roses

For the most part, the American press is not dedicated to helping its readers follow political developments that in lands which enjoy large-scale aid and assistance from this country. In consequence, a false image is projected which, when it collides, as it always does sooner or later, with the harsh realities, produces a sense of "shock" or "crisis" which a little attention to current happenings might prevent. (See: "Iran's False Image" by Stanley Cooperman, *The Nation*, September 24, 1960). Most Americans picture the Iranians as rejoicing at the birth of a male heir to the Shah's throne, but since this event does not recur with great frequency, they may wonder what the Iranians do the rest of the time. The answer is that some of the Iranians try to vote, but encounter even more difficulty than did the Shah in producing his male offspring. Last summer's elections were so corrupt that the Shah was forced to set them aside and order new elections which were as thoroughly rigged as the original ones, with the result that once again riots have broken out in Teheran. Little of this would be known in the United States were it not for the *Christian Science Monitor, The New York Times*, and one or two other papers which noted the repeat performance of the rigged election farce. But from these meager sources a group of Iranian students at the University of Minnesota took notice of the latest demonstrations at Teheran University which had to be broken up by police wielding fire hoses. From the steps of Northrop Auditorium in Minneapolis, on which is inscribed the right of students to seek the truth, the Iranian students urged passers-by to "share the burdens of students in Iran." Some of them carried signs which read "Turkey, Korea, now Iran," and Iran may well be next — time is running out on the Shah. But only a diligent scanner and scrutinizer of the American press would suspect it.

Armaments and Depression

In one of his more intensely political speeches, Senator Thomas H. Kuchel (R-California) recently warned President Kennedy to refrain from channeling defense contracts to distressed areas of the country. In the first place, said the Senator, it would be unlawful. Competitive bidding is the only legal basis for award of defense orders. In the second place, it would make a "national WPA" of our strivings for national security.

Where has the Senator been? The bulk of defense business, in dollars, is placed by negotiation; only the bits and pieces (which, when the total involved is twenty or thirty billions a year, can be sizable) are ever allocated on a competitive basis.

This is not the first time that Senator Kuchel has be funny without knowing it, but the supreme irony of his attack is that he made it at a lunch in Los Angeles. Southern California and the Detroit complex are For mys the most depressed manufacturing areas in the country. Mr. Kuchel did admit that there are "black spots" in the economy and mentioned Los Angeles as one of them; locally it has been referred to as the "bankruptcy capital of the nation." The companies don't go broke, but the wage earners do, even many of those who are still employed — and in California, in January, 517,000 were unemployed. If Mr. Kuchel did not do his best to get defense contracts for Southern California, he would be well advised to stay out of the area, which gets rather volatile at times. But when he says he doesn't want defense to be made into a WPA, he means a WPA somewhere else. In California it's fine, as long as it is called by a nicer name.

Don't Give Up the Ship: Sink It

Political folly has two characteristics. One, it is never recognized for what it is. Two, it is never abandoned until conditions make it utterly untenable. The politically addled never try to cut their losses. The reason is simple: the losses are not theirs, but those of their countrymen. As far as they themselves are concerned, error, long continued, becomes a vested interest which to them means votes, careers, power, and a pleasant living. Until the deluge.

The stock in trade of Representative Walter Judd (R-Minn.) is non-recognition of Red China. Mr. Judd has again proposed that Congress pass a resolution opposing U.N. recognition of the Red fiends across the Pacific. He also asks for censure of British Foreign Secretary Lord Home, who recently opposed the policy so dear to the heart of Mr. Judd. Mr. Judd and the members of his team are heartened by the support of the Committee of One Million Against the Admission of Communist China to the United Nations, whose name is perhaps longer than the roster of the voters who follow its banner (see: "Lobby of a Million Ghosts" by John O'Kearney, *The Nation*, Jan. 23, 1960). Certainly support is not coming from any other direction.

Besides Lord Home, Lord Casey, who was Australia's Minister of External Affairs until last year, has expressed hope that the Kennedy administration will take a new look at the Communist China problem. And to the north of us Prime Minister Diefenbaker of Canada has suggested that the Chinese Communists must be brought into the disarmament discussions. "The time for decision may not be too far removed," says Mr. Diefenbaker.

The polite promptings of Mr. Diefenbaker and Lord Casey are not altogether divorced from commercial realities. Canada has just concluded a $60 million cash deal with Red China for wheat and barley. Australia has also sold the Chinese Communists $60 million worth of wheat which, Homer Bigart writes in *The New York Times* from Canberra, "may enable Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies' Government to ride out the present economic storm without further austerity measures." The *Journal of Commerce* refers to this business, both in the amount of grain and in its transportation, as "enormous." In each case more than a million tons are involved and upward of 100 ships will be required. The shipowners of a number of nations are happy. But little of this appears to be news to our press; if it is mentioned at all, it appears in obscure paragraphs on the financial or shipping pages.

"Communism on the Map"

Another controversial film is now making the rounds of campus communities in the wake of "Operation Abolition" (see: "'Un-Americanism' Plays the Colleges" by Dan Wakefield, *The Nation*, January 28, 1961). "Communism on the Map" comes to us not from Hollywood but from Searcy, Arkansas (pop. 4,000), the home of Harding College. Of this small denominational college, *The Nation* once reported (August 2, 1952) that it exerted a greater influence on the economic thinking of the American people than many of the large universities. Newsletters, weekly transcribed radio programs, a vast amount of "visual-aid educational" maerial, including expensive technicolor cartoon films, of a uniformly anti-labor bias, have poured from the ollege which, in 1952, was estimated to be spending a million dollars on such materials, issued as part of its National Education Program.

The college is known to have received grants from he Alfred P. Sloan Foundation and the Falk Foundaion of Pittsburgh, among other donors, to help finance hese extraordinarily active extra-curricular activities. "Communism on the Map," an expensive film to produce, is being made available to civic groups in the Seattle area free of charge by: Missionary Film Enterprises (a Baptist organization), the Boeing Company (the company's branch in Wichita, Kansas, has also made prints of the film available), Puget Sound Light and Power Company, and by the United States Navy. With such influential local sponsors, Channel 11 and Channel 13 in Seattle were pleased to show the film.

Dr. Giovanni Costigan, of the history department, University of Washington, arranged to have the film shown to an audience of 2,000 students, the better to call attention to its manifest inaccuracies, misstatements and distortions of which he has prepared a long and detailed list. A sample of the sort of thing Dr. Costigan objects to is the statement that communism today dominates the entire globe, except for West Germany, Formosa, Switzerland, the United States and possibly Canada. In the wake of Dr. Costigan's criticism, 92 members of the University of Washington faculty joined in a statement deploring the distortions of the film. It also aroused strong faculty protests when it was shown at the University of Wichita (courtesy of Boeing, but under the sponsorship of the local John Birch Society).

In itself the film is not important, although the distortions and inaccuracies invite criticism and comment, but the question arises: what part of the cost of producing and distributing the film will ultimately be borne by taxpayers in the form of tax deductions by the donors and sponsors? As citizens we must accept exposure to all types of propaganda as an inescapable, even perhaps an essential, aspect of a democratic society; but as taxpayers we have a right to protest when charged with the expenses of partisan propaganda.

LITTLE SUMMIT at WARSAW . . *by Charles O. Porter*

"IF THE United States does agree to general and complete disarmament, can we be assured that the satellite nations will be allowed genuine self-determination?" I put this question to Ilya Ehrenburg, Soviet writer and noted publicist, on the first day of the East-West Round Table Conference held last month in Warsaw.

Ehrenburg was irked. He said, correctly, that it was I who had suggested holding this conference in Warsaw, so he had assumed that I had respect for the Government of Poland. If Poland is a satellite of the Soviet Union, he asked, isn't France a satellite of the United States?

Of the forty-seven participants in the Round Table Conference, twenty-one came from the West, twenty-six from the East. Twenty-four were members of their nations' highest legislative bodies. Four, like myself, were former members. One, Jules Moch of France, was presently a minister in his government. Two were former prime ministers and three were former ministers. Nobel Peace Prize Winner Philip Noel-Baker, M.P., contributed much to the discussions.

The fifteen nations from which the conferees came were Belgium, Bulgaria, France, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Norway, Poland, German Democratic Republic, Rumania, Sweden, Czechoslovakia, United States, USSR, and Yugoslavia.

Before posing my question to Ehrenburg, I had explained that Americans were deeply disturbed about Russian control over the satellite nations and that agreement by two-thirds of the Senate to a general and complete disarmament treaty would not be forthcoming until conditions in these nations, or at least prospects there, changed for the better. About forty Senators, I estimated, would have to switch to make the requisite two-thirds.

Following Ehrenburg, Philip Noel-Baker declared that my question was "vastly important and wholly relevant to disarmament" and that "forty Senators could deprive us of a disarmament treaty for years to come." United Nations Charter principles include self-determination, he pointed out; enforcement of these principles, not armaments, will give the American Senators the answer they want about freedom for the satellite nations.

On the second morning of the conference, Oskar Lange, one-time economics professor at the University of Chicago and now a leading Polish legislator, expressed his doubts that NATO could continue to control West German militarism, but he rejoiced that East Germany had renounced German militaristic traditions. This renunciation he termed "a basic fact of decisive significance. Cooperation between Poland and East Germany is friendly and neighborly and will be possible in the future with the whole of the German nation."

Turning to my question about satellites, Dr. Lange said that it caused "great consternation" not

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CHARLES O. PORTER, former Congressman from Oregon, was one of the active group of "peace Congressmen" during his recent terms in office.

only among the conferees from the Eastern nations, but from the Western nations as well. This showed a "divergence of thought" between Europeans and certain circles in the United States.

Two misunderstandings needed to be cleared up, he said: first, the confusion between satellites and military alliances; second, the confusion between military alliances and social systems and forces. Poland needs the Warsaw Pact far more than does the Soviet Union in view of the remilitarization of Western Germany and of the latter's non-acceptance of Poland's western boundaries.

If a satellite is a military ally, Dr. Lange asked, who is whose satellite? He said it is an American misunderstanding to consider that the social and economic system derives from the political and military pacts. He cited Yugoslavia as an example of a nation whose social and economic system had not changed even though it withdrew from an alliance with the Soviet Union.

"Porter will excuse me," he concluded with perfect courtesy, "if I say he is naive."

IN MY heart I readily excused him. What else could he say about the status of his country? It was the Soviet conferees who should be called to account for Soviet policies and pretenses about the satellites, not the hapless citizens of the satellites.

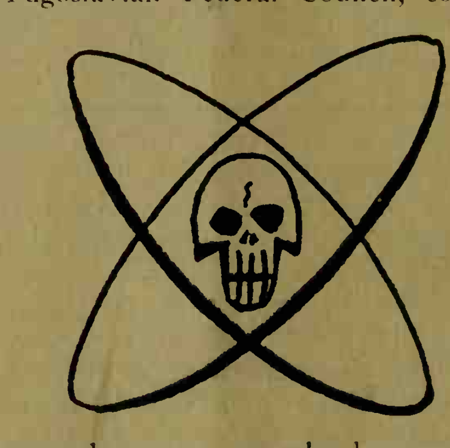
Responding to Dr. Lange's speech, I said that my naïveté—or ignorance, if such it was—about the status of the people in the satellite nations was shared by most Americans, many of whom had no idea at all that Poland, for example, had edged a lot closer to freedom since the death of Stalin.

I granted that the United States had forcibly intervened in the internal affairs of Taiwan, Guatemala and other countries, but today the subject was European security and that turned on a divided Germany. I wondered why Dr. Lange took comfort from East German policies. Most Americans believe that East Germany is closely controlled by the Soviet Union. Furthermore, I added in order to head off another charge that I was naive, several conferees sitting around this table right now, including some from other satellites, had confirmed the nature of the relationship in personal conversations with me.

Politely but firmly, I called for an expression of different opinions on vital issues. Consternation, I suggested, should be followed by a factual discussion.

No such discussion ensued, but at least the point had been made at a meeting behind the Iron Curtain that Soviet persistence in interfering with the independence of other states makes it difficult for the United States to trust the USSR sufficiently to sign a disarmament agreement with her. This is why I had suggested Warsaw as the site for the conference.

Mladen Ivekovic, President of the Yugoslavian Federal Council, commented on my remarks by saying that he was not able to see how I could imagine the existence of satellite states. He went on to blast the West German government as a threat to peace. One of the four East Germans present, Deputy Max Seydewitz, continued that theme: If West Germany gets rid of its troops, East Germany will do likewise, with the full approval of the Soviet Union. He asked that I make it known in the United States that it is West Germany that carries on militaristic and revenge-seeking policies. He did not deny Soviet domination of his government.



DOUBLE-TALK and deceit in foreign policy are not new techniques for any nation, including our own. The contrast between the pious word and the actual fact breeds mistrust, and it was with this in mind that the conference unanimously adopted a series of resolutions, one of which undertook to define "peaceful coexistence" as

> . . . not only a renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy, respect for the territorial integrity and independence of each state, the equality of all states and the effective application of the principle of non-interference, but also requires active international cooperation in all fields.

Peaceful coexistence, then, means you won't try to make a satellite out of your neighbor. With enthusiasm, the five Soviet conferees agreed to this. I believe that each of them personally favors such a policy with all its implications, but what assurance can any of them give sixty-seven United States Senators that the Soviet government means it? Will they attempt to persuade Khrushchev to be frank about Soviet domination of the satellites, especially East Germany, and agree to yield these controls as part of a disarmament plan?

Our own government can help clear the way for such acknowledgments by being equally frank about the effect and future of our military influence in Taiwan, Spain, Vietnam, Guatemala and elsewhere. These interventions are part of our efforts to make ourselves stronger in the cold war, and should be so identified.

IT IS UNFORTUNATE, I think, that American distrust of Soviet policy toward its near, small neighbors, should carry over into the field of disarmament. For here Soviet sincerity must be measured in quite another context.

James Wadsworth, former U. S. Ambassador to the U.N., stated publicly last month, just before he left office, that he believed the Russians could be trusted to carry out the pledges in a general disarmament treaty. And Professor Louis B. Sohn of the Harvard Law School, after returning from the Sixth International Conference of Scientists held at Moscow late last year, wrote in *The Nation* of January 14: "My principal impression was that the Russians sincerely and even desperately want peace and that they believe that this goal can be achieved only through 'general and complete disarmament.' "

No disarmament treaty, however carefully prepared, can be made foolproof. In circumstances like these, the question to ask is not whether we trust the Soviets to keep their pledge not to carry on tests secretly, but rather whether the gains they might make in terms of weapons improvement would be sufficient to justify the risk of reviving the arms race.

Is Soviet policy on disarmament governed by cynical, power-crazy men who regard its promotion merely as potent propaganda both to attract the neutrals and to weaken the West? If so, then all talk of any measure of trust is a waste of time. The conferees at Warsaw believed that the Soviet leaders are sincerely in favor of multi-lateral disarmament, not because of any moral rebirth, but because they understand that their society could not survive a nuclear war.

These conferees included widely respected and experienced men like Finn Moe, Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Norwegian Parliament; Jules Moch, de Gaulle's disarmament expert; Senator Henri Rolin of Belgium; Senator Georg Branting of Sweden; Lord Faringdon; and, as I have mentioned, Philip Noel-Baker, along with his able son, Francis, also an M.P.

The conference's unanimous conclusions on disarmament were that the problem was becoming "ever more urgent" and that the "possibility of global destruction" was constantly growing with the number of nuclear bombs. Unless an agreement was reached on disarmament, we saw no hope of solving the most important political divergencies nor of freeing the world from the danger of nuclear disaster.

But how convince the U. S. Senate, or at least two-thirds of it, that the urgency is so great? Many Senators will continue to insist on "foolproof" inspection. Many believe in the feasibility of limited wars and they are encouraged by generals and admirals who can't accept the fact that the new weapons have automated war and warriors from mass murder to universal suicide. But wars, large or small, are fought for victory. That means you pound the enemy with every available lethal assistance, with the inevitable result—to use the fancy new term—of *escalation* to all-out war. Limited war is a contradiction of terms. It is an illusion of limited minds.

Weapons too powerful for logical use; a smoldering conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union, each with its allies; and the new nations seeking for their peoples a few twentieth-century benefits —these are the potent ingredients of an impending unprecedented disaster.

Senators, with some exceptions, understand this, but the alternative, peaceful competition with the USSR, is hard for them to face. Soviet technology has surpassed the United States in rocket propulsion and in other vital areas such as machine tools. The chilling apprehension is that perhaps the Soviet state socialistic system might, after all, defeat us in Khrushchev's "peaceful war of trade."

Even admitting this possibility, universal suicide in a nuclear war is not preferable. The truth is that war isn't practical any longer. We can't trust the Russians and yet we can't fight a war with them. We can't try to fight a war with them because no one can find a way to enforce the limits in a limited war. All that is left is to try to trust each other, using every safeguard we can devise.

On this question of questions, our Senators must not lag behind their constituents. Time is too short. They must rally to the support of the President of the United States who, with the expert help of John J. McCloy, Paul Nitze, MacGeorge Bundy and others, is in the process of preparing a general and complete disarmament plan. He and his aides must seek support for it from among the one hundred Senators. Our survival depends on sixty-seven Senators' approving in time a treaty establishing general and complete disarmament.

PORTUGAL'S ROTTING EMPIRE . . *by Joao Cabral*

THE CAPTURE of the *Santa Maria* by Captain Henrique Galvao has succeeded brilliantly in tearing away the curtain of silence around Portugal and her colonies. Dr. Salazar must be furious, not so much at the capture of the ship but at the publicity engendered by it. Publicity is the last thing he ever wanted, and, unfortunately for him, the man who captured the liner was well known for his report on the conditions of forced labor in Portuguese Africa.

Since Captain Galvao's report, made on January 22, 1947, very little has changed in Angola, Mozambique and Portuguese Guinea, except that the colonies are no longer colonies, but "overseas provinces"—a change that was introduced in the Portuguese Constitution in 1951 to mislead world opinion and to evade Portugal's obligations under Article 73e of the United Nations Charter. But last December the myth of "overseas provinces" was exploded by the U.N. General Assembly: the Portuguese government was asked to supply information on her nine overseas territories.

It is almost incredible that a small and backward country like Portugal should manage to hold on to an empire twenty-five times larger than herself and so widely scattered: from Macado in China, Timor in Indonesia and Goa in India to Angola, Mozambique and Guinea in Africa; the Sao Tome and Cape Verde islands and the enclave-fort of Sao Joao Batista de Ajuda in Dahomey. Besides, these colonies are not compact units, but diffused administrative entities. Goa, for instance, which is pompously called

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JOAO CABRAL, a Portuguese attorney now living in London, has been in the forefront of the Portuguese anti-Salazar movement.

"Portuguese India," comprises Goa proper and two enclaves: Daman (350 miles north of Goa) and Diu (450 miles north).

How does Dr. Salazar manage it? For the last thirty years, he has been taking a series of measures both to prevent the growth of nationalist movements and to suppress them ruthlessly when they do appear.

The first preventive measure is in the field of education. The Portuguese government believes that education, if not properly guided, tends to corrupt the minds of Africans; hence it has not built a single university for the 13 million people of its nine colonies. It maintains an illiteracy rate of 99 per cent among the Africans of Angola, Mozambique and Guinea, where areas larger than Portugal are without schools. Such education as exists has been entrusted to the Portuguese Catholic missions; Protestant, even foreign Catholic missionaries, though they are not called civil servants, are held to be personnel "in the special service of national and civilizing utility," according to the Missionary Statute of 1941. Mission work in the colonies is subsidized by the government, as are the missionary institutions in Portugal. Under the treaty of 1940 between the Holy See and Portugal, the function of the ecclesiastical authorities in the colonies is "to see that in the teaching of special subjects, such as history, the legitimate Portuguese and patriotic sentiments are taken into consideration" (Article 20).

THE second technique for preventing the growth of nationalism is the deliberate curtailment of economic development in the colonies. Portugal herself is the most underdeveloped country in Western Europe; in her colonies, there is hardly any industry at all. Peasants and laborers are crudely exploited: peasants are compelled to sell their agricultural produce to the settlers at artificially low prices imposed by the authorities; laborers are forced to work for the settlers and colonial companies. Every year, 250,000 Angolans are rented out by the authorities to agricultural, mining and construction concerns. Every year, 400,000 Africans from Mozambique are recruited for forced labor, of whom 100,000 are exported to the mines of South Africa and the Rhodesias.

These figures are for men between the ages of eighteen and fifty-five who are "legally" recruited. "Contract labor" is the official designation for them. But, as Captain Galvao said in his report, "Only the dead are exempt from forced labor." In fact, women are also compelled to work on roads and other public works, though they are not sent to places far away from their villages. Thousands of eight-year-old children work in the coffee plantations and on the settlers' farms. In 1947, Captain Galvao was Chief Inspector of the Colonial Administration and a member of the Portuguese National Assembly. His report was made at the request of the government. After a clear analysis of the situation, he wrote:

> In some respects, the situation is more grave than that created by pure slavery. Under slavery the bought man, acquired as head of cattle, was regarded as an asset by his master. He was interested in keeping him healthy and strong and agile in the same way as he would look after his horse or his bull. Today the native is not bought — he is simply rented from the Government, though he may have the status of a free man. His master could hardly care less if he falls ill or dies as long as he goes on working while he lives. . . . When he becomes unable to work or when he dies the master can always ask to be supplied with other laborers.

The conditions prevailing among African peasants and laborers, the absence of any considerable number of industrial workers, prevent the growth of working-class solidarity — so important a factor in the nationalist movement elsewhere in Africa. Besides, Africans are not permitted to stay in the towns for more than a year; trade-union and similar organizations are denied them; a "pass" system similar to the one used in South Africa keeps them under total control of the authorities.

PORTUGAL maintains a rigid censorship over all mass media of communications in her colonies. The PIDE (Portuguese political police) and its informers have long been operating; a brutal organization in Portugal, it is much worse in the colonies. In Goa, for instance, nationalists have been tied to a jeep and dragged to the nearest town, where kerosene was poured on them and set alight (in the town of Ponda on February 17, 1957); or beaten and kicked to death in front of family and neighbors (this happened in Pomburpa).

In Luanda and other towns of Angola, Africans are being continually arrested. The villages are constantly raided by the *Guarda Republicana* and the people beaten in the streets. In Catete, a child of eight years was struck with a rifle butt and killed. Ten African students from Luanda arrived in Matadi, in the Congo, after fleeing for thirty-three days through jungles and vast uninhabited areas. Africans who try to run away from Angola are often caught by the police and disappear mysteriously; there are reports that they are taken in military planes and dropped into the sea. Africans are insulted and baited, and if they show anger they are taken to the police.

Portugal's repression of native peoples is much worse than South Africa's. In South Africa there are some universities, at least; only 55 per cent of the blacks are illiterate. There is nothing in the Union like the Portuguese PIDE. Yet, despite everything, underground nationalist movements are growing rapidly in Angola, Mozambique and Guinea. The movements have the support of the new, independent African countries.

IN ANGOLA, there are two such movements: the *Movimento Popular de Libertacao de Angola* (MPLA) and the *Uniao das Populacoes de Angola* (UPA). The MPLA, a merger of various groups, is organized on a non-racial and non-tribal basis and includes a few white settlers. Some of its leaders are graduates of Portuguese, German or French universities. The vice president, Dr. Agostinho Neto, who was arrested last June, is a doctor (Lisbon University). The acting president, Mario de Andrade, now in exile in Conakry, is a graduate of the Sorbonne. The UPA is organized on a tribal basis, with anti-white tendencies.

Because of their clandestine nature, it is difficult to assess the support these organizations command among the masses in Angola. But the hundreds of their members who have been arrested give some indication of their strength. Leaders of the UPA, Liberio Newfane and Lello Figueira, have been in the concentration camp of Bie since 1956. Many of their colleagues have since disappeared. Between March and August, 1959, over two hundred Africans, mostly members of the MPLA, were arrested. They include seven Europeans who come from all walks of life: civil servants, engineers, clerks, printers, teachers, one architect and one well-known doctor. The seven Europeans were tried in the Military Court of Luanda last August, almost in secrecy; an observer, sent by the International Commission of Jurists, was denied admission. Their sentences ranged from one to three years' imprisonment. There was an appeal and the Supreme Military Court of Lisbon has ordered a retrial, stating that the sentences were not in keeping with the gravity of the offences.

At least the whites were given a trial; Africans charged with nationalist activities are usually imprisoned, deported or executed without trial. But last December, as a result of protests from all over the world, the Portuguese government broke precedent and granted a trial to twenty Africans who had already been in jail for two years. They were sentenced to terms ranging up to eleven years.

HUNDREDS of Africans are still detained without trial, many for over six years. Father Joaquim Pinto de Andrade, Chancellor of the Archbishopric of Luanda and the only African priest from Angola to be graduated in Rome, was arrested in Luanda last July and deported to the Aljube jail in Portugal not only without trial, but without formal charges. His crime, as far as is known, is that he refused to make a statement supporting Portuguese colonialism. Last November, eight political prisoners

Portugal
Portuguese Guinea
AFRICA
Principe
São Tome
Cabinda
ANGOLA
Mozambique

were executed, without trial, in the yard of the Military Prison of Luanda, and twenty-nine in the *Esquadra* (detention post) in the same city.

The mass arrests of last June indicate the rising tempo of the nationalist struggle in Angola. In Luanda, Lobito, Malange, Benguela and Dalatando, fifty-two persons, mostly civil servants and employees of the railways, were arrested. Dr. Neto, who had been in jail in Portugal for two years (1954-56), was rearrested on June 8 and flogged in front of his family by the chief of the PIDE and an assistant. Usually this kind of brutality is reserved for ordinary folk, not for people of some social standing.

The people of Bengo, birthplace of Dr. Neto, and from the neighboring village of Icolo, appeared before the district office at Catete and demanded his release. The district officer reacted by calling reinforcements from Luanda. Some 200 soldiers arrived. When about a thousand people began a peaceful demonstration, they were immediately fired on by the soldiers; thirty were killed and 200 injured. In the third week of June, 1960, the soldiers went to the villages whence the demonstrators had come and killed or arrested everyone found there. They then set the two villages on fire.

In Portuguese Guinea, which has extensive borders with the independent Republic of Guinea, the *Partido Africano da Independencia da Guinea* (PAIG) is very active. In August, 1959, more than fifty Africans were shot dead by Portuguese civilians and soldiers on the Pijiguity docks in Bissau, capital of the colony. They were demanding higher wages.

In Mozambique, the nationalist movement is not so active, though there are two underground organizations: the Mozambique African National Union, and the National Union Party. A series of small incidents have taken place: last August, the police post of Chicoa, on the Zambesi River, was attacked by Africans and two were killed. Many arrests have been made in various parts of Mozambique and it is estimated that about a hundred Africans are now in jail at Lourenco Marques and Quelimane. In January, three young political refugees escaped from Lourenco Marques prison and arrived in Salisbury. About 100,000 Africans from Mozambique are living in Northern Rhodesia, Nyassaland and Tanganyika, some of them for political reasons, and the two parties have a large number of supporters among them.

Last December, nationalist leaders from Angola, Portuguese Guinea and Goa met in London to concert their struggle against Portuguese colonialism. They announced that all nationalist organizations from all the Portuguese colonies would soon form a united front dedicated to "direct action" toward liberation and independence.

PORTUGAL'S answer to this rapidly developing nationalist movement is war. There are now 20,000 troops in Angola; an equal number is being mobilized in Mozambique. In Guinea, Goa and Timor there are also a great number of troops, perhaps a total of 15,000. Arms supplied by NATO have been sent with the troops. Special paratoop units are under training by officers who have returned from the Algerian front. Portugal has been strengthening her alliances with South Africa, Southern Rhodesia, Spain, France and Belgium. It seems that she has also reached some understanding with West Germany, whose Ambassador to Lisbon has been a frequent visitor in Angola and Mozambique.

New military installations have been built in Angola. To pay for these military expenditures, the "head taxes" in Angola have been doubled—from 250 to 500 *escudos.* The number of fines for "pass" violations has increased. Over £12,000 from African savings banks have been seized by the government. The few Africans who have cars must pay their vehicle taxes on a daily basis, so that their movements may be controlled and the cars seized at a moment's notice. The PIDE and the Army control African traffic at railway stations and road junctions.

But will all the resources of Portugal be able to stop the liberation struggle? The incident of the *Santa Maria* and the subsequent riots in Luanda have given the movement a new impetus. A group of thirty-nine leading opponents of the Salazar regime have sent a message to Portugal's President Thomas declaring that the case of the *Santa Maria* reinforces the necessity for a return to more democratic forms of government. But Salazar, like Hitler, is determined to fight till the end—which means chaos both for Portugal and her colonies. Portuguese colonialism will collapse in a welter of blood and destruction unless Britain and the United States bring Salazar to his senses while there is still time.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL, TV . .

by Robert Alan Aurthur

ON DECEMBER 31, I became separated from the television medium, completing a ten-year period during which TV was my anchor to New York and my main source of income. Glad to leave, looking forward to a more productive future, I nonetheless felt an emotional wrench, akin in a strange way to a time fifteen years earlier when, after a four-year wartime hitch, I was discharged from the Marine Corps. Both times the feeling was that something had been won, but something had also been lost. Close relationships had been formed, but under such special and unique circumstances that there would be no carry-over. There had been a common cause on which we could flagrantly dissipate our youth and energies, dedicate our ideals — but that time was gone. And after it was all over there was that nagging suspicion that it all added up to naught.

The only other equation I'll make between television and World War II is that one was likely to get killed in either, and the lucky survivor grew up a little and emerged a tougher, wiser man.

Ten years ago, when I entered TV as a reasonably successful (though starving) short-story writer and neophyte novelist, the medium was different and better. At least it was interesting and *involving*. One cannot deny that its novelty had much to do with its fascination for us, that we were less critical as a result; a decade later, its novelty gone and saturated with shoddiness, we are quick to reject it. Yet it is also true that better material was being offered then by more talented people. By 1950, the mechanical mysteries of TV had been mastered, and young, farsighted producers were ready to experiment with content and talent. They were able to do so, free of the taboos and restrictions that later came from agencies and networks, because production costs were comparatively low, and, since most of the country was made up of one-channel markets, there was no competition for the mass audience. In a strange way, the lack of competition, the fact that people looked *anyway*, spurred a try for quality. Television may be unique in our free-enterprise system in that the harder one fights for a position in the marketplace, the poorer the product becomes — all in the name of "satisfying the mass audience."

I WAS one of the first to write an original play for television — certainly the first on the Philco Playhouse. It was a dreadful little item, judged by later standards, but it was *not* an adaptation of a play or a novel, nor was it a documentary drawn from past headlines (these having been the sole sources of TV drama until producer Fred Coe became convinced that greener, more interesting fields, perhaps, lay in the minds of the talented, creative writer). Full credit must go to Fred Coe for striking out in unknown areas, for attracting young, productive writers and surrounding them with matching directing and acting talents, also fresh and untried, who could extend the material to its fullest realization.

The results were interesting and had widespread effect on all of television drama — and, subsequently, films and the theatre. A form of story-telling unique to television was developed: character study in depth — and how many wonderful hours were the result! It should hastily be added that out of fifty-two hours a year on the Philco show alone, the failures far outnumbered the successes; but at least we tried. In those days we had the room and inclination to aim high, and "E" *was* given for effort. The best of television was (and still is) as good as anything around, and the worst was (and still is) no poorer than the bulk of popular fiction, most of Hollywood movies, and (let's be fair, theatre-lovers) the majority of Broadway plays. Since the great amount of junk in the other forms is not thrust into our living rooms, there is far more awareness of television's deficiencies; the intrusive sight and sound of that awful box is a constant reminder and irritant.

But a TV addict who hurls fierce lightning bolts at the industry is like a narcotics user who blames the pusher. Face it, Angry-Viewer-Who-Is-Hooked: If you have become a

ROBERT ALAN AURTHUR'S name has been attached as writer, editor or producer, to many of the best TV shows of the last decade. From the TV industry's viewpoint, however, too many of them fell into the succès d'estime *category.*

wasted blob from TV-dinners, if your children have become bleary-eyed zombies, it is *you* who must exercise self-control, it is *you* who must be the policeman. It used to be an effort to turn the set off, but now you can do it by *remote control* — television's most self-defeating invention since Westerns. Aurthur's First Law of Selectivity begins with the simple premise that, even now, there are ten to fifteen promising hours listed each week in your TV supplement. Seek them out, try them. Keep a good book at your side, your alternative if the promise is not delivered. I might add that anyone who demands or needs more than ten or fifteen hours of televiewing a week deserves anything he gets.

THE earlier, better TV days need no more endorsement than the list of people who worked regularly, and in most cases exclusively, in the medium. There were the writers: Reginald Rose, Paddy Chayefsky, Tad Mosel, David Shaw, Rod Serling, George Axelrod, N. Richard Nash, Horton Foote; the directors: Delbert Mann, Martin Ritt, Yul Brynner, Arthur Penn, Vincent Donehue, Robert Mulligan, John Frankenheimer, Franklyn Schaffner, George Roy Hill; and the actors who made their initial impact on the American public via television: Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Eva Marie Saint, Rod Steiger, Ernest Borgnine, Jo Van Fleet, Kim Stanley, Steven Hill, Jack Lemmon, Tony Franciosa, Ben Gazzara, Eli Wallach, Jimmy Dean, Julie Harris.

Earlier I mentioned the fact that the combination of these talents had a subsequent effect on films and the theatre. Over the past three Broadway seasons, these writers and directors have been responsible for about fifteen plays, including one Pulitzer Prize and three Critics Circle awards; and about a half-dozen movie Oscars are scattered among all those named.

With the exception, of course, of the late Jimmy Dean, and of Rod Serling, who seems to have settled for the riches of a slick-fiction weekly series, most of the above people presently work in television not at all: some may do one or two special shows a year. Have they deserted, as sometimes charged, or have they been driven out, as is actually the case?

Generally, there are two good reasons for doing a job: the conditions that prevail promise the artist-craftsman freedom to extend his art to its fullest range, or they promise the most money in the least amount of time. In the halcyon days of TV, the first rule applied with the concomitant joy of being able to make a good living. Today, with ever rarer exceptions, the second situation prevails, and who can blame anyone for going to films where ten times the money can be made for the same kind of workaday job? And where neither films nor television offers artistic kicks, the theatre can still be the occasional haven.

PRODUCER Fred Coe is unemployable in television today. Imaginative showmen like Pat Weaver and Hubbell Robinson, who once controlled the program destinies of NBC and CBS respectively, have been replaced by the Machinemen, and TV has been almost completely corrupted in the transistorized drive for dollars.

Unfortunately, the homily having to do with builders of better mousetraps becoming rich and famous, or at the very least catching a lot more mice, does not apply in television. The simplest formula for TV success lies in weekly film series. Make them fast and make them cheap. If one fails, have three to take its place. Five years ago the American Broadcasting Company, a poor third among the networks, made its competitive move based on this formula. Three seasons of "bread-and-butter programing" (Madison Avenue newspeak for "popular trash"), moved ABC to a solid first in both ratings and profits. Ratings have been punctured and villified — mostly with good cause — but ratings *are* the only measurement in television, and no matter how inaccurately measured it is an indisputable, if lamentable, fact that a bad Western will attract a great many more people than a first-rate drama; furthermore, the Western can be made much cheaper, be sold for a good deal greater margin of profit, and have an unlimited residual value. *The Moon and Sixpence* with Olivier cost over a half-million dollars, was sold originally at a loss, and has never been repeated because no one will sponsor it. For the same amount of money, NBC can make five full-hour *Wagon Trains*, which (happy heritage!) your great-grandchildren will see in a 94th re-run.

Such being the case, what idealist can expect the networks, answerable directly to boards and stockholders — and, unfortunately, *not* answerable to the FCC or to the minority audience that wants more than hoodlum series — to do anything but trundle, rhinoceros-like, into Mr. Ionesco's swamp of sameness? Throw out the showmen, bring in the bookkeepers. Replace talent with calculating machines. There's Profit in Pap!

THAT'S the way it is, and basically it's never going to change. We live in a culture where *Confidential* will always outsell *The New Yorker* ten-to-one. Don't fight it; just read the book of your choice. It's not even a tragedy unless one accepts daily reality as tragic. What *is* wrong, however, is that your local newsstand has *both Confidential* and *The New Yorker,* but in the frantic scramble for dollars the networks have driven almost everything of quality from the air. Even worse, there are no plans or promise for anything but more of the same.

Millions of people have been disenfranchised from watching television, because there is so little to interest them. Each year millions more people *stop* watching television. Eighty to 90 per cent of available TV sets used to be tuned in to Milton Berle in the early days; today a show is considered a smash success if it attracts 30 per cent of the available viewers. Someday maybe *no one* will tune in, and that will end the whole problem.

AS ONE who was richly rewarded by television, I can only be sorry. I'm tempted to say it was fun while it lasted, but I'm not so sure. Ten years' worth of statistics alone can be pretty frightening. As a writer, I was responsible for almost a hundred hours of television; as a script editor and producer, I was involved in over 400 hours of TV, formed solid working relationships with about twenty directors, came in practical contact with over 2,000 actors. Measured against individual efforts in other media, these figures add up to several lifetimes; in television, such a record is practically unnoticeable. In New York there are seven channels broadcasting eighteen hours a day seven days a week: a total of *882* hours *each week.* Consider *that* unprecedented, terrifying need for program material when you wonder why someone doesn't raise the general level of the medium.

The anecdotes from the ten years would fill several volumes, but all add up to the fact that television is at one time both funny and sad—and *always* difficult! There were the terribly depressing days of the blacklist, with its endless little tragedies, but the one moment I remember most clearly was sitting with Sidney Poitier as network lawyers interrogated him about certain petitions for civil rights and integrated housing that Sidney had signed. The idea was to "clear" Poitier for a play of mine, *A Man Is Ten Feet Tall*, and the meeting ended when Sidney burst into angry, frustrated tears and ran from the room. Fortunately, without the lawyers, we got him back, and three months later I had the pleasure of sitting with Sidney, this time at the Sylvania Awards banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, as both of us received awards for the play.

I also remember hiding shamefacedly in a coatrack during a rehearsal, while Ezio Pinza stood in the middle of the hall with tears streaming down his cheeks. (Yes, a lot of crying goes on in TV). He had just found out we were planning to fire an elderly Italian actor who, it turned out, couldn't speak a word of English, although he had important plot lines to deliver. Dear Ezio sat up two straight nights with the old man teaching him the role by rote in his own charming brand of broken English. No one ever did know what the play was about, but even then it was clear that no television show was more important than Pinza's decency and the greatness of his spirit. . . . I also remember sitting with Paddy Chayefsky and Gordon Duff (then associate-producer of the Philco Playhouse) with Duff waving his favorite title source, the Bible, in Chayefsky's face and insisting that Paddy change a prosaic-sounding title, *Marty*, to one Gordon felt was better suited, *The Stalled Ox.* . . . I remember complaining bitterly to Fred Coe on one of my early shows that a character described in the play as "chic and attractive" had been seriously miscast. The actress, Grace Kelly, had shown up at the reading in a dreadful, misshapen tweed suit, no makeup and horn-rimmed glasses. . . .

THERE WAS the time I did a du Pont show with Fred and Delbert Mann, an adaptation of *The Red Mill.* It was to be gay and funny. Midway in rehearsal the technicians went on strike, and we had to rush into the studio to experiment with shooting it on tape as a movie would be done, editing the tape later (something which had never been tried before). While the first half hour of the show was on the air to New York, the third half-hour was still being worked on. A man from du Pont stood watching the TV screen and said, quite seriously, "Maybe an atom war will break out, and we can still be saved." No such luck!

I recall the fateful day when Merle Miller came to me, idealism shining from innocent eyes, sobbing of the piteous plight of the Pima Indians, their water rights stolen from them by plundering white men. How best to bring this horrible injustice to the attention of the American public?—by dramatizing the story of Ira Hayes, the Pima who was in the Iwo Jima flag-raising picture and who later died on the reservation, alcoholic and alone.

Bravely and hopefully we plunged forward with *The American*, planning to institute another television first by shooting the entire show on remote locations, using the reservation itself. Then, surprise! *No one* seemed to care about the plight of the Indians, including the Indians themselves; instead, it was how much could every man get for himself. Driven from the Pima reservation, we fled to Tucson, hounded by threatened lawsuits, injunctions and Congressional investigations. The Marines and the Associated Press were after us, fearing that we were despoiling a great image—The Picture. The Governor of Arizona and his state troopers *almost* got us on the last day. But through blizzard and sandstorm, director John Frankenheimer staged and shot the fifty-minute play in five days, working his cast and crew ninety-seven out of a possible one hundred and ten hours. In spite of all, it was a damn good play.

When it was all over, Merle Miller vowed never again to write sympathetically of minority groups; we are all *still* being sued, the rating of the show was reported to 14.3 (i.e., lousy!), and Jack Gould hated the whole thing, dismissing Frankenheimer's incredible and historic effort with ". . . [he] directed with his usual competence."

WHILE I don't particularly treasure that review, which didn't mention my name as producer, I do value three telegrams from Irate Viewers who awarded me "The Order of Lenin" for our production of *The Sacco-Vanzetti Story*. It isn't the nature of the medal that impresses me, but I do feel that any show which arouses such contempt is worth doing. Maybe you can't satisfy a mass audience, but you *can* make some people angry. I also cherish the banner headlines in Massachusetts papers condemning us in terms that haven't been heard in the Bay State since the good old Salem days, and the editorial in the South Carolina paper which somehow saw *The Sacco-Vanzetti Story* as a violent thrust against States' rights. I must mention, however, the unusually good reaction to the show, which outnumbered the haters by fifty-to-one.

The two last-named shows were part of a series I was asked to produce a year and a half ago by NBC as an experiment that would test whether an avid audience still existed for "mature" drama. In addition to the above, we did several original plays; a two-part adaptation of *What Makes Sammy Run?; John Brown's Raid,* another play taped completely on location; a one-man drama starring Art Carney; and Robert Crean's imaginatively stylized play based on the life of Salvatore Giuliano.

Nothing to be ashamed of there, yet at the end of the experiment we were told that because our average audience was only 18,000,000 viewers, the whole thing was a hopeless failure. I agree. It is pointless to continue such shows when a less expensive film series can attract twice that audience. And so, onward and upward with the other arts.

Creativity needs room to move in, fresh air to breathe. Perhaps I'm too quick to suffer shortness of breath and too easily panic from claustrophobia, but I find the limited atmosphere allocated by the Machinemen to be intolerable. From the quiet of my living room, the TV set off, the fields of the theatre and independent motion picture production look far greener.

Besides, souls shrivel at the enormity of the failure one suffers in today's TV. How extraordinary a world is television—a place where you can flop in front of 20,000,000 people and be told that *nobody* was watching!!

MUNITIONS: A WAY OF LIFE . .

by Jerry Greene

IN HIS radio-TV farewell to the American people on January 17, President Eisenhower said: "We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the military-industrial complex. The potential rise of misplaced power exists and will persist."

Mr. Eisenhower's warning against the munitions lobby, the modern descendants of the "war-makers" of other years, should be kept in mind during the ensuing months while a new Administration, sharply critical of its predecessor for not spending enough money for arms, pours billions into more guns and bombs.

The warning was not a spur-of-the-moment thought by Eisenhower. It had been on his mind for years. As the nation's top military leader, he was able to override the frantic pleas of admirals and generals for more money for their pet schemes. He called these demands "parochial," and repeatedly was able to make his judgment stick with the Congress. And to the last, he had grave doubts that either Jack Kennedy or Dick Nixon would prove sufficiently mature, sufficiently powerful to beat back the efforts of the "military-industrial complex" to gain control of the nation's entire economy through manipulation of the defense budget.

The President outlined his fears in a conversation, last fall, with one of his top advisers, a man deeply concerned about the continued high level of U.S. defense spending. Subsequently, the adviser summed up that conversation for me:

"You will recall the Nye investigation of the munitions industry. The situation then was nothing compared to what it is today. You no longer merely have a munitions lobby to contend with. You have a new way of life. For in this cold war, you find that the militarists-industrialists are pretty well running our affairs. Don't think just of a few big TNT manufacturers — the du Ponts and such. Think in terms of whole industries, of thousands of subcontractors. Think of the wages paid, the local merchants who are supported through defense spending. Think of the propaganda from the Pentagon's massive public-information organizations.

"Then think also of the National Guard's persistent grabs for more money, more equipment. Think of the thousands of recruiting officers on duty everywhere, every one a propagandist, a lobbyist. And remember the hundreds of ROTC units, each another tentacle of the propaganda octopus reaching into millions of homes. All this combines for more pressure for more money from the federal treasury. It's dynamite. The boss is worried."

The munition-makers have gone far beyond the simple business of lobbying with Congress. Today, the pressure is applied to the public in the justified expectation it will swiftly reach the Congress in the most telling manner.

AN IDEA of the extent of the spread of defense business can be found in the Pentagon's last survey, covering the fiscal year 1960. At that time, it was estimated, there were between 15,000 and 20,000 individual contractors with defense contracts of $10,000 or more. Fascinating facts were revealed in a list of the hundred companies and 118 subsidiaries which received the largest dollar volume of contracts (total: $15,410,000-000). Johns Hopkins University ($34.8 million) was No. 73 on the list of the "Big 100," just ahead of du Pont and its subsidiary, Remington Arms, Inc., ($34.5 million). M.I.T. ($50.6 million) did better than either, ranking as No. 55 on the list. Together, the hundred companies accounted for 73.4 per cent of the total of $20,995,000,000 in all defense contracts for the year.

Another list contained the hun-

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dred top defense contractors among government agencies and "non-profit institutions" (meaning colleges and universities); the contracts ranged from Iowa State College's $247,000 to the big M.I.T. figure. The heavy expenditures of federal defense money in these schools — $361,000 for Linfield College, McMinnville, Ore.; $276,000 for Catholic University, Washington, D.C.—were as much in Eisenhower's mind, when he warned of the "military-industrialist complex," as a $600 lobbyist's tab for entertaining a Congressman.

Part of the danger emanating directly from the defense industry itself was exposed last year by the House Armed Services Subcommittee for Special Investigations, headed by Rep. F. Edward Hébert (D-La.). This investigation was, in fact, a far deeper inquiry into the munitions lobby than appeared from press reports. Technically, the subcommittee was studying the employment by defense industry of retired military officers and was seeking to draft preventive legislation. Hébert eventually came out with a tough bill providing criminal punishment for influence peddlers. Then the Chairman of the full committee, Carl Vinson (D-Ga.), emasculated the bill and eased through the House a meaningless measure which corrected nothing at all.

BUT there are juicy findings in the records of the Hébert hearings, harsh evidence of the sneaky and deadly combine which Eisenhower feared so greatly. For example, the committee reported:

> The President of the United States expressed concern over rivalry between two defense contractors engaged in a public debate through advertising media while a decision on the merits of their respective weapons was pending. Advertisements portrayed a dire impact upon the economy if their subcontractors were put out of work.

That's the modern way: don't stop at buying a Congressman a few drinks; get social-minded and look after the "welfare" of the community. Make the taxpayers buy your program.

"Two hundred and sixty-one general or flag officers," the committee said, "and 485 above the rank of colonel and Navy captain were employed by manufacturers of 80 per cent of new weapons."

During one two-day debate on the Hébert bill (which the author knew was lost) the Louisiana Congressman struck out angrily on the House floor:

> A subcommittee uncovered what was going on in the Bahamas whereby the Martin Company of Baltimore was entertaining on a lavish scale both active and retired officers, among whom were some who within thirty days would appear before the Appropriations Committee in support of contracts which included parcels for the Martin Co.
>
> I can only give you the facts. I can only say to you that when Dr. [George] Bunker became president of the Martin Co. it was on the verge of bankruptcy. Today Martin Co. is No. 2 on the defense contract list, and paid a dollar more per share, while the Douglas Aircraft was losing $93 million. The Martin Co. does not do a dime's worth of work for private business. Every nickel comes from the government in subsidies. Why should they entertain their only customer, the people they do business with?

The indignant Bunker — his company was No. 6 on the 1960 "Big 100" list with $596.7 million in contracts — made an illuminating comment from the witness stand:

> There has been an impression that these military officers have been subjected to undue influence by being our guests.
>
> I think this is a serious problem. I think we have got a grave question facing us today. It has to do with what the capitalistic system can fundamentally do. And it is made up with competitive businesses. And the combination of these competitive businesses in private industry and in government is to develop the weapons systems, the things which we have to compete with the Communists, with the monolithic structure that organizes all their capabilities.
>
> Now, we are one of the largest manufacturers of missiles in the country. I am the chairman of it. In common with my own counterparts in industry, I feel a big responsibility for this. And I don't think that our system of weapons development is going to work effectively if we do anything that keeps us from bringing together the major capacities of the people that of necessity have to work closely together.
>
> We can only succeed with an intimate relationship between all these segments.
>
> I submit to you that it is the kind of thing that won two wars and that permits us to have the defense posture that we do today.

John Courtney, the astute committee counsel, took this wordy statement apart with one question: "Well," he asked, "was it the entertainment or military strength that won the wars, Mr. Bunker?"

The Martin Company incident, of course, is simply a reminder that the old-fashioned methods of lobbying have not been entirely replaced by the new. The more modern type is exemplified in the story of the Nike-Zeus anti-missile, not yet approved by the nation's top experts, which could involve $14 billion in taxpayers' money.

RIGHT NOW there is nothing hotter in the race for space, either here or in the Soviet Union, than the search for an anti-missile weapon which can defend against an intercontinental atomic warhead. The Nike-Zeus is the Army's contender; and it happens, also, to be the Army's last big chance to keep the door open to the wonderful world of supersonic rockets — a door almost slammed shut when the Defense Department restricted the Army to the development of short-range missiles.

The war over the Nike-Zeus has been running more than four years now; and, including the amounts projected for it in the 1961-1962 budget, the Army has put more than $1 billion into it. But the scientists and the generals have split sharply on whether the weapon is worth putting into production. The Army — and the Army contractors — scream yes; the Air Force and the Navy vote no, not yet. And after studying all the available reports, Mr. Eisenhower agreed with the Air Force and the Navy.

Hébert's committee last year gave "particular consideration" to "advertisements of the Western Electric

Co. concerning the Nike-Zeus system." Hébert's report said:

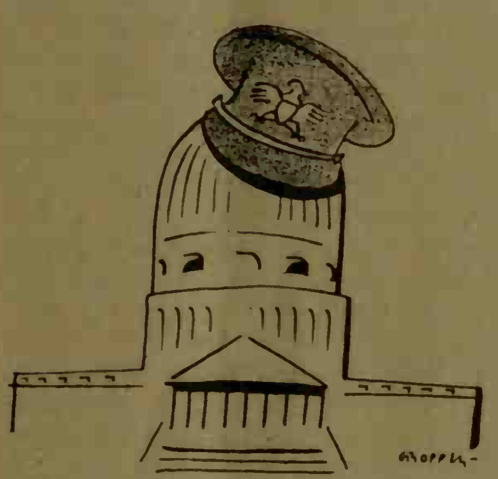
> The two comparisons [i.e., involving the Bomarc, an anti-aircraft missile, as well as the Nike-Zeus] which have been mentioned are believed to have been provocation for the criticism of pressures being applied on Defense Department officials at the time a decision was pending concerning these contending weapons systems.
>
> The subcommittee is of the opinion that such advertising is detrimental to the defense effort. It provokes controversy and promotes dissension, and introduces biased, narrow and prejudicial considerations into purely military decisions.
>
> The subcommittee is of the opinion that advertising by a defense contractor purporting to show the method of construction, particularly the military effectiveness of a weapon or the economic impact of a cancellation upon employees or its subcontractors, is dangerous and unhealthy.

The Hébert subcommittee was not alone in wrestling with Nike-Zeus (and, as will be seen, what Hébert found then was small potatoes as compared to the situation today). Army partisans had been battling full force for the weapon in the House Appropriations Committee itself. Former Defense Secretary Thomas Gates patiently told the committee that Nike-Zeus looked promising, but it simply wasn't ready for production. "It is loaded with every known kind of difficulty and problem," Gates testified. "I hope some day we will learn more about this problem from the work we are doing in the anti-missile field; but what can actually be done only time will tell."

Gates almost wept trying to pursuade the Congressmen that, contrary to Army claims, Nike-Zeus was being treated fairly:

"The Nike-Zeus program was given an enormous amount of consideration by the President's Scientific Advisory Committee, by our Scientific Advisory Committee, by our Director of Research, by the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It was a very important decision, first from the standpoint of the defense of the United States, and second, financially. The first one is much more important than the financial because an anti-missile defense is vital — if it can be successfully developed. . . . The Nike-Zeus system has serious problems about it. . . . I do not want to downgrade it before we give it its fair chance because it is the only anti-missile system we have that looks promising."

FOR a project likely to involve $14 billion before it is finished, it would appear that Gates was taking a sound, reasonable position. But the Army insisted that its own scientists and experts were right, and that the weapon was worth the gamble. The Army and its partisans (and foremost among them the manufacturers of the Nike-Zeus weapon) have never stopped pressing for its adoption. Indeed, the pressures have mounted. The trade magazine *Missiles & Rockets*, Jan. 30, 1961, bears on the cover notice of a special report: "Kennedy's Big Decision — Should He Order Nike-Zeus Production Now?" The report runs for twenty-eight pages. The lead article notes: "Each day that a go-ahead order is delayed is a day lost in beginning deployment — which is three years away at the earliest. . . ."



Western Electric, the prime contractor for Nike-Zeus, spanked soundly for its "dangerous and unhealthy" advertising by Representative Hébert less than a year ago, has a two-page ad in the magazine asserting that the company "is proud of the responsibility assigned to it as leader of the Army's Nike-Zeus industrial team of companies which bring together broad and diverse capabilities." Western Electric names eighteen subcontractors. Three pages later, Thiokol, one of the subcontractors, has a full-page ad boasting of the reliability of the Zeus booster rocket which it makes. Sperry Gyroscope has another paid page, as does Westinghouse.

It is reported that $90 million have been spent for test facilities on Kwajalein Island to see what Nike-Zeus can do in experiments set for mid-1961.

But the clamor goes on ahead of the tests. Congress is in session and funds are up for appropriation. A section of the military-industrial complex is demanding its great chunk of the tax dollar, regardless of the judgment of many scientists, economists and military men.

ARMY MAGAZINE for February, 1961, devotes its cover to a four-color photo of a Nike-Zeus test firing. The magazine contains the same full-page ad from Thiokol, and another from Douglas. The Douglas ad states that "Army's Zeus is designed for a hit *every time* on supersonic bull's-eyes. . . . Tests of this new anti-missile show that it will attack enemy ICBM's with 100 per cent accuracy at a distant interception point." A claim as extravagant as this for a new razor blade would get the advertiser hauled up before the Federal Trade Commission for phony advertising. Douglas neglects to note that these "tests" are slide-rule operations; there has never been a full test of a single Zeus against a free-flying ICBM warhead, and there can't be before next summer at the earliest.

Army Magazine is the publication of the Association of the U.S. Army. It is unofficial, but it represents Army positions and Army thinking. The Air Force and Navy have similar association publications. Each of these, openly partisan, is certainly entitled to express its partisanship. But when the military-industrial complex can command nearly unlimited funds — all traceable to the U.S. Treasury — to influence Congress, to sway or overturn decisions of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the President of the United States, then certainly the time has come for the country to take heed of the words of warning in Eisenhower's last public testament.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Barnes Collection

Maurice Grosser

IN 1951, at the age of seventy-nine, Dr. Alfred C. Barnes, Philadelphia philanthropist and art collector, drove through a red light and was killed. He left behind him, in the Barnes Foundation, one of the world's largest and most celebrated collections of pictures. It was also one of the least accessible. No catalogue existed; no picture from it was ever loaned and no photograph allowed to be reproduced. Relatively few persons had seen it—only the small body of students matriculated in the foundation's courses of art appreciation, a scattering of the doctor's personal friends and picture dealers, and such guests and applicants as were acceptable to his despotic and unpredictable whim. Getting in was very difficult. One wrote a letter of request, which often remained unanswered and was as often refused. Emily Genauer, the art critic, was turned down apparently because she had telephoned to the foundation's unlisted number. Jacques Lipchitz, the sculptor, was not let in although the foundation contained many and most important examples of his work. James A. Michener, refused under his real identity when a college student, got in by pretending to be a steel worker from Pittsburgh.

This last is not astonishing. Barnes was a self-made man, and however difficult he may have been with those of wealth or position, he always professed sympathy for what he called "plain people." Born of very poor parents in a Philadelphia slum, he had helped pay his way through medical school by playing semi-professional baseball. And when he became rich from the invention of argyrol, he retained a warm and somewhat Whitmanesque regard for ball players, firemen and Negro spiritual singers. He had known the painters John Sloan and William Glackens in school; he, himself, had even tried to paint. As soon as he could afford it, he began to collect pictures, and called on Glackens for advice. That was in 1910 or 1911. Glackens was devoted to the French Post-Impressionists and particularly to Renoir, and had no use for the conservative pictures Barnes was then acquiring. He introduced him to a more contemporary style of painting, with such effect that in 1912 Barnes dispatched him to Paris with $20,000 in his pocket to spend on modern works. Glackens bought him a small Renoir—a *Girl Reading,* the Van Gogh *Postman* and other Impressionist and Post-Impressionist works. Barnes must have liked them immensely, for six months later he was himself in Paris buying on his own. By the middle twenties his taste and acumen as a collector in the modern field had become celebrated; in 1923 his latest seventy-five acquisitions were given a special exhibition by Paul Guillaume in his Paris gallery. The show aroused such interest that it was immediately brought over to be exhibited by particular request at the Philadelphia Academy of Art.

BARNES'S other major interest was popular education, an interest probably awakened by the influence of his life-long friend, the philosopher and teacher John Dewey. Barnes believed passionately in the possibility of bringing culture and philosophy within the reach of the ordinary working man, and began by offering classes in psychology to the workmen in his factory. He also hung a selection of his modern pictures on the walls of the plant. And in 1922, for the express purpose of teaching art and art appreciation according to the guided group-discussion methods advocated by Dewey, he established and endowed the Barnes Foundation, and donated to it his constantly growing picture collection.

In 1922, when the foundation was begun, modern painting was some forty years less familiar than it is today, and examples of it correspondingly more difficult to evaluate. Barnes himself chose his pictures, I believe, the way all great collectors do. He bought pictures and kept them around, and those that died on the wall he traded in for others. Nevertheless, he thought that he had found, in a variant of Clive Bell's "significant form," a sure and objective method of art criticism. It was roughly this: the subject matter of the picture as well as the work's poetic content were to be disregarded. One was to look only at the plastic (or formal) means employed. These formal elements he considered to be color (which included light), line and space. Barnes maintained that the value of a work of art could be accurately determined, first by the expressivity achieved by each of these elements taken separately, and then by the unity of effect arrived at by their combined use. He was also convinced that the best way to teach the appreciation of great painting was to put a student in front of a masterpiece and teach him to evaluate it by this system. He even believed that in this way students could be taught to paint original works.

Consequently, the foundation was staffed with instructors trained in Barnes's methods of criticism, and endowed with the best possible examples of modern painting to serve as material for analysis. The courses were entirely philosophical and verbal—no practice or training in drawing or painting was permitted within the institution. Especially was it forbidden to make copies of the pictures on display. Students were accepted on grounds of their general suitability and Dr. Barnes's approval. No previous knowledge of art or art history was required. There was no tuition.

THE SCHOOL has now been in operation for more than thirty-five years. Despite the doctor's great and constant generosity in grants and traveling fellowships, the results have been disappointing. A few art instructors and writers on aesthetics have been turned out, but as far as I know there has not been a single painter of any value—a record that could have been predicted for a school of art education based entirely on the ritual admiration of masterpieces.

Although he established the art gallery as a functional part of the teaching system, Barnes did not, I believe, at first intend to hold it as inaccessible from the general public as it soon became. The foundation's original trust indenture provided that the collection would be open to the public three days a week, the times and conditions to be regulated at the discretion of the board of trustees. That was in 1922. In 1923, the much-heralded exposition of Barnes's new Paris acquisitions was held at the Philadelphia Academy. The results were deplorable. The pictures—particularly it seems those of Soutine—were more than Philadelphia could take. There was an immediate and outraged uproar. Barnes was deeply hurt and vociferously furious with public, critics and museums alike. And when the foundation was inaugurated the following year, Philadelphia found that he had taken his revenge. He invoked the discretionary clause in the charter, the public was excluded and the collection became accessible only by particular invitation.

This policy was continued after Barnes's death, although I believe that latterly any qualified person, on writing a letter, has been received. Now, however, the interdict is over. The State of Pennsylvania, after a series of long and difficult legal maneuvers, has succeeded in establishing the principle that a charitable, tax-free institution like the Barnes Foundation falls under the supervisionary jurisdiction of the state's attorney general, and must be administered for the public benefit. And it is announced that, after a date not yet named in the near future, the public up to the number of two hundred will be admitted to the foundation two days of the week, that on the other days the gallery will be open to art students and instructors by arrangement, and that to facilitate requests, the foundation's telephone number will henceforth be listed. Whether the school continues under this public invasion is up to directors. It probably will go on, since if classes cease, the foundation's income falls under the attorney general's supervision.

THE COLLECTION, which I have recently had the privilege to see, is every bit as extraordinary as one was led to believe. There are about a thousand pictures—some two hundred Renoirs; a hundred Cézannes; seventy or eighty Matisses; twenty to thirty Picassos, all of the early and most valuable periods; fifteen or twenty Douanier Rousseaus; one of the largest and finest Seurats, depicting his studio with model; numerous Van Goghs, Soutines, Modiglianis, Pascins, along with examples of all the rest of the School of Paris—even including one not-too-important Derain, a painter whom Barnes, I am told, particularly disliked. There is a collection of locks and keys, of Negro sculpture, of Early American furniture, tapestries after designs by Picasso and Rouault, a Matisse mural, a large group of Flemish and Italian painting including a fine Tintoretto and a Titian portrait of a man with a little boy; the man, wearing a short beard and a troubled expression, resembles for all the world the present director of the School of the American Ballet.

The monetary value of all this is fantastic. Of course, it would be impossible, even if one wished, to sell the collection outright. Such massive unloading would destroy the market. Nevertheless, I am told by Mr. Georges Keller, of the Carstairs Gallery and formerly of the Bignou, who acted as Dr. Barnes's agent in purchasing a greater part of the work, that if, little by little, buyers could be found, the collection would bring in something between $300 and $500 million. None of the collection is insured. Dr. Barnes maintained, sensibly, that a work of art is irreplaceable, and that insuring it serves no purpose.

The building that houses the pictures stands back in wooded grounds—a large, pleasant, open, rectangular, limestone structure in a simplified French Renaissance style, resembling more a fine private mansion than a picture gallery. In fact the pictures are there hung as in a private house, with little attempt at placement according to painter, date or school. Each frame carries only the painter's name—all very much in keeping with Dr. Barnes's attitude toward subject matter. His particular favorites among the painters were Matisse, Renoir and Cézanne, all of whose various manners are here exhaustively exemplified. There are even pictures that the doctor himself recognized as faulty, but which he acquired to show his classes how badly even the greatest artists could sometimes paint. There is, for example, a girl by Renoir with a clumsily drawn forearm, and a well-known Cézanne figure piece—four men bathers and Mont Ste. Victoire in the background—which, with its poison-green grass and stickily painted bodies, could scarcely appear more laboriously uninspired. On the other hand, there are: two portraits of Mme. Cézanne, one with a single glove and one in a hat, as noble and direct as Titians; the most successful of the large figure compositions; the famous *Boy With Skull;* the even more famous large finished version of *The Card Players;* together with the finest imaginable collection of still lifes and landscapes, the greater part unknown to the public, even, I believe, in photographs.

As for Renoir, beginning with four large decorative panels of nudes in a somewhat pre-Impressionist mural style, there is a complete and extraordinary presentation of all his periods, from the pictures painted on the Marne as a very young man, down to the best fat, pink ladies of his latter years I have yet seen. The Matisses, on the other hand, I found disappointing. And the famous mural, with its flat, monochrome figures silhouetted like cut-outs in three contiguous lunettes, is so slight and economical as to leave almost no impression at all. The Matisses of the Cone collection in Baltimore seem to me much finer. But then, in Baltimore Matisse is not placed cheek by jowl with much greater masters.

It is almost useless to go on with the

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VINTAGE BOOKS
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Modern Library
AND *Vintage Books*

One of the first important results of the recent merger of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. and Random House is the combining of two of the most distinguished paperback series in the country — Vintage Books and Modern Library paperbacks — under the single imprint of Vintage Books. The Vintage series now includes such important authors as Camus, Cather, Faulkner, Forster, Gide, Graves, Malraux, Mann, Mencken, O'Neill, Sartre and Wallace Stevens.

The following titles for Spring 1961 represent the first combined list to be published under the new Vintage imprint.

BUDDENBROOKS
A novel by *Thomas Mann.* $1.85 V-180

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By *Edmund Wilson.* $1.95 V-181

I, CLAUDIUS
A novel by *Robert Graves.* $1.45 V-182

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enumeration—of the two splendid large Picassos, one a blue period of a boy and man in juggler costume, the other a pink, of nude girl, child and goat; the disquieting Pascin of young woman and little boy; the numerous, important and delicious Rousseaus; the curious Degas of two reclining nudes and a pair of standing legs, looking almost as if cut out from a larger canvas; the Lautrec portraits and the tiny Daumier of a painter at his easel, certainly Daumier himself; the Bonnard of a woman at a red-covered table addressing invitations.

Particularly gratifying are the numerous Glackens. Glackens has always been rated an inferior imitator of Renoir. But here, where the two painters can be so beautifully compared, it becomes clear that the charge is unfounded. Glackens' brushwork, it is true, derives from Renoir's, but there the likeness ends. Glackens' bright color contrasts resemble not at all Renoir's quiet and meditative harmonies. And Glackens' brash exuberance of sentiment and subject bears no likeness to Renoir's mellow cheerfulness and restrained good manners. From the wonderful examples shown here—the charming self-portrait as a young man, the race track on a summer day, the New England bathing scene—it becomes evident that Glackens is not a French imitator, but a straightforward American painter and one of the very best.

IT IS, in sum, a magnificent collection. True, it dates a little. With no Surrealism and little abstract work, and including as it does a few names now out of style, it evokes more than a little the aesthetic climate of thirty years ago—of *The Dial* and *Broom* and *Vanity Fair*. According to the articles of incorporation, neither the hanging nor the composition of the collection can ever be changed. As time goes on it will probably appear more and more a period piece. I do not think it will suffer from it. With so few inferior pieces, such an abundance of outstanding ones, it should weather the most radical changes of taste.

Dr. Barnes was a controversial figure. Whatever can be said about him, of his implacable resentments toward those he considered his adversaries, or his great generosity toward his intimates and friends, he was after all, as his collection demonstrates, a princely type with a prince's taste for the best in painting. And despite his affirmed devotion to a somewhat arid theory of artistic formalism, the emphasis he placed in his collection on human values is evidence enough of his humanity. Neither he nor his collection will soon be forgotten.

Man with the Luger

JOURNEY NOT TO END. By Paul Herr. Bernard Geis Associates. 250 pp. $3.95.

Nelson Algren

THIS assassin's travelogue, told by a Luger-toting Existentialist, personifies a rage against humanity so deep that one senses it could not burn so steadily were it not fed by fires of love.

"From Belsen the Americans transplanted us to a kinder place," he begins without identifying himself further. "I still imagined that a man imprisoned by one State can be liberated by another; this is not true. A man can only liberate himself by himself and for himself. All else is madness and collaboration."

Effecting an escape from the American camp, he spends the years after Belsen at sea, yet from himself can find no escape. His dreams make the landscape of violence, and the breath of Belsen is on every man's mouth.

"So long as organized Terror exists in any State, all other States that resist it *on its own terms only* will tend to adopt more and more of its dehumanizing techniques," he believes. "For years I had been recording the decline of the so-called Free World as it apes the concentration camp life it pretends with all its resources to oppose." Yet he himself does not realize clearly that by resisting the violence of society *on its own terms* he too becomes dehumanized.

"I do not hate violence itself," he writes, seeking to justify violence as a way of life. "If I kill you because I hate you as an individual, I am still human, and although I have taken your life I have not denied your humanity. But if I do this without passion, because of an Order, because of your Number or your Category, we both become Things."

This curious justification of violence on the basis of an abstract humanitarianism is precisely the point at which the work of Camus became unraveled, making it as useful to men of no conscience as to men of conscience. Like the thought of this nameless nihilist, the thought of Camus became so intellectualized that it presents no threat to fascism today. It is for this reason that the Camus books and plays are popular in Franco's Spain, while the work of Sartre, which presents a real danger to the state, is barred there.

The man with the Luger is a divided man: he seeks to isolate himself from the company of men at the same time that he is obsessed by the conviction that "unless man's life is unique, and his life has relevance to the lives of others, life itself becomes a gaseous carcass to be dumped without ceremony into an incinerator." Yet how is a man's life to have relevance, and thus be unique, if it is not lived in the company of men?

He attempts to compromise with himself: "It is best for one to read only those papers written in a language one does not understand too well. It is best to speak directly only to strangers."

His abiding rage at having been reduced to a Thing, his dread of being once more a Number, seduces him into conversation with many strangers—and always to subsequent violence. It is, however, always a rational violence. It is always passionless, and resorted to

Song in the Studio of Paul Klee

The moon of the Moors is not outside tonight.
It is in the heart of an old angora cat
and beats, as she sleeps,
in my lap. Tomorrow afternoon
the final leaf will fall.
It will be blue.
And if, by chance, it condescends to float
on our blue windowsill,
we will hear, as it hits, the tinkle of a flute
or six cuckoos popping from six clocks.
These slovenly clouds that pass
between the cubes of muscle in the brain
are those I counted once
on a cold and polished marble tabletop
at uncle's restaurant.
Or, flat on my back, from the bottom of a boat
I shall one day see:
and feel the roll of the boat as the pilot plunges the pole
and sails to where there is no moon at all.

PAUL CARROLL

only when no alternative remains. Then it is as efficient as Belsen.

Curiously, this is not a cold book. Its women, the landscape of its dreams, great ports and moving waters, market and bazaar, come alive with a sound of music. It is a book told with poetry and force, and the first novel dealing authentically with the overthrow of Batista to come into this reviewer's sightline. The title is unfortunate because it raises comparison with Céline. In such a comparison, Herr's novel falls short, not by the quality of its writing, but because it lacks the sense of completion afforded by *Journey to the End of Night*.

But this novel is an event.

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

DENIS JOHNSTON'S *The Moon in the Yellow River* (East End Theatre) has long been one of my favorite plays. It was first produced by Dublin's Abbey Theatre in 1931 where — like so many other fine Irish plays — it was booed by an audience committed to the proposition that the Irish must always be presented as heroes or persons of infinite charm and wisdom. The Theatre Guild (while I was its playreader) produced the play in 1932. It met with a rather cool press at first, but George Jean Nathan's enthusiasm made several of the reviewers reverse their original judgments. The damage had already been done: the play failed.

The present revival, staged by David Fulford, is intelligent and the cast very well chosen. The more intimate aspects of the play — the personal problem of its central figure who is not quite its protagonist (this may be one of the play's faults) — are not sufficiently enriched by emotional substance to make much effect. Still one is given the play.

Though the reviewers have now welcomed the play most cordially, I am not sure that they fully understand it. One of the remarkable features of *The Moon in the Yellow River* is that, while its locale, circumstances and all but one of its characters are Irish, the play does not concern Irish problems. "The Moon" is in fact one of the few plays by an Irish author which is of extensive (not to say "universal") significance.

The plot deals with the efforts of an Austrian engineer — Tausch — to run a powerhouse he has built in a remote corner of the Irish countryside. This project is opposed by a romantic "anarchist" who thinks of Ireland as an oasis that must remain untainted by modern industrialism and large-scale capitalism, which are always accompanied by the development of a miserable proletariat. This poet of a man (once a leading fighter in the struggle against British rule) proposes to blow up the Austrian's powerhouse. The gesture comes to naught because the home-made bombs won't explode. The police intervene, the "poet" is shot to death by a police captain who had been his comrade in arms against the English. But the powerhouse gets blown up when the two lovable duffers who made the apparently worthless bombs try to get rid of them on a scrapheap.

The play is a little parable dramatizing the conflict of the romantic spirit against mechanical science and even "progressive" capitalism. But since this parable is told in realistic terms the "fates" which so often conspire against the processes of reason are represented by very funny figures traditional in Irish comedy because they are not uncommon in the country. The industrialist Tausch is represented as a good-hearted gentleman of a serious but optimistically simple-minded disposition, fed like so many mid-Europeans on the belief in the benevolent effects of a mechanical *cum* business civilization when softened by the influence of chamber music, moralizing verse, and other appurtenances of culture. This portrait is not only delightful in itself but typical of the humanity with which all the "philosophic" motifs of the play are treated.

There is the extreme individualist, a good woman and a spinster, who guards her independence so fiercely that she keeps even her bicycle under close watch as part of her preserve. There is the little I.R.A. private who goes about terrorizing the "enemy" with an unloaded gun, while he himself is held in complete subjection by his devoutly religious mother. There is the retired engineer, an intellectual living in impassive withdrawal from the world as a pained and puzzled spectator, who is unable and unwilling to take action in the play's issues because he is uncertain about the meaning and value of destiny's course.

The play has a hesitant and insinuatingly tender wisdom. Many more things are suggested than one might suppose possible in so frail a dramatic structure. The desperately comic ending in which the works are exploded by inadvertence

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An Essay on the Limits of Historical Objectivity

By RAYMOND ARON **$7⁵⁰**
Translated by George J. Irwin

The pen of an enlightened skeptic poses these provocative questions: Does history move according to fixed laws? What do we know of the past? Can we predict future human development? Is mankind the victim of "historical inevitability?" Can there, in fact, be a science of history? Already a classic in its French original, Professor Aron's masterwork is acknowledged the definitive treatment of these topics from an anti-historicist viewpoint. His conclusions will be challenged, but the erudition supporting them can never be.

Author of *On War, The Century of Total War*, and *France: The New Republic*, Raymon Aron is Professor of Sociology at the Sorbonne.

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is one instance. The murder of the drunken "poet" (who dies because he tries to grasp "the moon in the yellow river") reminds one of the vindictiveness of ex-Communists toward those who once "lured" them into the movement. (The brutality of the reversal is motivated by the rationalized hysteria of the original impulse.) Best of all is the moment when the honest, fair-minded Tausch, appalled by the shooting, is told by the police captain: "It may be brains and inspiration that makes the country at the start, but it's my help you'll always be telephoning for before the end."

Here we are at the crux of the contradiction history has never yet resolved. Tausch is told that the "poet" "belonged to a different world that had no chance against yours — a world that must inevitably have been destroyed by you. . . . You've always been disturbing the waters with your machinery and drowning his moon in mud. No, in the end you would either have to kill him or to give up the fight."

This truly mature comedy endures, not because it is a drama of Irish politics or a joke about Irish fecklessness, but because it is a modestly symbolic play about the age-old struggle between hand and soul, rationalism and mysticism. It contains no easy answers, for no reconciliation of the two forces has as yet been consummated.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

COLUMBIA RECORDS, in its *Modern American Music Series,* is performing a service for American culture which other recording companies might well emulate. This project resulted from a conversation which took place a few years ago between an American composer and an official of Columbia Records, in which the musician pointed out that neglect of American music by recording companies was almost total; that they simply pretended it didn't exist, while the reservoir of unrecorded works grew deeper each year. With remarkable good will, the recording executive asked (and was told) how he might alter this situation. The *Modern American Music Series* was an answer. A committee consisting of Virgil Thomson, Aaron Copland, Henry Cowell, Goddard Lieberson and William Schuman was formed to select works to be recorded each year. The choice of performers was left to the composer; and he was also given the privilege of supervising not only rehearsals but the recording session. The result has been a series of splendid recordings which accurately represent a portion of our best contemporary output. They are produced with the same care given to other Columbia issues, and the roster of performers includes many of the most distinguished names in the United States. Recently, Columbia has been issuing these discs at closer intervals. I have three of them before me at the moment, one of which has a special interest for me, since it contains a work of my own, for soprano, flute, clarinet and harpsichord, called *Four Fragments from the Caunterbury Tales.*

A composer obviously cannot criticize his own work, but perhaps I may give a brief description and some discussion of the performance. *Four Fragments* is a chamber cycle of songs, derived from four sections of Chaucer's narrative: *Prologue* ("Whan that Aprille with her shoures soote," etc.); *A Knyght; A Yong Squier;* and *The Wyf of Biside Bathe.* They are intended to be a series of descriptive, lyrical vignettes, adding up to a balanced entity. The style is consonant and bright—rather airy and transparent because of the sonorities of the woodwinds and harpsichord.

Nobody could be happier than I am with the performance of these songs by the young soprano, Adele Addison. She has one of the most beautiful voices to be heard anywhere today: silky, perfectly controlled and warm. Her musicianship is complete. The other performers, also fine, are Robert Conant, harpsichord; Charles Russo, clarinet; and Martin Orenstein, flute.

The other composer on this disc is Theodore Chanler, whose *Nine Epitaphs* are sung by Phyllis Curtin, of the New York City Opera Company, accompanied by pianist F. Ryan Edwards. These are charming evocations of the kind of inscriptions to be found on old gravestones in rural England. The texts, by Walter de la Mare, range from gentle poignancy to slight irony, and Chanler's settings are both apposite and musically sensitive. He writes with fluency in a moderately conservative, clean-lined style. His command of prosody is extremely secure. I first heard these songs in performance (there were only six *Epitaphs* then) some years ago; it is a pleasure to find them as pungent as I had remembered. Phillis Curtin sings them with insight and musicality, though her enunciation, as ever, contains transient flaws. (ML-5598; MS-6198).

Lukas Foss's *String Quartet No. 1* which, with William Bergsma's *Third Quartet,* is presented on another record in this series, was written in 1947 when the composer was only 23 years old. It is a refined work, lyrical in its basic orientation, and bearing no trace of the

Dwight Eisenhower Speaks!
The following passage is reprinted from the San Francisco Examiner:

DICK NOLAN *THE CITY*

". . . for the part of Chester . . . Burton Wolfe's off-beat publication, **The Californian,** is making hay this issue with a collection of Eisenhower press conference quotations. . . . Accurately transcribed material of this kind almost always looks weird in print, as anybody who ever covered politics can tell you. I wonder what ever happened to the old protective tradition that nobody ever quotes the President directly."

* * *

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composer's youth except in its freshness of spirit. The first section alternates between sharp-edged rhythmic movement and a song-like melodic flow. The second is introspective in a rather cool and elevated manner, and cast (according to the composer) in theme and variations form. The finale is lively. Foss's style in this work is elegant; less individual than in some of his latest works; and a bit reminiscent of Loeffler's kind of modalism. The performance by the American Art Quartet is immaculate.

I find Bergsma's *Third Quartet* musically unconvincing. It is one of those works in which the composer seems to have put down melodic lines, counterpoints, rhythmic patterns, and harmonies without any particular expressive purpose. The Juilliard String Quartet plays the work with energy, but with less attempt to make it meaningful than I would have expected (ML-5476).

The *Piano Quintet* by Ross Lee Finney, which appears on ML-5477, is written in the 12-tone technique, but its basic orientation seems to be toward the Romantic school. Its dissonance saturation is high, but with expressivity rather than shock as the objective. This is a work which one could hear many times with increasing satisfaction, though its ideas are perfectly clear on first hearing as well. The slightly Prokofieff-influenced Allegro scherzando is particularly ingratiating. However, the slow movements are equally solid. The work is beautifully performed by Beveridge Webster, pianist, and the Stanley Quartet of the University of Michigan.

The *String Quartet 1931* by Ruth Crawford Seeger on this same disc is also an arresting work, though less successful and secure than the Finney. It begins with passages of contrapuntal writing which no doubt look interestingly tangled on paper, but do not convince the ear. There is, however, a section of this Quartet in which a very clever, dissonant texture is built up and sustained for a long time. This dramatic section, plus the cogently conceived parts immediately preceding it, make the work rewarding. The Amati String Quartet plays it splendidly.

Finally, on a record which is not part of the *Modern American Music Series*, but distinctly warrants praise, Columbia has issued music by Edgar Varèse, conducted by Robert Craft (*Ionisation; Density 21.5; Intégrales; Octandre; Hyperprism*) and the first recording of that composer's *Poème Electronique*, created directly on tape for the 1958 Brussels World's Fair. Whether or not one is a follower of the avant-garde, this record compels attention as an historical document. Varèse, in a long and consistently revolutionary career, has always been respected for sincerity and fertility of imagination. It is fascinating to observe that his percussion ensemble writing back in 1924 was far more subtle and "advanced" than that done by the covey of professional avant-gardists in the 1950's and 1960's. Equally, it is interesting to hear Webernesque and late-Stravinsky sounds in music which antedates Stravinsky's *Agon* by roughly thirty years. However, hearing these pieces one after the other strengthens my suspicion that this kind of music has lived its day; that composers who persist with instrumental sonority and color for its own sake will seal their futures as historical curiosities (ML-5478).

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

NOTHING is harder to invent than a really satisfactory chair. Each season a new zoo of them is designed and produced, but few survive in the market. Like the durable male movie stars — Cary Grant, Fred Astaire, etc. — our best modern chairs are by now no longer juveniles, but leathery leading men. For example, the Mies van der Rohe *Barcelona* chair was made in 1929; Alvar Aalto's line of bentwood chairs is vintage 1934; Marcel Breuer made his spring cantilever chair in 1928 (before Tab Hunter was even born); Hardoy and his colleagues slung their famous sling chair in 1939. Even the mass-produced Eames plywood chair and the Saarinen womb chair have been with us since the 1940's.

All these classic modern chairs share something; they were designed by architects, and, in a way, were all early predictions of the whole modern design movement — slogans for the kind of architecture the architects were not yet able to sell to many clients. As such, furniture continues to be interesting to anyone interested in design currents.

Few of the famous American architects are seriously designing furniture any longer. Only Charles Eames, who no longer practices architecture, keeps on turning out high-level seating, and this is fortunate, for he is a really talented man. Probably the practicing architects are all too busy doing buildings. But this, it seems, is not so in Europe. At last summer's Milan Triennale — the international design fair held in Italy each three years — new chairs were plentiful, many by architects. On the following page are some typical ones, to help you envision the design world of tomorrow — maybe.

The Italians are on a plump kick; austerity is out, yet there is the danger of appearing dowdily comfortable, so their pieces have the peculiar quality of high fashion. The first is an adjustable chair by Ignazio Gardella; 2 is by Castiglioni.

Germany's best, by P. Schneider Esleben, is a taut, trim trick in stainless steel and leather (3).

From Denmark comes one sumptuous leather-steel chair (4) by Poul Kjaerholm, for which I would predict success

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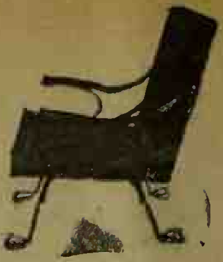

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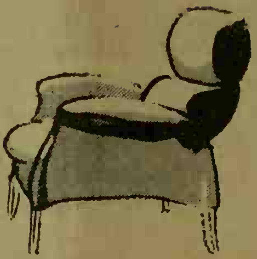

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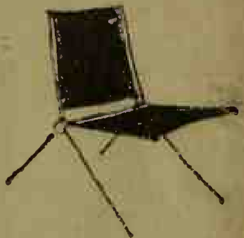

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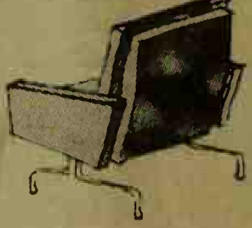

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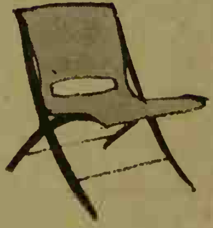

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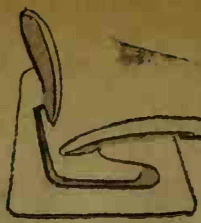

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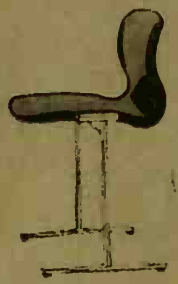

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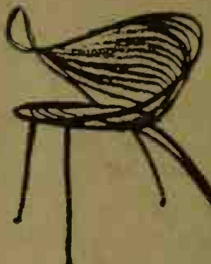

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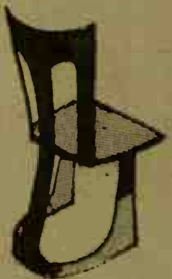

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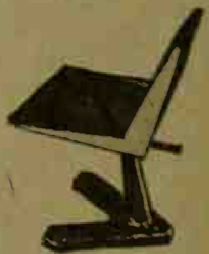


10

as a U.S. import, and a leaner one by Peter Hvidt and O. M. Nielsen (5).

Japan sent, among others, a set of stacking stools by Munemichi Yanagi and an easy chair by Daisako Cho (6).

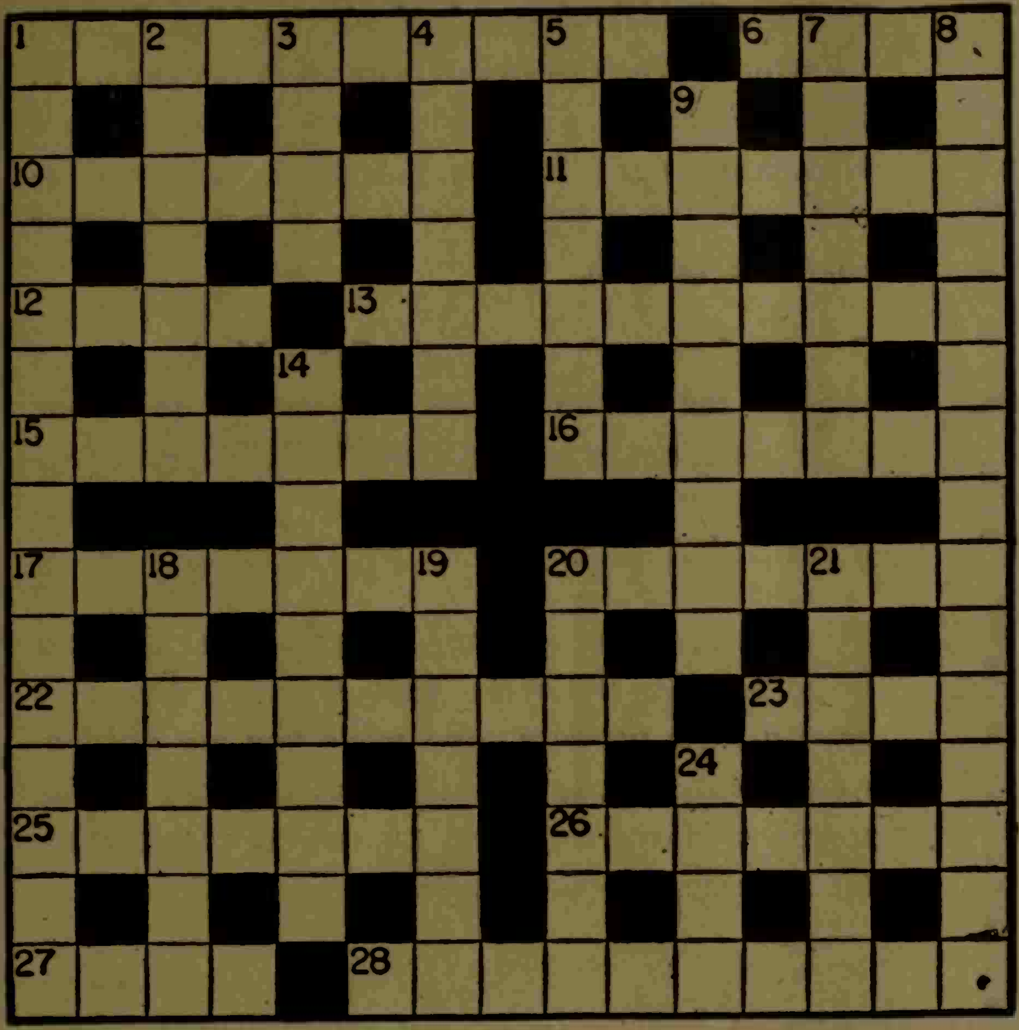
From Finland: a chair by Antti Nurmesniemi (7) that doesn't stack or fold, but might eat fish. From Poland: a cane and metal chair by Wladsyslaw Wolkowski (8), and a bent ply model for mass production (9). From Austria an adjustable pressed steel desk chair by Professor N. Schlesinger (10).

At Milan I was too busy to sit on any of them, but few looked comfortable. (The Kjaerholm chair was in the recent Danish show at the Metropolitan Museum, and *was* comfortable.) Yet modern architecture, of course, is getting almost comfortable. After a heedless youth bent only on esthetic thrills, it, for instance, now goes in for tinted glass that is as kind to the eyes as a Buick's optional windshield.

Gentle curves are appearing in buildings again, and softer lighting, and better acoustics (in fact, wherever you go in the architectural world, there seems to be an acoustical seminar in session . . . usually the same seminar, like a floating crap game). But possibly the end of this lush life is near, heralded by the new furniture. A new frontier beckons, lean and hard.

Crossword Puzzle No. 905

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It helps to figure out all the angles when you get oiled to the state this is in. (10)
6 A bird one might be followed by more than once. (4)
10 The level of speech elongated for display purposes. (7)
11 Concentration may be necessary to achieve it. (7)
12 Go through with difficulty scaled, by the sound of it. (4)
13 Does Robinhood associate a different color with ale? (The period should be left.) (3, 7)
15 Raises the dough needed to withdraw a couple of points. (7)
16 When you know you don't! (7)
17 Most of 20 across? It's about time to get driving! (7)
20 and 5 down Are the bones of the world's direction, according to some? (5, 2, 3, 4)
22 It might be a trout is, or rather, Arnold was. (10)
23 A good excursion to skip? (4)
25 Is the rain too sufficient for the lake? (7)
26 Is it China or Italy one associates with this? (7)
27 Doesn't start to be good receivers, probably. (4)
28 Is the scout's deed likely to be? (10)

DOWN:

1 Does it range from light to dark? (3, 8, 4)
2 Would a sort of ant-eater be chained here? (7)
3 Playing Jacks shouldn't be. (4)
4 The Dance of the Uhlans? (7)
5 See 20 across
7 Even a wise man could be blinded by it, according to nursery rhyme. (7)
8 Even if the subject is absorbing, it is seldom passed. (10, 5)
9 This fact might be classified. (It's somewhat disturbed in the ether disturbance.) (9)
14 It's time roads were responsible for bringing opposite ends together. (9)
18 Quite likely to be extremely dead, in a way, but put to other uses. (7)
19 Did they used to be all choked up by its performance? (7)
20 Go take a sort of turn with trouble for the medium. (7)
21 Redoing the estuary in France? (7)
24 The operatic girl who seems to be getting the pitch. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 904

ACROSS: 1 Clearing house; 10 Nomarch; 11 Astride; 12 Flipper; 13 Pursuer; 14 Regnant; 15 Sapling; 16 Hackers; 20 Insider; 23 Realize; 24 Seaport; 25 Anthill; 26 Glimmer; 27 Crosshatching. DOWN: 2 Lemming; 3 Agrippa; 4 Inherit; 5 Grampus; 6 Outcrop; 7 Stimuli; 8 One for the road; 9 Refrigerators; 17 Charter; 18 Elixirs; 19 Stealth; 20 Insight; 21 Spanish; 22 Doorman.

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When Is Truth?

In our editorial columns in the issue of Jan. 7, 1961, we wrote: "The Congo . . . is much in the news. . . . But not one American in a hundred is thinking about Mozambique and Angola. Yet there the next colonial explosion is being prepared; it may be bigger than the Congo's."

Before the month was up, the *Santa Maria* epic was chasing the Congo dispatches right off the front pages; and, in the boiling wake of that intrepid voyage, riots broke out in you-know-where: Mozambique and Angola.

Of course, Portugal's empire does not yet threaten world peace to the extent that Belgium's does. But have a little patience. And while you are waiting, read *The Nation*. It is the best way to guard against surprises in the domestic as well as the international scene. See coupon below.

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Barbara Deming

NOTES on the UNDERWORLD

Paul Goodman

THE CONSTITUTION vs. U. S. DIPLOMACY

Sir John Lomax

LETTERS

Democratic Procedure?

Dear Sirs: After a leave of eight months from the University of Puerto Rico which I spent gathering material for my courses and planned publications on the countries behind the "Iron Curtain," I returned to San Juan to give a course on the Soviet Union and on problems and "confusions" of Western civilization. Upon landing at the airport last January 7, all materials — printed, mimeographed, handwritten, clippings, newspapers and even my private correspondence — were confiscated by a customs official. After some efforts on the part of my department at the university, all was returned ten days later without apology or explanation, except for a reference to an alleged right of our federal immigration authorities to perform such "routine" inspection.

For the sake of colleagues and students of countries behind the "curtain," I would like to protest against this indiscriminate confiscation of data indispensable for scholarly work and for teaching purposes. Totalitarian countries have not subjected me to such a humiliation. I would urge competent lawyers to raise their voices in this matter of vital importance to the preservation and protection of our justly famous Bill of Rights.

PROF. B. M. STANFIELD
University of Puerto Rico
San Juan, Puerto Rico

All About Covington

Dear Sirs: Please refer to the first paragraph on page 280 of the October 22, 1960, special issue of *The Nation* titled "Gambling, Inc.: Treasure Chest of the Underworld." The following sentence appears in this paragraph: "Throughout New York State, throughout the nation, the location of major books can be determined by piecing together the pattern that emerges from telephone call slips linking the books to 'the line' in Minneapolis and 'the layoff' in Covington, Kentucky." The same reference to the City of Covington appears in several places of the well-written article by a competent author.

I am not asking for a retraction of this reference to Covington, Kentucky, as a "layoff" center for hand books, but must say that this is in error. However, I will hasten to state that this mistake is natural, in that your information was taken from "telephone call slips."

Some knowledge of the local geography of northern Kentucky is necessary before the situation can be fully understood.... The entire area is served by the Citizens Telephone Company, a subsidiary, or a branch of the Cincinnati and Suburban Bell Telephone Company. All billing is made from Covington, Kentucky, and all long distance calls from the area must clear the Covington exchange. Hence any calls originating in any of the thirty-five cities or two counties in the urban area would show on the telephone call slips as coming from Covington, Kentucky.

This, of course, establishes a possibility, but proves nothing.... On January 1, 1961, a raid in Miami, Florida, brought the same tales of layoffs in Covington. This appeared on all national news releases. Our police contacted the Dade County authorities and received full cooperation. They were able to supply the telephone numbers of the layoff headquarters. None were in Covington or Kenton County. We are deeply grateful to the Dade County Police.

JOHN J. MOLONEY
Covington, Ky. Mayor

Dear Sirs: The October 22, 1960, issue of your publication has been brought to the attention of this office and in particular the article appearing at page 280 in that publication with special reference to Covington, Kentucky.

This is to advise you that I have been Commonwealth's Attorney in the county in which Covington, Kentucky, is situated since November, 1958; that on three separate occasions during my tenure, I have had the opportunity to investigate and check out the foundless allegations contained in your article on that page. There is no clearing house in Covington, Kentucky, or in Kenton County, and unless a retraction is printed in your publication given the same prominence as was the original libelous statement contained therein, I shall be forced to subpoena you and your editorial staff before the next session of the Kenton County Grand Jury so that you may testify with reference to the facts on which you base the conclusion that Covington, Kentucky, is the "layoff" as reffered to in your article.

Perhaps your erroneous information is based upon the fact that the telephone numbers where such activity does take place in this county or the city of Covington are located within the Covington building district of the Citizens Telephone Company, Incorporated, and as such, you have drawn the erroneous, false and libelous conclusion that therefore the institution itself is located in Covington, Kentucky.

In the event that a retraction is not prominently published in the next issue or a special issue such as the one in which the libelous matter was published, I shall urge the local District Attorney

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

The Great Illusion

The strangest psychological phenomenon of the twentieth century, transcending the frenzies and manias of the Dark Ages, is "civil defense" — the notion that an H-bomb war could be conducted, on the home front, like World War II. As the missiles plunge down the sirens will sound, the citizens will troop to the shelters or drive out to the country for a few weeks; then the dead will be buried, the wreckage will be cleared away, and life will return to normal. The public does not exactly buy this fantasy, since the exhortations to build private backyard shelters have fallen on deaf ears, but neither does it hoot the promoters offstage. Like religion and top management, civil defense is too sacred to be discussed in any critical spirit.

There is, however, Philip Wylie, America's foremost iconoclast who, in *Generation of Vipers*, dared to castigate the majority of his fellow citizens while continuing to pursue an enormously successful career as a fiction writer. Introduced by Senator Young of Ohio, Mr. Wylie demolishes the edifice of civil defense in the *Congressional Record* (February 22). Wylie's blast appeared originally in *The Rotarian*.

The impact of Wylie's attack stems from the fact that he speaks as a former sponsor of civil defense. In the era of the A-bomb, he believed the United States could win a nuclear war; he wrote a novel, *Tomorrow*, to arouse the citizens from their apathy. It was on the strength of his views and considerable governmental experience that the Federal Civil Defense Administration, upon its creation in 1949, asked him to serve as an expert consultant. Wylie did so serve under Presidents Truman and Eisenhower.

The difference between Wylie and the political hacks and lame ducks who continue to preach civil defense is that Wylie has a brain and he uses it. The H-bomb changed his mind. In the *Rotarian* article, he tells of some aspects of an H-bomb war which so far have been classified as far as the public is concerned, although James E. McDonald has given a graphic description of the effects of a nuclear blast on Tucson, Arizona (*The Nation*, "Cities Into Targets," May 21, 1960). The first point Wylie makes is that civil defense always assumes that there will be a single assault, but with the Soviet Union and the United States stockpiling tens of thousands of bombs, it is much more likely that there would be a series of attacks, lasting perhaps for weeks or months—as long as either side had any nuclear munitions and means of delivery left. Then there are the firestorms, which occurred in relatively modest magnitude in Hamburg and Tokyo during World War II. A firestorm is a hurricane fed by fire: trucks, cars, houses, wreckage, fire-fighting apparatus, people, everything would be sucked into the vortex from the periphery, and any persons remaining alive in the shelters would be asphyxiated by the exhaustion of air—and then roasted.

Wylie also effectively disposes of the evacuation theory. That any metropolis could be evacuated in a few hours was never credible to anyone who has seen metropolitan traffic even under normal conditions, but what if the drivers were blind? And they would be. "Granting clear weather," Wylie writes, "the explosion of a medium-sized H-weapon, day or night, would cause all persons indoors or out within view of the fireball to look at it, by uncontrollable reflex. And such people, seeing the fireball bloom into glaring reality, whether in an air or ground burst, would be made blind instantly, even at distances of forty miles from the explosion. . . ."

WHAT can explain the failure to recognize facts so obvious? One reason lies in the vast interests vested in the cold war and the "here today, gone tomorrow" philosophy of many moderns. Wylie points out, however, that modernism is exactly what is lacking. That national power in the classic sense is now without meaning, that victory is unattainable, that war is no longer the supreme arbitrating force, is to many persons unacceptable and inconceivable. Their minds have not moved into the nuclear age. So the fatuous bureaucrats of civil defense prey on them. The vast illusion to which they cling constitutes the greatest threat to national security. Not only does it prevent us from seeking security through rational means — disarmament, for example — but it makes us puppets of the interests that seek to promote the arms race. As Louis B. Sohn pointed out in *The Nation* of Feb. 25 ["Security Through Disarmament"], before any meaningful disarmament negotiations can be conducted with the Soviets, there must be negotiation with the American people; that is, we must be induced to abandon our grand illusion. And we will not be thoroughly convinced of our stake in disarmament until the full meaning of modern armaments and what could happen if they were used is brought home to us.

Wanted – a Peace Movement

The indoctrination to which the American people have been subjected for nearly two decades, the economic stake which many have in the arms race, the lag of thought and feeling behind the revolutionary weapons technologies — all have combined to stifle opposition to war. Add to these the fact that no battles have been fought on American soil for a century, and it is quite understandable that the political schizophrenia described by Philip Wylie has become the accepted thing. The most important issues are the least discussed; the things most needed are the least desired. In Britain, there is a strong and growing peace movement; in the United States, fifteen years after World War II, there is as yet nothing that resembles an effective peace movement in the political sense. When the beginning of one arises, no time is lost in attacking it (see Barbara Deming's article on page 200).

Yet, if there is no effective peace movement, neither is there a war movement. The divorce from the political realities has gone so far and no farther. The opportunity to influence the mass of citizens remains.

That the situation is far from hopeless is shown by three articles by Mary Hornaday in the *Christian Science Monitor.* Miss Hornaday finds that there is an American peace movement, but it is "sprawling and indecisive." She quotes Senator Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania), who calls the lag between the establishment of an informed consensus and the enactment of action programs "truly frightening." When asked in a Gallup poll: "If Russia agrees to disarm under careful inspection by the United Nations, should the United States agree to disarm to the same extent, or not?" 41 per cent of those questioned said "no," and 13 per cent had no opinion. But 6 out of 10 who had college training answered "yes" — 60 per cent as compared with 46 per cent in the whole sample. Cyril Dunn, writing in the *Observer* (London), remarks that those who take part in discussion of nuclear testing are "almost exclusively intellectuals of the loftiest kind." College training certainly does not make one an intellectual, lofty or otherwise, but the trend is there. Those who know the score are the ones who must bear the burden of convincing the others. "We are never alone and can never be alone in the work for peace," says Clarence E. Pickett. "Each letter to Washington, each conversation for sanity with a neighbor or stranger, each personal demonstration of commitment and concern contributes to the 'gathering of the people' for peace." If Mr. Pickett is still undismayed after his long and arduous labors, no one need be discouraged in the quest for peace.

Are the People With It?

Bishop James A. Pike has issued a timely warning against what he terms "grass-roots McCarthyism," a movement without leaders but not without would-be-leaders. None of these aspirants, Bishop Pike notes, has "quite what the late Senator McCarthy had as a dynamic—and demonic—personality. But more and more people in our nation are with this thing; many more than ever were when McCarthy thrived." Yet this movement is "grass roots" only in the sense that it is being organized at the grass roots, not in the sense that it is spontaneous (see article p. 209). It is significant that the current upsurge of McCarthyism, of which there were scarcely any manifestations in 1960, an election year, should only have become conspicuous and clamorous with the installation of the "new generation" Administration in Washington. The timing would suggest that the purpose is to keep the Administration off balance, to push it to the Right if possible and, above all, to keep cold-war tensions at a high point by heavy injections of adrenalin into the body politic. Politically the movement is infantile; it bubbles with a kind of agitated incoherence. But while it hardly qualifies as a "grass-roots" movement, it has important if limited sponsorship, principally by defense contractors and trade associations having close ties with the armed services; and it enjoys, of course, the active support of HUAC.

Fortunately, the attempt to organize such a movement is stimulating an active opposition, particularly in campus communities. Recently, for example, 528 members of the Cornell University community signed a petition to Congress urging the abolition of HUAC. Among the signers were fifty-two professors (among them H. A. Bethe, Max Black, Andrew Hacker, Douglas F. Dowd, Philip Morrison, Jay Orear and Robin M. Williams, Jr.), ninety-three graduate students and 312 undergraduates. It indicts HUAC in these terms:

1. The Committee has perverted, and thereby imperiled, the proper and necessary powers of the Congress to conduct investigations.
2. The Committee has helped discourage free study and inquiry in working for peace while the world is threatened with destruction.
3. It has harassed Americans who work for racial equality and justice.
4. It has increased bitterness between racial and religious groups of our citizens, which in turn has imperiled our good relations with the peoples of Asia, Africa and Latin America.
5. It has discouraged social and cultural contacts with our neighbors on this shrinking planet. It has discouraged U.S. students and scholars from studying in countries which we Americans desperately need to understand.

The House Committee on Un-American Activities has in these ways weakened America. At no time in our history have we needed to be stronger. At no time have we needed to be wiser. Let us rid ourselves of this agent of weakness and folly.

In the dialectics of politics every challenge provokes a response; the response to the new grass-roots McCarthyism strikes us as more significant than the challenge.

The Forgotten Formosans

In the hullabaloo about which China Formosa belongs to, nobody asks the Formosans. Recently a group of Formosans living in the United States, who assert that they represent the "overwhelming majority" of their home island's people, met in New York and came to the not unsurprising conclusion that Formosa should belong to the Formosans. The group, which calls itself the United Formosans for Independence, formulated a program for the solution of the whole vexing problem which calls for the following steps: (1) a U.N.-sponsored plebiscite in the island which, the group is certain, will confirm the Formosan people's desire for independence; (2) the withdrawal by the United States from Quemoy and Matsu; (3) admission of an independent Formosa (if the plebiscite goes as expected) and of Communist China into the U.N.; (4) a U.N. guarantee for the repatriation of those Nationalist Chinese on the island who want to go home, or for their naturalization as Formosans if they want to stay where they are.

I-te Chen, a graduate student at the University of Pennsylvania, the president of the United Formosans for Independence, points out that today nine of the ten million inhabitants of the island are Formosans, not Chinese; and he reminds anyone who will listen that as late as 1874 the then Manchu rulers of the Chinese mainland disclaimed sovereignty over Formosa. Mr. Chen cites a list of grievances against the Chiang Kai-shek regime—who hasn't such a list?—which adds up to a charge that a million Nationalist Chinese are treating nine million Formosans as second-class citizens.

Mr. Chen's "One Formosa—One China" proposal may or may not be practical, but it has the ring of justice—a fatal flaw, no doubt, in a world run in the interests of power rather than of peoples.

"Time, Gentlemen!"

Britain has proposed a new constitution for its African colony of Northern Rhodesia, a colony linked in a shaky federation with Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland. The constitution would enfranchise some 70,000 of the 2,300,000 black Northern Rhodesians and give them parity with the 70,000 white settlers in electing a Legislative Council. Chief opponent of the constitution is Sir Roy Welensky, Prime Minister of the federation.

Sir Roy says that Rhodesia's destiny should remain in the hands of its white settlers for some time to come, and he has appealed for American understanding of his position. "We, too, are pioneers," he told a *New York Times* reporter. "This land is what your West was in the 1890s." Pointing to his grandson as "a fourth-generation Rhodesian," Sir Roy stated that "European roots are as deep here as African roots."

The same argument is also used by South African whites, who say that South Africa was originally, and thinly, inhabited by the Hottentots. The populous Bantu Negro tribes, they claim, began to migrate southward about the same time that the first Boer settlers arrived from Holland in 1652. Needless to say, the Hottentots' prior claim earned them no better treatment from the Boers than the Bantu received.

Sir Roy pleads, "Don't push us . . . give us the time and we will build a moderate society." But Sir Roy's own effort to prove his title to Rhodesia reveals that the whites already have had four generations' worth of time—to be exact, seventy-two years. The South Africans have had three centuries in which to reach some decent accommodation with their Negro fellow man, as have the European-descended citizens of Virginia. The attempt to justify rule by a racial elite because it is made up of oldest inhabitants deserves only one answer: "Old enough to know better!"

The American Way

Years ago, in *The Folklore of Capitalism,* Thurman Arnold pointed out that, when it comes to social innovation and change, the American way is never to call a thing by its right name. "Nationalization," for example, is an abhorrent and almost obscene term. But this applies only to ownership and direction of enterprise. It by no means precludes nationalization in the form of subsidies to failing private enterprise. In fact, this variety, which might be called the nationalization of the taxpayer, is a fine and virtuous thing. It is now being applied to the railroads, which many years ago took on the job of bringing commuters into the city from the suburbs. They are still doing that job, with the same equipment that they were using in the twenties. All that has changed is their rates, which are sky-high and headed into outer space. As they lose customers, they naturally need higher rates to compensate for the smaller volume. But no present or prospective charge seems to be enough, consequently the roads are applying for subsidies, tax relief, federally guaranteed loans, and other props for the free enterprise they exemplify and cherish. In the case of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, one of the principal carriers serving New York City and the states of New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts, the City and the federal government are merging their efforts to save the road.

It would be heartening if this did not combine the worst features of two systems of organization, the public and the private. Failing any real reforms, all this cooperative effort can only result in a perpetuation of the methods and managements which bankrupted the road and forced it to cry for public assistance. When someone suggested that executive salaries might be too high, the governors of the states engaged in the salvage operation quickly backed away. That would be interference with private enterprise, which must be preserved even when it is a conspicuous failure. What happened to the commuter railroads, actually, is that they tried to load a decrepit technology onto the backs of the riders, or victims. Instead of speeding up the service, running shorter and more frequent trains, and competing with private cars and buses, these carriers behaved as if engineering in surface transportation had come to an end early in the century and their job was to give it a decent burial.

When people no longer move to the suburbs because all the land has been taken up by highways, and the highways are still clogged in the rush hours, some other solution may be sought, but until the debacle everyone will have the consolation of doing the wrong things in the good old American fashion.

The Ordeal of SANE . . *by Barbara Deming*

> I doubt that there is any single course of action before us that will be free of anguish and ordeal for the organization. —NORMAN COUSINS

EVER SINCE Senator Dodd charged that the Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy was infiltrated by Communists, Steve Allen, who is one of SANE's sponsors, has been plagued by pickets carrying such signs as: STEVE WANTS TO CRAWL ON HIS KNEES TO THE KREMLIN; YOU CAN HAVE HIM, WE DON'T WANT HIM. Allen has commented—half in humor, half in pain: "The situation seemed unreal. . . . I couldn't seem to connect it with myself"; and to elaborate, he told the old story about the man who fell out a ninth-floor window and was lying on the street "when a policeman came running up. The policeman said 'What's going on here?' and the man said 'I don't know; I just got here myself.' . . . I felt very much like the man in the story," said Allen.

I have just been interviewing some of the key figures involved in the division in SANE's ranks that is also an aftermath of Dodd's attack, and as I made my inquiries, the imagery of Allen's grotesque joke kept recurring to me. Realities that seem unreal lie, I think, very much at the heart of the story of SANE's difficulties.

But here, first, are the literal outlines of that story:

SANE (the name was derived from Erich Fromm's book, *A Sane Society*) was set up in the fall of 1957 as a committee to protest, and to rouse others to protest, against the dangers of continued nuclear testing. It gradually extended its purposes and spoke out for the necessity of total world disarmament under U.N. supervision; and it began making such minimal suggestions, too, as that the U.N. and the World Court should be strengthened, and the U.N. should be inclusive in its membership. It also extended itself organizationally. It was originally conceived of as simply a national committee to gather eminent sponsors, circulate speakers, literature and petitions, presenting its position on TV and radio and through ads in *The New York Times*. But the first such ad that it placed ("We are facing a danger unlike any danger that has ever existed," it began) evoked such a response (thousands of letters poured in, asking: what can we do to help?) that local chapters came into being throughout the country—by spontaneous combustion, as it were. "We grew rather like Topsy," says Norman Thomas.

The board as a whole had been unprepared for this growth—spent several meetings arguing whether or not anything should be done about the letters. As it gained support, SANE seemed to some to promise to become a true mass movement. Last May 19, as the culmination of a series of smaller ventures, it held a huge rally in Madison Square Garden, featuring speakers from a broad political spectrum—all the way from Norman Thomas to Alfred Landon. At the end of the rally, Thomas led 5,000 from the audience in a peace march to the United Nations Plaza.

JUST at this point—just before the rally was scheduled to take place—Senator Dodd entered the scene with his charges of Communist infiltration. The Senator was the most conspicuous Congressional opponent of the nuclear-test-ban policies of the Eisenhower administration and had made a speech against them in the Senate on May 12. He had also voted against the Antarctic Treaty that sought to prevent the extension of the atomic-arms race.

Acting as temporary chairman of the Senate Internal Subcommittee, Senator Dodd subpoenaed Henry Abrams, a former leader of the American Labor Party, who had played a leading role in the planning and promotion of the Madison Square Garden mass meeting. Abrams took the Fifth Amendment. Norman Cousins, SANE's co-chairman, then called in Abrams and begged him to be frank with SANE's national board members, so that they would be able to defend him—and SANE. Was he a Communist? Abrams refused, on principle, to answer the question, though he assured them, according to

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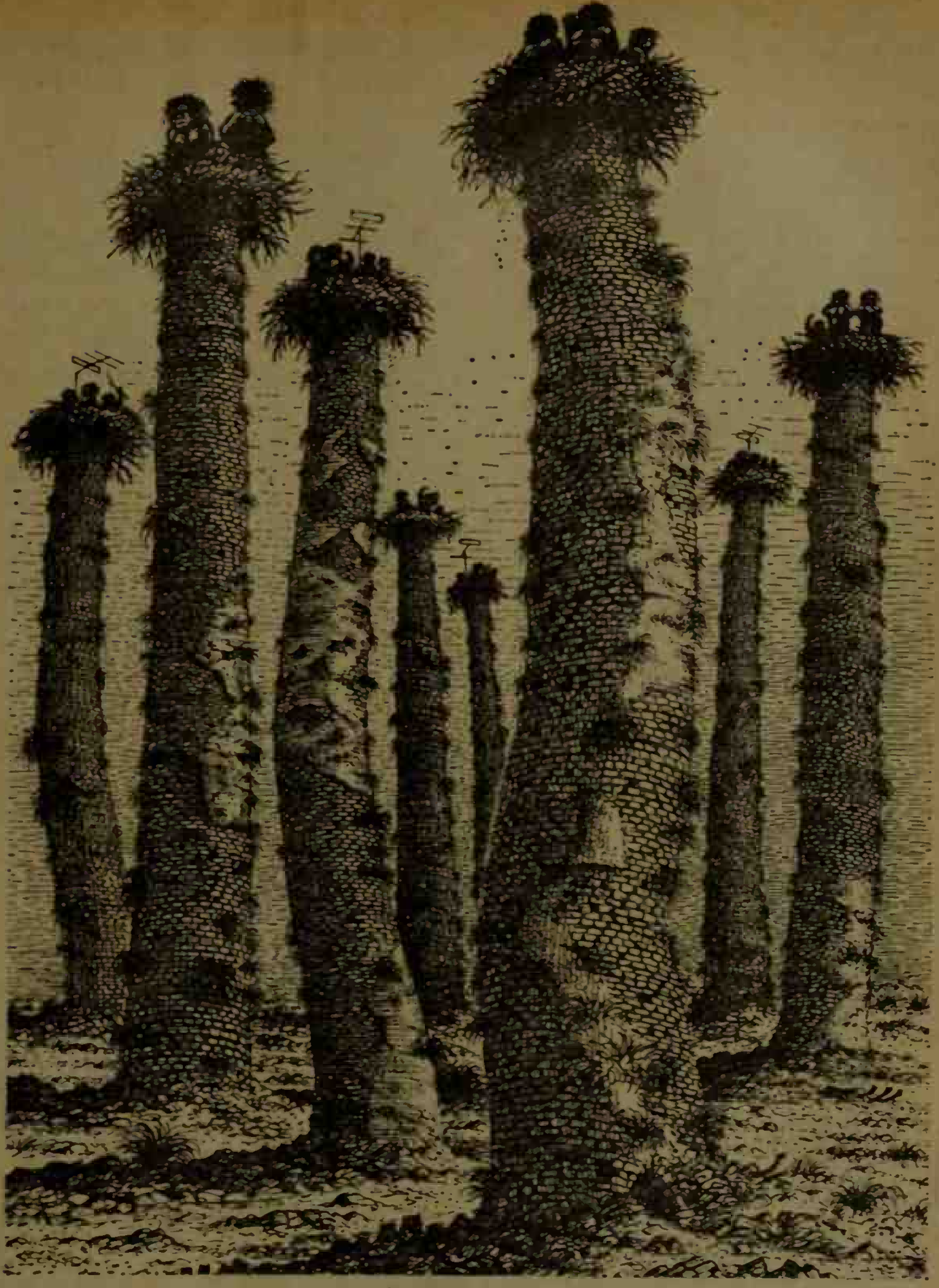
BARBARA DEMING has had fiction, poetry and criticism published in many national magazines.

Cousins, "that he was not under the orders or instruction of any outside agent or organization, and that his sole concern was to help make SANE a success." Cousins finally asked him to resign.

It happened, by a fluke of fate, that Dodd was a neighbor and friend of Cousins (they had worked together in the United World Federalists—and Dodd, curiously enough, had defended that organization against charges of un-Americanism by veterans groups). Cousins now hurried to Washington to see the Senator and to ask him to hold off publicity on the matter until after the rally had taken place. Dodd agreed to do so. Just what Cousins said to Dodd is a question that has been argued bitterly, but in a speech to the Senate on May 25, Dodd announced that Cousins had expressed himself eager to have his help in cleaning SANE's house of subversives.

There also appeared stories in the New York *Journal-American* reporting Cousins as accusing Abrams of plotting to have Communists take over the rally. Cousins denied to SANE supporters that he had made any such charges, and he asked the paper for a retraction of the story—without success.



The Survivors Weisgaerber

ON MAY 26, the national board issued a new policy statement, setting up standards for those who could work in SANE: members of the Communist Party were not welcome, as they were "not free . . . to apply to the misconduct of the Soviet or Chinese governments the same standard by which they challenge others." In its statement, the board also expressed its resentment at the intrusion of a Congressional committee into its affairs, declaring that these standards had been under consideration long before Dodd had stepped in. A couple of months later (obviously after much discussion), it issued a statement as to how the new policy would be implemented: members would be asked to exercise "self-judgment" in the first place, as to the "best interests" of the organization; and in the event of any serious challenge as to their "good faith," they would be expected to discuss matters "fully and frankly" with the board.

At this point, a number of people resigned — among them Robert Gilmore of the American Friends Service Committee. Gilmore had been SANE's chief administrator; in Norman Thomas' words, "its guiding hand and brain." The Greater New York Committee of SANE (comprising numerous locals) fought the new policy for weeks, trying to get it rescinded. They also fought to get the national board to speak out strongly and publicly against Dodd. The Senator in the meanwhile had launched his attack on Linus Pauling—a SANE sponsor, since resigned—demanding that he name those who helped him obtain the 11,000 signatures of scientists on the 1958 atomic test-ban petition to the United Nations.

Mr. Dodd had also subpoenaed thirty-seven more SANE supporters. New York wanted national SANE to run an ad in *The New York Times* in their defense. The national board refused, claiming that it was working quietly and more effectively behind the scenes, obtaining assurances that would save the thirty-seven from harmful publicity and Pauling from a contempt citation. "A precarious equilibrium" was involved, they explained (the members of Dodd's committee apparently were exerting pressure on Dodd to be less gentlemanly than he had been). Cousins explained: "I do not believe Senator Dodd is a McCarthy; therefore I will make no such statement," and "I do not make the mistake of thinking that he is not just as committed to the cause of peace as I am."

New York finally bowed to national policy, but by then mutual confidence had been so impaired that national SANE asked that New York turn in its charter, and that the numerous locals that existed under its auspices reapply for charters individually. This process is now going on. There is talk among the disaffected in this group, as well as elsewhere in the country, of starting a less restrictive peace movement.

AND WHERE does Steve Allen's painful joke come in? Consider at closer range the events just sketched:

Here is a group of men who for three years have been working side by side with extraordinary enthusiasm. Now they take their separate ways and, as they do so, they stare after one another sadly. With few exceptions, they esteem each other highly. Of this they assured me repeatedly and of this they assure each other in numerous letters and inter-office memos back and forth: "My respect and affection for you will not be lessened"; "He is a sincere and noble man"; "He is a dear friend." All of them hope, urgently, that they will still be able to cooperate *somehow* in the cause of peace. The letters of resignation or farewell almost always end: "I shall always be ready and willing to assist you"; "I do look forward to working with you . . . whether or not. . . ." Those who are staying and those who are leaving agree that SANE is an altogether necessary organization to have upon the scene. Many are conspicuously anxious to know the kind of story I intend to write: Would it belittle the role that the commitee can still play? This anxiety is most striking in the case of Henry Abrams. Even this man, who feels bitterly that he has been ill-used ("I should have been defended")—even he makes it very clear that he wouldn't want to become the focus of an attack on SANE. "It shouldn't be hindered."

What is the work they all feel shouldn't be hindered? Given the fact that we now have weapons that could destroy most if not all of life upon the planet, and the mere testing of which can do unreckoned harm to generations living and unborn—a fact which has caused heads of government throughout the world to declare that war has become outmoded and "there is no alternative to peace"—SANE has been urging our government to take those very measures which that government itself declared to be necessary. Why then this anguish? Why this ordeal? The answer: A man has stepped into the picture whose interest in destroying the organization is perfectly obvious, and he has spoken two words: "Communist infiltration."

NOW let me quote Steve Allen again, in a letter to the editor of *Survival*:

> It should be obvious that an organization consisting of many thousands of members, an organization that does not have one single Communist in a position of leadership, and that furthermore incorporates no Communist ideas within its platform, but which rather calls for a moral reawakening and popular support for the policy of the present Republican Administration . . . is an entirely virtuous body.

Those who had set up the organization had taken care to make this virtue "obvious." The May 26 policy statement itself declares:

> . . . to provide as much as possible against [attack], [SANE] . . . created a deliberately autocratic organization in which the ultimate power of decision and policy-making resides in the members of the corporation, a small number of the national leadership. If a local group deviates from the declared policy . . . it is subject to disaffiliation. . . . There is no possible way in which the organization can be turned aside from its purpose or its goals or its methods of action.

Henry Abrams commented to me: "The committee on top that made the policy was beyond reproach. Down below, it wasn't vital that the local groups who carried out that policy be of the same respectability—I hate to use the word; I don't think that I'm a bum —, of the same irreproachable character, from the standpoint of American politics."

Let me return to Allen's letter, however, and quote a little more, because its conclusions are not those which the passage already quoted may have suggested. He writes:

> *In reality,* it matters not a bit whether there might be . . . a Communist or two in the SANE woodwork . . . since, if there has been any attempt at infiltration at points of control, it has certainly failed. But . . . if there *are* a handful of people in the organization, however powerless, who are either Communists at present or who were in the not-distant past, then this makes it very easy for those who wish to smear our organization to do so. . . . So . . . if . . . there are Communists on stage then it is they, and not Senator Dodd, who bear the primary blame for the difficulties under which we are at the moment laboring. . . . Although it seems almost absurd, I must not close this letter without reiterating that I have no personal knowledge that there is a single Communist in [SANE].

So they may not even exist in SANE, and if they do exist they are certainly powerless—"*in reality*"—but ("What's going on here? I don't know; I just got here myself") it is *they* against whom SANE must turn and do battle.

THIS IS, of course, precisely the issue on which the division in SANE occurred: whether or not to insist on the realities of the situation. "The argument I am outlining is based upon the concept of the political irrationality of our society," Allen explains in his letter. Probably 95 per cent of the country, he says, is politically irrational. It is the point of view of those who have resigned from SANE that it was SANE's job to try to awaken the public. It is the attitude of those who drew up the May 26 policy and its implementation that if one wants mass support, public irrationality must be deferred to. If the people are scared of phantoms, one must go through the motions of attacking the phantoms.

"One has to deal," says Norman Thomas, "with those Americans whose name is legion who connect peace and communism." "Some of our most valuable members," writes Norman Cousins, "enjoyed national prominence in the entertainment field. They could be cut down in no time at all as a result of a public impression that" etc., etc. He had given such people assurances, he goes on to say, that joining SANE would not make them vulnerable to name-calling. Having given these assurances, it is understandable that when Dodd came along, Cousins felt he had no other course to take than that which he took.

Among those who remain on the national board, there was not perfect unanimity about the treatment of Dodd. A number of them, I gather, would have preferred to treat him more roughly—were less ready than Cousins to accept Dodd's own assurances that he wished the organization no harm. But they were agreed, nevertheless, upon the need to stress appearances.

WHAT is poignant in the drama of SANE is the obvious discomfort of these men in the position they have taken. They see it as an overwhelming, an obvious necessity. But they do care about civil liberties; they are, as they point out, "civil libertarians from way back"; they have taken strong stands in that field. Thomas, for example, fought valiantly against the Smith Act. In the various memos they send out, their "anguish" now and their "ordeal" is quite visible. They describe over and over the way in which they want to think they can behave:

> If a valid question comes up, it will not be handled arbitrarily, but will be worked out . . . reasonably and carefully. . . . We will take the steps necessary to be able to guarantee these standards, but we will not stoop to methods that molest the dignity or the rights of the individual concerned. . . . [We] will deal with these charges soberly, quietly, and with common sense.

There is no question that they would like to. Nevertheless, because they feel the need to consider the image that they present to those who cannot see what is obvious, an impossible ambivalence runs through these same memos. Individuals will be judged "on a performance basis," it is declared. However, in a subsequent statement, one encounters the phrase, "If . . . spokesmen . . . have their good faith questioned. . . ." And it was certainly not on a judgment of performance that Abrams was asked to resign. Abrams himself had declared to Cousins: "You have the right to ask me two questions: Have I always followed the policy set down by the national board? And have I done a good job? I think the answer to both is in the affirmative." I have heard no one deny that it was.

THOSE who argued the necessity of the new policy pointed out sometimes in argument that liaison with various locals had been very slight. How, then, could one say that SANE was in a position to challenge Dodd? E. I. Meyerding told of an instance in which a small group had used the name of SANE for over a year before the national board even knew of its existence. (Much closer supervision of locals has now been arranged for.) Nevertheless, in spite of this relaxed state of affairs, not one instance was cited to me of any group—"Communist, Socialist, Pacifist or God knows what" as Gilmore put it—misusing SANE for its own ends.

Just how insubstantial was Dodd's case against SANE is reflected in an extraordinary statement sent out by the national board on September 29—a memo asking the chapters please not to take any "impulsive or imprudent action" on their own. "The first point that must be emphasized," it says, "is that the National Committee . . . is not under investigation. That is, no enquiry is being made into the Committee or its policies or its program." Dodd had assured them of this. The board's failure to question that assurance caused understandable bitterness among those who had been subpoenaed—who were well aware that if the national program were not "*in reality*" under attack, through them, they would not have been harassed.

In taking a conciliatory position, the national board claimed to be acting out of concern for all those who had "put their names and reputations on the line" to work for SANE. This concern need not be questioned. The irony is that it was wasted: Steve Allen *is* being picketed. By failing to insist that it wouldn't matter if there *were* "a Communist or two in the woodwork," SANE in effect granted Dodd his altogether questionable premise: that even if there's nothing wrong he can point to about its activities, even if any Communists who may work for it are obviously powerless, even if there's no proof that there *are* any Communists in it, still, if it's remotely possible that there are, it can be said to be dangerously contaminated.

Those who resigned from SANE felt strongly that SANE's role should have been to awaken the public to the irrationality of such a claim. They saw the failure to do so as an opportunity tragically lost. SANE had the power and the prestige to respond to the Senator's attack "with a ringing challenge," wrote Robert Gilmore in his letter of resignation. "A new wind is blowing . . . and a new spirit arising. . . . For the first time in many years it seems . . . likely that there will be a serious examination of the basic assumptions underlying the . . . drift toward destruction." It was the argument of the national board that SANE must not be turned aside from its central task, must not be "diverted into being primarily a civil-liberties agency" (the words are those of Norman Thomas).

BUT FOR those who resigned, the issues of peace and of civil liberties appeared indivisible—the blind dread of contamination by domestic Communists (upon which Dodd played) not at all unrelated to attitudes of rigid dread held about Russia and China. "SANE should recognize," wrote Gilmore, that one

> cause which contributes to the possibility of mass annihilation . . . is the condition under which one . . . group of men regards another . . . not as fellow human beings but as alien creatures. If SANE contributes to the spread of this disease within its own ranks, it contributes just as surely to the human condition leading toward the destruction it was formed to battle against.

It is not Gilmore's position that there is simply no "Communist problem" for the organization. He does not advocate a united front. I heard one ex-member of the Greater New York group argue that SANE should welcome Communists who wished to work in it, because "to assume that

Communists can't work for survival in good faith is to surrender all hope for peace." Gilmore is more wary than this; but he advocates dealing with the problem simply by "defining (SANE's) programs, pronouncements, activities so clearly . . . that those who really cannot accept that stand find the organization uncongenial and not useful for their purposes"; and, in the second place, by judging individuals "on the basis of actual performance."

THE WORDS just quoted are actually those of the pacifist minister, A. J. Muste, writing in *Liberation* on "The Crisis in SANE"; but his position is the same as Gilmore's. Muste had been one of SANE's New York sponsors, but resigned along with Gilmore. In his article, he elaborates upon the theme of "actual performance": "We are living in a new period, and many people are in the process of revising their thinking and their associations. A good many former Communists and sympathizers are essentially sound people; it should not be necessary at this hour to argue against the idea that they will be Stalinists at heart forever. . . . Some of them never were." Then he adds: "But if they find in a peace organization the same kind of dogmatism, suspicion, and obsession with orthodoxy that finally drove them out of the Communist Party or its fronts, they will stop working."

The committee drew up the May 26 standards lest it run the risk of losing supporters afraid for their reputations. It is the conviction of those who have resigned that if it had taken a fearless stand, these people would have been heartened to stand with it. One more irony involved is that by declining to do so, it may actually have lost—from the Left especially—many of its most vigorous workers: the kind of people, according to an ex-member of the New York committee, whose initiative over and over again "prepared the way for National to realize that it could do more in the field than it had thought. . . . Most liberals won't work that hard, don't give up that much of their spare time," he said. Then he stopped. "Maybe that's not true any more," he said hopefully; "maybe they're becoming more aware."

There is one irony in the picture, however, that dwarfs all others. The central fuss here was supposedly about one's ability to be critical of those who obstructed peace—in whatever government; yet here was a United States Senator clearly out to sabotage the peace movement, and it was somehow thought "politically relevant" to avoid pointing out the real nature of his act. SANE had declared to all that it wished to "serve as a rallying point of mass education"; but by worrying about the image of itself it might project to the foolish, by staring at the Gorgon head of "the irrationality of our society," it had been diverted from conducting for the public a fundamental lesson. Standing up to Dodd, A. J. Muste put it, "would have meant seeing that . . . SANE was really against the war makers, the cold warriors, in the United States as much as on the other side." If that had penetrated, he mused, who knows how far the committee might not have gone? It was his feeling, and Robert Gilmore's, that if only SANE had fearlessly criticized the Senator, it might have "moved through to a new world"—a world, they meant, in which *the* reality of these times was recognized: that war is, first and foremost, the enemy that we confront.

HERE it becomes relevant to speak of a division that had existed in the ranks of SANE's national board from the day of its inception—a division between the liberals and the radical pacifists. Here, from the beginning, was a group of men agreed to work together for certain specific goals, but among whom some stood, individually, for proposals more extreme than any SANE was likely to advance. The pacifists believed, actually, that the United States should not wait for other nations to disarm, but should disarm unilaterally —training the country in forms of non-violent resistance, and exploring on the world scene non-violent means with which to advance the democratic cause—boldly rejecting the idea "that democratic values can be defended or international problems solved by military means in the world today." (The words I have just quoted are from the manifesto of a newly-formed discussion group, The Committee of Correspondence, which Muste and Gilmore helped bring into being.)

It always seemed possible, said Gilmore, that some world situation might emerge that would provoke a crisis in the committee due to this difference in position; but for the time, at least, they were able to "be comfortable" with each other — find common ground. The pacifists kept hoping that the liberals would move closer and closer to their position — would come to call at least for unilateral initiative; but they never did expect them to move up all the way. The difference that finally split them, of course, might be called essentially the same difference — one of daring. This difference, one must note, marks them off as well from those on the progressive Left who resigned at the same time. They dare to think that on the world scene as well as on the domestic, one can rely on non-violent means to prevail over the Communists. "But," says Gilmore, "it never was our hope to make a pacifist organization out of SANE."

IT WAS, it seems, actually the pacifists who brought SANE into being. The immediate occasion of the pacifist initiative was a profound concern about the urgency of the times which had seized Lawrence Scott, who has recently been the guiding spirit of the Fort Dietrich vigil. "He sort of pushed all of us into action," says A. J. Muste. Muste is also a principal influence in the whole thing, says Robert Gilmore.

In informal meetings of some of the leaders of pacifist groups like the War Resisters League, the Fellowship of Reconciliation, The Women's International League for Peace and the Friends, two decisions were reached three years ago.

The first decision was to become more active, themselves, in the direct-action field (and out of this came the various civil-disobedience projects in which they have since been engaged). The second was to try to stir up liberal activity relating to peace, for apathy was country-wide; and, as one of them phrased it, they were a little inhibited about putting forward their more radical proposals when no dialogue was possible with the center — when the liberals, with few exceptions, were not themselves talking very loudly about the dangers of this nuclear age.

What happened was that several of them sought out Norman Cousins, Norman Thomas and others and, after long talks, Cousins was persuaded to be co-chairman of a committee. (SANE would probably not have been possible without Cousins, Gilmore stresses.) The other co-chairman was the Quaker, Clarence Pickett (who, by the way, with certain other pacifists, has remained with the committee). To a large extent, SANE was built by American Friends Service Committee people throughout the country.

No one quite thought it would work, said Gilmore, "after thirteen years of cold stillness in the United States. But — it did. It had a possibility of transforming itself into something like the British Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. It lost that chance; but it still has a lot of relevance." And once it existed at all, he stressed, they had accomplished two-thirds of what they hoped for.

The ordeal of SANE results from the fact that the realities of this new age seem to so many people unreal. One of the basic reasons, says Muste, that we don't get more progress toward disarmament is that "once our arms are laid down, however gradually, what lies beyond is unknown territory, unexplored." He quotes Kenneth Boulding of the University of Michigan:

> We are . . . totally unprepared for peace. . . . It may be forced upon us before we really want it. . . . We have dreamed of Utopia, and secretly been thankful that it is only a dream. Now we are going to be compelled to think about it, and think hard and long.

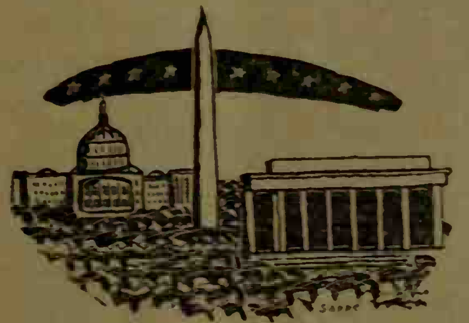
The Constitution vs. U.S. Diplomacy . . *by Sir John Lomax*

London

THE DWINDLING few in the British Isles who still do their own thinking about international affairs are the kind who used to believe themselves morally eligible to vote in the American Presidential election. "After all," they would argue, "we have the most at stake in the cold war. You resident Americans — after a little rearrangement of your affairs — would continue to live, move and have your being even if the worst should happen. But we, the hapless English, with no say in our fate, could be reduced to the mead and woad way of life if some of your eager candidates should turn out to be no better than our Baldwins or Chamberlains."

But no longer. They see now that U.S. election results can make but little difference in the dire equation of four and a half minutes' warning and no defenses. Neither youth and confidence, nor age, experience and good will can avert the hideous danger once it has left the diplomatic field and become a mere detail of technology.

In the East-West strategy of the next few years, which is as far ahead as the English *cognoscenti* dare look, the right moves seem as likely or unlikely to be made by the President, present or elect, as by one of his defeated candidates. They wonder, indeed, how *anyone* could lead an alliance under a system designed and scrupulously operated — as is the American system — to manacle all leaders and prevent all alliances. They do not repine that necessity links Britain to the United States in a limpet grip; rather, they reflect sadly that it makes them feel more like dependents, or maybe fellow-travelers, than allies. Their team-spirit is perpetually chilled by a certain hold-back attitude on the part of official America.



No doubt, this is also felt in some degree by other friendly Europeans, but because there is no language difference to blur the edges of the spoken or written impression, the English notice it more. The odd thing is that they never seem to know the cause; in consequence, it tends to be shrugged off as an innate American predilection for never getting committed, or for always having a line of retreat open; whereas, in fact, it arises from the simple fact that Washington's diplomacy, whether practiced by the President or the most humble vice-consul, is subject to rules laid down, or arising from what is not laid down, in the U.S. Constitution.

GOVERNMENT as practiced in Whitehall is almost ideal as a basis for effective diplomacy because the policy-makers and the Executive branch have an unusually free hand to issue instructions to their representatives. Perhaps this is why the unimaginative English seem unable to comprehend the effect of a written Constitution upon the everyday business of foreign relations. For example, the Foreign Office will always welcome anything its representatives may do to foster closer Anglo-American relations, which is a cornerstone of its policy; but it does not seem to appreciate that an American diplomatist is in a very different situ-

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ation. He must never forget that the links between his country and Britain can be no more than those defined in existing pacts, and that he cannot safely assume so much as a comma beyond that point. He must shun any wavering into vague engagements or half-promises as the surest poison to whatever good may be brewing in the slow-maturing Anglo-American vats.

There is sure to be a copy of the U. S. Constitution somewhere in the Chancelleries of Europe, but—like unread archives—it is probably hard to find. How otherwise explain why, at each great juncture of affairs in the world, Whitehall and the Quai D'Orsay forget the hoary document which stands behind every American negotiator as a censor upon his lips, a governor in his cerebro-motor, a contradictor if he is rash, and a lictor if he is presumptuous? In many and sad examples, European statesmen have seemed to think that Washington's envoys are free to treat their Constitution as "too venerable to denounce but too old to observe."

THE EXAMPLES of Versailles and Suez spring to mind. Lloyd George, Clemenceau and company would have been right to insist that President Wilson should postpone his signature to the Treaty and League until the Senate had voted consent. If so, the Senate might well have given their approval; or at worst, some other treaty—a Lodge-Harding model, perhaps — would eventually have emerged and a new League Covenant in harmony to suit all the allies and the ex-belligerents of the Central Powers too, and possibly even Russia. Then the second World War need not have happened.

Similarly at Suez. If the Foreign Office or Colonel Nasser had remembered the U.S. Constitution, they would have invited Mr. Dulles to produce Congressional authority in support of his offer to finance the High Dam. In that case, Nasser would have later had to find some other pretext for seizing the canal, and since there could hardly have been any others lying around in which an incautious Secretary of State was entangled, he would have met firm United States-Anglo-French opposition and canal-grabbing would have become an all-time forbidden exercise. Whereas. . . .

BUT great allowances must be made for foreign secretaries busy with the vast output of their diligent bureaus: they cannot read everything. To their eyes, the drill of diplomacy according to the U.S. Constitution is a contortionate spectacle. They are accustomed to the ruling charters of the diplomatic profession according to which "full powers" are the essence of representative status. They assume that when an ambassador has presented his credentials, he may speak with the full authority of his government. But, under the American system, the delegation of full powers is never automatic because, under the Constitution, there are no full powers to delegate—all powers are divided.

Prima facie, the duty of foreign relations is entrusted to the President, but his freedom of action is formally restricted by the Senate's control of treaty-making and by the right of Congress to regulate expenditures. Furthermore, the operation of the "system" is inimical, in other respects, to the practice of diplomacy—as, indeed, it was intended to be. For example, the relation of Presidency to Legislature makes for confusion in the deliberation of foreign-affairs issues, epecially when—as often happens—either or both chambers are controlled by the President's political opponents. There is also the apolitical nature of the Cabinet under which the Secretary of State, who instructs ambassadors, is virtually without independent authority himself. By virtue of his personality, he may have significant influence, but vis-à-vis the Presidency, his formal status is advisory, and he has no direct access to the Legislature, which divides with the President the powers from which plenipotentiary status could derive.

The result is that "full powers," in the accepted sense, can be conferred upon an American envoy only in respect of measures which have completed all the processes of enactment including parliamentary approval—a very restricted field. Altogether it amounts to a drastic limitation upon foreign affairs in all directions; but especially it makes it hard to negotiate with friends and allies who, being prone to take the will for the deed, may be dangerously misled.

IN THE past, the English have tended to disdain written constitutions, preferring their peculiar brand of government by a system of having no system. And, to be sure, it worked well, at least as long as the second chamber was strong enough to check exuberance in the majority. But a recent drift of power away from Parliament has led many to believe that a universal, adult-suffrage democracy needs the curb of a written set of ultimate rules as a safeguard against the encroachment of pressure groups forever growing more obnoxious, more obvious and harder to counter. Hence the American Constitution now assumes a new reverence to English eyes.

But respect for this great covenant of human rights does not debar free judgment of its restrictions in the realm of foreign relations which enshrine the convictions of long-ago settlers that they would do well to stay out of the stream of world affairs. For a century and a half they were right: that is a long time for any code of conduct to remain valid. But now the Republic is leading half the world in a struggle to save the very freedoms they sought to preserve by isolation. It is a fight for survival, and Western Europe is in the role of willing and expectant ally. The present danger is that the management of this international team, perforce in American hands, will languish from indecision, not because its policies falter in resolution, but for lack of prompt and firm enactment—not to mention the harmful side-effects reaching out to the distal ramifications of American diplomacy if envoys are left without clear authority, and must be forever looking over their shoulder lest they offend the Jefferson code devised for a reverse set of conditions.

In this order of ideas, it is natural for an informed Englishman to welcome the current change-over of top-level personalities in Washington only insofar as it is likely to smooth the asperities out of the American diplomatic system and thus avoid the display of cross-purposes which we have endured at every recent crisis. The latest examples include the unnecessary and harmful muddle between London, Paris and Washington over the timing of the Summit, whereby two out of the three leaders were made to look foolish; and again, when Prime Minister Macmillan gave an assurance to a parliamentary questioner about control of Polaris, and was disavowed by Washington to the embarrassment of all concerned. These incidents surely cause joy in Moscow, but they depress America's allies, who would be glad enough to follow a lead but would dearly love to march in step.

Amendments to the American Constitution have barely reached a score, of which only ten have been achieved since 1800. Furthermore, an amendment to unscramble the omelette of powers over foreign relations would not be a simple operation. On the other hand, the obstacles to amendment were intended to prevent change except in a first-class emergency, and it may perhaps be judged that the present dangers amount to that. Certainly, in the realm of foreign affairs, President Kennedy faces perils which no predecessor was ever called upon to encounter. In a sense which is almost unique in history, he is to be a world leader.

Furthermore, the general terms of the President's political doctrine and social faith are simple, concise, well understood, and conform almost exactly to the terms of the Constitution. Hence his task is to weld a massive majority bloc of world support into an effective defense against a smaller, but monolithic and totalitarian, opponent. It is hard to see how this can be accomplished in time unless America's diplomatic apparatus is somehow refashioned to meet the needs of the fast-moving contest.

BUT UNLIKE most of his predecessors, the new President has the crucial advantage at the outset of a substantial parliamentary majority. He is therefore better placed than most to make changes in the system, and it is an opportunity which may not recur. It is this conjunction of need and opportunity, of ideas and hopes, which stirs the imagination of America's allies and well-wishers (whose stake in the issue is overwhelming) with a vision of resplendent power if the strength of the transatlantic partner could be exerted by a straight drive with no pinions and fancy gearing to distract the thrust between origin and objective.

SURVIVAL IN THE ZOO . . *by David Cort*

ONE NAME officially given the present period, if we go back perhaps 70,000,000 years, is the Age of Mammals. This Age is still going on. However, a single species or genus of mammal has quite recently appropriated the whole planet and while bemoaning its own imminent extinction (at its own hands) is bringing to a rapid close the Age of (all the other) Mammals and some birds. At the very worst that can happen, Man is going to do better than the passenger pigeon, Labrador duck, Indian two-horned rhinoceros and quagga. These are already extinct, kaput, finished; and several vanished with a strange, black-out celerity, as the bald eagle and osprey may be about to do. These last try to breed, but suddenly find they cannot. One can imagine a sort of genetic disdain of living in this world of Man's.

In the last forty years, conservation in the United States has saved many species. The primary credit for ending the massacre of other species is generally given to the New York Zoological Society and its director, the late William Hornaday. Whether his policies, now enacted into United States law, will be accepted by the politicians of Africa, South America, Asia and the South Pacific in time is of course purely speculative. And so is the practical feasibility of ceding to the other animals large enough areas even of North America, which are coveted by the dominant animal, Man.

The official intermediary in this situation is the zoo, here defined as maintaining an international collection of live animals. In the United States, there are thirty-eight first-class zoos, of which the leading three are the New York Zoological Society's Bronx Zoo, Chicago's Brookfield Zoo and the San Diego Zoo. The Bronx Zoo, for example, maintains 3,006 animals divided into 1,099 species. It has 193 species of mammals, 640 of birds, and 266 of reptiles and amphibians. (Fish, of course, are in its Aquarium in Coney Island.)

The other zoos cover most enterprising American cities, with oddly blank areas in New England outside Boston, the Southern states down to South Carolina, and the plateau states excluding Colorado. It might be deduced that where people feel superior, they are less interested in the lower orders. There are also innumerable small or specialized exhibits of live animals. Some, as at Bear Mountain in New York and outside Tucson, Arizona, are excellent. But most show unkempt animals, often not identified, and sometimes inspiring more pity and revulsion than interest. The greatest concentration of these amateur collections is in Florida, followed by Southern California and Canada.

THE END of the Age of Mammals might be put into perspective by the response: "Who needs them?" It is true that nobody wants a wolf in the neighborhood, and U.S. wolves are down to around 1,000 survivors.

DAVID CORT, former Time-Life *editor, is a frequent contributor.*

But the ancestor stock of all our cattle, the aurochs, is extinct, and if we should want to breed from the original strain again, we simply could not do so. All we can do is debate whether the purer aurochs strain is the Spanish fighting bull or an English park breed. Before we say of any species, "Who needs it?" we might do better to give it several centuries of thought.

SOME FAIRLY radical new answers have been developed by the Bronx Zoo, particularly by its young director, William G. Conway.

One is to use theatrical devices to present the animal in a likeness of his natural environment. Another is to research and proceed with the breeding in captivity of species that are endangered in the wild state.

The second is not as futile as it may sound. In fact, two mammals that are extinct in the entirely wild state have prospered for some time only in zoos and parks. These are the Père David's deer of China, extinct in China, and the wisent, or European, bison. The Bronx Zoo has eight breeding Père David's deer, and imported a pair of wisent from Holland. (Incidentally, a few Père David's deer have at last been sent back to China.) Other species of mammals undoubtedly have a majority of their surviving populations in zoos; but the element of hope in this depends on their propagation in captivity.

"Survival Center" is the name of a projected new division of the Bronx Zoo, for which it is now campaigning for $12,000,000. The name sounds melodramatic, but it is justified for species for which the outside world is an extinction center. Some of the species that will be studied and bred here are bald eagle, nene goose (Hawaii), barnacle goose, sacred crane (northeast Asia), imperial parrot, imperial ivory-billed woodpecker (Mexico), prairie chicken, Asiatic rhinoceros, giant sable antelope, okapi, black-footed ferret, Komodo dragon, tuatera (New Zealand lizard, with which the Bronx Zoo has already set a longevity record — in captivity — of five years). The zoo has succeeded in breeding the pigmy hippopotamus, black-necked swan, Barrows golden-eye and eider (from eggs imported from Iceland). A Bronx Zoo man was the first to rear whooping cranes in captivity, in 1957.

Most mammals — cheetahs are an odd exception — will breed in captivity; but birds, particularly waterfowl, tend to turn celibate. Mr. Conway and his men want to know why; and, more important, how to change the picture. The female swan, for example, will sometimes breed if she has been captured very early, preferably before hatching. Other waterfowl are sometimes persuaded to breed simply by raising the water-level in the enclosure, but why this works is not understood. Much more must be known, and in a hurry, about the breeding patterns of endangered species. In the rearing of whooping cranes, Mr. Conway discovered a great deal about their procedures (*Animal Kingdom*, August, 1957), such as that early feeding is solely of proteins and minerals, grain is first offered the young after a week or so, much food is carefully washed by the parents, the mother was the more conscientious brooder, the father the better feeder, chicks did not respond to parents' calls but waited to be found, the father stays awake all night guarding the nest, and so on.

THE FIRST reform mentioned, that of presenting every creature *as if* in its wild home, is in large part pure theatricality, and was invented by Carl Hagenbeck in Hamburg over fifty years ago. Neither the animal nor the visitor will be entirely deceived by the new artifices contemplated; but both will enjoy the encounter more than when they stared at each other through bars or wire mesh. And perhaps some of the wild creatures *will* be deceived.

In the new aquatic bird house, the shore birds will be seen on a beach retreating before incoming artificial waves; the cliff birds will cling to the face of a sheer cliff with a simulated surf booming below; and the visitors will find themselves looking at eye-level into treetops (the tree trunks descending into a pit beneath) where herons are roosting.

APTERYX
NEW ZEALAND

The most extraordinary display will be that of those creatures that sleep by day and live by night, and hence are always seen sound asleep by zoo visitors. By keeping the lights up all night, the zoo will persuade them to sleep at night. When the visitors arrive by day, the lights will be dimmed sepulchrally, so that owls, bats, flying foxes, night monkeys and rattlesnakes will all spring into action. A minor difficulty in this program is getting an import permit for a flying fox, a big bat that feeds on fruit and terrifies the U.S. fruit lobby, no trifling lobby.

A Kodiak bear, which stands twelve feet tall and is the world's largest predator, will really get his message across to the visitor when he is met at arm's length through a pane of special glass, in a giant den.

The giraffes will at least appear to be feeding naturally on treetops, for their food will be placed there, instead of on the ground in a bucket.

Emperor penguins will be seen in an Antarctic scene, and air conditioning will throw a reasonably cold blast on the visitor.

The present system of putting all the kangaroos together, all the big cats in one house, etc., will eventually be replaced by geographical groupings such as Africa, and this will be subdivided into habitats, such as the forest, veld and bush. In each, the associated animals will be seen together, though separated by hidden moats. Thus, in the American plains scene, the bison, wolf and prairie dog will seem to be associated on the terrain they actually occupy in common. All these rearrangements, of course, will cost a lot of money, while the results give people a vastly truer and more dramatic sense of how the rest of the animal kingdom lives.

This zoo of the future will also multiply its own headaches in an already complicated operation. A zoo commissary makes a United Nations dietary look simple, with over 1,000 species plus cranky individuals to feed. Supervising the rearing of young can require twenty-four-hour-a-day surveillance by scientists, who are paid by the New York Zoological Society. (Keepers, food, fuel and half of building costs are provided by New York City.) The new arrangements will certainly present unpredictable difficulties. An example is that if you drain the penguins' pool and then scare them they are likely to dive in on the concrete bottom and brain themselves. The mortality in even well-run zoos is distressing, and usually inexplicable; the aim of the Bronx Zoo is to reduce the inexplicability. New animals are paid for by the New York Zoological Society, not the city.

The Bronx Zoo now attracts 2,500,000 visitors every year. These represent its opportunity to tell the story of the animal kingdom, sympathetically, inspirationally, unforgettably—or dully. Its present management acutely feels the double responsibility — to teach the people, and to save the other species: two interlocked objectives.

THE renaissance of the zoo, not a moment too soon, is not confined to the New York Zoological Society. In both Washington, D.C., and Los Angeles, citizens' committees are agitating for better zoos. Los Angeles' Mayor Poulson said, "We are still working toward a world-famous zoo. We haven't lowered our sights." In the same area an amateur, Maurice Machris, is trying to set up a conservation research ranch of about 400 acres to breed rare animals. He has already bought fifty species, mostly still in quarantine, and hopes for the incredible total of 900 species. He too has discovered that some important species are down to one or two hundred individuals. He is especially interested in the little-known kouprey of Cambodia, which may possibly be a true wild ox.

The spirit of such enterprises is admirable. One measure of the decency of a society must be whether its members care, or even affect to care, about the welfare of other species of no immediate benefit to them. It is not really an insult to mankind to admire a hummingbird, an albatross or a lion.

It may be noted that the zoos of Communist Russia are grim, old-fashioned jails. That of Communist East Berlin, however, is excellent, comparable to the fine zoos of Basle and Frankfurt. Such data are surely useful in cultural studies of these countries.

In America, the reporting on zoos by the press is invariably more or less "cute," and does not seem to me truthful. The theory may be that the press is addressed only to mammals that can read, and cannot resist giving its readers the assurance that, compared to themselves, okapi and whooping cranes are idiots. The press reaches for the winning side, the procreatively successful animal that can read and has the price of the paper.

THE JOHN BIRCH SOCIETY . . *by Hans Engh*

THE CRIES of the "pseudo-conservative revolt," a movement that Richard Hofstadter, eminent Columbia University historian, believed had passed its peak of influence in 1955, once again are heard across the land.

Ostensibly dedicated to fighting communism, the central organization behind this "save-America-before-it's-too late" drive is the semi-secret John Birch Society, whose self-appointed leader, Robert Welch, once labeled former President Eisenhower "a dedicated, conscious agent of the Communist conspiracy."

The society was formed in December, 1958, with Welch, a retired candy manufacturer from Belmont, Mass., standing before eleven Americans gathered at his invitation in Indianapolis, Ind., informing them that they were taking part in the beginning of a movement of historical importance.

Welch, who spoke to his guests for two days, told them that his society — named after an American Army captain and missionary killed in China shortly after VJ-Day—would function almost entirely through small local chapters, each consisting of "ten to twenty dedicated patriots," and that it would promote "less government, more responsibility and a better world."

Since then the society, with a minimum annual membership fee of $24 for men and $12 for women(!), has gained a foothold in many parts of the country. Aiming at a membership of 1,000,000 and a budget of $1,000,000, it appears to be particularly strong on the West Coast.

California, long a hothouse for extremist movements of all colors and varieties, probably has more members than any other state. Santa Barbara, for example, a city of some 60,000 residents one hundred miles north of Los Angeles, is a society bastion. It has a "Speakers' Forum," a Birch library, a news bulletin and a columnist who peddles the society's line in the weekly newspaper of a neighboring community.

The Santa Barbara *News-Press* recently ran a series of articles on

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HANS ENGH, staff writer for the Santa Barbara News-Press, *wrote a series on the John Birch Society for his newspaper.*

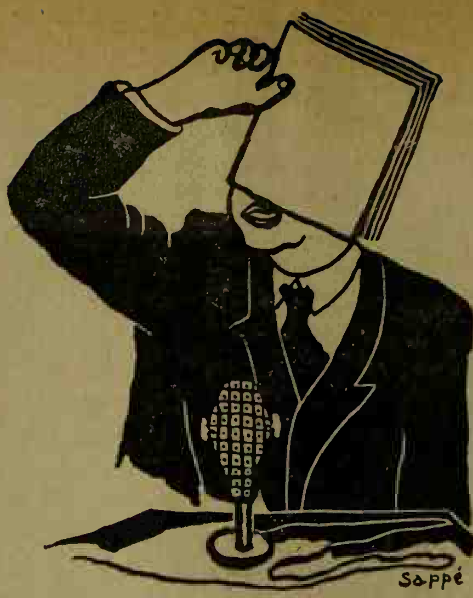
the society. It resulted in a barrage of letters to the editor, a vast majority of them praising the paper for bringing the matter into the open. Leading newspapers elsewhere in the country also have featured articles about the society in recent months, among them the Boston *Herald*, the Chicago *Daily News* and the Milwaukee *Journal*. As a result of this publicity, thousands of persons who believe in the honored traditions of free speech and fair play, including many conservative Republicans, have expressed deep concern over the society's chosen method of operation.

THE Birch Society chapters, whose members, among other things, are urged to join the PTAs, meet monthly in private homes as study groups. They hear tape recordings, view motion pictures, talk about aspects of the "Communist conspiracy," listen to book reviews, discuss tactics—including letter writing and other public-opinion campaigns—and in general, so they believe, make themselves better equipped to meet what they term the challenge of communism.

Dr. Granville Knight of Santa Barbara, a member of the society's twenty-eight-man national council, said that persons may attend these meetings by invitation only. "The society has not sought publicity," he said, "and the names of the members have not been made public to protect those who do not wish to be disturbed by nuisance tactics." In other words, the society is organized by cells, and only the cell leader knows the names of the members of other cells.

The statement that Welch considers Eisenhower a Communist is contained in a 302-page book called *The Politician*. Originally written as a letter in 1954 and expanded from time to time, the manuscript was apparently intended to remain a confidential document outlining Welch's opinions regarding the progress of communism, particularly in the United States. It was reproduced by offset in 1958 and distributed to the top leaders of the newly organized society.

No doubt realizing that he had gone a bit too far in *The Politician*, Welch made every effort to get the book out of circulation as quickly as possible. In the book Welch, in addition to calling Eisenhower a Red, also describes former Presidents Roosevelt and Truman as tools of international communism. The same label is attached to the names of the Dulles brothers, Neil McElroy and other high government officials of the Eisenhower administration, including Chief Justice Earl Warren. In fact, the society at present is organizing a movement to impeach Warren. This was met with a forcefully critical editorial the other day in the normally conservative Los Angeles *Times*.



IN THE society's *Bulletin* for September of last year — a monthly publication distributed to members giving them the "agenda for the month" — Welch urged that his followers join the PTAs:

> Join your local PTA at the beginning of the school year, get your conservative friends to do likewise, and go to work to take it over. You will run into real battles against determined leftists who have had everything their way. But it is time we went on the offensive to make such groups the instrument of conservative purpose, with the same vigor and determination that the "liberals" have used the opposite aims. When you and your friends get the local PTA group straightened out, move up the ladder as soon as you can to exert a wider influence. And don't let the dirty tactics of the opposition get you down.

In the *Blue Book*, the society's bible, Welch wrote that "democracy is merely a deceptive phrase, a weapon of demagoguery and a perennial fraud." Outlining society activities, he urged the establishment of reading rooms, which also can serve as rental libraries. He suggested that the circulation of various appropriate publications be expanded, that members embark upon letter-writing campaigns, that they organize fronts, that they start "shocking" the American people, and that they obtain and feature the services of certain speakers.

AT the organizing meeting in Indianapolis in 1958, Welch made it clear that his society would operate under complete, authoritative control at all levels, with the cell leaders appointed by headquarters. Describing himself as a hard-boiled, dictatorial and dynamic boss, he said that the men who join the society will do so because "they believe in me and are willing to accept my leadership." He said that disloyal members would be eliminated without going through "any congress of so-called democratic processes." The national council is charged with picking a successor to Welch should a "suicide or something equally fatal be arranged for me by the Communists."

Among the prominent members of the society's national council are Dr. N. E. Adamson, Jr., a Boston surgeon; Thomas J. Anderson, editor and publisher of *Farm and Ranch*; T. Coleman Andrews, former Commissioner of Internal Revenue; Spruille Braden, former U.S. ambassador; Col. Laurence E. Bunker, former personal aide to Gen. Douglas MacArthur; James Simpson, Jr., former Congressman; Adolphe Menjou, the actor, and three former presidents of the National Association of Manufacturers. It is significant that Welch picked himself for the leadership after having discarded both former Vice President Nixon ("a slippery and shrewd politician") and Sen. Barry Goldwater as not being up to the task.

In Southern California, society chapters currently are following Welch's instructions and are indeed featuring "appropriate" speakers. Donald Jackson, former Congressman and former member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, is among the speakers. He is showing the film *Operation Abolition*, the film on the student riots which accompanied the HUAC's hearings in San Francisco last May. William Buckley, editor of the *National Review*, drew a full house at Santa Barbara High School recently. Welch may not quite possess the intellectual stature to suit Buckley, but the latter does term the John Birch Society a splendid organization.

ALSO traveling the speech circuit is Billy James Hargis' Christian Crusade Rally, one of whose speakers is Matt Cvetic, who worked as a Communist for the FBI and has since appeared frequently as an informer before the HUAC. Cvetic flatly terms the Fund for the Republic a promoter of communism under the name of academic freedom. According to him, Steve Allen, Dr. Linus Pauling, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and a good many others are advocating the Communist line, and Cyrus Eaton is a "stupid, greedy, capitalistic pig." He says: "Join the John Birch Society to learn about Communism."

Hargis himself, shouting at the top of his lungs and shaking his fist, takes out after the nation's Protestant ministers, charging that Red agents are posing as clergymen. As for the U.N., "Let's kick that nest of spies and saboteurs into the middle of the Atlantic Ocean," he tells his audience.

Not only governmental leaders come under Welch's fire. Of the press, he says that "a well-intentioned management has no conception of how far the termites have crept into the solid-looking framework of their news gathering and news writing." Of the clergy, he says that "one-third of the ministers are not true believers in the Divine name or the Divine history and the Divine teachings to which they give lip service as they go through their motions on Sunday morning." He claims that some of them are using their pulpits to preach outright communism to their congregations.

WELCH'S inability to document his various allegations is nowhere more apparent than in his magazine *American Opinion*, which he publishes eleven times a year. On occasion, the magazine is devoted in its entirety to "surveys" of Communist infiltration in 107 countries of the world. For each country, Welch, blandly and without substantiation, gives a percentage score on degree of Red infiltration. Experts wonder where he gets his figures.

On the local level, society members busy themselves in a variety of ways. They undertake extensive letter-writing and telephoning campaigns, sponsor radio and TV programs, and put pressure on legislators, educators and other persons of influence at every opportunity.

Who is the typical John Birch Society member? Hofstadter said of his pseudo-conservative radicals that they could not be identified by class. This also is true of the Birch members. Many of them are poorly educated members of the middle classes, but some wealthy persons also are involved.

In certain communities the Birchians have been able to whip up a good deal of unrest and suspicion. Persons are labeled Communist at the drop of a hat, and semi-secret meetings create an aura of fear and hate. Fortunately, even in these communities there are still enough reasonable people around who bring a measure of balance to the situation. It may be that the Birch group will live a hectic but short life. Together with other "know nothing" organizations scattered through the country, it represents a basic, continuing phenomenon in American society: that regressive force which, under one guise or another, seems to pop up whenever the country as a whole seems destined to move into a more progressive era.

Is Labor Turning Protectionist? . .

by Joseph A. Loftus

IS AMERICAN LABOR going protectionist?

American manufacturing, long the architect and advocate of the high tariff wall, climbed down from that protective device more than a score of years ago. Under the reciprocal-trade system, which dates from early New Deal days, the United States has become a low-to-moderate tariff country in which the manufacturing community, on the whole, has learned to live well. What a piece of irony it would be if organized labor in America should now raise the banner of Hawley-Smoot!

Surface symptoms of labor discontent with tariff conditions have taken forms like these:

¶The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, whose leadership has long cherished the reciprocal-trade philosophy, has decided to slam the workroom door on all suitings coming from Japan after May.

¶In Chicago, a big local of the Electrical Workers notified eighty-three employers that, effective May 1, its members would refuse to handle electronics parts imported from Japan and other low-wage countries.

¶The International Ladies' Garment Workers last year struck a Roanoke, Va., plant of a company that had just opened a factory in Ireland. The union exacted an agreement that the company will set aside part of its Irish profits to compensate workers for any wage loss at the Virginia plant after two years of international operation.

¶A protectionist group which met

JOSEPH A. LOFTUS, the first Louis Stark Fellow under the Nieman Foundation for Journalism at Harvard, is on leave from the Washington bureau of The New York Times.

in Washington on January 25 attracted a larger than usual number of union representatives.

Labor leaders are feeling the pressure of jobless union members in many fields, ranging from cream of tartar to automobiles. Some leaders sense threats to their wage-bargaining positions; employers repeatedly remind them of the difficulty of competing with low-wage foreign labor.

WHATEVER the causes, unemployment in the United States is far too high by any standards, and labor's resentment is sharpened by evidence of goods made by foreign sweatshop labor, by reports of dollars leaving the United States for investment abroad, and by dispatches telling of labor shortages in Japan and Western Europe. Given these facts, it is easy enough for the protectionist to lay all the blame for unemployment on imports and the reciprocal-trade policy, and to overlook the effects of our own business cycle and the shortcomings of our domestic economy. But blaming imports for our woes, and then proposing high tariffs or other restrictions on imports as the solution, not only oversimplifies the circumstances and the cure, but probably misrepresents them. There is more to foreign exchange than the simple exchange of merchandise.

As far as merchandise is concerned, the big picture is that we are the world's greatest exporter ($19.5 billion last year). For three-quarters of a century we have had a net surplus of exports over imports. This is still true, even though our surplus of sales over purchases ($4.6 billion last year) is not as great as it used to be and our share of the total world trade has dwindled. One would think from hearing some of the squawks that we are exporting employment and nothing else. The Department of Labor has estimated that in 1956 about 4.5 million U.S. workers owed their jobs either to making goods for export or to processing, transporting or distributing imports. To say that Japan and Western Europe are booming simply because they are selling stuff to us tells only a piece of the story. Another piece is that these countries, because they are booming, are buying heavily from us.

Admittedly, the picture as drawn gives small comfort to a man thrown out of work by a Japanese transistor or a Hong Kong shirt. A union leader, in spite of his reservoir of international good will, cannot stand by indefinitely and watch his union ground to pieces by the products of low-wage foreign labor.

Promoting the national interest—the big picture—without causing serious injury to particular industries is not a new problem. It is the function of government to grapple with it. The law provides, through the so-called escape clause, the restoration of a former higher tariff when an import causes, or threatens to cause, serious injury to a domestic market. The remarkable fact is that this escape hatch has been rarely invoked by people who claim to be hurt.

EMPLOYMENT BENE FITS
NO SMOKING

Charles P. Taft, general counsel of the Committee for a National Trade Policy, pointed out to the Senate Select Committee on Small Business last June:

> In spite of the wide publicity given to complaints of unemployment and injury caused to American industry by increased imports, it is remarkable that so few cases have been lodged before the Tariff Commission in recent years [eight in 1960] and, moreover, that so few of those which have been lodged have been sustained by the commission [one in 1960].
>
> This would suggest that import competition is commonly used as a scapegoat by industries which are forced to undergo adjustments caused primarily by other factors.
>
> It is undoubtedly true that thousands of enterprises and hundreds of thousands of workers shift their occupations yearly in the United States as a result entirely of changes in the domestic competitive situation. On the basis of the evidence adduced by the Tariff Commission, the shifts in employment and in productive facilities induced by import competition are a fraction of those caused by other factors.

Al Hayes, president of the International Association of Machinists, also thinks that the import bugaboo has been overstressed. "While we are facing competition from foreign producers, the situation is not so desperate as some people would have us believe," he wrote in the fall (1960) issue of the Industrial Union Department (AFL-CIO) *Digest.*

WHO in organized labor is demanding basic changes in our reciprocal-trade policy? Certainly not the AFL-CIO itself. In the old A.F. of L., the tariff was never a big issue, one way or the other, although it always contained a knot of unions which believed that the tariff, or import quotas, should be used to protect the high wages in their industries. The late Matthew Woll was the protectionists' spokesman in A.F. of L. councils for years, but he never wielded enough influence to push the organization as a whole into a protectionist position.

In recent years, most A.F. of L. leaders have tended toward a reciprocal-trade philosophy, the more so since the merger with the C.I.O. The protectionist minority has rallied around an organization, outside the merged labor federation, that is now known as the Nation-wide Committee on Import-Export Policy. The hard-core union group in the committee comes from such industries as glass, ceramics, leather, meats, seafaring, photo-engraving (Woll's old union), and plastics. Some agriculture groups are also associated with the organization.

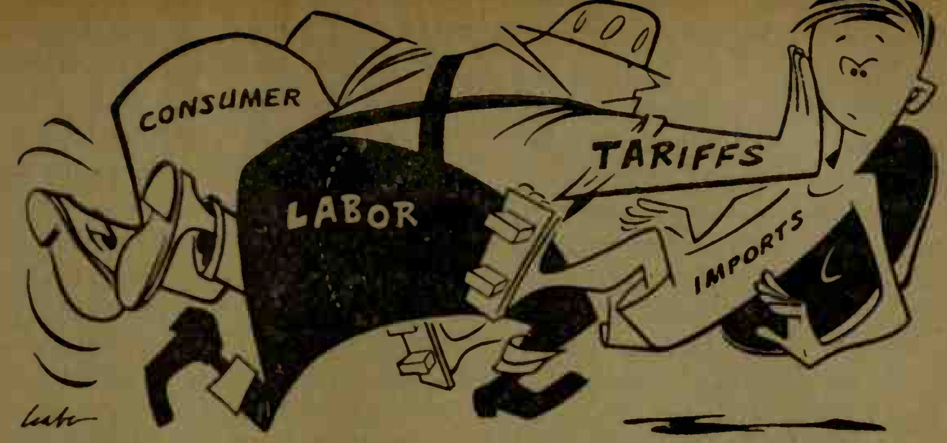
The committee's chairman and spokesman is O. R. Strackbein, whose perspective seems to be limited largely by the wage differential—high wages here versus low wages abroad. A measure of his attitude toward those who disagree may be found in his statement that "apparently it is necessary to gain a Ph.D. degree in economics or to be an importer or a heavy exporter to become blind to the obvious." Mr. Strackbein insists that he wants only "reasonable protective measures." The inevitable alternative, he further insists, is "abandonment of the high-wage, high-productivity system."

THE WAGE differential emphasized by Mr. Strackbein cannot be denied (although it is sometimes exaggerated, inasmuch as foreign workers get a much higher proportion of fringe benefits than do workers here). But Mr. Strackbein blandly ignores the fact that his "cure," i.e., a tariff wall, would inevitably result in a retaliatory wall against American goods.

Mr. Strackbein, of course, is a special pleader. Now in this country, where protection of minority rights is built into our political institutions, there is nothing wrong with special pleading. The only time it becomes repugnant is when it is draped in the flag of national interest.

Mr. Strackbein reported that his January 25 meeting in Washington drew, besides the union nucleus on his committee, representatives of seventeen unions. Some came only as observers. The newcomers included the Electrical Workers (IBEW), Carpenters, Pulp and Paper Mill Workers, United Shoe Workers, Rubber Workers, Aluminum Workers, Woodworkers, Boilermakers, Molders, Brick and Clay Workers, and the Machinists. Eleven of the seventeen, Mr. Strackbein reported, endorsed a bill that would restrict imports through imposition of quotas. It was not clear whether the internationals were represented in all cases, or only locals. Nor were the eleven endorsers identified.

The absentee list would provide a better picture of what the mainstream of labor is thinking today. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers, which is hurting from the importation of 2 million dozen shirts a year from Japan and Hong Kong, and fears further inundation, sent no one to the Export-Import Policy meeting. "Philosophically we are still reciprocal traders," an Amalgamated source said. "We are still anxious to find a solution within that framework. There is a real danger, though, that if we don't find a solution you may find us yowling with the rest."



Walter P. Reuther, who is clearly disturbed by compact car imports and unemployment in the automobile industry, sent no one to the meeting. Reuther, who has lately been described in scuttlebutt as a developing tariff advocate, has been quite clear in saying that that would be the last rampart and he hoped not to be driven back upon it. Merely raising tariff walls would not change the situation very much, he told a meeting of European labor leaders, because if a 10 per cent penalty were imposed, for example, on imported transistor sets, wages in the exporting country would be cut 10 per cent. "Nobody can win a negative contest, based on who can depress wages the most," Reuther said.

The Textile Workers Union was not represented at the Strackbein meeting, nor were the International Ladies' Garment Workers, the Hat, Cap, and Millinery Workers, or the International Union of Electrical Workers, to name a few that are feeling the pain of imports.

THE IMPLICATIONS of the absentee list are fairly obvious. The absent unions are not prepared to plump—not at this time, at least—for changes in the reciprocal-trade law to solve their problems. They represent a far more influential force in AFL-CIO councils than the unions endorsing the import-restriction bill. And anyone who lobbies in the name of labor on Capitol Hill without the approbation of the AFL-CIO is simply hollering down a rain barrel. The labor federation, bumbling as it is when it tries to stop labor-control legislation, does possess, nevertheless, an effective veto power on Capitol Hill whenever a minority labor group goes hunting for special legislative favors. The Reuthers, the Careys, the Dubinskys, Bill Pollock, Alex Rose, and even Jack Potofsky, are hardly disposed at this time to fight President Kennedy's export-import policy. One may reasonably conclude that for this year at least the union drive for protectionism will be limited to an ineffective minority.

SUCH labor-leader resistance as Mr. Kennedy may encounter is more likely to develop out of his wage-holding approach to the export problem. A few labor leaders cannot commit themselves to forego wage demands while the rest of them do not. One difficulty with stopping the annual wage round on short notice is that certain industries, like steel, already have contracted for wage increases this year and next.

The trade-minded unions are, however, hard at work on their problem. They are aware that imports are not the only generator of unemployment; and, like any competent diagnostician, they know that treating symptoms, instead of going to causes, can promote dangerous consequences.

Reuther's message to the 1960 meeting of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions contained this passage:

> Pressure is building up in America which will lead to economic isolationism and be a blow to the free world. If we don't solve this problem, it will not be possible to tell the American worker much longer, "you can't protect yourself." Economic isolationism may become necessary as a matter of survival and that would fragment-

ize the free world's economy, and the free world can't survive that way.

The first step for foreign industry, particularly in Japan, said Reuther, is "to meet its basic social obligation to its workers," namely to raise wages and reduce the disparity between foreign and American wage levels. "We know that as a practical matter we can't equalize wages in all areas of the world, but we can minimize the differentials so that we can live with them."

Victor G. Reuther, Walter's brother, followed through on this and related points at a Paris meeting late last fall of automobile workers' unions from fifteen countries. There it was asserted that auto workers "have been openly threatened [by the big manufacturers] that their jobs will be moved to other countries unless they give up the struggle to improve their living standards." Promotion of international fair labor standards, meaning the establishment of "fair wages consistent with the economic development of each country involved," was the AFL-CIO policy line laid down at the meeting by Stanley Ruttenberg, the federation's research chief. It is expected that this plank will be pressed by United States representatives in the 1961 sessions of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT).

Reuther and others can be counted on to remind President Kennedy, if they have not already done so, of a pertinent paragraph in the 1960 Democratic platform:

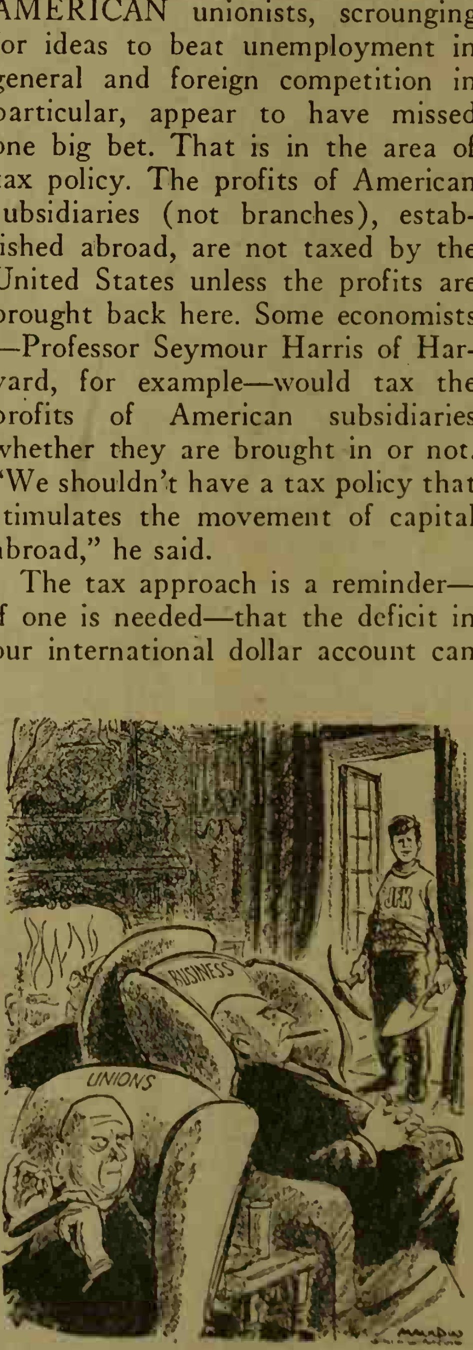
> The new Democratic Administration will seek international agreements to assure fair competition and fair labor standards to protect our own workers and to improve the lot of workers elsewhere.

Mr. Kennedy has some additional ideas of his own. He has indicated interest in a report of the Senate Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce urging "adjustment assistance"—long-term, low-interest loans for modernization programs, for example—to domestic industries that can prove they are suffering from import competition and not simply from inefficiency.

President Potofsky of the Amalgamated goes along with the international fair labor standards approach for the longer run, but insists on crash action now to deal with the Japanese-Hong Kong threat of further market disruption in the men's apparel industry. If the Amalgamated leaders, and the Chicago local of the Electrical Workers, are determined to go through with their boycott threats (and are not merely making propaganda), they may find themselves quickly blocked by the courts. A boycott is a boycott, say the legal eagles, whether the secondary employer is in Japan or America. It is also a nice question whether a union and an employer, by agreeing to exclude imports, may make private policy that modifies national policy.

AMERICAN unionists, scrounging for ideas to beat unemployment in general and foreign competition in particular, appear to have missed one big bet. That is in the area of tax policy. The profits of American subsidiaries (not branches), established abroad, are not taxed by the United States unless the profits are brought back here. Some economists —Professor Seymour Harris of Harvard, for example—would tax the profits of American subsidiaries whether they are brought in or not. "We shouldn't have a tax policy that stimulates the movement of capital abroad," he said.

The tax approach is a reminder—if one is needed—that the deficit in our international dollar account can be traced to factors other than an export-import problem. As noted, our exports exceed our imports now. While it is true, as President Kennedy told Congress, that a still bigger surplus of exports would tend to wipe out the dollar deficit caused by non-merchandise factors, this would not necessarily preclude a frontal attack on the flow of investment money from the United States to foreign countries. This seems like a natural vineyard for the work of labor leaders and their economists.



"Blood, sweat and tears, anyone?"

American investments abroad, to a large extent, are sensible and desirable from everybody's viewpoint. Some companies, as a matter of sound business policy, established manufacturing subsidiaries abroad because the developing European Common Market threatened them with the loss of part of their export market. The natural move was to get on the inside.

It is another matter, however, if we are exporting American money, techniques and management, and bringing the products over for sale here; or if the profits are staying abroad.

The value of direct U.S. foreign investments shot up from $11 billion in 1950 to nearly $30 billion in 1959. Slightly less than a third of this is invested in manufacturing; more than a third is in petroleum. Of the total, $5.3 billion is in Europe, of which $2.93 billion is in manufacturing; the Middle East investment is $1.2 billion, nearly all in petroleum; in Canada, the sum is $10.17 billion, of which $4.5 billion is in manufacturing and $1 billion in mining. The Commerce Department reported that in 1959 the undistributed earnings of these direct investments abroad were in excess of $1 billion.

All these investments, of course, are quite apart from money sent abroad to take advantage of higher interest rates.

There is obviously a great deal more to the international dollar deficit than imports. The bulk of the labor political strength in this country is not disposed now to wall out the imports, but it is looking for the other angles, and tax policy may be one of them.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Notes on the Underworld

Paul Goodman

WRITING UP unprecedented themes and scenes has been the history of literature, developing along with new techniques, styles and author-attitudes. Yet a special problem is raised by our present tendency to write up, as if in one feverish cooperative effort, everything that is underground and hitherto unmentionable; we apparently seek to break down in principle any barrier between underworld and public world, and between what is kept silent and what is literature. Why do we publicize the underworld, why don't we let it remain under? As with every other spontaneous act in our unsatisfactory era, this effort commences either as a reaction of despair or as a generous gesture of reform; but with astonishing rapidity it is corrupted to the style and effect of the global Thing it means to attack. Because the writers are themselves inwardly betrayed, their frankness rapidly becomes lewd and their impulse to direct action turns into punk fascism.

To get our bearings, let us recall that in other times the underworld was kept under not necessarily because it was base or shameful. For instance, the ancient Mysteries seem to have been the important community religion of the Greek folk, far more than was the vastly written up cult of Olympus. Yet they were by no means for publication, so we have few texts from which to learn much about them. And from antiquity through the middle ages, even in so verbal a subject as philosophy, the highest tradition of certain sects was passed on secretly from the master only to the disciple who had the right character. In classical realistic writing in general, as Auerbach has pointed out (though he gives a wrong explanation), the sharp objective figure in the foreground stands out against an empty background not reported. This is not necessarily because the background is unknown to the author, but because, especially in certain supreme actions, public speech and reporting are irrelevant and blasphemous. In the Chinese tradition, Laotse and Confucius, disagreeing on everything else, agree on this: "We do not speak about the divine."

In most societies there has been reticence also about much of the middle part of life, for instance happy sex or happy married life, although romantic love, sexual failure, and marital misery have been literary topics par excellence. This reticence has been maintained not necessarily because sex is considered private or because the societies have been anti-sexual. No such conceptions exist in antiquity, not to speak of many more primitive societies. But what is there to *write?* It is the kind of thing that you *do*. Romantic sexuality is written up just because it touches on what you can't do, it is a kind of completing of unfinished situations. (Insofar as sex is an art, however, there is a place for speech and writing, even for how-to-do-it manuals. But unfortunately, just where instinct is most distorted there is the strongest drive for "proving" and impersonal technique rather than culture and art, and I suppose that written manuals cater to this drive.)

At the bottom end of the spectrum, finally, throughout most of history illegal low life has, prudently, not courted publicity. It would have been considered not a point of prestige, as with us, but of simple idiocy, for the secrets of a thieves' or addicts' gang to be exposed and written up. The blabber got the lumps. The exceptions are remarkable and force us to speculate. There is evidence that Villon wrote his jargon poems for the *coquillards* (the gang) themselves, yet they are published poetry courtly in form and merge harmoniously with his lamentations of low-life in proper French and with his "standard" subjects. In his own life, we know, he bestrode the two worlds; the fact that he also did so in writing makes us think of the breakdown of medieval culture, the general upsurge of the vernaculars, the disasters of the Hundred Years War. Villon surveys the scene of his low life from the point of view of universal humanity; Genet can find animation, he tells us, only in his low life, and he struggles to find in it some universal humanity. Another obvious example is Defoe, in the seamy age of Walpole; here we seem to get something more like "modern" reportage.

So we return to our own disposition to write up the unutterable, the unmentionable, and the underworld. I want to explore three different general motives, so I won't mention any names (for every writer must be fairly treated as an individual).

FIRST, of course, this underground reporting is simply part of our wretched universal reporting and spectatoritis. On the one hand, it is technological. "Objective" reporting of "scientific" data makes no distinction of what it surveys, no more than a camera shies away. In the past history of literature and painting, a new scene, like a new technique, was painfully won to meet a new expressive need; but mechanical reporting eats up every scene omnivorously, and the great presses print off anything that has the format of objective reporting. The same occurs with the "scientific method" of so-called sociology; any kind of problem is given the works, and the result has no relevance to solving the problem.

On the other hand, we verbalize a lot, since active life does not come off; it is an easy way of being on the scene without being engaged—just as the sociologists can sharpen their tools and work an "area" without doing any agriculture. In this respect, *Contact* or *Kulchur* or *Big Table*, with their criminal, underground, or Beat issues, are no better than *Life* and *Look*. We substitute journalism for philosophy, poetry and politics. We regard our existence as though it were already history or nothing better than fiction; and since the essence of existence, its presentness and challenge, is omitted, we get inaccurate history and weak fiction. Thus far too much gets written and yet the proper function of letters is neglected or swamped. As part of the popular culture, the scenes of the underworld are like the rest of the chewing gum.

A second motive for the publication of the underworld is more promising, but disappointing in the performance. It is that, since the legitimate world has become lifeless and contemptible, we explore in the illegitimate for vitality. We seem to propose, by affirmation and publication, to make *this* the public world or at least an acceptable part of the public world. The need is

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PAUL GOODMAN is the author of The Empire City *(Bobbs-Merrill)*, Growing Up Absurd *(Random House) and* Our Visit to Niagara *(Horizon).*

pretty pathetic, but beggars aren't choosers. It is no news that, just to live on a little, many of us have to be illegal. (For instance, I have experienced at a lawyer's that very few of my friends could appear in court as character-witnesses; though they are fine folk, they could not survive even a superficial cross-examination; certainly I could not.) Thus it is probably a wise course to counterattack ideologically and get everybody used to the dirty words and the illegal scenes.

We must distinguish two contrasting aspects of our illegitimacy. Given our idiotic system of morals and property, it is impossible to live without sinning and trespassing, and in the tight organization of modern society, any spontaneous gesture is a threatening nonconformity. Then to be illegitimate is simply the continuing defiant affirmation of free love, anarchism, progressive education, and productive work like arts and crafts that belonged to the bucolic age of Greenwich Village. Our difference is that we have come a further step from Bohemianism in "honest poverty." It is harder to be decently poor; urbanism and technology are still further out of human scale; civil liberties are harder to defend. The result is that, especially among the unseasoned, a larger number resign from the fight altogether and become beat.

But also, given the inhuman pressures and temptations of commercialism, regimentation and community fragmentation, there are inevitably criminality, flight to the margin, and various personality disturbances that are not properly efforts for natural satisfaction in difficult circumstances, but are hostile reaction-formations: such are the spite, conceit, fantasies of power, and the throwing of tantrums that are the usual tone of hipster letters. The kind of reactive vitality that used to characterize delinquent hoodlums now spreads to middle-class, middle-aged gentlemen who can write books; and naturally it rings bells on Madison Avenue, where there is the same resentment of earnest effort.

Rebellious humanism and reactive hipsterism are by nature incompatible. The positive satisfaction of life—or even the striving for it, being frustrated and becoming angry—pays off in a real world of real contacts; there is no need to win "proving" victories, to be one-up in every encounter; conceit becomes boring and violent solutions are rarely constructive. Nevertheless, as the case is *socially*, these two aspects of illegitimacy are lumped together and damned together, and often have to live together. It becomes necessary to vindicate them together. We who simply want community, productive culture, justice and pleasure understand that, as Kropotkin said, "So long as one person is in prison, I am not free." Besides, some of us—and that's *our* problem—suffer from a thankless compassion that supports the conceited, wasteful and violent because they are like sick children.

UNHAPPILY, in the peculiar market of publication, bad writing drives out good. Rebel humanism has an unpopular style; it seems never to pose the "problems" that everybody is talking about—how could it, since the problems are falsely posed? Muckraking, a proper function of humane letters, e.g. disclosure of police brutality, has a miserable way of becoming sado-masochistic, just as "pacifist" films, on the whole, exacerbate violence. The mass public takes to its heart just that aspect of the illegitimate which is reactive to its own official ideology and mores and which, of course, shares the same psychology of power, sensation and success. The seamy scene of hip literature is an attractive fore-pleasure, and the acting out of every office clerk's conceit and castration complex provides a relevant thrill. This reportage serves the same function for the philosophy of the mass audience as the bathos of Tennessee Williams does for its sexuality. The poet caters to the tender pornographic side, combining lust with punishment; and the hipster prose writer caters to the conceited power side, combining know-how with putting down. This is utterly boring.

In my opinion, there is something dishonorable and exploiting, queasy-making, about hipster writing (and similarly, much of the school of Sartre). Life strategies that are brutal necessities for folk in clear and present danger, and that precisely would not be written up, are toyed with by intellectuals who evoke fantasy dangers so that they can thrill to extreme situations, and indeed thereby they create unnecessary real dangers, as if life weren't hard enough. It sounds as though they were calling

"More Light! More Light!"

Composed in the Tower before his execution
These moving verses, and being brought at that time
Painfully to the stake, submitted, declaring thus:
"I implore my God to witness that I have made no crime."

Nor was he forsaken of courage, but the death was horrible,
The sack of gunpowder failing to ignite.
His legs were blistered sticks on which the black sap
Bubbled and burst as he howled for the Kindly Light.

And that was but one, and by no means one of the worst;
Permitted at least his pitiful dignity;
And such as were by made prayers in the name of Christ,
That shall judge all men, for his soul's tranquility.

We move now to outside a German wood.
Three men are there commanded to dig a hole
In which the two Jews are ordered to lie down
And be buried alive by the third, who is a Pole.

Not light from the shrine at Weimar beyond the hill
Nor light from heaven appeared. But he did refuse.
A Lüger settled back deeply in its glove.
He was ordered to change places with the Jews.

Much casual death had drained away their souls.
The thick dirt mounted toward the quivering chin.
When only the head was exposed the order came
To dig him out again and to get back in.

No light, no light in the blue Polish eye.
When he finished a riding boot packed down the earth.
The Lüger hovered lightly in its glove.
He was shot in the belly and in three hours bled to death.

No prayers or incense rose up in those hours
Which grew to be years, and every day came mute
Thousands sifting down through the crisp air
And settled upon his eyes in a black soot.

ANTHONY HECHT

up the underground for spite, as a psychological reaction to blocked creativity; the rhythm becomes jabbing and the tone shrill; the fantasy is for the cool to seize power, even via Jack Kennedy. But our real need is otherwise. The case is that our society is in a *chronic low-grade emergency*. To alleviate this, so that out-going life can revive, requires patience, fortitude and music, curtly rejecting anything phoney but having faith in abiding goods and powers. Instead, these writers, lacking the support of natural strength, panic and cop out.

LET ME suggest a third motive for writing up the underworld, that I think is more reasonable. (Unfortunately the writers who seem to have this motive, e.g. some of the Beats, are both so ignorant and so hopped-up that they don't know what they're after, and they sell themselves short.) By making all scenes equal, by writing one's situation as it is, whatever it is, writers might hope to get rid of "standards" altogether and indeed of "writing" altogether. This is to revive old-fashioned high nihilism, to clear the decks. In the 19th century, in a scarcity economy, the nihilism was more politically revolutionary and religiously Christian; in the "affluent society," it is quitting and being religiously Taoist and pacifist. The aim is certainly not to substitute the underground as a new power, but to form a new community from scratch.

A nihilist program is a beautifully democratic approach to literature. It seems designed for the millions of the inarticulate who say, "If I could only write, I have a story to tell!" All of the faithful are encouraged to be creative, a very different thing from making whole art works, the products of a complicated culture. One is permitted to be fragmentary; by learning the trick of spontaneous association, one can achieve exciting poetic moments; by employing the primitive rhetorical devices of repetition, incantation and crescendo, it is possible to read a page aloud as if one had made a whole poem; and of course by writing "wd" and "cd" and using the slash-mark on the typewriter, one is in the swim. Music and painting are also Everyman's.

A critic cannot help being bemused, for indeed this Beat art is a remarkable historical product. Consider how the most exquisite efforts of modern art to break free from convention and get back to the elements of expression—one could mention Mallarmé's symbolism, Rimbaud's visions, Pound's and Eliot's fragmentation and pastiche, Apollinaire's and Cummings' ideograms and typography, W. C. Williams' neo-Wordsworthianism, Viennese atonality, Webern's pointillism, Stravinski's and Varèse's percussion, Bartok's rhythm, polyrhythms from Bali and New Orleans, Picasso's abstraction and collage, Matisse's fauvism, Kandinsky's non-objectivism, Mondrian's and Albers' elementarism, Pollack's action and Kline's gesture—how all of these intensely cultivated sources have met up with the deliberately programmatic realism of Sherwood Anderson, Joyce, Lawrence, Céline and others, to give a *lingua franca* to amateur boys. They now have a means of esthetically expressing how they are. None of their art is inventive, little of it is any good, yet there is in it a valuable new contribution, its very communitarianism. And supported by the sense of a community (the very opposite of the one-upping of the hipsters), literature is cultivated as an action on the audience, to increase the community. When they have read their poems at one another, they can barge in for bed and board like Samoans.

Culturally they, and we, are not yet up to this nihilism. Those who abdicate from the economy and university of the big society become a sect rather than a universal solvent. The "scene" becomes a stereotyped subject matter, with monotonous repetition of jejune experiences and standard props, rather than a modest account of just where one happens to be thrown. The public readings become boringly drunken rituals. And to one's astonishment, the creative community spits with envy at proper writers. The situation is bitterly ironical: on the one hand, we who are cultivated artists and realize how little that's worth (though let me speak no ill of the Creator Spirit) would gladly see our culture relapse into the human community; yet every youth feels thwarted by his writer's block and spiteful because he doesn't know anything.

To sum up: the isolated beatnik publicizes his scene as the only world; the impotent hipster calls up the underground to put down everybody else; and the technological popular culture makes an amalgam of underworld and public world as appetizing as chewing-gum. Yet I don't think it is at present possible to return to a classical silence. Our literary task must be to get rid of the distinctions altogether and recognize only the human beings as existing.

Dyspeptic Pilgrim

THE LOTUS AND THE ROBOT. By Arthur Koestler. The Macmillan Co. 296 pp. $3.95.

Faubion Bowers

ARTHUR KOESTLER is a writer of considerable fame, and the normal felicity of his typewriter makes him, happily or unhappily, readable at a wide level. *The Lotus and the Robot*, coming after volumes of autobiography and novels and a play, is, I believe, his first travelogue. In 1958-59, Mr. Koestler voyaged through India and Japan, and this book is the distilled and distorted essence of what must have been a most painful journey for him and, I have no doubt, an agonizing interruption for the Indians and Japanese he encountered along the way. Mr. Koestler may indeed be, as he says, "born in Hungary, educated in Austria, the formative years spent in France, British by naturalization," but anyone of experience will know after reading *The Lotus and the Robot* that in Mr. Koestler he has well and truly met what has come to be known as the Ugly American.

In his preface, Mr. Koestler states that he embarked "in the mood of the pilgrim . . . I wondered whether the East had any answers to offer to our perplexities and dead-locked problems." With this invitation, the reader zips through the fluid prose and random facts to the epilogue. I think I will not spoil the saga for Mr. Koestler's fans if I quote right off the last paragraph's punch lines—the summary of a year's journalistic labor:

> I started my journey in sackcloth and ashes and came back rather proud of being a European. It may be a somewhat parochial pride, but it is not smug, for . . . with some experience of prisons and concentration camps, one can not help being aware of Europe's past sins and present deadly peril. And yet a detached comparison with other continents . . . leaves one with a new confidence and affection for that small figure riding on the back of the Asian bull.

Or, to quote from an earlier passage

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in the epilogue, “. . . I came back impoverished rather than enriched.” Mr. Koestler has over the years looked to many countries for answers to his problems—first, Russia, now India and Japan—and his fate seems to be perpetual and incessant disillusionment. In his latest book he impoverishes his reader much as he himself was impoverished by his sad, tortured peregrination.

IN THESE days of powerfully positive thinking it is rare to read a book that is so devastatingly negative. Mr. Koestler felt distaste for everything and everybody. Disciples pick their noses and saints play with their toes and giggle, thereby depriving Mr. Koestler of religious experience. Bowel exercises in Yoga spoil for him that science and practice. Gandhi is described as singing “the beauties of the bowel functions as one of the divine wonders.” We are even told that Gandhi always “travelled in a third-class carriage but did not object to having air-conditioning installed, and the carriage to himself.” And he resurrects and lovingly documents some evidence that Gandhi shared his bed with young girls “to prove to himself that he was immune against the temptations of carnal lust.” Nehru is consigned to the “Pink Decade” of “fashionable British left-wing socialism,” and India is summed up as a “pseudo-democracy in a political vacuum.” Even innocent bystanders, such as Dr. Raghavan, the Sanskrit scholar, are snidely sidewiped—in that case, for wearing a loin-cloth (formal dress for a Madrassi), “naked down to the navel” and “reclining on the leather upholstery of a limousine.” Amid many other things, Mr. Koestler is driven wild by the noise of Asia: In India, “the noisy profanity of the temples”; in Japan, transistor radios are a “major curse.”

Mr. Koestler’s antipathies seem boundless. At times in Japan his “mounting exasperation occasionally verg[ed] on hatred.” He found the Japanese “unseeing, using their cameras for eyes,” and “lacking the mental equipment for competitive society.” Their language is “semantic ambiguity increased by deliberate evasiveness.” The story of the forty-seven *ronin* (the Kabuki *Chushingura* which moved audiences to tears in New York last year) is to him “a tale of sheer dementedness.” Zen is at once “hocus-pocus” and “moral nerve-gas,” and Mr. Koestler suggests that it may be “a hoax of truly heroic dimensions.” Nor is Mr. Koestler without check when writing of smaller matters. One time when a Japanese tells him that the Japanese in general find their way about Tokyo despite its being a city without street names, Mr. Koestler categorically asserts to us, “The truth is, they do not.”

The bulk, by and large, of Mr. Koestler’s detestation-ridden *The Lotus and the Robot* is divided between India’s mysticism, particularly Hatha Yoga, and Japan’s Zen Buddhism. To look to these minor, if not obscure, areas of civilization, practiced by very few people indeed, for solutions (which they do not claim to have) of world problems (which are not their area of concern) is in itself baffling. But Mr. Koestler, in the nervous vein of a confidential exposé, ferrets out as much sensationalism as he can. First defining Hatha Yoga as “a discipline with its main emphasis on physiological techniques,” he proceeds with almost pathological fascination to explore its most improbable and lurid arcana: the swallowing of yards of surgical gauze, sucking up water through the rectum, aspiration through the urethra and the control of semen. Mr. Koestler is sickened and so is the reader. Meanwhile, he visits four contemporary Indian saints and, needless to add, finds them all wanting.

Zen comes off little better. He quotes endlessly its “solemn absurdities.” Question: “What is Zen?” Answer: “Zen.” He attacks its “no-mind,” “no-thought,” “no-striving,” its “suchness” and “ahness of things.” Attaching to Zen an influence and power far beyond any actual fact in Japanese society, Mr. Koestler draws a series of conclusions that leave flower-arranging, *haiku* poetry, tree-dwarfing, psychiatry (Japanese-style) and the Japanese character as a whole, prostrate. So sour did Mr. Koestler become in the course of his bloated research that he bought an antique bronze Buddha and “realized with a shock that the Buddha smile had gone dead on me. It was no longer mysterious, but empty.”

MR. KOESTLER throughout seems at great pains to debunk. He dismisses levitation among yogis, one of their celebrated, putative powers, because “the witness always dates his or her experience ‘when I was a small child.’” He solves the claims of “walking or floating on water” as “a trivial matter for anybody who can swim” and “a miracle to non-swimmers only.” (Most Indians can’t swim, according to Mr. Koestler.) And as for suspended animation or being buried underground for long periods of time, Mr. Koestler triumphantly cites a Dane who, fearing heart disease, was able to slow down his heartbeats and stop them altogether—a better feat than those of the yogis.

Mr. Koestler is certainly entitled to his opinions, and no one can deny him the right to his repugnances. I even have little quarrel with anyone who perpetrates his own neuroses on unsuspecting readers. But I do have reservations about accepting Mr. Koestler as a guide to India and Japan. I do not enjoy being taken to art exhibitions by the color blind, nor do I elect to attend concerts with the deaf. How-

The Distant Footsteps

(From the Spanish of Cesar Vallejo)

My father is sleeping. His noble face
suggests a mild heart;
he is so sweet now . . .
if anything bitter is in him, it is myself.

There is loneliness in the parlor; he is muttering;
and there is no news of the children today.
My father wakes, he listens
for the flight into Egypt, the bandaged goodbye.
Now he is so near;
if anything distant is in him, it is myself.

And my mother walks past in the orchard,
savoring a taste already without savor.
Now she is so gentle,
so much wing, so much farewell, so much love.

There is loneliness in the parlor with no sound,
no news, no greenness, no childhood.
And if something is broken this afternoon,
and if something falls over or creaks,
it is two old roads, curving and white.
Down them my heart is walking on foot.

James Wright and John Knoepfle

ever much I personally agree with part of Mr. Koestler's final conclusion that the East has nothing to teach the West spiritually or politically (non-violence was Thoreau's idea and neutralism is not an Oriental monopoly), I balk, seriously, at the propagation of misconceptions. Innocent readers, who have no knowledge of the countries discussed and no means of checking their reactions against Mr. Koestler's, will have two important and worthy countries undermined for them. In the end, what Mr. Koestler has written is a personal diatribe that reveals far more about the author than it does about the countries he visited. Both the East and the West have been done a disservice by this book.

No Easy Faith

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN. By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Noonday Press. 246 pp. $3.50 cloth; $1.45 paper.

Richard M. Elman

THE MAGICIAN OF LUBLIN, Isaac Bashevis Singer's latest novel to be translated from the Yiddish, makes a bold demand of the reader. One is asked to believe that Singer's ultra-worldly hero Yasha Mazur, a tireless, sexual acrobat, scamp, professional magician and religious skeptic, would interpret a series of personal catastrophes as divine intervention and that, to atone and to propitiate the Lord of Hosts, Yasha would choose the life of the religious hermit, immuring himself in a kind of dungeon behind his village home — there to suffer the pangs of his still-unsated lusts and desires and yet to be revered as a kind of saint in spite of himself.

On one level, what makes the whole thing dramatically credible is Singer's gift for animating the by-now-remote life of Polish Jewry. But to praise Singer for this gift alone would be faint praise indeed. Although the vivid, the immediate and the astonishing have become synonyms for good writing in our century, it is surely true that very few of Singer's contemporaries, including his Yiddish contemporaries, are concerned with religious experience except in its most external forms — in what one might call the social behavior of the religious person. With Singer, however, the spiritual is the central experience; and it is one of the small miracles of his story-telling that he is able to involve his readers in that subject matter without seeming irrelevant to the modern sensibility, or merely nostalgic.

That Singer does so is attested by the nearly unanimous enthusiasm that has greeted the publication of all his work in our secular, literary press. Nevertheless, even some of Singer's enthusiastic critics have been taken aback by *The Magician's* curious resolution and, in trying to understand the novel's epilogue in which Yasha plays the hermit, they have imputed to the author an ambivalent skepticism that doesn't appear in the work itself. The fact is that Singer's latest novel is unequivocally religious and moral in its point of view. Whatever ambivalence there may be exists in the minds and hearts of Singer's critics and not in the story of Yasha Mazur.

Perhaps the difficulty arises from Singer's quite literal enactment of his story. The crack-up which Yasha interprets as divine intervention comes about during an act of theft. It involves the picking of a lock, a trick at which he is adept. But now, in the throes of excess, he fails (or rather is interfered with), then panics, flees, and his punishment is doubled and then redoubled: first by

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THE CALIFORNIAN

After nine months and millions of words on the subject, THE CALIFORNIAN remains the only publication in the United States that has printed the complete story of the student demonstration against the House of Representatives Committee on Un-American Activities, May 12-14, 1960. While other publications have been busily debating whether Harry Bridges was at lunch or whether communists caused the protest, THE CALIFORNIAN has named and published an interview with THE organizer — repeat: THE organizer — and the several University of California students who became subordinate organizers. All of the details of the events leading up to the demonstration, the demonstration itself, the police brutality, who ordered it, and the aftermath are given.

THE CALIFORNIAN is in an enviable position for the job. It is right here in San Francisco, where the demonstration took place. The Berkeley campus of the University of California is a short drive across the Bay. The editor of THE CALIFORNIAN is a former Associated Press award-winning newspaperman who has worked for the Hearst Corp's International News Service, The Burlington Free Press (Vermont's largest newspaper), and The Stars & Stripes. His articles have appeared in leading national magazines such as Coronet. Therefore, the "pinko" label cannot be stamped on him; the facts in the article must be answered point by point.

Those facts are now being used to refute the House Un-American Activities Committee, the Hoover Report, and the film "Operation Abolition." The article and the facts in it have been presented to J. Edgar Hoover, Congressman Francis Walter and others, and have gone unchallenged. Repeat: UNCHALLENGED.

You may order the reprint of "Black Friday" from THE CALIFORNIAN for 25c plus 10c handling and postage. For 50c you may have an analysis of the film "Operation Abolition" included. If you send in a subscription, you may have both free.

BLACK
FRIDAY!

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an injury he incurs in leaping out of the window; second, by the gruesome suicide of his devoted assistant.

Clearly, Yasha believes that he has had revealed to him the awful force of the divinity, but even then he does not succumb to an easy piety. His penitence rests as heavily on his shoulders as did his sins; he finds he cannot shake off the lust, the sensualism, the selfishness that was so much a part of his past life. As a human being, born to "believe, to doubt, or to deny," how could he? The important point to realize is that Yasha's redemption is no less real because it is an act of will rather than of grace. In one of his hitherto uncollected stories ("A Piece of Advice" which appeared this fall in the *Hadassah Newsletter*), Singer tells of another fierce-tempered Jewish patriarch and skeptic who visits a saintly Hassidic "wonder rabbi" for advice and is told that to curb his temper he should become a flatterer, a thing absolutely contradictory to the man's nature. Furthermore, the rabbi answers the question: "What should a Jew do if he is not a pious man?" by noting: "Let him play the pious man. The Almighty does not require good intentions. The deed is what counts. It is what you do that matters. Are you angry perhaps? Go ahead and be angry but speak gentle words and be friendly at the same time. . . . The Holy Name, blessed be he, knows the intention and the intention behind the intention and it is this that is the main thing."

The homily applies with equal force to the story of Yasha Mazur. For Yasha there is no easy leap of faith. His action involves choice, intention, judgment; it is indicative of a lesson learned at tremendous cost to Yasha personally. This is the stuff of literature and it is as distinct from the stuff you find in novels which merely catalogue sensations and events as it is from works of propaganda or hagiography.

RICHARD M. ELMAN is the author of A Coat for the Czar *(University of Texas Press) and of a new novel,* The Pippick Journals, *now in search of a publisher.*

The Classic Forms

GREEK SCULPTURE. A Critical Review. By Rhys Carpenter. University of Chicago Press. 276 pp. 47 plates. $6.95.

ANCIENT EGYPT. The New Kingdom and the Amarna Period. By Christiane Desroches Noblecourt. 15 pp. 32 plates. New York Graphic Society. $6.95.

CLASSICAL GREECE. The Elgin Marbles of the Parthenon. By Nicholas Yalouris. 15 pp. 32 plates. New York Graphic Society. $6.95.

Fairfield Porter

RHYS CARPENTER has written a history of the technique of Greek sculpture; he does not describe the personalities or lives of the sculptors. The quotations from classical authors and mention of individual artists illuminate the general trend. Mr. Carpenter is professor emeritus of classical archaeology at Bryn Mawr College, and has been director of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens and professor-in-charge of the Classical School of the American Academy at Rome.

In his foreword, Professor Carpenter tells us that the Greeks "had no single term for Art, but obdurately persisted in referring to it as *techne*, which is to say 'skill of hand,' 'workmanship,' 'craft,' and even 'cunning,' but not what most men mean today when they say 'Art.'" In the first chapter he tells us that Greek sculpture appeared suddenly, out of no native background; there was no "primitive" stage; and further, "the notion of free-standing monumental sculpture is so rare as to be almost an abnormality, even though we of the Western World, after so many centuries of familiarity with its production are apt to take sculpture for granted as a universal and inevitable form of artistic activity." Where did the idea come from? Apparently from Egypt. The date of the oldest surviving examples of Greek monumental sculpture is contemporaneous with the resumption of Egyptian trade. But motivation is something else: presumably the Greek traders were enthralled by what they saw, and became possessed by the desire to imitate the Egyptian example. But what made them keep on? Egyptian statues had a definite use-value, serving as a more enduring dwelling place for the soul after death than the embalmed body of the deceased. Greek statues had neither this use, nor any other. Without any word for art, could they have had an esthetic purpose? (In this connection, Nicholas Yalouris remarks that the Greek word for statue is related to the verb that means to rejoice; therefore we may assume that the Greek purpose was celebration, which is almost the same thing as art for art's sake). We know that the Greeks took for granted the high value they placed on their sculpture. Such an unreasonable conviction of value is contagious, like the attraction exerted by a narcissistic person. Egyptian sculpture was useful, and its form hardly changed. On the other hand, in line with the uselessness of their purposes, the Greeks constantly perfected their techniques.

Carving dominated the development of Greek technique. Even life-sized bronze statues, which are nowadays reproductions of modeled clay originals, were in Greek times piece-cast from impressions made from carved wooden models. A carved statue communicates something different from a modeled one. A carver does not use his sense of touch so directly as a modeler. And though the spectator's tactile sense may be equally stimulated by carving and modeling, modeling better satisfies his sense of the way things look. Modeling is more tactile and more visual than carving, and carving is more conceptual. A carved statue may seem to express a reality that is deeper than appearances can indicate. Carving begins at a cutting edge: it starts from lines. The Greeks used lines to make their form appear solid. They did this with an unsurpassed sensitivity. Archaic statues, following Egyptian practice, were cut from the four sides of rectangular blocks, like four reliefs at right angles to each other. Polycleitos' canon of proportion originated in the grid of the archaic sculptor which guided his drill and chisel on the flat faces of the stone. But both Polycleitos and, apparently, the architects of the Parthenon, who followed numerical canons, believed that the life of a building or statue lies in its deviation from numerical and geometrical exactness.

Verisimilitude was presumably the aim of the archaic sculptors. As they approached success, the aim seemed partly to change, and the appearance of solidity became more important. As sculpture got superficially to look more like nature, it grew more abstract. To give a more vivid appearance of solidity, the Phidian artists made the wrinkles of drapery fall counter to the underlying form, instead of paralleling it in the literal manner of the sixth century. This was one of the greatest artistic inventions of Greek civilization. Form was still described in terms of line, but now it was described negatively, in ridges, instead of grooves. By the second century, sculpture had freed itself from the squareness, for which Polycleitos had been criticized. The counter-twist of the pose of the *Aphrodite of Melos* is a device rediscovered by Michelangelo. And accompanying this lifelikeness of pose, the unfunctional drapery and impossible anatomy represent the height of abstraction attained by Greek sculpture.

In his previous book, *The Esthetic Basis of Greek Art*, Professor Carpenter shows that Greek architecture remained a two-dimensional art. Greek architects expressed depth by the precise edge between the strong Greek sunlight and the contrasting shadow. Also in architectural sculpture, depth was a function of the quality of the light. By the second century, partly influenced by modeling, sculptors tried to communicate a new kind of sense of the third dimension, but as sculpture became more pictorial, more visual, its apparent solidity softened. It remained for the Romans, who created a three-dimensional architecture, to create sculpture whose three-dimensionality does not depend on shadow. Though solidity is not the same as depth, both solidity and depth express volume. Perhaps the two most three-dimensional sculptures in Rome are the equestrian *Marcus Aurelius* and the seated maiden of the school of Phidias in the Barberini palace. The Roman statue, one of the three most significant of its kind in the world, depends to a great extent on the continuity of surface and contour that keep always alive in the motion of their changes as you circle around it. The Greek statue is linear.

However, three-dimensionality remains something that sculptors barely, if ever, attain. In this connection Professor Carpenter says of the *Laocoön* that "in a very recent study of the problem, the frontal composition of the *Laocoön* has been ascribed to the pictorial notions of sculptural form current in sixteenth-century Italy when the dismembered fragments of the group were reassembled as we now see them, but not as they were originally disposed. Here the claim is made that 'the elder son was displaced as much as ninety degrees out of his original position, and the axis of the group shifted about forty-five degrees. . . . Freed from the relief-like composition imposed on it by the sixteenth-century restorer, the group now regains an extraordinary three-dimensional character.' "

THE VOLUMES on Egyptian and Greek sculpture are the first two of a series in the Acanthus History of Sculpture, edited by Sir Herbert Read and H. D. Molesworth. They were printed in Switzerland. Each volume has 32 full-page 11½ by 14½ inch plates which reproduce the photographs of F. L. Kenett. The photographs are admirable. It is far more difficult to reproduce sculpture adequately in black and white photographs than painting, even though the color be lost. In these plates the texture of granite, marble, wood, limestone, sandstone and stucco, and the way these surfaces take the light, have been presented more sensitively than I have seen it done by American printers. And for this, not only the photographer, but especially the publisher deserves the highest praise because so often when photographs are printed, everything that the photographer has achieved is thrown away out of considerations of cost. This publisher has not cut corners, and the books are worth a great deal more than most art books at twice the price.

The editors chose for the Egyptian volume that brief and atypical period when Egyptian art had a second flowering of realism, the period of the religious revolution of Akhnaton, whose monotheism has been supposed to be the origin of the monotheism of Moses. From this time dates the justly popular bust of Nefertiti in the Berlin museum — which is shown in the frontispiece in detail, and in two other views. Egyptian realism was psychological, like modern realism. Greek realism had something both abstract and materialistic about it. The realism of Akhnaton's reign came from his attempt to make the monarchic dogma accessible to and understandable by the people. It is the art of an absolute state whose power depends on a successful manipulation of public opinion. Miss Noblecourt is Chief Curator of the National Museums of France, and UNESCO adviser at the Egyptian Center of Documentation and Archaeological Studies at Cairo. She contributes an introduction that relates the historical background of the eighteenth dynasty and explains the iconography of those reliefs portraying Akhnaton's ideas, and those illustrating the military triumphs of his generals.

The Greek volume illustrates the Elgin marbles from the Parthenon, which give what we can know of the style of Phidias. It reproduces four metopes, nineteen sections of the frieze, including a couple of details, and ten photographs of pedimental figures. There are both front and backs views of Demeter and Persephone and of Dionysius. The Elgin marbles are the largest consistent body of work from the greatest period of Greek creative energy in sculpture. Mr. Yalouris is director of the museum at Olympia and professor of antiquities in the Peloponnesus. He describes the Athenian setting in history and in place on the Acropolis, and the iconographical and esthetic coherence of Phidias' plan.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONCE AGAIN those who are not fortunate enough to be able to see the company of the *Comédie Française* (senior among the French state theatres) on its grounds are privileged to enjoy it in America—this time at New York's City Center and in other cities of the company's scheduled tour. I hope, however, that the future playhouses in which the troupe is to appear will be more intimate, better looking and acoustically superior to the City Center's frightful temple.

At this writing I have seen only the first "bill," consisting of Molière's amiable curtain raiser *Improvisation at Versailles* and the three-act farce, *Scapin's Rascally Tricks (Les Fourberies de Scapin)*. The latter play is undeniably a hit, since it has been running at the *Comédie Française* since 1680. The production we see now was first presented at the *Comédie* in 1956.

These two plays will be followed by Molière's sardonic comedy *Tartuffe*, Racine's tragedy *Britannicus* and a "crazy" bedroom farce *Le Dindon (The Dope)* by that master at the game, Georges Feydeau.

Scapin is characteristic of Molière,

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being all mask and movement with a slyly subversive quality underneath its frolic. Even in Molière's graver plays—like *Le Misanthrope*—one constantly senses the beat of an almost ballet-like rhythm—light, springy, strong. The very words seem to leap from one character to the next; even the long speeches are self-orchestrated *tours de force* for voice and body. It is easy in such a play as *Scapin*—when too furiously paced—to miss some of the folk pithiness of expression which escapes platitude or bourgeois moralizing by virtue of zest and shrewd good humor.

It is necessary to say all this, in passing, because to a playgoer unfamiliar with Molière in the original (and there is hardly any way of knowing him otherwise) *Scapin* might appear nothing but the silliest kind of burlesque. This impression is heightened in the *Comédie's* present production, which takes on an added dimension of riot through the acrobatics of Robert Hirsch's Scapin. In energy, agility, invention, speed and general virtuosity Hirsch is fabulous.

THIS represents one aspect in the art of acting and is certainly to be admired: it is clear that very few actors could emulate it. Still, there must be more to Scapin than that. For somehow, though one is dazzled, there is comparatively little joy in this Scapin. Hirsch's performance seems more a shocking demonstration of skill than of comic (or even farcical) acting. Pyrotechnics supersedes meaning. The "marionette" has replaced the man. The play is no longer a bubbling ballet; it has become a circus.

It has occurred to me that the impression I record here might be due to the fact that the company has been repeating this performance too many times in too many places and that its juices may have dried up, leaving only the brilliant externals. But I am inclined to doubt this because in every (comedy) role I have seen Hirsch play — in France — I have noted his tendency so to overwhelm himself as well as his audience with an effort for effect that astonished delight gradually gave way to skepticism or resistance. There are, moreover, several other highly expert performances in the play — particularly those of Michel Aumont and René Camoin as two miserly old papas, but they too, while offering strikingly vivid images displayed with remarkable technical proficiency, end by becoming monotonously puppet-like. A free comic spirit evades them. There is perhaps a neglected area in the training of these excellent players: craft has lost contact with feeling. Still I look forward to Hirsch and Annie Ducaux (one of the company's prime tragediennes) in *Britannicus*.

NEIL SIMON'S *Come Blow Your Horn* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre) might be called an expense-account show. Apart from musicals like *Do Re Mi*, this is the only kind of theatrical entertainment Broadway nowadays can really afford to produce. If theatre is business, then doing such comparatively successful plays as *The Hostage*, *A Taste of Honey* and *Rhinoceros* is risky to the point of being preposterous.

If this sounds grim I must hasten to add that the theatre in most countries has always subsisted on such plays as *Come Blow Your Horn*. *The Fifth Season* was probably more profitable than *Death of a Salesman* and *Potash and Perlmutter* (way back before the First World War) made more money than Schnitzler's *Anatol* or Shaw's *Fanny's First Play* produced at about the same time. Most theatre in our day has been popular theatre — theatre for the majority at the moment of production. It is a sobering fact which must never be lost sight of by anyone concerned with the theatre financially or artistically.

Although I don't need to be entertained in the manner of *Come Blow Your Horn* I have no real objection to it. There are funny cracks in it and even funnier performances—particularly that of Lou Jacobi, as authentic and flavorsome as a corned-beef on rye.

The play's jokes are largely those of a clever adult-camp comic — topical in allusion, affably vulgar, with the companionability of a lively delicatessen. There is no offense in the play and one is not expected to swallow it whole or to make it serve as a balanced diet. It is trivial and cozy.

Well directed by Stanley Prager, *Come Blow Your Horn* is amusingly played by everyone in the cast. Pert Kelton as Irish as can be is still very effective as a (never so labeled) Jewish mama. The Jewish strain in the play gives it its moral anchor and supplies a touch of warmth to its creaky mechanics. The fact that the ethnological note is neither identified nor hidden will give the show its "universal" metropolitan American appeal.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

SEVERAL years ago Fernandel was seen here in a picture that described the consuming but belated love affair of a French provincial business man. The hero obviously saw himself as a gallant of twenty, but whereas his passion easily came up to that image, he lacked the stamina for the role and his real position in the community was sufficient to throw repeated hazards in the way of his clandestine adventure. It was a most human picture, a wryly compassionate study of the tricks that the flesh can play on a man. Further, it proved—what might have been suspected—that behind Fernandel's renowned

Follow the Leader

Follow the leader. Now I remember.
Bicycle boys, all day,
You stop to pester girls and crunch soft clumps of clay
With your front wheel. It is the same
All summer: a spasmodic game.

The little fellow's the one who follows,
As it usually goes,
Down the paved alleys, through the hurricane gates, in rows
Of butch submissiveness,
Vaguely aware he's powerless.

Anarchy's not the answer yet.
Who cares you lag behind?
And who will come to your defense? Your neighbor's mind
Is like your own: he thinks, in line,
How do I get to the front of the line.

Then we shall go; to where, you know:
My heart has a long shadow.
Turn on your bicycle headlight, and be glad:
Someone follows after me:
We shall see who that will be.

ROBERT GRANT BURNS

buffoonery there stood a resourceful and admirably schooled actor.

The reviews of the Bob Hope-Lucille Ball comedy, *The Facts of Life,* have intimated that something similar is accomplished by those celebrated practitioners of verbal slapstick. The ingredients of the story are similar, and the rumor was that Mr. Hope and Miss Ball had renounced their show-business personalities to emerge as actors of versatility and grace. The rumor is exaggerated—perhaps because the discovery that these two stars are willing to act at all is exciting news.

In this picture the leading couple go under the names of Larry Gilbert and Kitty Weaver, but no one could for an instant forget who they really are. I would not say, however, that this is entirely the fault of the performers. They cannot suggest people other than themselves because the parts they play have no backs to them; they are false fronts of gags and pratfalls.

The material given them is first quality of its kind — Norman Panama and Melvin Frank are as good jokesmiths as you can hire, and the laughs come freely. But try to imagine Larry Gilbert and Kitty Weaver as having any existence outside the highly specialized occupation of volleying a rapid-fire exchange of nifties and suffering a staccato series of ludicrous misadventures (when she tries to kiss she sneezes), and you will see that this is a variety turn and not a play. As such, it should be cut from an hour and a half to fifteen minutes, in which case the howls of laughter would be unbroken.

I AM going to be most circumspect in anything I say about the new French film, *Breathless.* It is obviously a brilliant expression of something—you can tell by the tormented camera angles, the pore-focused close-ups that this is brilliant stuff—but I don't know what it is being brilliant about.

At a guess it could be about people who are so steeped in the behavior of addiction that they have no need for drugs—they are auto-addicts. The film is full of crime, from car theft to murder (the hero steals four of five cars in a day, just for casual transportation around Paris), and it pants with sex, but the incidents are not only without passion, they seem to be entirely somnambulist. The girl remarks that she is pregnant, but I couldn't tell whether it was true or just something to say—certainly I couldn't tell whether her lover understood her, though he did make a face. In the end he gets shot by the police (there is a closing *danse macabre* that I recognized as being very fancy indeed) because the girl has turned him in—something about liking him so much it was getting in the way of her freedom.

She's an American (Jean Seberg) who sells the *Paris Herald* along the boulevards and sometimes gets dressed up and works as a reporter. First newsboy-journalist I ever saw. During an interview with a famous writer someone asks: "Aimez-vous Brahms?" So that's a clue pointing toward Françoise Sagan. Is this parody? The lover is played by Jean-Paul Belmondo, an ex-pugilist with a sensitive cauliflower face. He gazes fixedly at a poster of the late Humphrey Bogart and that also could be a clue. Is French youth being corrupted by American commercialized violence? That seems an antique theme for a "new wave" film.

I'm sorry I can't do better, but some key seems to be missing. I can quite see that François Truffaut and Jean-Luc Godard, the writer and director, want to let us know that there is something wrong with the youth of France. I believe it to be true and I would like to understand, but coma is a state of suspension, not a form of communication. And is it really that easy to steal cars in Paris?

The Poet, on his Grand Climacteric

As love subsides, and I grow glum towards death,
And all the world to me seems progress-sick,
Each thing I do is proved impolitic,
Each thing I say I'd better saved my breath
In this stark year my third and sixtieth.

Would that my pride like aching joints were swollen,
Then might I in my puzzlings be less sullen.

Almighty God, last night I damn near died.
A dream last night near threw me off the track.
Took me too near the other side.
O let me hurry back.

Kenneth Burke

LETTERS

(Continued from inside front cover)

to cooperate with me to compel your attendance in Kenton County as herein stated.

John J. O'Hara
Commonwealth's Attorney
Covington, Ky.

Fred J. Cook, author of the article in question, writes that his information on "layoff" activities in the Covington area was based on sworn testimony before the New York State Commission on Investigation, and particularly on that of Eliot H. Lumbard, the commission's chief counsel, and Joseph P. Manners, former U.S. Assistant Attorney who headed the bookmaking investigation conducted by the Attorney General's Special Group on Organized Crime. "If Mr. O'Hara is truly interested in uncovering specific violations which may lie in his jurisdiction," Mr. Cook writes, "I suggest that he seek the information needed from Mr. Manners, Mr. Lumbard and the New York State Commission on Investigation."

Meanwhile, if it is true that geography has misled Messrs. Manners, Lumbard, Cook, the N.Y. State Commission on

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Investigation and The Nation, *our sincere apologies go to the City of Covington. Not every city can boast that while a huge proportion of the country's bookmaking "layoffs" goes through its telephone exchange, its City Directory bears not a taint of sin.* —EDITORS.

"Accident," Not "Liability"

Dear Sirs: In editing my manuscript ["New Concept in Auto Insurance," Feb. 18], *The Nation* slipped up by inserting the words "liability" or "personal liability" in two places, where it should read "accident." Prof. Albert Ehrenzweig's scheme is one of *accident* insurance, and *not* of liability insurance. Corrected, and further clarified, the passages on page 139 should read:

> 1. Every car owner would be compelled to insure his car against any accident he — or anyone using the car — might cause to himself, his guest, or any third person in an amount to be fixed by the state legislature. He could freely select any insurance company. And if so insured he would be free of any liability for ordinary (in contrast to willful) negligence.

Similarly, it should read: "A similar compensation principle had been applied to automobile *accidents* in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan." And elsewhere on the same page it should read: "Nearly every automobile liability insurance policy now contains a clause entitling any victim of the insured to a *maximum* [not minimum] of $4,000 for medical expenses, whether or not the driver was negligent."

Berkeley, Calif. PETER FABRIZIUS

Treasury Easement

Dear Sirs: Someone has called my attention to an error of omission which I made in the article "The Problems that Unite Us," which was published in *The Nation* on February 18. Under my point 5, I neglected to indicate that not only Poland but also Rumania has been deleted from the Treasury regulation prohibiting the sending of government checks to Communist countries. HAROLD J. BERMAN

Cambridge, Mass.

Inaugural Concert

Dear Sirs: In your Feb. 4 issue, Lincoln Kirstein set down some of his inaugural experiences. One aspect of his report was misleading and rude. Kirstein, as critic, wrote that he found the American "compositions" commissioned for the concert of "alarming mediocrity."

As Administrator of the Inaugural Concert, I would like to enlighten your readers on this subject. There was only one commissioned work, not two or three as Mr. Kirstein implies. Mr. Kirstein's description, "alarming mediocrity," is unfair to the composer chosen to write the commissioned work. John LaMontaine is a young American composer of the highest order — Pulitzer Prize in 1959, Guggenheim Fellowship in 1959 and 1960.

Was Mr. Kirstein smitten because his old school of favorite composers was ignored? LaMontaine, a young virile composer with ideas — "New Frontier," remember? JAY K. HOFFMAN

New York City

Unique Approach

Dear Sirs: The Internal Revenue Code provides for the tax-deduction of contributions to educational and charitable organizations. It also provides for the disallowance of such deductions if the receiving organization is classified as Communist or Communist-front under the Internal Security Act of 1950.

Relative to the current attempts on the part of Southern legislators to evade the law on segregated schooling, I suggest that the U.S. Attorney General give serious consideration to the feasibility of including in the proscribed list any school or church which continues to practice segregation in violation of the law.

JACOB GOLDBERG
Instructor of Accounting
Chicago, Ill. Roosevelt University

Candor at the U.N.

Dear Sirs: Except for some high moments TV has been a dreary pageant. But a fortnight ago, a terrible beauty was born on the little screen. The sedentary viewer in his living room saw a hoarse and angry Negro in the street before the U.N. speak with more candor than the U.S. Ambassador inside.

Mr. Stevenson, who has been a lawyer as well as a politician, must know that there can be no due process of law where the principle of *habeas corpus* is ignored or denied. When Mr. Stevenson deplored the death of Patrice Lumumba "without trial or testimony," he was speaking before those TV watchers who had seen him keep silence through many days of Security Council deliberations while many delegates warned—and all the world knew—that it was unlikely that Mr. Lumumba would ever appear for either trial or reconciliation unless the white contingents of the U.N. force in the Congo . . . were committed to secure his person.

Mr. Stevenson found occasion to assert with firm emphasis that "the United States had always supported the territorial integrity of the Congo." Yet—he found no fault with Mr. Hammarskjold, who had treated with the authorities of Katanga Province as if they were heads of state. . . .

The television watcher was treated to the spectacle of the Secretary General defending himself by reading from a dispatch (several months old) in which the victim, Mr. Lumumba, had included certain courteous praises for Mr. Hammarskjold. Just so Hitler might have read in his own defense certain courteous dispatches (dated 1932, perhaps) addressed to him by German Jews.

And yet—to match against this stunning hypocrisy within the chamber—we heard the voices of the black demonstrators who refuted it all with a clarity that many of us will remember.

R. V. CASSILL

New York City

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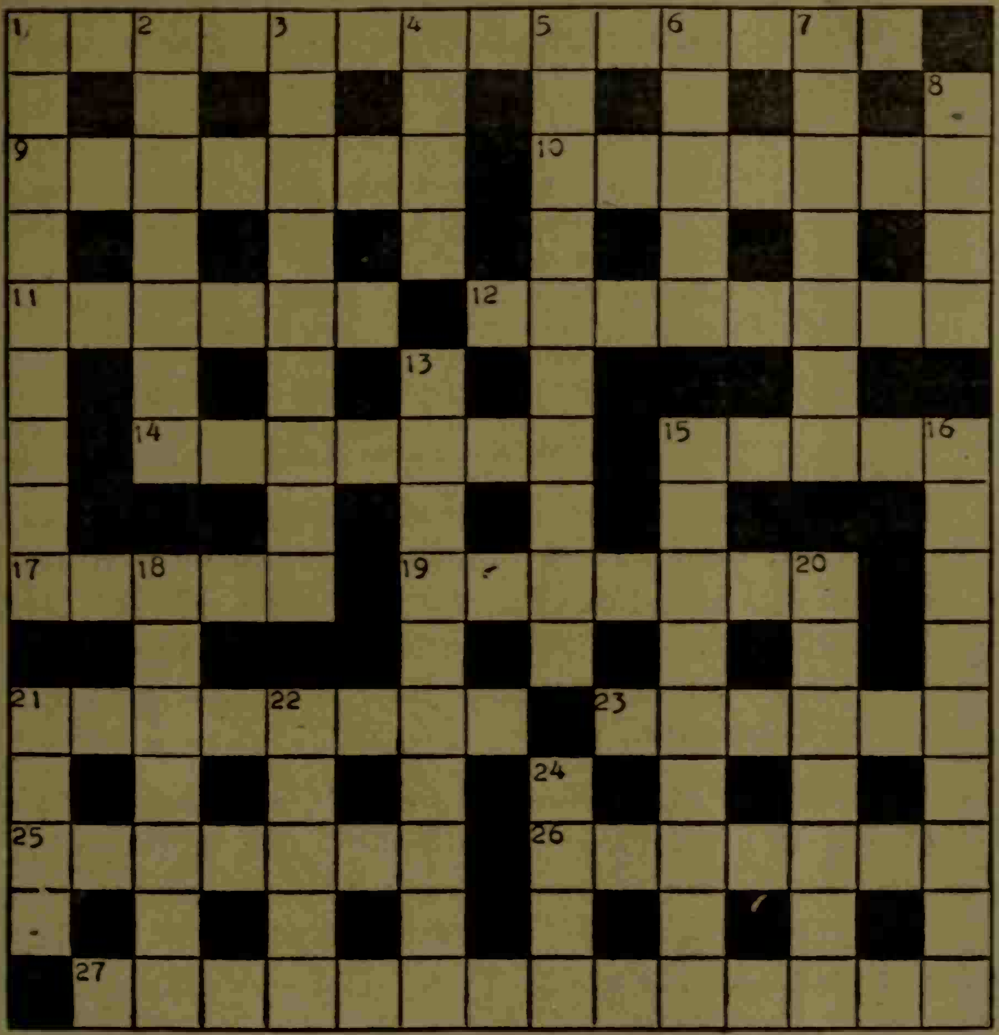
Crossword Puzzle No. 906

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Previously referred to with the unusual name of "Reed" on it. (14)
9 According to the British, would it be sweet and refined? (7)
10 One sometimes does to the gas, relatively speaking. (7)
11 "A Study in Scarlet"? Blush for shame! (6)
12 Don't give such good odds on being clean! (8)
14 Does a bell signify it when a ring is involved, or just one time out west? (5-2)
15 Ruled as being the way the batter went out, perhaps. (5)
17 Grew a sort of stake this way? (5)
19 As Roman as Charon? (7)
21 and 2 Samuel showed such spirit! (3, 5, 2, 5)
23 By the sound of it you get more certain by sight, but he's probably not in the legal business. (6)
25 Slender mien? (4, 3)
26 Where one might secure the time for Othello? (7)
27 Where the witness signs a reputedly British act? (14)

DOWN:

1 Where the worm goes in old-time song? (9)
2 See 21 across
3 Where one might have to account for any loss of pounds. (9)
4 The sound of such animals is 23 at first. (4)
5 Particularly familiar to chemistry students, but handed in by other scholars as well. (4, 6)
6 and 8 Not the obvious people at the very top of the scale. (9)
7 Is the oriental a point behind? (7)
8 See 6 down
13 Not-so-wise guys shouldn't be seen on your television screen! (5, 5)
15 Not related to a lemon seed—more like a marble. (9)
16 One way of keeping out of a draft. (9)
18 Attic dwellers should be, in the larger sense. (7)
20 One might, in presenting his account. (7)
21 Adds to the little ones? (4)
22 It's a silly way to get 1 across without having the toe formed badly. (5)
24 Would she present quite a problem with the lid raised on her? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 905

ACROSS: 1 Theodolite; 6 Ibis; 10 Echelon; 11 Extract; 12 Wade; 13 Red October; 15 Leavens; 16 Suspect; 17 Goading; 20 and 5 Going to the dogs; 22 Traitorous; 23 Trip; 25 Ontario; 26 Chianti; 27 Ends; 28 Beneficent. DOWN: 1 The Twilight Zone; 2 Echidna; 3 Dull; 4 Lancers; 7 Bramble; 8 Saturation point: 9 Statistic: 14 Mediators; 18 Adapted; 19 Garrote; 20 Gouache; 21 Gironde; 24 Mimi.

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When Is Truth?

IN OUR issue of February 18, 1961, Harold J. Berman of the Harvard Law School faculty, in an article entitled "The Problems That Unite Us: a New Approach to Russia," wrote as follows:

> Here are a few of the steps which could and should be taken to establish a "beachhead of cooperation" [between the U.S. and the USSR]:
>
> 1. Our State Department should invite the Soviet government to enter into negotiations for a civil air-transport agreement. . . . In 1959, the two governments agreed in principle that such an agreement should be negotiated . . . but in July, 1960 . . . almost at the last moment our government canceled the meetings. . . .

AND EXACTLY one week later, on February 25, 1961, the following headline appeared on page one of *The New York Times:* "U.S. ASKS SOVIET TO DISCUSS PACT FOR AIRLINE LINK—Original Talks, Set to Start Last July, Were Deferred After U-2 Incident."

Did the White House act on Mr. Berman's tip? Or is it simply that Mr. Berman, like most Nation *writers, writes with a prophetic flare? Either way, you should read* The Nation *if you want to keep ahead of the news.*

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THE
NATION

MARCH 18, 1961 . . 25c

TUITION CRISIS IN THE IVY LEAGUE STATES

John Shaffer

WHAT PRICE KASAVUBU?

Charles P. Howard, Sr.

ADVERTISING DOOMSDAY

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LETTERS

Congo's Uranium

Dear Sirs: Mr. R. Calder's article, "Shinkolobwe—Key to the Congo" [Feb. 25 issue] is, I suggest, a slight simplification of the underlying colonial and economic forces at work in that unfortunate area.

A few years back the importance of Shinkolobwe may have been such that people could have designated the mine as a key to understanding the interest of the United States in the area. In 1959, however, only 245,759 metric tons of uranium ore were extracted at the mine as compared with 435,704 tons in 1958 (the reduction of tonnage was in part due to a fire which closed the mine for 100 days). The extraction of payable ore, however, is expected to end this year and the mine will then be closed. Stock piles of ore will continue to be fed to the treatment plant until exhausted. During the past few years the development of other sources of uranium ore has depreciated the importance of Shinkolobwe.

This by no means, however, lessens the importance of the Union Minière in the Congo picture, together with all the international ramifications. Nor can the general viewpoint of Mr. Calder's article be discounted. The interest of the United States in the Congo stems in no little part from the fact that it has been an important source of uranium tri-oxide for the government. American companies are also committed very heavily in the Rhodesian area which borders the Katanga....

Brooklyn, N.Y. TESSIN ZORACH

They'll Talk of Peace

Dear Sirs: It is rare these days that people have the opportunity to sit down together and spend a full week in discussing the directions in which we are going, and to approach international issues in an atmosphere of truth. Such a week is being sponsored by the American Friends Service Committee. Resource people will include Eleanor Roosevelt, Norman Thomas, I. F. Stone, A. J. Muste, Elizabeth Gray Vining, Anna Brinton (Quaker leader and member of Board of Directors of AFSC), Richard Gregg (author of *The Power of Nonviolence*), Stewart Meacham (National Peace Secretary of AFSC), Norman Whitney (Quaker leader, lecturer, world traveler and author).

The institute will be held June 23 to 30 at Sunnybrook Camp, in Echo Lake, Pennsylvania. Registrations are limited to 150 people. For information, please get in touch with the AFSC office, 237 Third Avenue, New York 3, N.Y., GRamercy 3-5998. ROBERT GILMORE

New York City

Prejudiced?

Dear Sirs: In *The Nation* for January 21, I read the "Letter from Yugoslavia" by your correspondent Donald Richie. For anyone who knows anything about Yugoslavia, it is easy to see that Mr. Richie has grossly overplayed his hand with praises of the various people he met.... Would Mr. Richie or anyone else explain: *how is it that so many Yugoslavs leave such a wonderful country by crossing its western frontiers illegally and often risking their lives in the attempt?* S. A. ILITCH

Denver, Colorado

Remember the Crime

Dear Sirs: The murder of Patrice Lumumba had such impacts, including world-wide demonstrations against Belgium and the United States, that I can't see why you dismissed it with but a glance in your recent editorial ["The President's Speech," Feb. 25]. His murder parallels that of Nagy, and regardless of the U.N.'s good intentions, that organization seems pretty well discredited up to now in Africa itself. You should, I think, stress the crime.

Boston, Mass. F. WEISSENBORN

[*See "What Price Kasavubu?" by Charles P. Howard, Sr., on page 231 of this issue.*—ED.]

H. G. Wells Society

Dear Sirs: An H. G. Wells Society has recently been founded, composed of admirers of this distinguished writer. Readers who may be interested in joining should write to the undersigned at 39 Rugby Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham, England. J. R. HAMMOND

War to End War

Dear Sirs: The Nation has been publishing many articles on the problem of maintaining the peace. May I add a modest proposal? Wars in the past have greatly stimulated scientific and technological progress but have failed dismally to create any changes in the nature of man. But a nuclear war can do this. It will wipe out most of the population, but the radioactivity will cause many mutations. Most of these will be lethal, but in some corner of the earth a mutation will give rise to a few highly intelligent beings psychologically incapable of waging war. These will slowly repopulate the world by outwitting any surviving warriors.

A carefully planned nuclear war is a simple and straightforward solution.

Durham, N.C. FREDERICK BERNHEIM

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 11

THE
NATION

AUG 6
AUG 2

EDITORIALS

The Peace Corps

"Ask not what your country will do for you," said President Kennedy in the peroration of his inaugural address, "ask what you can do for your country." The response to the Peace Corps idea—which idea the President got from Senator Hubert Humphrey and Representative Henry Reuss—indicates that a great many Americans are ready to act on Mr. Kennedy's exhortation. In the Peace Corps headquarters the telephone never stopped ringing, and the bulging mail sacks never stopped coming in.

Nor is this a "children's crusade," as some skeptics have suggested it might become. By teen-age standards, Rafer Johnson, 27, the Olympic decathlon champion, is pushing middle age; Forest Evashevski, athletic director at the University of Iowa, is in the sunset years (42), and 60-year-old Dr. Howard Rusk, professor of physical education at New York University and an editor of *The New York Times*, is practically a Civil War veteran. Yet these three were among the inquirers. Presumably Dr. Rusk is not thinking of joining the Peace Corps himself, but the wide range and intensity of interest gives the lie to the notion that Americans are dedicated only to the suburban split-level, the dry martini and the vice presidency of the company.

It would be criminal to dissipate this upsurge of enthusiasm, which is of the very essence of youth and health and life. Nor need we pay attention to the Old Guard Republicans to whom any new idea is an abomination, especially if it comes from a Democratic President. Still less must we reckon with the lunatic fringe, like the California State Conference of the Daughters of the American Revolution, which bewailed the "menial physical labor" which our young men might be called on to do overseas and their employment at "bare subsistence wages" when, one member argued, private industry at home would pay them anywhere from $600 to $2,000 a month. But when Representative Frances Bolton, who thinks the Peace Corps is "terrifying," suggests that the pace may be too fast, the administrators had better listen: this thing must be done right or it had better not be done at all.

Dedication is not enough. Eagerness is not enough, nor a warm heart. Those chosen to serve in the Peace Corps must be able to give what is needed to the countries where they are assigned, and that requires technical competence as well as love of country and love of humanity. The situation recalls one that followed the Russian revolution. A few American revolutionaries, among them Bill Hayward and Emma Goldman, shook the dust of American capitalism from their feet and departed to the Red Utopia. There was nothing for them to do. The Russians didn't need revolutionists; they needed engineers.

If the Peace Corps needs a year before it is prepared to serve some countries, a year it will have to be. But—and here is where administrative skill comes in—there should not be a single day of unnecessary delay. In some fields, such as the teaching of English, considerable speed should be possible. The way in which this project is managed and whether the enthusiasm is sustained or dies away like a juke box hit song, will be a test of America's qualifications for international cooperation in the sixties. The light which performance in this project will throw on the United States will be only less important than the help it may give to other countries. If a new missile were involved, and hundreds of millions of dollars in profit, the necessary urgency would automatically be generated. Here there is no profit and no opportunity for mass slaughter. It is a novel kind of challenge.

Business as Peace Corps

As a practical matter, the Kennedy-Humphrey-Reuss Peace Corps can hardly be expected to affect American relations abroad to the same extent as American business investment, which has increased enormously since the end of World War II. Senator Alexander Wiley (R., Wisconsin) sees this clearly. After the usual introductory pronouncement (in the March 3 *Congressional Record*) that the United States and its allies are locked in a life-and-death struggle against communism, the Senator gives advice to businessmen serving their country abroad. He invokes Lincoln's dictum that a fundamental principle of life and service is a "selfless dedication to a great cause." To be utterly selfless might be a trifle difficult for businessmen serving their companies, but when he gets down to cases Senator Wiley does not ask too much. He urges his pupils to participate in the host country's efforts to improve health, education and culture, i.e., contribute to the local equivalent of the Community Chest. But his first point, and the one most likely to be followed, is to "adopt public relations programs to create a favorable public opinion. . . ."

While Senator Wiley has been thus engaged in ethical discourse, Richard Dudman has been reporting the actual performance of American corporations in Latin America in a series of articles for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. In Peru he found them engaged in a combination of public relations and good works with public relations gimmicks apparently uppermost. The list of projects of the "Comite Por Venezuela" starts with the awarding of a four-year scholarship (in the United States) to the winner of the Venezuelan soap-box derby. A baseball and volleyball coach is being brought from the United States to improve Venezuelan culture. Other projects include building a swimming pool in a poor district and — a strange interlude — "helping destitute Americans in Venezuela to keep them from becoming embarrassing public charges."

Amid these good works, practical considerations are not forgotten. Mr. Dudman says rather bluntly that "the movement's real motive seems to be to protect private property against expropriation and against additional taxation and labor legislation." How familiar! Also, the businessmen prefer dictators: ". . . distrust of democracy as applied to Latin America is a belief that runs strong through American business communities in these countries." There is reason for this. The Cerro de Pasco Company, for one, is involved in bloody fights with Indian "squatters" who claim the company's big haciendas by right of traditional inheritance. Under a dictator the Indians would be better behaved.

One American businessman (in Peru) says he and his colleagues in Latin America are combatting communism "in a subtle and diplomatic way." It would seem so.

Africa for the Africans?

"Africa for the Africans," like most demagogic slogans, is as misleading as it is dangerous. From Tananarive, Tshombe, Ileo (Kasavubu's stand-in) and Kalonji have, in effect, decided to carve up the Congo into private preserves very much in the manner that Europeans once carved up Central Africa. Their "anti-Communist" coalition is more an instrument of "concealed colonialism" than of Congolese nationalism. Russell Howe, reporting from Leopoldville to the Washington *Post*, offers some illuminating details. The forces that drove the U.N. from Matadi were under the direction of Belgian officers. Backing them was the partly Belgian-officered Thysville garrison. The cease-fire negotiations were handled on the Congolese side by acting Premier Leon Delvaux, a mulatto politician who is regarded in the Congo as "Belgium's main spokesman." Belgian interests still control the three Leopoldville newspapers and, according to Howe, "are using them for a virulent and irresponsible campaign against the U.N."

But more important, the invisible financial controls are still in Belgian hands. President Nkrumah of Ghana, in a little-noticed section of his speech in the General Assembly on March 7, called attention to the fact that the Belgian National Bank by "agreement" dictates the policy of the Central Bank of the Congo. Advances by the Central Bank in order to pay Mobutu's men could not have been obtained without the approval of the Belgian National Bank. And Mobutu succeeded largely because Lumumba was unable to pay the soldiers or to meet public expenditures. At independence, the public debt of the Congo totaled roughly £350,000,000 (the greater part of this debt had been incurred, incidentally, in the development of Katanga, a development which had immensely benefited Union Miniere and other mining and industrial interests), while the assets totaled about £240,000,000. But these assets were largely situated in Katanga and include a large holding in Union Miniere.

Against this background, if Kasavubu and Kalonji pool their military forces with the predominantly private army of Katanga, Tshombe will be calling the tune. Katanga is the real center of power; behind Tshombe are the massive taxes from his Belgian mining patrons. Gizenga, meanwhile, is blockaded from exporting regional agricultural products down the Congo. Even so, in the long run, the "anti-Communist" (concealed colonial) coalition is not likely to prevail as long as the nationalist forces look to Gizenga for leadership. The U.N. now has a chance to reverse its initial errors by a firm handling of the Congolese Quislings. But will it?

The Issue, Mr. Speaker

A day before the House of Representatives voted, 412 to 6, an increased appropriation for the Committee on Un-American Activities, the Supreme Court divided 5-to-4 in the Braden and Wilkinson cases. If the eloquent dissent of Justice Black had been the majority opinion, the Court would in effect have abolished the HUAC. Yet the impression prevails that since the HUAC received the nearly unanimous approval of the Congress, it must enjoy the nearly unanimous approval of the nation. The Supreme Court is not, of course, an elected body, and divisions in it do not necessarily reflect national divisions; nevertheless, the San Francisco

Chronicle hazards the opinion that this time the Court "seems to mirror the split in the country."

By any reckoning, the Court's division on the issue is a more accurate mirror of national opinion than the vote in Congress. Reports from close observers confirm the view that a hundred or more votes would have been registered against the appropriation if a secret ballot had been used. It is a matter of serious concern when members of Congress fail to vote their convictions on an issue of this importance. The remedy, of course, is for citizens who favor abolition to concentrate their attention on Congressmen who might have been expected to vote against the appropriation, but did not. "What is it about public office," inquires the Madison *Capital Times*, "that makes men so timid? Where were Representatives Reuss, Johnson and Zablocki?" (liberal members of the Wisconsin delegation who failed to join their colleague, Rep. Robert Kastenmeier, in opposition to the appropriation). This is the right question to ask. The time has come to call the roll on those members of Congress who, in conversation and correspondence, over teacups and cocktail glasses, agree that the HUAC should be abolished and then fail to vote their convictions. This year's best speech in the HUAC debate was delivered by Rep. Thomas Ashley (D.) of Ohio:

> All of us are keenly aware that the forces of communism are unswervingly dedicated to the destruction of this and other free nations. . . . But surely we are aware, too, that communism is not the only threat to our liberty. The individual freedoms guaranteed in the Bill of Rights can be lost or diluted through our own action or inaction, and if this is allowed to happen by our own hand, the loss of liberty is no less than if imposed by an alien adversary.
>
> Are we ready and willing to defend our individual freedoms in the House of Representatives as we are on the battlefield? I believe this is the issue, Mr. Speaker.

Circus in Rome, N. Y.

The city of Rome, N.Y., population 51,000, almost went into a panic recently when the federal government announced it might move part of the nearby Griffiss Air Force Base to another state. The move would mean a loss of 6,000 local jobs.

Community reaction was swift. An empty store was opened so that people could send telegrams of protest to President Kennedy: "for $1.21, charged to your phone bill." More than 1,000 telegrams were sent the first day. Nearly the entire New York Congressional delegation descended upon high Pentagon officials to deliver a separate protest. A citizens' group flew to Washington to make their personal protest at the Pentagon. Governor Rockefeller issued strong statements decrying the move.

Questions: What would Rome, N.Y., do if the plan was not merely to move part of Griffiss Air Force Base, but to close it up entirely in accordance with a general disarmament plan? What would hundreds of other communities, equally dependent for their economies on nearby military installations, do in like circumstances? And does not the fear of such energetic protest, sweeping the Main Streets of the country, dampen the enthusiasm of political leaders for the idea of disarmament?

Maybe It Won't Work – Make It Anyway

"I'm a little confused by what I read in the papers about the Nike-Zeus program," complained chairman Overton Brooks of the House Space Committee. He is not the only one in this condition; this matter of Nike-Zeus will probably become as chronic under the Kennedy Administration as it was under Eisenhower. Nike-Zeus is the weapon which the Army relies on to knock oncoming Soviet missiles out of the American sky. Although he is not as frank about it, Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara must be confused, too. Richard S. Morse, his Assistant Secretary of the Army for Research and Development, wishes to put the anti-missile missile into immediate production. Herbert F. York, the Eisenhower Defense Department research and engineering director whom the Kennedy Administration has retained *pro tem*, is opposed. He doesn't think Nike-Zeus will work. Many engineers share this view. But this is not the point at all. Nike-Zeus must be made, whether it works or not.

The gentlemen who find themselves confused could obtain considerable clarification from Jerry Greene's article, "Munitions: A Way of Life," in the March 4 *Nation*. Greene is the military editor of the New York *Daily News* and something of a connoisseur of Nike-Zeus. So far, Zeus has been fired only 140 miles, but everything else is to be skipped and it is to be put into production. As Greene says, the Army is screaming for it, Zeus being the Army's only base in the high-class missiles field. The Army's contractors are screaming even louder [see article on page 235]. Few bettors would care to wager that even one ICBM would ever be downed by a Zeus—but we must go into production as if Zeus were a finished and proved product.

The attitude of the newspapers and news weeklies is interesting. Most of them are well informed enough to recognize a public relations buildup when they see one. The buildup in this case is peculiarly flagrant, but the press prints everything with a straight face. It is as if the entire cognizant scientific and engineering community stood behind Zeus, almost to a man. If anything were needed to convince the public that the objective of the defense program is not defense alone, but profit, the Zeus program would fit the bill. But the public will never know it, for the press won't tell. With a few honorable exceptions, it is a partner in the selling job.

Tuition Crisis in the Ivy League States . .

by John Shaffer

GOVERNOR ROCKEFELLER'S proposal to subsidize qualified students entering institutions of higher learning in New York State raises in acute form the whole problem of public vs. private education at college and university level. The problem is by no means unique in New York. The fact is that many states —particularly in the highly industrialized Northeast region of the country—which can best afford low-tuition, public, higher education are giving of it least, and relying the most on high-tuition, private institutions.

A 1959 U.S. Department of Commerce report reveals that the five states with the highest per capita state expenditures for higher education were New Mexico ($29.50), Utah ($28.72), Michigan ($28.10), Colorado ($27.58) and California ($24.90); the five states which spent the least per capita on higher education were Kentucky ($8.40), New Jersey ($6.01), Pennsylvania ($5.26), New York ($5.10) and Massachusetts ($4.72). In terms of the percentage of total state education expenditures given to higher education, the five most generous states were Indiana, Colorado, Michigan, North Dakota and Oklahoma; the five least generous were Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and (fiftieth on the list) New York. In terms of the percentage of personal income given over to state expenditures for higher education, the lowest five again were Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts and—last once more—New York.

Connecticut, at the time of the study, had the highest average per capita income in the country, and New York ranked fourth.

The statistics portray clearly that a complex of wealthy Northeastern states are generally failing to support low-tuition public colleges and universities. The prevailing political, economic and educational patterns of power in these states have almost contemptuously maintained a retrogressive philosophy of education, resulting in an "elite" system of universities and colleges as exclusive and expensive as any in the world.

THE real position of the non-church private colleges and universities was described by Chancellor Lawrence Kimpton of the University of Chicago when he spoke candidly to the members of the American Association of State Universities at their 1959 meeting in Chicago. He summarized the purposes and functions of the non-church private institutions, better known as the "elite" colleges, as follows:

> ¶Honest snobbery is the best policy.
>
> ¶Private institutions should try to educate only a carefully selected intellectual elite.
>
> ¶Like other aristocratic organizations, they should charge all the traffic will bear.
>
> ¶The private institution does not have to be so immediately responsive to *public* needs.
>
> ¶Private schools are not in a financial position to accept responsibility for the total problem of higher education in America.
>
> ¶Private institutions have stated objectives which become the primary basis of admissions.
>
> ¶In addition to their institutional objectives (usually printed in a school catalogue), private schools limit their enrollments and select students by certain unwritten conditions: i.e., using the quota system for minority groups; limiting enrollments to the upper economic classes; favoring sons and daughters of alumni; and assuring a special national or regional representation.

The elite pattern of higher education, like a bikini, is not designed to cover the total situation. In some cases the educational institutions run by corporate executives are intended only to augment, or express, the prestige motive; and prestige, like wealth and power, tends to be cumulative.

Statistics from *The Emigration of American College Students* reveal the number of undergraduate college students who are forced to leave their homes in the low-expenditure states to find an education where they can. Each year since 1957, New York State has exported over 50,000 undergraduates, New Jersey 36,000, Pennsylvania 26,000, Connecticut 14,000, and Massachusetts over 10,000. The study did not reveal how many insolvent youths of college age in these states had applied for admission to low-tuition state institutions, had been denied entry because of a lack of facilities, and had been forced to give up any chances for higher education.

When hundreds of thousands of educable young men and women have to emigrate, then we simply cannot believe that all of them lack ambition, or "can't" be educated, or do not deserve an education. This "structural displacement" is a mere symptom of the protracted conflict in these states between the ruling elite-college protagonists and those unblessed millions who lack an organizational weapon to guarantee equal educational opportunity in the land of the free. The sum total effect is cultural segregation.

The Pied Piper of educational opportunity is leading more students each year out of their home states—and especially those from the five lowest-expenditure states. Parents may question whether or not they will ever come back to work, marry and raise their families. There is much evidence that these young emigrants, seeking a better life, do not come back from North Carolina, Indiana, Michigan and points West. Job opportunities for the qualified are everywhere and closely allied with the growing state universities that have room to take in the wandering stranger from the Northeast. The socially conscious guidance counselor may size up the high school senior and truthfully say, "Go West, young man, for an education and a job."

AMID THE great national debate on American purposes and the role of higher education, it should not be necessary to remind citizens—and

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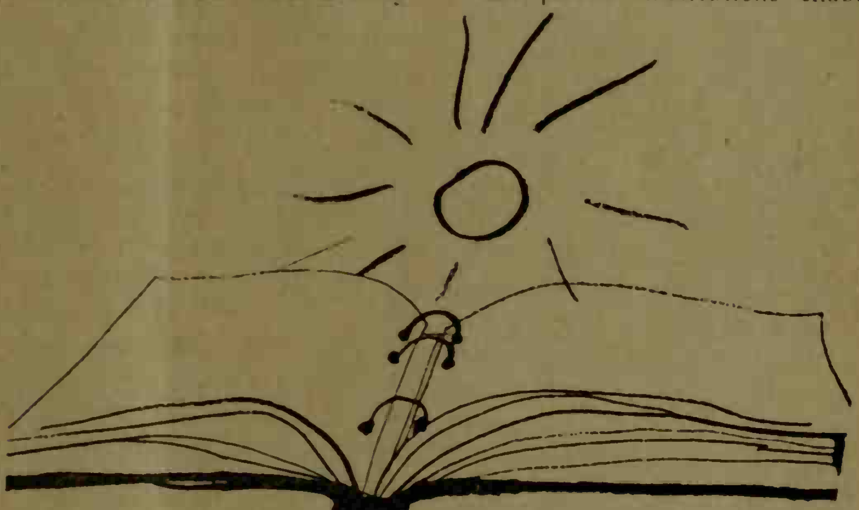
private-school educators—of those principles which gave rise to our state-supported colleges and universities. The state universities and land-grant colleges present the finest image of American democracy at work. Almost a century ago, this miracle in higher education was a dream such as only a free, imaginative society dared to possess. Among the eloquent spokesmen of that dream was John B. Bowman, first regent (president) of the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Kentucky University, who said in 1865:

> I want to build up a people's institution, a great free university, eventually open and accessible to the poorest boy in the land, who may come and receive an education practical and suitable for any business or profession in life. I want to cheapen this whole matter of education, so that, under the broad and expansive influences of our Republican institutions, and our advancing civilization, it may run free, as our great rivers, and bless the coming millions. . . .

Faith in these principles caused most states to make provision for state universities in their state constitutions. The Indiana constitution, for example, directs the State General Assembly ". . . to provide by law for a general system of education, ascending in a regular graduation from township schools to a State university, wherein tuition shall be *gratis* and equally open to all." Similar provisions are found in the constitutions of other states.

Three basic principles which gave rise to the inclusion of such sections immediately come to mind. First is the principle of equality of opportunity. President Herman Wells of Indiana University said: "Admission policies of state universities should never be governed by budgetary limitations or administrative convenience. Each youth who has the will to learn must be given the opportunity to test his ability in free academic competition." Secondly, our forefathers called on us to seek and spread knowledge. Finally, our forefathers affirmed public responsibility for financial support of our public-school system, including the state university. Thomas Jefferson expressed this thought in a single dramatic sentence: "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be." Or, in the words of our second President, John Adams, "Education is more indispensable, and must be more general, under a free government than any other. In a monarchy, the few who are likely to govern must have some education. . . . In an aristocracy, the nobles should be educated. . . . But in a free government knowledge must be general, and universal."

THE State University of New York was the last state university to be founded in America. Governor Dewey was hardly following in Lincoln's footsteps when he made it politically expedient to found a state university in 1948. The Governor had asked Owen D. Young to head a "Commission on the Need for a State University"; its findings revealed: (1) an increased demand for college education from war veterans, (2) a general shortage of higher education facilities, and (3) increasing complaints and charges of discrimination in higher education. The academic elite were surprised! They had no idea. . . .



The professional staff of the State Educational Department in 1948 was still warning the PTAs and groups of school administrators and board members that the formation of a state university would take the funds that otherwise might go to them. The State Board of Regents, with full responsibility for the development of a public program of higher education, supported the private-school interests exclusively and mustered political support for the private-school legislators by describing the "damage" that would derive from state university "competition."

The academic "power elite" working at its smoothest pace in history saw no possible chance for this plebian monster to arise in their united midst. But it did. Dr. Oliver Carmichael, Jr., in a study entitled "New York Establishes a State University," described the change as follows:

> Common values and objectives had created a great degree of cohesion among the members of various minority-group organizations. The practice of educational discrimination among the private institutions enabled all minority groups to maintain a common and united front for increased facilities for higher education and a Fair Educational Practices Act. They realized that *only* through political channels did they possess the means of making a place for themselves in the institutions of the state.

The last great state university to be founded in America, this creature of the 1948 New York Legislature was the proud fulfillment of the dreams of all who had suffered from the elite system of higher education in New York. And system it had been for 186 years—faithful legislators, alumni governors, loyal Regents, commissioners from Ivy League colleges, and the families of industrial empires had all done their share to perpetuate a planned policy of educational exclusiveness in the image that a "good" education was a private-school education.

The battle is not yet won, as witnessed by the confusion in the 1961 New York Legislature over what to do with their embarrassing fiftieth rank that was sticking out with every statistic, not to mention the 50,000 students who are emigrating from New York annually to find a college they can afford—and get into. Today New York needs a John B. Bowman who spoke so eloquently for the University of Kentucky in 1865.

The unblessed millions and the educationally dispossessed are aware that there has been little change in the public image of higher education in New York and the other low-expenditure states. There won't be until the people become emotionally involved with the problems of their respective state universities. The organizational weapon is not forged, but the seriousness of the problem in these low-expenditure states is such that it will be political and economic suicide to ignore it for another two or four years. More and more editorials in the daily press are demanding that coherent state planning in higher education must have prompt attention. Other Owen D. Young Commissions might study the deteriorating situations and modify extremely biased positions, but in reality it will be up to the people to learn the facts and by their concerted political action make it possible to form a new image for public higher education.

By a coincidence, the motto of the State University of New York is "Let each become all that he is capable of being." It does not add "If he can get in" or "If he has the money."

AT present the average New York citizen is ambivalent in his attitudes towards the tasks ahead. On the one hand, he is amazed at the projected cost in dollars and energy to catch up, first, and then gear up the educational establishment to the requirements of the Age of Automation. On the other hand, he realizes that education has now become an instrument of national defense and international policy, as well as an instrument of social mobility, economic strength and individual fulfillment.

Harry Golden chuckles when he asks a wearer of the Crimson robe why Harvard did away with their competitive exams for admissions

that used to add a democratic flavor to their admissions policies. The State University of New York has been forced to give competitive exams for admission; it simply does not have room for thousands of high school graduates who would like to attend one of its many branches. It does not have the buildings, the housing, the classrooms and equipment, nor the faculty. It does not have them because the dominantly private-school Legislature has never appropriated adequate money to do the necessary job. The same story can be told in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Pennsylvania.

The private-school complaint is that it is hard to sell a product that is given away down the street. The academic elite, including private-school liberals in the Governor's office, have seen to it that it is not the same product. It is not the same product after New York teachers colleges have been crowded to four times their rated instructional capacity—and then have turned away four out of five applicants. The Legislature has trimmed the proposed building plans of the colleges of education by 25 per cent, lowered teachers-college staff salaries relatively to those of similar rank in other state colleges. It is not the same product, judged by the shocking lack of secretarial, janitorial, clerical and library help; the lack of funds for the first graduate assistant, or for offset printing presses, modern time-saving devices and instructional services of all kinds for the faculties of the eleven New York colleges of education.

The products *should* be equal and there *should* be a choice.

President Kennedy wrote, "Our state governments must provide teachers colleges that attract the *best* students and provide the *best* education. Some states still have too many teachers colleges too poorly financed and staffed and too ill-equipped in terms of physical plant, libraries, laboratories and other facilities."

COMMUNITY colleges and other two-year colleges have been neglected in the five low-expenditure states. New York, for example, has twenty-four two-year colleges while California has over sixty-one—all tuition-free. New York requires that one-third of the operational costs of its community colleges must be borne by tuition charges. This formula has been a millstone around the necks of every community college.

Dr. Henry Commager, history professor at Amherst, is unduly concerned with a gimmick which "should operate to transfer the burden of tuition payments from the individual to society. . . . In all likelihood, the best solution is the one with which we are most familiar from experience with the G.I. Bill of Rights—payments directly by government to students who win admission to college." It undoubtedly was no scholarly oversight that caused him to suggest this device instead of an adequate state university.

Dr. Commager deftly poses reasons for charging higher tuition in public colleges, stating that (1) to favor a free-tuition public higher education is to favor an educational elite at the expense of the great masses of young people in the country, and (2) increased tuition and installment-payment plans are needed because "such money as is available should go to elementary and secondary education, where it is desperately needed, rather than to higher education." This rings a hollow mockery in a low-expenditure state such as New York, for example, which ranks *first* in the nation in average daily-attendance student support for elementary and secondary pupils, but *fiftieth* in per capita expenditures for higher education (1959).

Commager repeats the old saw that "as for the needy student, the new plans for tuition will not affect him. . . . No one will be denied an education because he is poor." In this he is absolutely right. No elite college will exclude a boy with an I.Q. of 185, white, Aryan, a Protestant from a cultured background, who is at ease during a probing personal interview, who knocks the top out of the college boards, can be vouched for by five faithful alumni, supplies a geographic balance to the student body, and has a glowing letter of recommendation from a secondary-school headmaster testifying to his character, qualities of leadership and social performance.

Is the low-tuition principle now outmoded? The classic answer was given in the *College Review Board*, Spring 1959, by Dr. Eldon Johnson, President of the University of New Hampshire:

> The low-tuition principle is not outmoded in the sense of having failed . . . is not outmoded by the discovery of any alternative which will widen rather than restrict educational opportunity . . . is not outmoded by some new means test which allegedly will do more for society . . . is not outmoded by the system of educational installment buying, "learn now, pay later," with its appalling consequences . . . is not outmoded by public inability to bear the burden in the richest nation in the world when our Communist competitors have given education the highest priority for public support.
>
> In summary, the low-tuition principle is outmoded only for persons who have never been able to embrace the equalitarian ideas and social gains of public higher education. The existing low-tuition principle already provides the most generous scholarship-assistance program of any nation in the world.

What Price Kasavubu?

. . *by Charles P. Howard, Sr.*

United Nations

I AM an American Negro. I am also a newspaperman. But in our present-day world, marked by the swift and painful emergence of new African nations, I have not been able to remain detached, a mere observer of great events.

I am, as are most of my fellow American Negroes, torn between loyalty to my country, and loyalty to my people both here in the United States and overseas in Africa. I sincerely believe that there is no reason for these loyalties to clash—if we, Americans of all colors, races and faiths, succeed in lining up with the future, with the speedy torrent of a new world now being born out of the blood, misery, hatred and pain of the past.

I have been to the Congo. I have witnessed the events there and I am sorely troubled. Often the second and hardest phase of independence movements, in former colonial areas, is the fight the liberators must wage against their own people who collaborate with the former colonial powers, in this case the Belgians. Undoubtedly the Congolese are going through this stage, which is being made more difficult by the help the collaborators are receiving from the outside. I believe that by helping President Kasavubu, we have helped in the creation of a monster that is going to devour its own country and eventually contribute to the demise of any hope of future American-African cooperation.

I charge Congo's President Kasavubu with being a collaborationist and with having set up in the Congo a most cruel dictatorship under the guise of a republic.

Kasavubu's history is a history of repeated usurpations and cruel repressions. Let facts speak for themselves:

- He dismissed Prime Minister Patrice Lumumba without the sanction of Parliament.
- He dismissed all the ministers of the Cabinet who remained loyal to the Prime Minister, without receiving a vote of confidence.
- He dismissed the Parliament itself because it had refused to give him a vote of confidence, and ordered his armed henchmen to cordon off the Parliament building.
- He expelled from the land of their birth all influential citizens who dared publicly to disagree with him, and caused others to flee.
- He has used the Congolese Army as his personal weapon.
- He has connived with secessionist leaders to grant independence to two of the richest provinces of the Republic, thereby threatening the integrity and viability of the country.
- His dictatorship has resulted in the division of the country into three subdivisions and civil war is raging in each sector today.
- He has three times tried to hold a round-table conference of alleged leaders of the Congo, but he could not assemble even his own followers.
- He has surrounded himself with the very people—the Belgians—who dominated and suppressed his fellow citizens for more than eighty years before independence; and he proposed to return them to power by granting them diplomatic immunity as advisers, military men and office-holders in the judiciary and in the economy of the country.
- He has refused to cooperate with the U.N. (which he invited into the Congo) and threatens its expulsion every time it fails to do his bidding.
- He arrested the Prime Minister and loyal members of his government, holding them for months without charges or trial; then he turned Lumumba and two of his associates over to Tshombe to be murdered.
- He arrested and turned over to Kalonji seven of his leading opponents, who were then murdered.
- He and his co-conspirators refused to divulge the time or the place of the burial of these martyrs.
- He has embarked upon a sys-

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tematic campaign to discredit the United Nations by militarily attacking small U.N. forces with overwhelming numbers of heavily armed contingents. The tactic is designed to give a false image of his strength, and to encourage the notion that it is hopeless to resist him. The real masterminds of this tactic, and its real beneficiaries, are the Belgian colonialists.

The so-called Peace Conference called at Tananarive cannot produce a solution to the problem, in my judgment. There is only one body authorized to speak for the people of the Congo: that is the Parliament.

The world I know calls on the United States to assist in finding and punishing the murderers of Lumumba and his associates. We have helped in the creation of a monster; we owe it to the world to give our active aid in removing it from the backs of the Congolese people. There will be no peace in the Congo as long as Kasavubu, Mobutu, Ileo and Bomboko are in the central government, or Tshombe and Kalonji head separate parts of the Congo or participate in government in any way. These are the men who have brought murder as a political technique to the Congo. Can we deny moral responsibility in this matter? Have we not experienced enough in backing dictatorships in South America and other parts of the world? Have we learned nothing?

Doctor Shortage and Medical Standards . .

George A. Silver

IN THE SPATE of headlines about medical care in the past few months, two are interrelated: the problem of qualifying foreign doctors for work in American hospitals and the shortage of trained physicians in the United States.

Since 1938, warnings have been sounded about the approaching shortage of doctors. For a long time, organized medicine denied that there was, or would be, a shortage. This turned out not to be true. Two years ago, the Public Health Service published its *Health Manpower Source Book*, confirming what had been obvious to most people for at least ten years: we weren't turning out doctors at a rate equal to our population growth rate.

The proportion of physicians in America is still larger than that of any other country in the world except Israel (where the "ingathering" produced a temporary surfeit). The United States has 132 physicians for each 100,000 persons in the population. But, from the Public Health Service report, we see that the number of physicians here proportional to the population has remained constant since 1900, while the ratio of *practicing* physicians has declined. Just since 1930, for example, the proportion in practice has dropped from 132 to 90 per 100,000. (Many doctors are engaged in other activities — in hospitals, research, finishing their training preparatory for specialization, in the Armed Forces, working in industry or retired. In 1957, out of 226,000 physicians, 70,000 were not in active practice.)

If we extrapolate into the future, as the Surgeon-General's committee does in the 1959 "Bane Report," we find that the present production rate of physicians is in the neighborhood of 7,500 per year, which may increase to as much as 7,900 per year by 1975. But in view of our population growth, we would have to turn out 11,000 physicians a year by 1975 *just to maintain the present ratio.* In other words, in the next fifteen years it is estimated that we will be 20,000 physicians short of the number required to keep our present proportion. In 1900 there was one practicing physician for every 500 people in the United States; today the ratio is approximately one to 1,000; by 1975, it may be one to 1,500.

THE pressures to increase the supply of physicians have resulted in another development which accounts for the related headlines about foreign graduates of medicine working — or not working — in American hospitals.

If you ask why the hospitals have to take foreign graduates at all, the answer lies in the physician shortage. More people are going into hospitals — in 1900, for example, less than half the deliveries were done in hospitals; now almost 96 per cent are done in hospitals. There is more hospital insurance available, and so more people can afford hospitalization. And since doctors can't spend their day in hospital — partly because they are busy outside, partly because in many places they must rush to two or three or five hospitals to see patients (this wasteful example of free enterprise deserves a story in itself) — some physician must be available in hospital for twenty-four-hour-a-day patient care. Good physicians want good interns or residents to look after their patients. What attracts good interns or residents? A good training program. But generally only "teaching hospitals" — part of, or associated with, medical schools — offer good training programs, and these constitute only about 5 per cent of the hospitals in the country. So, for the 12,000 internships available each year, only 7,500 new graduates are eligible. For hospital administrators desperate for interns, the graduates of foreign schools, eager for American hospital opportunities—whatever their training or experience, whether they spoke English or not — were a bonanza.

There are now some 8,700 graduates of foreign medical schools working in American hospitals as interns and residents. Their quality is largely unknown, but it is suspected that the majority have not received the type of education that we demand of graduates of Amer-

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ican medical schools. This is not to say that all graduates of American medical schools are excellent, or that all graduates of foreign schools are poor. It is only that the *likelihood* of a student from many foreign medical schools having the qualifications of graduates of American institutions is less. (In countries where medical education is as closely supervised, or is as much a matter of national concern, as it is in the United States, medical education is excellent. Examples: England, Scandinavia.) There are countries where the technique of medical education is still somewhere in the nineteenth century. There may be thousands of students to a class, literally, and most of the teaching is done through lectures; they are given little or no clinical experience. And it is clinical experience under close supervision that is the hallmark of American medical education.

Often it is the student from the less adequate school, located in a country where the opportunities for physicians are more limited, who is most likely to migrate to the United States, seeking different or better clinical opportunities. If there were actually a good training mechanism within all hospitals, this in itself might not be too bad. Unfortunately, the same bias applies to the hospitals that accept the foreign medical students for training as applies generally to foreign students here. The alien who comes from a poor school is likely to wind up training in a poor hospital that lacks the resources or staff for proper teaching.

AND NOW the net draws tighter. Historically, specialty training (which the internship and residency represent) has been open to all comers. But with the army of specialists growing, professional pride dictated that standards had to be set. So, in recent years, boards have been set up under the aegis of the AMA to qualify physicians as specialists. The boards then had to qualify hospitals as appropriate training places. For this purpose, AMA and the American Hospital Association (AHA) developed a licensing procedure based on a quasi-independent body, the Joint Commission on Accreditation. The standards set are relatively modest; they involve procedures for review of records, a certain percentage of autopsies, conferences, a minimum library, an attending staff of board quality, and other teaching opportunities. Most hospitals think it worth while to qualify for these minimum standards in order to attract interns.

Naturally, both the AMA and the AHA were unhappy about the introduction into hospitals here of large numbers of foreign graduates. Perhaps, as "trade associations," they were anxious to avoid the creation of a surplus labor pool that would lower the American doctor's status and bargaining capacity. But they were both also very much concerned about maintaining standards of medical practice. What was the use of jacking up American medical school standards and the quality of American graduates, if thousands of ill-trained doctors could come in at will to practice?

Rosenhouse

Eventually, an organization called the Educational Council for Foreign Medical Graduates (ECFMG) was organized by the joint efforts of the AMA, AHA, Association of American Medical Colleges and Federation of State Medical Boards. This was related, in its leadership and in its approach, to the National Board of Medical Examiners, an agency which licenses physicians in some forty-three states. The National Board gives a comprehensive three-part examination which students take at the end of the second and fourth years of medical school and at the end of internship. In the forty-three states where the examination is given, it is recognized as a suitable substitute for the state board examination. (It should be pointed out that the medical licensing procedure in the United States is chaotic and archaic; the National Board attempts to standardize the licensing requirements and thereby to elevate the quality of medical graduates eligible to practice.)

At any rate, the ECFMG decided that what was needed was a type of National Board examination (i.e., several hundred "multiple choice" questions) which would select out the reasonably competent from among the graduates of foreign schools who were working, or who wanted to work, in American hospitals. The examination developed resembled the National Board's, although it was not as comprehensive; it contained fewer questions and, to allow for the language difficulty, 50 per cent more time was given to complete it.

HOWEVER, of the 8,700 who took the examination, only 3,700 passed; 2,500 failed it completely, while another 2,500 made a grade permitting them to take the examination again within six months. The results stirred up considerable bitterness not only among the foreign graduates, who felt that their inadequacy had been proclaimed to the world, but by the hospitals who will lose their services.

The burden of loss of services falls hardest precisely in those areas where foreign graduates tended to cluster — where they were needed most and accepted most easily. The plight of New York City's municipal hospitals is particularly pitiful. In the last two decades, these institutions have deteriorated to the point where their attractiveness to American medical graduates is small. Overcrowded, poorly managed, badly financed and equipped, and without adequate staff, the level of medical care they provide their patients is often appalling. Deprived of foreign physicians — as incompetent or inadequate as they may be — these city hospitals will be worse off than ever.

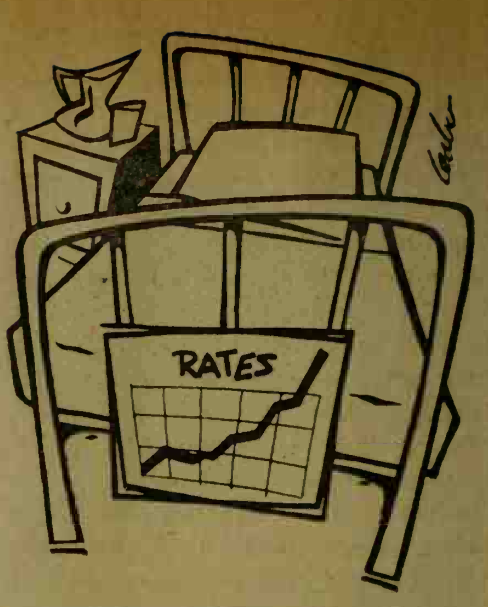
What can be done about this? In the long run, of course, we need more doctors. Not only domestic need, but commitment to world health activity and the desperate doctor shortage in underdeveloped countries, demand a quick flow of many more American physicians. That means that we are going to have to increase the number of medical schools, or increase the number of graduates from the existing schools, or both. We are going to have to develop a more positive attitude on the part of organized medicine so that we can get physicians in the numbers we need. Medical education is expensive. It is expensive to provide the equipment to produce doctors and most of all it is expensive to provide a staff to do the teaching.

For years the lobby of organized medicine blocked any federal appropriations to medical schools on the ground of possible government interference in medical practice. Recently, the lobby grudgingly acquiesced in proposals to provide "bricks and mortar" money from the federal purse. But they are still adamant about federal funds for operating the schools. And new schools will not be built until operating funds are available. Philanthropy on the scale needed to supply medical-school budgets is hard to find. It costs approximately $2 million annually to operate a medical school training 400 students and graduating one hundred students a year.

AND THE cost of attending medical school will have to be met in part from federal funds, too. Recently the decline in numbers and quality of applicants has thrown a fright into medical educators and thoughtful members of the profession. Between 1950-'58, college students increased from 2,300,000 to 3,300,000, while medical-school applicants in the same period declined from 22,000 to 15,000. It is true that many bright college graduates are deterred by the long and arduous training necessary to become a physician (let alone military service thrown in for good measure). The young specialist is thirty before he is firmly set on his career. It costs lots of money to go that far — somewhere between $2,000 and $3,500 a year for at least four years after college; over 20 per cent of the students incur debts of $5,000 or more in their education. The result is a paucity of students from low-income groups; and the paucity of Negro physicians, and physicians from other minority groups, is also largely ascribable to economics. Scholarships and outright subsidy of the student are basic necessities for increasing medical-school enrollment.

Right now, to ease the impact of the shortage, a few things can be done. In order to replace the care that the foreign graduates were providing in the inadequate hospitals, physicians will have to give more of their time to hospital work, putting in longer and more tiring days. Some of the things that doctors have been doing may have to be taken over by nurses or other paramedical workers. (Over the years we have seen certain aspects of medical practice that were the prerogative of the physician passed along to lesser practitioners: once only doctors gave injections, took blood pressure, tested urine.) Further, osteopaths will have to be introduced into hospitals and permitted to bring in osteopathic students and residents to fill vacancies. (Since there are only five osteopathic medical schools in the country, this is not likely to provide a final solution.)

It would also help if hospitalization could be decreased, if more patients could be looked after outside of the hospital. For example, organized group practice diminishes hospitalization by 40 or 50 per cent because so much diagnostic service and follow-up can be provided on an ambulatory basis. But only a very small proportion of Americans have access to prepaid group practice, and most prepayment schemes don't provide for out-of-hospital diagnostic service. If Blue Shield, or the other voluntary insurance schemes, would pay for ambulatory diagnostic services, it is quite likely that hospitalization would be significantly diminished. Further, if the experimental home-care programs could be extended to all the hospitals in the country, a further significant reduction of hospitalization could be achieved. Perhaps 20 per cent of the ward patients could be looked after outside the hospital.



Concerted efforts to *regionalize* hospitals would also reduce the cost of hospital service as well as the need for interns. It is ridiculous to have dozens of hospitals in nearby communities offering identical facilities in order to look after patients who might just as well go to a central facility. We can't afford the luxury of understaffed, competing hospitals. And small communities would do well to keep their facilities modest, diverting important work to larger, affiliated, regional hospitals with which rotation of staff as well as patients could be maintained. For such a regionalization scheme, perhaps the same sort of hospital-staffing scheme that has been used in Europe could be employed; full-time physicians staff a hospital more economically and efficiently.

FINALLY, efforts will have to be made to reduce the demand on physicians' services, at least temporarily. The increasing demand for medical service is related to the "revolution of rising expectations" that has characterized the American scene for the last half century. As people move up in the social scale, their use of medical service increases. This is only partly related to increasing recognition of illness. Medical practice has become more efficient, which is one of the reasons why the physician shortage hasn't made its effects felt earlier. Where fifty years ago pneumonia meant four to five weeks' illness (and possibly death) in the hospital, pneumonia is now a disease of a few days' duration, treated at home by antibiotics. But some of this increased efficiency is nullified, so to speak, by increased consumer demand. Perhaps whole new ways of organizing medical care, using a nurse or doctor's assistant as the family medical adviser, need to be devised.

THE possibility of getting these things done in a hurry is not very bright. Most of the solutions involve progressive policy decisions on the part of the profession and active, interested help from the federal and state governments. As I write, the five-county medical society in New York City has gained newspaper headlines for opposing full-time staffs in the city hospitals — not a favorable omen.

Long-range solutions, including more efficient organization of medical-care service (group practice), prepayment for medical care that includes all services and home care, as well as many new medical schools, are even more remote. But the present Congress will undoubtedly do something to improve the situation.

As for the foreign students, we owe them and the countries they come from a better deal than we have been giving them. Short-changed in the hospitals where they could get jobs, they need educational opportunities. Our hospitals should be made into better training facilities for them. The examination to select qualified people is necessary, and should be continued. If there are foreign schools that are not preparing their graduates for modern medical practice, perhaps we ought to help them with advisers, grants, facilities. Certainly an international, cooperative arrangement to help teach students better, and multilateral agreements on exchange and transfer of qualified students, would add to our status abroad and avoid the antagonisms aroused by the under-the-counter methods now in use.

ADVERTISING DOOMSDAY . . *by Eugene S. Schwartz*

PAGING THROUGH America's papers and magazines, one's eyes are arrested by a profusion of imaginative and colorful advertisements based upon the theme of the missile and space age. These are the advertisements of the military-industrial complex that is nurtured by a cold war that doesn't thaw, an arms race that spirals ever upward, and by a military policy that is based upon the search for an absolute deterrent that is second to none.

Dwight D. Eisenhower, in his farewell address, called the attention of the nation to the "conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry." While recognizing the need for this development, he warned that "we must not fail to comprehend its grave implications . . . we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence. . . ." At his final Presidential news conference, he lashed out at the spate of advertisements which convey the impression to the world that the munitions business is the main occupation of this country. They were, he said, part of the activities of a "defense lobby" which insists that one or another weapons system is vital to national security.

The kaleidoscopic collages of the defense lobby serve several purposes. First of all, they assure the American public that it couldn't get a better bargain for the more than $40 billion annually it spends on defense—a bargain based upon reliable, foolproof, creative, scientific achievements. Every company trumpets its patriotic fervor and its creative talent in contributing to the arms race. The larger corporations have a larger share in responsibility and creativeness (ten giant corporations in 1959 held 36.8 per cent of the $22 billion in military prime contracts, 25 corporations held 53 per cent, and 100 held 73.2 per cent). Their advertisements are more gaudy, more prolific, more insistent. But the smaller fry, in a-house-that-Jack-built manner, also make their claim to consuming a portion of the defense dollar. The corporation that makes the fastener that fastens the components in a device controlled by a feedback mechanism responding to transducers employing sensors that make a guidance system that steers a missile that is aimed by a mechanical brain, proclaims the role of its fastener in this patriotic and creative undertaking.

Having thus informed the reader of their role in absorbing the defense dollar, the companies proceed to their second purpose — to proclaim and propagate the "strategy of peace through strength." The rationale for this theme is found in an ad by Microdot, a connector manufacturer, that displays a sinister picture of Lenin declaiming, "We have never rejected terror on principle." Beneath the picture there appears the caption: "The words are Lenin's. Remember them . . . particularly when your contribution to defense—to the potential terror of space age war—chafes at your principles. They help you know that what you do keeps fingers off buttons . . . that the real business of the defense business is survival." Whose survival, the company's or mankind's, is not clear. The attrition among the small defense companies and the absorption of others by those who are buying up the glamour arms industries suggest that patriotism by itself does not insure business survival.

WHILE seeking to influence national policy through ads*, the companies at the same time extol the virtues of their particular weapons systems. As if to corroborate the former President's criticism, Space

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EUGENE S. SCHWARTZ, research engineer in a university-affiliated Research Foundation, is working on a book, Science and Human Welfare.

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*See "Munitions: A Way of Life" in *The Nation*, March 4, 1961, for advertising concerning the Nike-Zeus anti-missile system.

Technology Laboratories, systems manager for the Atlas ICBM, proudly proclaimed that with the successful development of its product "the world became aware that the United States had brought into being a formidable retaliatory power for peace." Upon the successful firing of the solid-fueled Minuteman, the Thiokol Chemical Corporation promptly took a half-page ad in the daily press to announce "reliable power for peace at reasonable price . . . the nation's power to restrain war is moving up while anticipated costs come down." The consumer's demand for better products at lower prices and the benefits of a competitive economy are thus brought to the public and are well appreciated, at least in the business community, as indicated by the rise in value of armament stocks following a successful launching.

IN THEIR attempts at realism, the advertisers inadvertently reveal glimpses of the war their weapons are intended to prevent, and thereby introduce a terror of their own. Consider, for example, the historical account of a fifteenth-century missile, depicted by the Raytheon Missile System Division: "Flames swept across the open plains as the Mongol hordes ran in terror from the 'arrows of flying fire.' When the smoke had cleared the Chinese had won the battle of Pienking with the first rocket." Modern rockets, the ad states, "have become greatly more sophisticated" than the fifteenth-century bamboo rods and their company is "making significant contributions to the art of missilry."

This is what is disturbing about peace through strength—this and the split-second timing required to maintain the peace. "Response to attack must be immediate," we are warned by General Dynamics. "Minutes only will be available," announces International Telephone and Telegraph, while survival time is further shortened by a Sylvania ad which refers to "Destiny—and the ticking seconds." The push-button warfare necessitated by response measured in seconds is made possible by what ITT has called a "one-second minute for SAC." The SAC Control System is tested in "the imitation real thing," a full-page ad with this realistic text describing a simulated raid:

> The first warning alerted posts all over the United States and Canada. Unidentified airborne objects seemed to be approaching at supersonic speeds from many directions. Simultaneously in control centers throughout North America men and machines dealt with torrents of data. Watching blips on radar scopes, crews made decisions which ordered weapons to destroy the attackers. . . . But no rockets were fired. No bombs fell. The blips came from magnetic tapes made by a single high-speed computer. In planning it, System Development Corporation made four billion calculations and six and one-third miles of magnetic tape. To train managers in decision making, to exercise decision under realistic stress, to avoid costly errors in actual operations*—these are some of the purposes of . . . pioneering work in systems research and development.

One recalls the "terror from the arrows of 'flying fire'" and wonders what would happen if a single critical calculation in the "real thing" went wrong because a speck of dust lodged on the tape. One fervently hopes that we may "keep fingers off buttons"; and one searches the ads avidly for a hint as to what happens to the millions of Americans while the "enemy hordes" are consumed by our armed might. But both science and Madison Avenue are mute on this matter. Is it a muteness of secrecy or a muteness of inability to tell the American people that only a few ticking seconds stand between them and destiny—a destiny which will pass from the probable to the inevitable as the theory of deterrence is pushed to its ultimate of total annihilation in infinitesimal time?

THE THIRD role of the advertisements is to extol the scientific prowess of the military-industrial complex. Sometimes the advertisements cancel each other out.

Thus Lockheed, the systems manager of the Polaris missile, proclaims in a two-page ad: "Today it's a Polaris world," and quotes President Eisenhower's characterization of the weapon as a "revolutionary and practically invulnerable ballistic missile system." But Hughes Aircraft Company belittles the idea of the "ultimate weapon": "The ICBM is often called the 'ultimate weapon.' Yet, throughout history, there have been many so-called ultimate weapons. Men of science have always found a defense." While Collins Electronics describes the operation of Polaris: "Concealed by ocean depths, these ever-moving missile bases cannot be accounted for by an enemy planning a surprise attack," another vista-colored ad by Sperry Gyroscope Division informs the reader that "a radical new Passive Underwater System apprehends submarine craft almost intuitively . . . with uncanny accuracy. . . ."

Besides a bag of tricks by which missiles can "fox enemy radars" and fly in evasive patterns, we are assured by Eastern Industries, a manufacturer of pressurized dehydrated systems, that an "anti-missile missile radar is kept on the alert" and Sylvania Electronics proudly proclaims that its leadership in electronic warfare is "typified by its advances in countermeasures and counter-countermeasures against all known types of electromagnetic radiation."

And that's the way of science as predicted in the ads. We build a missile-launching submarine that "cannot be accounted for" and at the same time devise a system that "apprehends submarine craft almost

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***** *The following news item is quoted from the* Manchester Guardian Weekly *of Dec. 1, 1960:* "The early warning radar station at Thule picked up signals which were analyzed by the computers there as a flight of missiles coming up over the horizon from Russia and heading in the direction of America. The famous red telephone rang at Strategic Air Command Headquarters. All over the world SAC crews stood to their planes. Someone signalled Thule for confirmation. There was no answer—Thule must have been hit already. What restrained Free-World from launching its retaliation weapons during the next half-hour I do not know unless it was those old fashioned deterrents, incredulity and funk. Whatever it was, it came in handy, for it turned out that Thule had picked up not a squadron of rockets, but a large earth-satellite of whose existence Intelligence had apparently failed to inform them, called the moon. By the time they had discovered this little error, however, they were prevented from passing the correction on because an iceberg had cut their submarine cable link."

intuitively" and develop anti-submarine weapons "that deliver an unerringly destructive missile." Oh, may the Russians and Chinese and all our potential enemies be not as brilliant and creative as our engineers, for if their missiles are as invulnerable as ours and as hard to detect and as full of tricks, then their ads (if they have them) surely portray the "American hordes" in mortal fear before their ultimate weapons! And if their creative genius has created an anti- for all our weapons, then surely, our weapons are not absolute! And what is *vice* is *versa*.

It is this element of weapon and anti-weapon and anti-anti-weapon, etc., that makes an arms race so challenging—and so long lived. As we stand on the "threshold of the future," an imposing ad from General Electric suggests: ". . . Future generation missiles, satellites and deep space probes will require refined or entirely new detection techniques, including many that have not yet been conceived."

WE NOW turn to another major objective of the defense-industry advertisements — recruitment. The hiring and maintenance of scientists and engineers is a problem almost as great as the development of a weapons system itself. It is a problem which transforms the meetings of learned professional societies into adventures in piracy in which the lure is not only money and careers and prestige; it is climate, leisure and culture.

"Scientists and engineers," a technical personnel recruiting agency declaims, "California offers you and your family: A world center of the electronic industry for CAREER ADVANCEMENT, the High Sierra and the Pacific Ocean for RECREATION . . . Major CULTURAL CENTERS. . . ." "Why did I move to Martin-Orlando?", another ad asks. "My wife, the kids love Florida . . . the climate, the ocean, country living. We have everything we need." "Go Middle West . . . for a prime opportunity in missiles!" says Bendix Mishawaka Division, outlining a cornucopia of delights.

In the frantic bidding and pirating for talent, promising talent from all over the world is drawn to America's military workshop. But note this plaintive appeal: "Canadians come home. Salaries are not always equal to the highest. The weather can be miserably uncomfortable. But there are interesting and challenging jobs in companies whose future is geared to the country." Surely, patriotism is the last resort of the desperate.

If a legitimate case can be made for the military-industrial complex, it should be one which simply states: here is an unpleasant task to be done. We don't like it, but it has been forced upon us. We look forward to the day when science may be restored to its pursuit of knowledge to serve mankind, not to destroy it. But in the last fifteen years a whole generation of what the National Cash Register Company aptly calls the "military-oriented scientists and engineers" have become soldiers without uniform, going from the classrooms of their universities directly into military work. A new professional elite has been created in "enlightened prestige organizations" which "offer career opportunities in every area of weapon support equipment and systems management," a "scientific quest . . . as a creative challenge." In a paean of self-glorification, Lockheed states that in its activities men of outstanding talent "find inventive and creative freedom. Here they find a sense of being . . . of accomplishing."

In the "excitement of a pioneering venture," careers are founded on a technology of destruction, and though we grant them the sincerity and integrity of hoping the buttons they are creating will never have to unleash the weapons they are building, their legacy to civilization is one of fear and terror. The military-industrial complex is the crowning epitome of a science dedicated to total war and a generation of scientists whose life work is based upon a technology for genocide.

Those who pay for the arms, as well as the ads that extol the arms, the American public, are told by a missile manufacturer: "Set your sites anywhere." Nothing is out of reach, we are told, and by a process of "scientific fallout," instead of strontium-90 and carbon-14, there will come out of the achievements by government and industry "better living by everybody."

Unless the "sites" are focused on Isaiah's prophecy, "They shall beat their swords into plowshares," the stimulating, challenging and creative efforts of the arms industry will lead instead to Isaiah's warning:

> We have made a covenant with death,
> and with hell are we at agreement.

The policy of armed strength may make good advertising copy and substantial profits, but it does not lead to peace. The past fifteen years of armed truce do not attest to the success of the policy, but only to the fact it has not yet failed. War today is a deadly game in which mutual suicide awaits all players and the "covenant with death" leads unerringly to what one advertiser inadvertently called the "brief new world."

BOOKS and the ARTS

Do We Really Want Peace?

DAEDALUS: Fall 1960. Special Issue on Arms Control. American Academy of Arts and Sciences. 401 pp. $2.

Carl Dreher

THE SPECIFIC merit of this collection is that it compels the ardent proponent of "complete and general disarmament" to face up to the irreducible complexity of the whole problem. The correlated defect is that the *Daedalus* effort to work out a system of limitation on a gradualist basis is so heavily loaded with conventional patriotism and military premises that it appears we may have to "keep our guard up" and brave the steadily increasing risk of nuclear destruction for decades to come. *Daedalus* is published by the *American* Academy and, with few exceptions, these scholars are deliberating, not as judges searching their consciences for prejudice, but as litigants or combatants. The "nationally oriented approach" is justified in the prefatory note by Gerald Holton on the ground that a "necessary condition of any significant arms-control treaty is that it be acceptable to our own policy advisers and to the United States Senate." However necessary, this condition precludes an exploration of the subject in a spirit of intellectual *élan* and inventiveness, and results in a series of cautious presentations by a predominantly "in-house" group, cleared by the FBI, in possession of or eligible for high security ratings, and possibly to be tapped by the President for implementation of the views they hold. All of which makes a difference in the way a man thinks.

A revised edition of this issue of Daedalus *will be published in June under the title,* Arms Control, Disarmament and National Security. *George Braziller; $6.*

Undeniably, this semi-official approach gives the *Daedalus* effort greater practical significance than a more humanistic study would be likely to achieve in a country so overweening and at the same time so beset and anxious. Its importance is further enhanced by the circumstance that the chairman of the guest editorial board selected by Mr. Holton for this issue was Jerome B. Wiesner, now the President's science adviser. Dr. Wiesner contributes a foreword to the issue and a paper on "Comprehensive Arms-Limitation Systems" which is both the longest and the least biased of the twenty-three essays. That a man capable of this degree of objectivity could be selected for an influential government job is a good augury, though far from conclusive.

The book is divided into five sections. The first, "Background," starts off with a paper by Donald G. Brennan on "Setting and Goals of Arms Control," in which he discusses the various forms of deterrence, total bomb yields and casualties to be expected, and the hazards of nuclear armament and disarmament. Brennan is sufficiently wary of the Soviets, but says "it is irrational to treat every Soviet arms-control proposal as if their sole motive in advancing it was to help them achieve world domination." Robert R. Bowie ("Basic Requirements of Arms Control"), though he believes "the record of broken agreements should warn us not to rely on Soviet promises or good faith," concedes that distrust is not limited to one side and that inspection cannot be 100 per cent "foolproof." Since no arms-control agreement can survive drastic violation of the national interest of any of the signatories—as conceived by national leaders—the agreement should provide for withdrawal of any participant on short notice.

In the next paper, "Characteristics of Recent Arms-Control Proposals and Agreements," William R. Frye discusses both pre-nuclear and post-nuclear attempts. Frye is well aware, as most American commentators are not, that the Baruch Plan was essentially a scheme to perpetuate indefinitely the then-existent American monopoly in atomic weapons. The offer and rejection of the plan served to bring out major differences between the powers in the timing of disarmament and control. The U.S. wanted control and inspection first and the scrapping of bombs later, the Soviet Union sought to reverse this order. The two sides finally agreed on simultaneous disarmament and control, but under cover of this formula each clung to its original preference, for reasons which made strategic sense to each.

Frye brings out several other significant points. No plan for denuclearization or disengagement is acceptable to the United States unless it is acceptable to Bonn; hence no such plan has ever had a chance. Referring to possible cheating in missile control, Frye declares, "No one in the West has any doubt about who would be most likely to succumb to the temptation." It is certainly harder for the West to cheat, but to the Russians it may seem that the U-2 episode throws some doubt on the West's inherent rectitude.

THE SECTION on "Major Issues and Problems" is dominated by Herman Kahn, Edward Teller and Henry A. Kissinger. As a group, the *Daedalus* contributors envision no more than a stabilization of the existing balance of terror; these three are even less optimistic. Kissinger ("Limited War: Conventional or Nuclear?—A Reappraisal") continues to plead for "immediate and energetic efforts to restore the conventional forces of the free world"; at the same time we must avoid creating the impression that we would acquiesce in a conventional defeat "in vital areas." Kahn ("The Arms Race and Its Hazards") also offers little that is new, except perhaps his ultimate weapon, the Doomsday Machine, designed to blow up the world (for a discussion of Kahn's book, *On Thermonuclear War*, by George Kirstein, see *The Nation*, January 14). Kahn shows no inclination to carry on a crusade against the Soviets and recognizes that mutual fear is the chief force impelling toward collision, but he envisions so many chances for the bombs to be triggered that the receptive reader can hardly avoid the conclusion that the war is inevitable, and might as well come soon as late.

In "The Feasibility of Arms Control and the Principle of Openness," Edward Teller contributes his faculty for casuistry to warn against the perils of disarmament. He asserts that World War II "was caused by an uncontrolled race for disarmament. The peace-loving nations disarmed; thereby they gave one lawless government a chance to bid for world domination." Teller should read Pertinax, Shirer and others who were close to the situation, instead of relying on his prescience. The truth is that the French were armed to the teeth, the British were by no means impotent, the Czechs had one of the best armies in Europe, and until well into 1939 the

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Carl Dreher, who writes from a background as an engineer, is a frequent contributor to The Nation.

Russians were prepared to fight on the Allied side. Internally, the German generals were ready to dispose of Hitler rather than be plunged into a war they knew they would lose. It was not German military strength or Allied military weakness that threw Czechoslovakia to the wolves, but Allied disunity and in particular the hope that Hitler could be deflected to the East. Teller's views on disarmament are permeated by his determination to uproot communism; where Chamberlain, Pétain, Laval and the rest were willing to risk fascism, Teller is willing to risk nuclear war. That perhaps is a matter of taste, but it is not the function of a scholarly journal to disseminate gross and demonstrable distortions of history.

In the balance of this section, Paul M. Doty ("The Role of the Smaller Powers") points out that reliance on nuclear weapons quickened the insistence on rearming Germany and introduced tactical nuclear weapons with no doctrine to govern their use. A. Doak Barnett ("The Inclusion of Communist China in an Arms-Control Program") feels that the record shows "the Russians do not dictate to the Chinese: they negotiate with them." We would be well advised to do the same; the longer we delay, the higher the Chinese price for joining a U. S.-Soviet pact will be. Kenneth E. Boulding, in a conservative but thoughtful paper on "The Domestic Implications of Arms Control," refers to the "grotesque irony of national defense in the nuclear age [in which], having had the inestimable privilege of losing half [or is it three-quarters?] our population, we are supposed to set up again the whole system which gave rise to this holocaust!"

THE THIRD section, "The Implementation of Arms Control," though not the most readable, is the most important. Bernard T. Feld, in "Inspection Techniques of Arms Control," remarks in a footnote that the West accuses the USSR of "desiring disarmament without control, and the Russians counter that they will not accept control without disarmament. It looks sometimes as if neither side had any interest in anything but advancing its own propaganda and strategic position, but actually the dispute centers upon the ratio of inspection to disarmament, as well as upon questions of phasing. My own belief is that we shall get nowhere until we recognize that for the Soviets secrecy remains a real military asset, which they will surrender only in proportion to other forms of security which an agreement may yield.

The paper on "Adjudication and Enforcement in Arms Control" is another of Louis B. Sohn's carefully drawn blueprints in international law (for a more comprehensive and urgent expression of Sohn's views, see *The Nation*, February 25). Thomas C. Schelling, writing on "Reciprocal Measures for Arms Stabilization," brings out the fact that while both we and the Russians are trapped by our military technology, there is already some tacit understanding between us: for example, we do not jam each other's military communications, we both abstain from assassination, and we share the Pacific for target practice. Schelling emphasizes that if nuclear war should break out, an "enormous, complex and dynamic scheme for arms control" would be required to bring it to a close short of exhaustion on both sides, and we should have at least some "crude and tacit, if not careful and explicit, understanding about the modes and techniques of negotiation in the event of war."

Wiesner's paper, which concludes this section, is on a less somber note. He has an electronic engineer's grasp of the technical problems involved. Free of the usual tropisms, Wiesner is able to take Soviet fears and distrusts into account, an empathy which, in a time of such menace, is an advantage to both sides.

Wiesner's remedial ideas generally are sensible and flexible. He suspects that a comprehensive system might be easier to negotiate than a series of small limited measures. But he does not rule out such major limited measures as an arms-free zone in Central Europe, anathema to Bonn. He opposes many other sacred tenets of "defense." Our tendency is to demand 100 per cent security from an inspection system, while we are descending to 20 per cent, say, in the armament race. Wiesner comments: "The fear of Soviet duplicity is so great among some Western experts who participate in disarmament planning that it is not possible to visualize a level of inspection which would actually alleviate this fear. Such individuals seem to prefer the unknown and the dangers of the arms race to arms reduction with any conceivable degree of inspection." And while the AEC and the Pentagon are clamoring for a resumption of nuclear testing on the ground that the Russians are probably cheating and gaining an advantage in nuclear power/weight ratios, Wiesner writes that "further [nuclear weapons] developments are not vital for the maintenance of an adequate deterrent posture."

In short, Wiesner brings a well trained, free-wheeling mind to bear, and God knows we need it. Of course the very possession of such a mind would leave him open to attack, but he is serving a President who seems to prefer the type (though for what ends we do not yet know) and his past technical achievements are a shield. Nor, actually, does he ever fail to put America first. It is only that he sees that Ameri-

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by CAREY McWILLIAMS

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THE AUTHOR —Carey McWilliams is author of *Brothers Under the Skin*, *Ill Fares the Land*, *Factories in the Field*, *A Mask for Privilege*, and other notable works. He served as Commissioner of Immigration and Housing in California (1938-42), and was twice awarded Guggenheim Fellowships for studies in the field of social history. He has been editor of *The Nation* since 1955.

Price on publication—$5 Prepublication price—$3 (you save $2)

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Monthly Review Press 333 Sixth Avenue New York 14, N.Y

ca's fate has become internationalized.

Wiesner's potential for peace must not be overrated, however. Assuming that he will not hesitate to press his views (he voiced them a few weeks ago on television) he is still in an advisory, not a policy-making position.

Thus he may be consulted more on how to make weapons than on how to unmake them. At the moment, with the Kennedy Administration stepping up the arms race, the former is the more likely prospect. But our experience of the past years should inure us to rapid changes in cold war tensions. If the next change is for the better, there would seem to be a chance for a McCloy-Wiesner oriented team to conduct fruitful negotiations with the Soviets.

TWO SECTIONS and seven papers remain, plus a bibliography, but I can mention only Saville R. Davis' "Recent Policy Making in the United States Government" and Eric Fromm's "The Case for Unilateral Disarmament." Although Davis would not put it so unpleasantly, the history of arms-control negotiations in the late fifties is a chronicle of duplicity and hypocrisy, with the worst offenders on the American side. The Americans who, in the words of Marquis Childs, quoted by Davis, "cut the guts from American proposals," were John Foster Dulles, Arthur W. Radford, Lewis L. Strauss and Edward Teller. Fromm, though wholly condemnatory of the Soviet ethos and ethics, considers the Russian leaders "sane and rational people" and makes out a convincing case for graduated unilateral disarmament (the idea and the phrase are Charles E. Osgood's). Instead of each side trying to get the better of the other in bargaining, a method which maximizes the chances of deadlock, Fromm proposes that we take independent, gradual steps toward disarmament in the expectation that the Russians will reciprocate. Various conditions, carefully outlined by Osgood, are necessary: the unilateral act must be clearly disadvantageous to the side making it in terms of military aggression, yet not cripplingly so; it should be clearly recognizable by the enemy as reducing the threat to him; reciprocal action by the enemy should be clearly available and clearly indicated; the act should be widely publicized but this should be the only pressure on the enemy to reciprocate; etc. The idea is perfectly sound and in the present climate completely impractical. But in that case, do we really want arms-control, much less peace?

The Hero Who Sees Too Much

THE GLASS BEES. By Ernst Juenger. Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. Noonday Press. 149 pages. $3.75 cloth. $1.65 paper.

Terry Southern

The fear and enthusiasm we experience at the sight of perfect mechanisms are in exact contrast to the happiness we feel at the sight of a perfect work of art. We sense an attack on our integrity, on our wholeness. That arms and legs are lost or harmed is not yet the greatest danger. — The Glass Bees.

IN GERMANY, over the past few years, there has been a consistent juggling by the academies and other powers of Hermann Hesse and Ernst Juenger for the title, lately bequeathed by Thomas Mann, of "greatest living German author." Juenger was born in 1895. This would put him on the same level of age and cultural stature as that of Ernest Hemingway in this country. The comparison grows when one considers not only his war experiences ("fourteen times wounded and many times decorated for bravery") but his literary preoccupation with warfare. Moreover, one of the keystones of his prose is the taut understatement; it is the kind of understatement, however, that precludes further comparison of the two writers. Here is an example of it, from his latest novel *The Glass Bees*: the narrator is recalling the paternal qualities of Monteron, commandant of the military school he attended as a child. . . . "When Gronau had gambled all his money away, Monteron drove to the city that same evening to take care of the matter; although when he returned the next afternoon, it was already too late." This is the only reference to Gronau in the book, and it is the only reference to that incident. There is nothing in the words themselves even to suggest it, but it is indisputable that the boy has committed suicide. Hemingway rarely achieved this degree of subtlety and indirection, and then only in the abstract, that is, to convey an emotion—generally fear or pride—as in the magnificently sinister ending of "Big Two-Hearted River," where the boy decides not to fish any farther downstream, after staring at the river where it disappeared around a bend into the swamp; he decides instead to go back to camp: "There were plenty of days coming when he could fish the swamp."

But what Hemingway seldom managed in his prime, Juenger continues to surpass in his sixties. His work is, in fact, in the very mid-current of contemporary art; that he should be a generation removed by age is what makes it so remarkable—for surely it is one of the sadnesses of our time that, unlike the ancients of the East, we do not grow wiser with years but, beyond a certain age, become set and increasingly stupid. Indeed, "arrested development" is the norm, but the muse that haunts Juenger is the same one which moves restlessly among the ageless everywhere . . . Picasso, Frank Lloyd Wright, Bertrand Russell.

Stylistically, *The Glass Bees* is similar to certain works of Sartre and Camus, especially *Nausea* and *The Stranger.* The hero sees too much. He sees too much "for his own good," as the saying goes: he sees through a thing, into the absurdity of it, so quickly that he is incapable of relating to it except by projection. He is confronted by an abyss of freedom on every side, and the problem is to find some way to get rid of it, to find something, in short, worth doing. The story is presented as a *tableau,* a single afternoon on the residential terrace of Zapparoni, the industrial emperor with whom the hero expects to take employment—he having decided, for the moment at least, that he *must* take a job, any job, to make his wife feel more secure about such matters as unpaid rent, etc. Zapparoni is more than a man, a cultural phenomenon, a dynasty, somewhat like our own Walt Disney but to the thousandth-power. His industries specialize in the invention and production of all manner of incredibly intricate mechanical devices, fantastic robots, things which often began as toys and household gadgets but became something else:

> Zapparoni had started with tiny turtles—he called them "selectors"—which were designed for picking and choosing. They could count, weigh, sort gems or paper money and, while doing so, eliminate counterfeits. The principle involved was soon extended; they worked in dangerous locations, handling explosives, viruses,

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TERRY SOUTHERN has written The Magic Christian *(Random House) and* Flash and Filigree *(Coward-McCann).*

> and even radioactive materials. Swarms of selectors could not only detect the faintest smell of smoke but could also extinguish a fire at an early stage; others repaired defective wiring, and still others fed upon filth and became indispensable in all jobs where cleanliness was essential. . . .

Another fast-moving item of the Zapparoni stamp is the life-size television marionette—convincingly real, and more beautiful than the human form (because even its flaws are Ideal).

During the interview the hero is left alone on the terrace and is put to a character test, along, of course, with the reader. One aspect of the test involves his reaction to the sight of *severed ears* floating on a lily-pond nearby. He speculates about the possibilities:

> Formerly, my first—and also best—reaction in a similiar case would have been to report what I had seen. Anyone who made such a horrid discovery while walking in the woods would have done the same: you called the nearest police station. This I ruled out at once. The years when I showed a taste for such bravura were past. Words had changed their meaning; even police were no longer police.

Thinking it over, he decides that even today a person would still report the discovery of a single ear—but "what would he do when he came to a part of the forest where a profusion of ears were lying around like poisonous mushrooms? You can be sure he would sneak away. And perhaps neither his best friend nor his wife would hear about his discovery. In such a situation we are cautious."

In this metaphorical incident lies high seriousness; it is seriousness of an order not foreseen by Hemingway. And, in its objective searching and its mercilessly personal candor, we recognize the general distinctions which mark the terrible difference between what is contemporary and what is past.

The nature of the work the hero is offered is never revealed. One gathers though that it is, like most work nowadays, ridiculous and contemptible, which is more or less the point of the book—a point probably well taken, certainly one beautifully made.

Blue Collar Commuters

WORKING CLASS SUBURB. By Bennett M. Berger. University of California Press. 143 pp. $3.50.

William Gomberg

PROFESSOR RAUTENSTRACH, the late noted Columbia head of Industrial Engineering, once asked Professor Pupin, after whom the Physics Laboratories at Columbia are named: "How do you distinguish between a run-of-the-mill physicist and a distinguised investigator?" Pupin's answer: "By the problems he chooses." It takes courage to challenge the obvious and that is what Bennett Berger has done.

Mr. Berger, a sociologist at the University of California, seeks in *Working Class Suburb* confirmation of the popular hypothesis that the movement to the suburbs of wide sectors of the population is shaping a new homogeneous civilization, contemptuously referred to as suburbia by the intellectual; an "other directed," driven population, the embodiment of the "middle class ideal."

He noted that when the Ford Motor Company moved from Richmond, California, to Milpitas at the south end of the San Francisco peninsula, the work force moved from urban dwellings in Richmond to a newly created working-class suburb of San Jose, California. He spent 1957 making an investigation to determine whether the workers so transferred imbibed the set of values associated with suburbia — PTA activity, country clubbing and status striving. He concludes that these workers, many of them the original "Okies and Arkies" of the thirties, showed none of the restless strivings of the junior executive, apprentice engineer or assistant professor.

Highly paid, these workers owned their $12,000 homes or at least shared them with a mortgagee, had two cars in their garages and their share of television and household appliances. Nevertheless, they maintained their working-class outlook and loyalties; 81 per cent of them voted Democratic, they looked upon their status as fixed, expressed satisfaction with the present and were interested only in protecting it. Almost all of them were U.A.W. members. Their ambition had nothing in common with the executive search for promotion. A man who had given up the job of foreman after six months put it this way: "I'm a working man, I don't like to be

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WILLIAM GOMBERG teaches at the Wharton School of Finance and Commerce, University of Pennsylvania.

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sitting down or walking up and down all the time."

Contrast this picture with middle-class suburbia where the junior executive is protected by no such due process as the union provides, where he is convinced that he must go up or out; the difference of outlook is understandable.

It is significant that Mr. Berger's observations were made in 1957, the most highly productive year the motor industry ever enjoyed. The workers felt secure and, being in the best paid industrial group, expressed satisfaction with their lot. It would be interesting to interview some of the Milpitas group during periods of curtailed production schedules to discover if their sense of serenity still prevails.

Those who question the obvious and get strange answers become our great intellectual pioneers. In this case, Mr. Berger received the expected and obvious answer. Nevertheless, the study remains a useful document in directing the efforts of future scholars along different paths. How many of us are destined in our careers to achieve a Copernican-like breakthrough?

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

BARTLEBY, the one act "opera," having failed to sustain its end of the evening which included *The American Dream,* has been replaced by *The Death of Bessie Smith,* another short play by Edward Albee (York Theatre). The change should greatly aid the program because *Bessie Smith* is a notably sharp piece of dramatic writing.

Bessie Smith, a famous Negro blues singer of the twenties and thirties, bled to death after a car accident in the city of Memphis, Tennessee, because she was denied medical assistance in any of the city's white hospitals. Albee has dramatized the incident in an unusual manner. Instead of emphasizing the shameful shock of the episode he helps us understand its human sources.

One never sees Bessie. The play is focused on a nurse who is a receptionist in one of the Memphis hospitals. Her life is a tissue of fear, frustration and sadistic compensations. She loathes her semi-invalid father whose family was once (long ago) imperiously prosperous in Dixie fashion. He is an idle, shriveled, mean man — disfigured by impotent venom and the ludicrous grimaces of racist superiority. In her own way the nurse continues the paternal pattern, for though her job is ill-paid and almost menial, she cracks the whip of her "position" over a colored orderly at the hospital, a young fellow with pretentions to self-betterment. She also teases an intern at the hospital who wants her—even offers to marry her—teases him with calculating provocation without satisfying her own or his needs. In addition she warns him against any aspirations beyond the bounds of their town's horizon. From her inner constriction and the spite that this begets she mocks and terrorizes the two men; and she does this because she is too weak to fight her way out of the impasse of her life. She insists on accepting the constraints the community imposes. Her dominance over the men embodies the environment's stranglehold on all of them. But just this power maims her as well as her victims; underneath the grinning grimness of her will she is consumed by self-abomination. It must be clear from all this that the nurse and the others, even the death of Bessie Smith herself, are peripheral symbols pointing to a tragedy wider than that of one county or segment of our society.

The writing of the play is biting, tensely risible, euphonious—making for heightened speech which approaches stylization. It marks Albee once again as a new American playwright from whom much is to be expected.

The most aptly cast actor in the production is Harold Scott as the orderly, but Rae Allen and the others who are of a softer natural disposition play with professional authority and intelligence, though they are directed a little too "psychologically" for a play in which psychology is implicit in the incisive slashes of the dramatist's "drawing" rather than in an internal probing of mental processes. But perhaps this is only a refined quibble: the production is eminently proficient.

I FOUND myself more absorbed in the *Comédie Française* production of Racine's *Britannicus* than in that of Molière's *Tartuffe.* But for this play it is more important to know French: Racine's drama has much less stage movement. (*Le Dindon* by Georges Feydeau—which I saw only in Paris—is a howlingly funny and easily comprehensible farce, designed, staged and acted with consummate skill.)

Britannicus is more foreign in form than any of the other plays the *Comédie Française* has brought us. The seventeenth-century French alexandrine line sounds monotonous to the ear unaccustomed to it, but with the *Comédie Française* it becomes a dramatic instrument that holds us even more by its trenchancy than by its musicality.

Ostensibly a historical play, *Britannicus* is actually another of Racine's studies in the subject which most fascinated him and to which his contribution is one of the profoundest in all theatrical literature. It is summed up in one line of the play: *l'amour est une autre science* ("love is a different kind of knowledge"). Racine was obsessed with the passion of love as a force not to be held in check by convention, reason, honor, religion or state policy. (In Louis XIV's court this was revolutionary—in sharpest contrast to the moral severity and aristocratic discipline celebrated in Corneille's plays.) Under the traditional disguise of a literary classicism, Racine unleashed those evil impulses which are aroused by the whips of desire.

In the present play Agrippina, Nero's mother, has arranged his marriage, educated him, led him in all things and finally made him emperor. One is never sure whether she has done this from maternal feeling or from personal ambition (or whether the dramatist regards them both as the same thing). Nero has submitted to his mother's care and, though it has enslaved him, it has kept him virtuous. But impelled by adulterous lust for the virgin sweetheart of his half-brother, Britannicus, Nero begins to break loose from his mother's grip. Weak, vacillating, violently neurotic, he begins his long career of crime by having Britannicus poisoned. A legendary villainy is thus explained in one of the first modern treatments of the mother-son conflict.

Regally handsome, Annie Ducaux plays the role of Agrippina with superb dignity, clarity, strength and mastery of reading. Robert Hirsch as Nero can roar with the best of them; his strikingly nervous mask appears to be exactly what is required. Indeed, all the players do just the right things to indicate the dramatist's intentions. Only the flame is lacking; and true grandeur. We are not touched by any of the fire which the decorum of the verse is meant to shield. To bring such a play fully to life, to give it the impact which justifies it as a stage piece today, what is demanded is the demonic intensity which in the nineteenth century Rachel is supposed to have brought to Racine. The *Comédie Française* company knows how to imitate passion but does not appear to possess it. It does everything which technique and understanding can accomplish. Thus it offers us an impressive graph rather than the substance of Racine's inspiration.

Fairfield Porter

IN A RECENT column in the New York *Herald Tribune*, John Crosby writes, "It does seem to me that the gulf between the public and the artists has never been wider, but this is one of those subjects that is unmentionable." He quotes Abram Chasins, the composer: "The average man is educated or bullied into thinking he has a responsibility toward modern art. But . . . the artist feels not nearly so obligated to reach this average man as the average man feels responsibility to reach the artist." And in his letter to *The Nation* on March 4, Selden Rodman implies that a stand for artistic moral commitment puts one in the minority. These criticisms that modern art does not communicate and lacks moral commitment, go together. The first says that it is selfish, hence immoral, not to communicate; the second says that the only proper communication is a moral one. The first criticism assumes that the artist should be more guided by public taste. That is the theory behind public-opinion polls and market analysis. There are a number of objections to this. Market analysis informs one about the immediate past. And since "the public" is a generalization, "public taste" is either not concrete, or it aims at a preference for reminiscence, that is, a preference for the second hand. Insofar as "public taste" is concrete, it is against individual integrity. The second criticism, that modern art lacks moral commitment, usually contains a puritanical moral prejudice, which is that goodness consists in a concentration of attention on shortcomings, failure and disaster. This is called compassion. This was the moral motivation of Helen Schlegel in *Howard's End*, who, in order to confront Mr. Wilcox with his evaded responsibility, brought two starving people from London to the country estate he was visiting on the Welsh border.

The morality and the communication inherent in the nature of art is that it makes one aware of the connectedness between people and between things. Science does this too, with the difference that science explains, where art presents the wordless. When connections are explained, the form of the explanation takes the place of the original *gestalt*: science leads you toward itself, art goes no further than analogy. Science takes you away from the world, and art forces the world upon you. The "world" means anything that one may be aware of, objective or subjective. It can mean the artist's, which is to say man's, relation to work. Art has no rules to confine awareness. Because art is concerned with the ineffable—what cannot be translated—it will seem difficult to anyone who believes that explanation is the road to understanding. Artistic understanding comes from confidence in one's intuition.

THE CASTELLI gallery exhibits nine oils by Jack Tworkov. Tworkov is one of the American painters chosen two years ago by the Museum of Modern Art for a traveling show in Europe. In that exhibition, which was shown at the museum, Tworkov's paintings stood out. His paintings have a quality that other American-type non-objective paintings do not have: though superficially just as broad and dashing, they are entirely conscious. This is apparent to anyone. The least accident, even the smallest white splinter between broad strokes of French-flag blue and red, which may look as spontaneous as an accident, has been worked out with the greatest deliberation after much redoing. At first sight, therefore, his paintings haven't the virtuoso impact of Kline—that enormous release of immediate energy. Tworkov's forms, tattered, banner-like, are endlessly calculated to simulate this all-at-onceness. On an almost hidden single or double H grid, a structure inside and relative to the carpentry of the canvas stretchers, he makes a transition to the specific torn looseness of the final painting. The stretched canvas is the form of general communication, as one talks to another person in English. The specific building up of strokes relates to some organization of experience that is more than visual, though visually presented. The titles indicate this: *West Barrier*, *Brake*, *Friday*. Tworkov's power, which gives his paintings their lasting effectiveness, comes from his never letting go of awareness. This scrupulosity, however, is always esthetically relevant to the concrete painting (which guides him), it always adds up to a coordinate force, a moral one, like the force of conscience. His conscience is directed toward the difficulty of achieving artistic integrity. His conscience keeps him conscious, awake and aware.

Alex Katz's paintings at the Stable gallery are also relevant to the discussion of communication and morality. They are figures in landscapes, landscapes, interiors and portraits. The bright style recalls such unsophisticated commercial art as a Wheaties package (framing a full-length portrait of the dancer Paul Taylor), or of colored comics. Katz connects conscious art with art that was not consciously intended, and the articulate with the inarticulate. In the past his paintings have had in much of the daily press an attentive and classically condemnatory reception that recalls the blasts that first greeted Monet, Degas, Cezanne, Van Gogh and Matisse. I think these critics object to his connecting art with the unpretentious, as though he were betraying a social status. In the portraits the likeness does not "stop" the paint. The most ordinary and flattest gray, mixed only from black and white, has the radiance of violet. The green of a real, living plant in the gallery looks less alive than the actually rather abstract green of the foliage in his landscapes.

Other paintings now on the walls, or recently shown, that have given me a great deal of pleasure are the non-objective paintings of John Grillo at the Wise gallery, Patricia Passloff at the Green, and the representational painting of Robert Dash at the Barone gallery, of Edith Schloss and Lawrence Campbell at the Tanager, and of Wolf Kahn at Borgenicht. To me pleasure is both communication and a sign of moral commitment.

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MUSIC

Lester Trimble

IF THE series of concerts planned for next season by the new Musica Viva of New York are as splendid as the one given a few days ago at Town Hall, the city's concert life will have acquired an impressive addition to its contemporary wing.

The seventeen-member Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, performing under Musica Viva auspices, was led by a young conductor, Arthur Weisberg, whose stage manner is as modest and unpretentious as his abilities are distinguished. I have not, in a very long time, come across a young conductor who, with no fuss and feathers, gave such convincing evidence of being a major, mature interpretive talent. His control throughout the evening was subtle and absolute. Everything had polish; nothing was glossy. The contemporary styles ranged from far-left pointillism to the far-right lyric expression of Hindemith; he understood them all. His reading of the Stravinsky *Ragtime* was the most exact, exquisite (and hilarious) I have ever heard. Leonard Bernstein should know about this young man, and so should the management of every American orchestra.

Mr. Weisberg's program, in the order of presentation, included the *Toccata* (1933) by the Mexican composer Revueltas; *Three Songs for Alto* (1932), by Ruth Crawford; *Serenata No. 2* (1957) by the young Italian, Bruno Maderna; Stravinsky's *Ragtime* (1915); the first American performance of *Tropi* (1959) by another young Italian, Niccolo Castiglioni; and Hindemith's *Herodiade* (1944). It seemed long, toward the end. But this had as much to do with Hindemith as with the clock. The *Herodiade*, though it has sections that are transcendentally lovely — some of them lyrical in an almost Wagnerian manner; others sweetly bucolic — grows a bit flaccid as its roughly twenty-five minutes of music flow on. The form is not satisfying, and the individual sections vary in interest. Nevertheless, because one almost never hears this work, because it was so affectionately interpreted and cleanly performed, an occasional nod was a small price to pay.

The Revueltas *Toccata* is a good program-opener, but an unimportant piece. It is a jaunty, neo-classic work, similar in atmosphere to the Milhaud *Concertino de Printemps*. The thirties speak through its every measure, and so does the composer's facility. But that is about the end of it.

Ruth Crawford's *Three Songs for Alto* are exceedingly fine. In 1933, they were chosen to represent the United States at the International Festival of the ISCM in Amsterdam, and it is not difficult to see why. They are set to poems by Carl Sandburg (*Rat Riddles, In Tall Grass, Prayers of Steel*), and create an individualistic set of moods, varying from piquant humor to concrete-mixer solidity, which both suit the poetry and add up to a large musical dimension. They are carefully composed, in stylistic terms which will not date. They have marvelous substance, fanciful color (especially in the percussion section), and deserve to be part of the standard repertory. Why are they never heard? Barbara Crouch sang the *Three Songs* in exemplary vocal fashion. As for diction, in the first song, her every word was crystal clear. In the second and third, only an occasional phrase could be understood. What accounted for the difference?

Bruno Maderna's *Serenata No. 2* is a work of extreme-left orientation; wispy and pointillist in texture; probably 12-tone in construction (though I wouldn't attest to that without analyzing the score); and appealing in sound and spirit. Sometimes the musicians play alone or in tiny groups; at other times the whole ensemble gets excitedly together. Despite the fact that its sonorities are extremely evanescent, and that it devotes a part of its time to the examination of such irreducible quantities as single tones, it gives a strange impression that some sort of harmonic glue is holding the fragments together. This impression, probably accurate, may derive from the fact that the composer is Italian, and therefore unwilling to construct a musical entity which has nerve-endings, but no body. It is a young artist's music, and good.

Stravinsky's *Ragtime* needs little description at this point. It is a *pièce d'occasion* of considerable charm, and bears striking similarities to the same composer's *L'Histoire du Soldat*. As a witty comment on its period, it is marvelous. It is also a bit long.

Tropi, by Niccolo Castiglioni, the penultimate piece on the program, was as lovely and as Italian in spirit as Maderna's *Serenata*. The *Tropi* are, again, extremely fragile pieces, informed at every moment with music's sensuous possibilities. In the printed score, they look almost frighteningly "exploded" and complex. In performance, they are not at all hard to take. Important portions of them sound very much like a good 33⅓ recording played backward at 78. Everything makes a kind of inferential sense — if you first assume that you are hearing reality turned backwards or upside-down. It is a very pretty music, and embraces a variety of moods and textures. It is beyond me how Mr. Weisberg achieved so smooth a performance of the work in what must have been limited rehearsal time.

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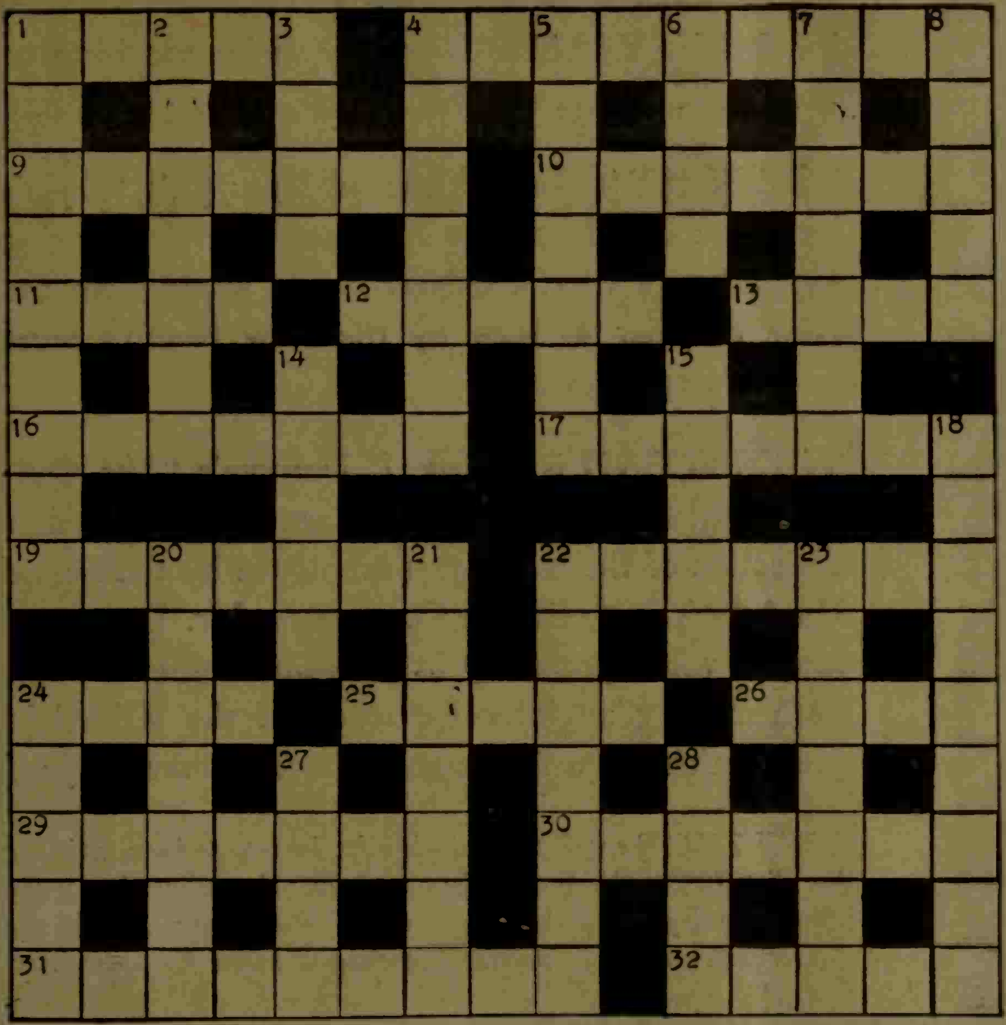
Grape is my mulatto mother
In this frozen whited country. Her veined interior
Hangs hot open for me to re-enter
The blood-coloured glass-house against which
The stone world beads to a dew and steams off—
Diluting neither my blood cupful
Nor its black undercurrent. I swell in there, soaking.
Till the grape for sheer surfeit of me
Vomits me up. I'm found
Feeble as a babe, but renewed.

TED HUGHES

Crossword Puzzle No. 907

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 4 down The main business of horse-swapping? (5, 2, 5)
4 See 24 across
9 Where to sign an order for beer? (2, 5)
10 One might need to study the route with this sort of map. (7)
11 and 13 At this point the performance is followed by a drink. (5, 3)
12 Reputedly Welsh candy? (5)
13 See 11 across
16 Assistance returns in good speed spread out. (7)
17 So many people to the acre, Ole Swenson says. (7)
19 See 15 down
22 You might be with guns on you when not in the open. (7)
24 and 4 across Tense, due evidently to some former wrong-doing? (4, 9)
25 and 14 down Trouble on foot with discussions remaining after the harvest. (10)
26 See 8 down
29 Serving as introduction. (7)
30 Controversial. (7)
31 Injuries don't have to be bandaged once to be so. (9)
32 Sounds like a lot is carried in these veins of mine! (5)

DOWN:

1 Methods re how the fire might be put out? (9)
2 How ranks might be commanded.
3 Title, in a back-handed way. (4)
4 See 1 across
5 Stared at by a stout fellow of poetry. (7)
6 British ladders. (4)
7 Descriptive of the period, perhaps.
8 and 26 across One might a small fish, if one with older characteristics. (9)
14 See 25 across
15 and 19 Falstaff, in more than one way! (5, 7)
18 If one team makes a conversion, then this, my friends! (9)
20 Where to find dates stuffed, otherwise? (7)
21 The house might be 22 across by them. (7)
22 Watch out! Take care! And fight! (7)
23 With some difficulty, reads to become as oysters might be. (7)
24 and 28 Not the editor's office, though it might provide him raw material. (5, 4)
27 Hamlet's forefathers were to Gray rather than Shakespeare. (4)
28 See 24 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 906

ACROSS: 1 Aforementioned; 9 Treacle; 10 Stepson; 11 Redden; 12 Spotless; 14 Round-up; 15 Lined; 17 Wager; 19 Oarsman; 21 and 2 The Witch of Endor; 23 Usurer; 25 Thin air; 26 Moorage; 27 Understatement. DOWN: 1 Afterglow; 3 Exchequer; 4 Ewes; 5 Test papers; 6 and 8 Overtones; 7 Eastern; 13 Idiot cards; 15 Limestone; 16 Deferment; 18 Grecian; 20 Narrate; 21 Tots; 22 Inane; 24 Emma.

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LETTERS

Ordeal of SANE

Dears Sirs: Barbara Deming's account of "The Ordeal of SANE" [March 11 issue] reflects the problems I have observed in small social-action groups (mainly in the field of race relations) and confirms me in my opinion that *it is impossible to engage in meaningful social action today without being branded "subversive."* The reason for this can be seen when social action is viewed as conflict among groups in a society experiencing permanent external threat. Every social-action program, no matter how high-minded its goals, threatens some vested interests in the community or society, such as owners of commercial establishments practicing segregation or the military and the manufacturers of war materials. These interests naturally counterattack, and the cold war provides them with their most potent weapon: the Red Brand. . . .

Miss Deming's article indicates the liberal leadership of SANE was not aware that the goal of the vested interests *is the destruction of the action program.* (Liberals, viewing society as an integrated unit rather than a collection of potentially conflicting groups, naively assume that *nobody* could *possibly* oppose a group with such high-minded goals as theirs.) When the action group responds to the investigators by purging itself and refraining from controversial activities, it renders itself impotent. . . . HARRY L. GRACEY

New York City

Dear Sirs: There is one category of persons which Barbara Deming failed to mention in her article about SANE — those severing all connections with local chapters because of said chapters' mere token acceptance of the May 26 national board policy. These people did support and work for SANE, but are now standing aside to see how close national supervision of chapters becomes. They *want* to be active for peace, but only in an organization of the type the national board desires. They should not be forgotten. SUSAN C. BOYAN

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: "The Ordeal of SANE" offers the clearest explanation of the unfortunate disarray and confusion in which the national committee finds itself. If Senator Dodd has not succeeded in his attempt to destroy SANE, he has certainly dealt it a crippling blow.

For a long time I have tried, unsuccessfully, to get SANE to attack the USSR for the innumerable roadblocks she has thrown up at the Geneva test-ban talks; also to criticize France for the Sahara nuclear explosions. This would have been a useful and legitimate approach — to attack not alone U.S. opponents of a test ban (such as the AEC and Pentagon), but *any* nation or group which stands in the way of a ban agreement and disarmament. Had my suggestion been followed, it would have largely forestalled or nullified Dodd's accusations of "Communist infiltration."

Mt. Vernon, N.Y. ALLEN KLEIN

Ungrateful Taiwanese

Dear Sirs: In regard to your editorial, "The Forgotten Formosans," [March 11 issue] I, as a Taiwanese, wish to point out that the so-called "United Formosans for Independence" group in no way represents even the small body of Taiwanese students in this country.

The majority of Taiwanese like myself take pride in being ethnically and culturally Chinese (there is no such thing as a Taiwanese culture). I have served in the army in Taiwan and have in fact taken part in the defense of Quemoy. I am proud of the fact that Taiwan constitutes a powerful bulwark against Communist expansion. . . .

As for the Taiwanese being treated as second-class citizens, it all depends what you mean by the term. The facts are that over 70 per cent of the staff members in the Taiwan Provincial Government are Taiwanese; in the Provincial Assembly, over 90 per cent of the popularly-voted members are Taiwan-born Chinese. All the mayors of the five principal cities and fifteen of the sixteen county magistrates are Taiwanese. . . . It is true that in the federal Legislature and the National Assembly, the Taiwanese are under-represented, but these two bodies were organized in accordance with the Constitution which was adopted on the mainland, when Taiwan was one of the provinces. That, of course, should be changed in some way by an amendment of the Constitution. Unfortunately, for technical reasons, it cannot be done at this moment.

Mt. Kisco, N.Y. THANG-SOU CHIU

Grateful Iranian

Dear Sirs: I am sure that the overwhelming majority of some 5,000 Iranian students in this country share my profound gratitude and admiration for your editorial stand on Iran ("Machine Guns and Roses," *The Nation*, March 4, 1961). It is rare indeed that an American journal has the concern and the moral courage to take a stand for the cause of liberty where it does not concern your immediate interests. T. M.

Boston, Mass.

[*The writer, an Iranian student, has asked that his name be withheld "for obvious reasons."*—ED.]

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

More Tests Than One

When the nuclear-test negotiations resume in Geneva on March 21, much more will be at stake than the test ban itself. The symbolic importance of agreement, even on a matter of secondary importance, is obvious. If the conference ends in the usual deadlock and testing is resumed, the promoters of all-out nuclear war will have triumphed and the political-psychological magnitude of their victory will be far-reaching. If the moratorium is continued, in whatever form, a basis will have been established for possible progress in disarmament. A slight improvement in the condition of a very sick patient doesn't take him off the critical list, but it gives him a chance.

The auspices so far have not been favorable; in the joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy the odds are quoted at 10 to 1 against a treaty. The Kennedy Administration has threatened an early resumption of testing if agreement is not soon reached; in preliminary publicity, it has stood pat on the Eisenhower figure of twenty annual on-site inspections to check unidentified seismic disturbances (a possible reduction to seventeen was trial-ballooned and quickly withdrawn); and the chief American negotiator, Arthur H. Dean, is a former law partner of John Foster Dulles and about the toughest negotiator obtainable. But there is also the fact that the Kennedy Administration appears to know its own mind, while under Eisenhower the tergiversations of the American negotiators convinced many neutral experts that the United States wanted to resume testing and was deterred only by fear of world condemnation. Indefinite positions are the greatest obstacle to successful negotiation and this, at any rate, appears to have been remedied. There are also indications that the Pentagon, held on a tighter leash by Kennedy than by Eisenhower, has begun to downgrade the importance of nuclear testing and would be willing to see the ban continued as a prelude to cautiously approached arms-control — but not disarmament — negotiations. Finally, there is the favorable augury that John J. McCloy, the President's arms-control adviser, is a level-headed, determined type who means business in anything he undertakes, and the same may be said of the President's scientific adviser, Jerome Wiesner.

Agreement is possible if both sides want it. The Soviet limitation of three on-site inspections per year is clearly obstructive. The Soviets could raise the figure to ten or twelve without gravely endangering their defenses. Secrecy is a real Soviet military asset; it remains to be seen whether it is also an obsession. But there is nothing sacred about twenty or seventeen either, and the United States could well afford to come down from its earlier asking price. Equally susceptible to compromise is the question of the length of a moratorium while an elaborate seismic detection system is set up. The Soviets have been talking of three or four years, the United States of twenty-seven months. Perhaps forty-two months would not be an unreasonable period.

If agreement should prove possible and arms-control negotiations should follow, the seismic detection apparatus would become only a detail in a much more complex inspection system. The crucial problem is how to take the first step on the long road to disarmament and world government (see Louis B. Sohn's article on page 256). The negotiators at Geneva literally hold the fate of the world in their hands. If our delegation can arrive at a reasonable solution, it need not be too apprehensive about the well-known propensity of the United States Senate to look at proposed treaties with the eye of a sheriff pursuing a horse thief. Not even the Senate can defy our allies and the increasingly weighty neutral bloc. A glaring light will play on the negotiations at Geneva. Perhaps it will promote a spirit of conciliation and reason.

Luanda-Leopoldville Axis

However they may differ on other issues, when it comes to colonialism one expects the new African political leaders to cry out with one voice: "Drive the rascals out!" But from Leopoldville, a correspondent writes of an exceptionally interesting phenomenon: a growing intimacy between the Portuguese Embassy there and sundry officials of the Kasavubu regime. "Some Congolese members of Parliament show up almost every day in the Embassy," our correspondent writes. "Portuguese officials have managed to persuade the Congolese National Radio to let them handle the Portuguese program, which is broadcast to Angola and other Portuguese colonies. Recently a Mr. Nzeza Landic, one of Kasavubu's supporters, spent a week in Angola; and in Luanda, the colony's capital, he gave a press conference at which he expressed admiration for Salazar's colonial policy, noted that he — Landic — had made a personal call on the Governor of Angola to thank him for 'precious aid given to the Congo,' and added, 'The Portuguese have been our first friends.' Mr. Landic has been invited to tour Portugal. You might also be interested to know that Mr. Tshombe, Prime Minister of Katanga, is also an admirer of Portuguese colonial policy."

All this must be of exceptional interest to the leaders of other African nations who, at the United Nations, have been bitterly attacking Portugal's administration of Angola.

Kicking the Businessman Around

If this had happened in the Soviet Union, it would be cited as evidencing the callous disregard of the Russians for human rights, efficiency and the Decalogue. It didn't happen in the USSR, however: the locale is Springfield, Vermont, and Washington, D.C. The President took notice of it: "It has been, I think, quite unfortunate the way it was handled," he said. This is putting it rather mildly.

The case concerns the Bryant Chucking Grinder Co., a small machine-tool manufacturer in Springfield. In 1958, machines for grinding ball bearings were taken off the government's list of items that could not be exported to the Soviet Union. In March, 1960, in advance of manufacture, Bryant obtained an export license to ship forty-five machines to Russia. The machine-tool business is depressed and Bryant was glad to get the order. The firm built the machines and shipped instruction manuals and blueprints in advance to the Russians. Everything went routinely until last fall, when another manufacturer, Miniature Precision Bearings, of Keene, New Hampshire, complained to Washington, contending that the Bryant machines would benefit the Soviet missile program. The Defense Department concurred. The Commerce Department, which had granted the export license, said that it had done so on evidence that the Russians could procure comparable machines elsewhere, and that Russian possession "would not represent a significant strategic hazard to the U.S." But it was too late. A vigilant patriot, Representative Glenard P. Lipscomb of California, called for a Congressional investigation. Senator John J. Williams of Delaware introduced an appropriate resolution. In his opinion, *nothing* should be shipped to the Soviets, not corn (although they could buy it in Argentina), not wheat (although they could buy it in Canada), and certainly not machine tools. Senator Thomas J. Dodd called his Internal Security Committee into action and was vigorously supported by Senator Kenneth B. Keating. Testimony disclosed that some experts considered the sale of Bryant's machines harmful to U.S. interests; other experts were of the opposite opinion. Finally Secretary of Commerce Luther H. Hodges decided to play it safe and revoked Bryant's license for the deal.

In its March 20 issue, *American Machinist/Metalworking Manufacturing*, which probably knows more about machine tools than the Defense Department, the Commerce Department, the House of Representatives and the Senate all put together, refers to this episode under the heading, "Our Doddering Trade Policy." The magazine suggested that the "miserable handling" of the case could only serve to do harm to our interests in the world market and drive Communist purchasing "into the waiting lap of our allies." The Springfield (Vt.) Chamber of Commerce, through its president, R. D. Bullard of Bullard Mfg. Co., complained that the hearings had not been impartial and asked that both sides of the case be presented to the public. The Navy was asked to take over the machines; it doesn't want them, but somebody in the Defense Department will have to fork up $6 million and it might as well be the Navy. Everybody is sore except Representative Lipscomb and Senators Dodd, Williams and Keating. At no expense to themselves, they have thrown another monkey wrench into U.S.-Soviet relations and earned the gratitude and future votes of East European groups in the United States, certain mixers of politics and religion, the veterans' organization, and all good men and true on the far Right. They, and only they, have reason to rejoice.

Plowing Under Books

The California legislators have been moved to considerable anger in recent weeks by the discovery that 184,000 "surplus" textbooks were burned by the State Superintendent of Schools in the last year, that an additional 974,000 had been marked for the *auto da fé*, and that in the past twenty years almost a million and a half such books had been similarly liquidated.

The legislators sense a waste of the taxpayers' money; we agree that this must be considerable, but we are also struck by the violence with which hands are laid on books that can be described as obsolete and therefore defenseless. Those that were not burned were chopped for pulp, and in Palo Alto the public library carts its old volumes to the public dump and buries them. Why burial: do they stink? It is hard to avoid the feeling that there are people in California who do not like books.

And this is reinforced by the seeming pointlessness of the great conflagration. The Superintendent stated in support of the action that the state constitution forbids giving books away and that contracts with publishers prevent their being sold outside the state. Maybe so, but it now seems that these prohibitions do not have the force of natural law. Samples of texts for which California no longer has a use (textbook obsolescence is another subject in itself) have been sent to Washington, where the USIA will determine which of them can be usefully distributed abroad (the Philippines has already said that it will gladly accept California's pedagogic hand-me-downs), and the courts are looking into contracts which allegedly prevent California from disposing of what is undoubtedly its own property.

It may be that the Superintendent was just following the line of bureaucratic least resistance; but it is also at least possible that he is a man who enjoys seeing ideas go up in smoke. Every country has its potential book-burners; the important thing is to keep the matches out of their hands.

Los Angeles' Loss Is Humboldt's Gain

Humboldt County in Northern California has a population of 104,892 in an area of 3,573 square miles. Los Angeles County, with a somewhat greater area (4,071 square miles) supports a population of 6,038,771. Yet, according to the San Francisco *News-Call Bulletin* (March 8), Humboldt has wrested from Goliath Los Angeles the honor and distinction of being the most Red-infested county in California. This is not because the Screen Writers Guild has moved to Eureka, the government seat of Humboldt, but because Humboldt is represented in Sacramento by Assemblyman Frank Belotti, who authored a bill which came before the natural resources committee of the Assembly. In the ensuing discussion, Assemblyman Louis Francis of San Mateo announced that he had evidence that Humboldt County was "the most subversive in the state." After the meeting a UPI reporter, though incurious about the relevance of the charge, did ask Mr. Francis for substantiation of it. Without hesitation, Mr. Francis produced a letter signed "a Eureka patriot." The patriot expressed his delight that "someone is coming to the fore to protect our future generations from 'idealism' theories of political science professors. We have a very fine example of students being swayed and communism acceptance [sic] in Humboldt State [college] in Arcata in the political science department." This may sound as if the writer got an "F" from some Red professor, but Mr. Francis does not take it lightly. He proposes a joint Assembly-Senate Committee on Un-American Activities with full powers to subpoena, cross-examine and excoriate the Red infiltrators. "The American people are apathetic and complacent about communism," said Mr. Francis. "They are not going to move until we show them the danger." Mr. Francis has shown it. The country now awaits the answer of Los Angeles, if it can find one.

KENNEDY'S LEGISLATIVE STRATEGY . .

Ted Lewis

THE WAY of a President with Congress is the best measure of his success in office. How President Kennedy will have fared in this regard when his term ends in 1964 depends on events yet to come, but his amazing versatility as a political manipulator has never been more striking than in his present handling of his legislative slate.

Barring shifts in House and Senate sentiment beyond White House ability to control, or even channel, present indications are strong that when this first session of the 87th Congress adjourns in late summer, all of the President's "must" bills will be law, and in a form acceptable to him. This sort of prediction would have been folly a few weeks ago. It is now a logical forecast because the President's methods for dealing with Congress have been revealed, have earned a healthy respect from both parties, and are bound to be effective.

Even the President's handling of what is probably the most controversial Administration bill at this time, the Federal Aid to Education measure, has earned respect. Despite the unexpected dimensions of the flare-up over the omission, from the bill, of aid to private and parochial schools, which the President opposed on Constitutional grounds, he should win out on the issue.

What has happened in the historical contest of wits between the Legislative and Executive branches of government is that for the first time, according to scholars, a President is playing a highly intellectual game, one in which he has dared to try out innovations. In a sense, he is in sole command of tactics to carry out the strategy he has devised. While his plans are carried out by his Congressional lieutenants, the real leader of Administration forces, both at House and Senate levels, is the President himself rather than the titular leaders of both houses.

ON THE surface, this would appear to suggest that President Kennedy is assaying the role of legislative dictator. Yet not the most partisan Republican has raised that cry, for while FDR did try, and often with success, to cram "must" bills down Congressional throats, the artistry of Kennedy lies in compromise, in negotiations, not in dictating.

Because the tactical phase of the

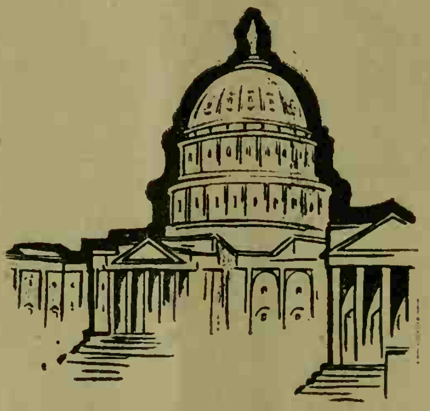
TED LEWIS is Washington correspondent for the New York Daily News.

Kennedy method of dealing with Congress is now under way, it deserves attention before any inspection of the strategy that determined the tactics. First, the President has seen to it that he is available to every key Congressional figure, disgruntled or not. He can always be talked to on the telephone. What is more significant, he does not wait to be called. If someone has not taken advantage of his availability, he makes the contact and, in the process, has become the best phone-picker-up ever to occupy the White House.

Perhaps because of his innate dignity, Kennedy has a blind spot for protocol. This is a material advantage in dealing with Congressional members. The vanity and pride of a House or Senate committee chairman can very seldom be equaled. Thus the President has made himself particularly available to Congressional committee chairmen. He has been closeted amicably with Senate Finance chairman Harry F. Byrd, the Virginian who preferred to have his state go to Nixon, not to Kennedy. He has held tête-à-têtes with House Ways and Means chairman Wilbur Mills. These, and others, get the same treatment, and what the President says to them amounts to something like this: "I respect your views about this particular bill. I am not asking that you temporize your convictions. I want to be fair and I know you well enough to know you do, too. It is for that reason I know you won't bottle up this bill, but will report it out, even if you oppose it, for it is only fair that it be allowed to come to the floor for a vote."

THIS sort of personal contact has been tried by Presidents before, but never with such energy and seldom to such an extent in the early stages of a developing legislative battle. The President is usually called in to provide the "personal treatment" only when his legislative lieutenants are alarmed at a count of noses and in desperation need the White House touch for fence-sitters.

This is only a part of President Kennedy's tactics. The manner in which he has laid down his legislative program was the result of considerable homework. Instead of following the usual routine of the past, he first announces he is going to send Congress a special message, proposing such and such legislation. He follows this with the message itself. Then he lets a few days go by before milking the issue again with another device—a letter to House or Senate leaders, explaining again why he considered the legislation vital and enclosing a draft of the bill. The technique amounts to an effort to keep the public informed and, in the process, to get his proposal the maximum of publicity. And, of course, there is the latent hope that folks in Congress will start getting pressure from the folks back home.



In the delicate task of lining up support for legislation, both in the committees where the bills are processed and in the voting stage on the floors of both Houses, White House activities under Kennedy are intense.

This is also a novelty. Customarily, the task is left to Congressional party leaders, who are held responsible for failures. Today Speaker Sam Rayburn, Vice President Lyndon Johnson, Senate Leader Mike Mansfield are part of a "team" that works under the personal direction of the President. White House aides, like Lawrence O'Brien, are also an integral part of the team.

This way of playing the political game has never been tried before: normally, strategy for legislation may be decided on at the White House level, but tactics are usually handled by Congressional leaders. So far, Kennedy's innovation makes sense. The White House has the patronage; why should not the President use it as bait? The President, after all, is the highest elected official in the land and the national leader of his party; why should he delegate command of the drive to get his legislative program through Congress to those in charge of the party legislative majority?

At any rate, it is an excellent time to play the game this way. Kennedy came to the White House after fourteen years in Congress. To be sure, he was never a member of the Senate's inner circle, the "club"; but it is doubtful that any President before him who entered office with legislative experience had ever learned so much about the way Congress functioned. Certainly few of Kennedy's predecessors entered the White House so determined to become "the man in charge."

The President was aware of the dangers. First, there was the risk that he might not find his legislative leaders receptive; second, he had to be most careful not to give the impression that he was trying to seize new powers, to upset the three-way balance established by the Constitution.

KENNEDY'S strategy, as it has gradually been disclosed, is fascinating in its long-range design for a Congressional "envelopment" campaign. It probably had its inception in the crystal ball of Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Harvard historian who is now a White House adviser. Four years ago, Schlesinger forecast that the 1960s would be a period of national advance, with the people reacting from "a growing boredom with excessive self-congratulation and complacency."

> The new political epoch [said Schlesinger in 1957] will very likely resemble the progressive period of the turn of the century more than it will resemble the New Deal period. This is because the New Deal period was set off by economic collapse and took its special character from the fight against depression.

And in the same appraisal—a memorandum supplied to Democratic Party leaders — Schlesinger went on to say that

> . . . Spiritual unemployment can be as powerful a motive for change as economic unemployment. There was thus [at the turn of the century] a

> persuasive unrest, a growing need for idealism, which had a series of local and special manifestations until great political evangelists like Theodore Roosevelt arose to articulate the accumulating discontent for the nation and to preach a new gospel of dedication to the national welfare.

Schlesinger's remarks bring instantly to mind Kennedy's "New Frontiers" acceptance speech at Los Angeles and his Inaugural Address of January 20. While these two speeches set the tone for Kennedy's Administration, it has become apparent—particularly since January 20—that the mood of the nation which Schlesinger predicted would come to pass in the '60s has been slower in developing than either Schlesinger or Kennedy had expected.

For this and other reasons, Kennedy's present strategy with Congress is probably different from what he first intended it to be. As a result, the President has not asked for as much as he first had in mind. It is noteworthy that in most instances his legislative proposals have been far less sweeping than the recommendations given him by the advisory task forces he set up. For instance, on aid to education, his task force urged a $1.4 billion annual program; Kennedy's bill calls for an expenditure of only $766 million annually.

This is good politics. It leaves the impression in Congress that the President is far less "liberal" than had been shudderingly anticipated, that he has bowed to a Congressional mood of basic conservatism and is willing to compromise. In the words of one Democratic leader, Senator George Smathers (Fla.), a close friend of the President, the Kennedy program is "moderate" and is designed to create "the essential climate for a legislative breakthrough in 1963."

While Smathers insists that this "legislative breakthrough" is based on the President's expectation that the Congressional off-year elections in midterm will extend present Administration majorities in both Houses, this is not the heart of the strategy.

The simple fact is that the President expects that by 1963 the "mood of the nation" which Schlesinger predicted will have become manifest. There will be a popular reaching for the New Frontiers, and Kennedy will then be prepared to exploit this "reaching" by submitting a genuinely liberal legislative program.

The new national mood will not be determined by the 1962 Congressional election results. The President is aware of the probability that there will be GOP gains in the Senate as well as the House. But his long-range strategy on legislation is based on the proper timing. By 1963, what Schlesinger has called "an accumulation of disquietudes and discontents in American society" is expected to supply the leverage for what politician Smathers says Kennedy, "legislatively speaking," has in mind—"all those things he deems necessary for the best interests of our country."

In other words, Kennedy has trimmed his sails in dealing with the present Congress. As a result of the tactical maneuver, he is most likely to get most of what he has asked for, but considerably less than he expects to get before his four-year term ends. He will be successful in this round only because he did not aim too high. Next time, his strategy calls for erasing the compromises he is now ready to accept.

A NORTHERN NEGRO MOVES TO DIXIE

JOURNEY to the BEGINNING . .

by Almena Lomax

Latest census figures show that the northward migration of the Southern Negro has accelerated in the last decade. How and why one Negro mother and her six children migrated the other way is the subject of this absorbing narrative.—Ed.

I AM A Negro mother of six who last month moved her family from Los Angeles to the Deep South to live. The community we chose was Tuskegee, Alabama, which was the one indication to my friends and relatives that, in contemplating such a move, I was still sane.

Tuskegee is the town which many people think had its origin in the establishment in 1881 by the late, great Negro ex-slave and leader, Booker T. Washington, of one of the first schools for the freedmen, Tuskegee Institute. I chose it because, as an almost all-Negro community, it would soften the harsh realism of segregation for my children, who had been born, reared and schooled in the comparatively integrated atmosphere of Los Angeles. Further, it is a college town, and I reasoned that the ignorance which I know pervades the South, white and Negro, would be somewhat subdued there.

I thought the schools, in addition to being not so flagrantly segregated, would be better. I reasoned that, at the same time, I would find what I sought in the South: a "sense of community" which the neither-fish-nor-fowl, legally integrated but actually segregated existence of the northern Negro denies him, and which the synthetic suburbanism and mechanized metropolis of Los Angeles denies all of its residents.

These were some of the arguments I marshaled in support of my decision, and it required an argument, with friend and acquaintance, relative and disinterested observer, whenever I made my intentions known.

Before I "broke out" of Los Angeles early this year, I was to feel imprisoned, baffled and frustrated at every turn. It was as though the very gods were arrayed against me and the realization of my dream.

Nonetheless, I had a private conviction — practicing atheist-agnostic though I call myself — that there was a private understanding between me and a god of the universe who exists in my mind, a god satisfied with the democracy of a lower-case "g," that in going South, I was fulfilling myself and emerging into reality after six years in a dream world.

And so it came to pass.

BUT in between the dream and our setting down, with our innumerable parcels and bags, drowsy from the steamy warmth of the Greyhound bus, onto the cold, gray cement of the plain street of the plain town of Tuskegee, *sans* terminal, *sans* even a station call from the hard-faced bus driver—in between this journey's end and the beginning, there is a six-year-story which must be told if you are to understand what begins here for me.

At night, lying on my cot borrowed from Tuskegee Institute until our furniture arrives, I grope back to the beginning through a maze where each turn is like a room where the mind might settle and say, "Here. It began here." But it did not begin anywhere except at the beginning, and somehow it seems necessary to work it out, both for myself and for those who might be interested in the phenomenon of a twentieth-century frontierswoman, a Negro woman whose "roots are not in the South," taking her children by modern-day covered wagon overland 2,600 miles into the Deep South.

But who is to say that my "roots are not in the South"? Though, in truth, they are also in Africa, in France, in England, Jerusalem, in the Caribbean. I had an Alabama-born paternal grandmother whose hawk nose, chiseled lips and flashing black eyes proclaimed that more than the ghosts of the Cherokees, the Creeks, the Choctaws, the Chickasaws, lurk in Alabama's tall, military pines which rank row on row like waiting armies in the thick forests which loom like forts around town and road of this fertile state.

My mother, whose blue-gray eyes, auburn hair, fine white skin and thin features showed not a hint of Negro blood, was born in New Orleans, but spent her summers with dark-skinned half-relatives in Mobile, Alabama, and went there to Norman School and met my father and ran away to get married.

Down from Mobile on the Gulf of Mexico, in Galveston, I was born. So, although I was reared in Chicago and Los Angeles, who is to say my "roots are not in the South"?

Who is to say that those roots were not stirred six years ago when I alighted from a plane in a field of yellow and green dandelions at the old Montgomery airport, come to cover the federal court hearing into bus segregation, the dramatic highlight of the heroic and thrilling 366-day boycott of segregated buses by the Negroes of Montgomery?

In common with Negroes all over the country and people throughout the world who admire courage, I had been stirred by the Montgomery bus boycott as by no single event in Negro history. That was the year Autherine Lucy was stoned at the University of Alabama. That was the time of Emmett Till, of Gus Courts, of Lamar Smith, of Dr. G. W. Lee, lynch and near-lynch victims in Mississippi.

But none of these events stirred me like the story of thousands of Negroes "walking in dignity" where they had ridden so long under abuse.

It was as though a signal had been given and we had begun to rise.

"Tell them we are rising," the steps of the walking Negroes of Montgomery seemed to say to Negroes of the world. And, indeed, from that day forward, it has been as if we truly had begun to rise.

FROM necessity, I had been in my career as a newspaperwoman what is known as an "armchair journalist." I edited, and with my husband owned, a small, but noisy Negro weekly, the Los Angeles *Tribune*.

My husband and I wrote the *Tribune*, printed it, did job printing, fought for the rights and advancement of Los Angeles Negroes, engaged in politics, and had one baby after another, in the thirteen years of our association. My part was to write everything that appeared in the *Tribune's* twenty-four tabloid pages (except the sports), "prime the pump" for enough advertising to cut its $1,200-a-week overhead, supervise the one-girl office, read the proofs, help our three-man shop with the composition and make-up of the paper, and with my left hand bring up the six who, at the time the Montgomery story broke, included a two-month-old baby.

With a load like this, all handled from home except for nocturnal, press-day and weekend visits to the office and print shop, I seldom ventured far for a story. Hence, "armchair journalism."

I thought myself satisfied with this routine until Montgomery. *I have to cover this story*, I said deep inside myself. But upsetting the routine was frowned upon both by my husband and my conscience. And I knew, too, that if I expressed the wish aloud, I was as good as gone.

The interest of *Tribune* readers in my offbeat, emotional—but, they said, always provocative — writing was so great that they went to the length of offering to baby-sit or to pay my expenses to distant points for a story. My conscience had always compelled me to give something else to make up for my inability to give on-the-spot coverage of stories. That "something else" was —myself. And so my articles were invariably distilled through an intensely personal filter. It is practically impossible for me to keep myself out of anything I write today; and, as my eldest daughter frequently croaks, I "have an opinion about everything," and I'm "not necessarily handicapped by lack of the facts."

THE Montgomery boycotters marched exultantly from March into May, and as suddenly as they made their decision to march, I broke my halter. The *Tribune* of April 23, 1956, carried a front-page, black-face box:

Oh I Wish I Were in Dixie

The *Tribune* of April 30 carried another front-page, black-faced box:

Tribby in Dixie

Hardly was that issue on the street when my plane was setting down in Montgomery. I had put the paper "to bed," with something left over for the next issue, and boarded a plane the night before in Los Angeles, with money contributed entirely by *Tribune* subscribers who subscribed for friends and over-subscribed their own accounts as much as five years to send me South.

As we walked through the underground tunnels leading to the runway gate at Los Angeles International Airport, my husband let me know that I was to operate "as per usual"—with the throttle wide open.

He was what you might call the uncomplaining sort.

When the doctor confirmed my third pregnancy, he had said, inexplicably, "The ideal family is one girl and one boy. We had that. Now you've gone and gotten pregnant with a third child. It sort of messes things up."

That was the last overt criticism I was to receive from him.

Even after I had presented him with a neatly divided family of three boys and three girls, after two political campaigns (for the State Assembly and for the City Council) which I persuaded him to enter successively and unsuccessfully, throughout a running battle with the Los Angeles Police Department over its mishandling of Negro prisoners, despite the dozens of enemies I made and the thousands of dollars I was costing the *Tribune* in advertising and payola, he never uttered another word which might be regarded as censure, other than to suggest one day that he ought to wear a sign, as he walked to lunch past the row of bookie joints whose operations I had severely crippled, "Not responsible for the enemies my wife makes."

But that night as we walked to my plane to Montgomery, I looked at him and was conscious of a distance between us. His usually bland eyes bore a look of reproach, and I read in them, "Why are you putting us to all this inconvenience for a bunch of walking jokers?" It was at that moment that a divorce was begun.

NEGROES have been likened in pulpit oratory to "all the colors of the rainbow." They fall into all social, economic, educational, cultural categories. They come in all sizes and shapes, and in the usual four sexes—male, female and the in-betweens.

But the real touchstone of what they are is: "how they feel about the brother."

And how they feel about "the brother" has nothing to do with blood, color, station in life, geography or education. Some of the whitest-skinned Negroes I know have the strongest feelings for the race. Some Negroes in whom the African strain runs absolutely undiluted despise all Negroes, including themselves.

Some poor Negroes feel nothing when an Athens, Ga., erupts like a volcano because of the appearance on a college campus of two innocuous Negroes. And I have known affluent, educated, Northern Negroes to cry at the picture of Elizabeth Eckford turning away from the troops blocking her way to an education in Little Rock, Arkansas, and walking bravely in her ballerina slippers and daintily billowing dress down the gauntlet of a howling mob.

I faced it at that moment: Montgomery meant nothing to my husband. He hadn't heard the signal to rise. "The brother" meant nothing to him. He didn't feel the emotion pulsing rhythmically under his skin when the halting, crippled words of a front-line fighter like Moses Wright, the ancient uncle of Emmett Till, were lined out like a hymn at a mass meeting:

> I said to myself:
> A man's got to die,
> He might as well go out the right way.

He could only say pedantically that it was all a part of the "struggle against man's inhumanity to man." But he could not exult in the struggle. He was, in point of fact, one of its victims; and they walk the streets of Harlem, the South Side of Chicago, the East and West Side and Watts and View Park and Leimert Park of Los Angeles, by the thousands—just as the dead lie row on row in the cemeteries of the world.

BUT these were thoughts which took shape months and years later as I struggled through the tortuous remaking of myself which follows divorce. For the moment, as I went toward my plane, I merely registered on my consciousness an impression of spiritual distance.

Montgomery, itself, continued the deep revolution inside me.

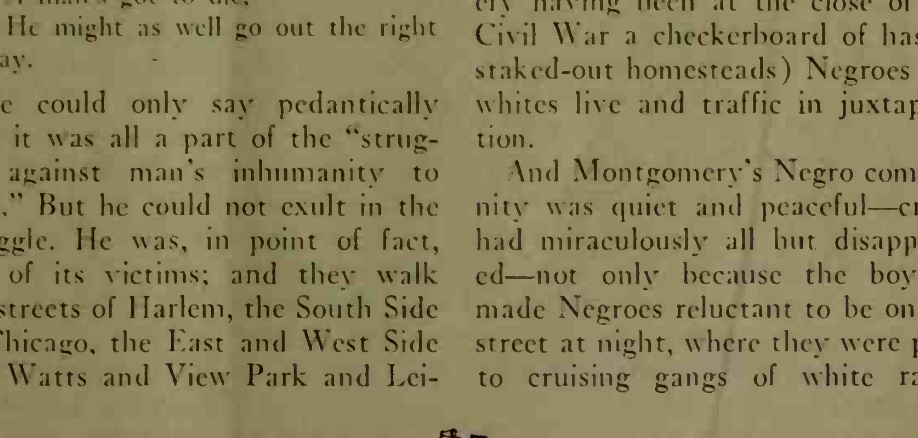
In no time I conceived the thesis, "Montgomery Is the Happiest City in the World"—the title of a series of articles I did on the boycott.

There, the concept came to me of a gentler Negro society than I had ever known in my years on the South Side of Chicago and the East Side of Los Angeles, or had ever seen in the Harlem of New York, the Rampart Street of New Orleans, Cleveland's Central Avenue, San Francisco's Fillmore Street.

Montgomery was happy, I wrote, because its Negroes had thrown off their chains and were standing tall and walking tall, like free men.

The elixir of self-determination which ran through them touched the whites, too, especially the women, who were tentatively friendly, gently sympathetic, smiling in the stores and on the streets where (Montgomery having been at the close of the Civil War a checkerboard of hastily staked-out homesteads) Negroes and whites live and traffic in juxtaposition.

And Montgomery's Negro community was quiet and peaceful—crime had miraculously all but disappeared—not only because the boycott made Negroes reluctant to be on the street at night, where they were prey to cruising gangs of white racist



hoodlums, but because the very act of saying no to Jim Crow had released tensions which previously rubbed against each other and burst into sporadic violence.

The boycott occupied everyone's thoughts, and there was so much joy over the success of it, the very simplicity of it, the easiness of it—just walking in freedom or thumbing a ride or riding in community in a car pool—that the May air seemed softer and sweeter.

There in Montgomery, and since arriving here in Tuskegee, where we shop unharrassed by white truculence in a Negro-owned, cooperatively established market, the thought occurred to me that Negroes are by nature a quiet people, our reputation for loud and boisterous living notwithstanding.

Stumbling over the red clay and brick sidewalks of Montgomery, I listened in wonder as housewives called softly, graciously and with unfailing courtesy and concern to one another from front porches: "How're you today, Miz Gresham? How is little James? Did his cold get all right?"

The old women of Montgomery are sweet, their thin, soft hair framing gentle faces in which the red clay of Alabama's soil seems to gleam; their lips set softly in patience, sweetness and strength, workworn hands folded over the badge of womanly dignity—their purses. The young women are lovely, with a natural womanliness which rises to their men just as the Alabama dawn, sleepily and sensuously hugging the earth, is coaxed up by the warm strength of the sun.

"The men of Montgomery," I wrote, with a sudden gladness, "are lovers." And I got up from my improvised desk in the Montgomery hotel room which I shared with cockroaches as big as crickets, suddenly remembering one of Alabama's sons whom I knew in Los Angeles, remembering him as invading my thoughts, looming up suddenly from nowhere, unbidden to my mind—tall, slender, brown, with smiling eyes. Like death thought to have been left behind in a market place, I had kept an appointment with my destiny in Alabama.

I left Montgomery enamored of the South, but lost in a daydream of love which I then felt must have possessed me for at least three years, causing restless nights, vapors of sadness, delicate filigrees and traceries of unnamed happiness, the muskiness of strange emotions.

But life has a way of letting you play it by ear once—in your salad days.

You walk across a vacant lot, gay with wild flowers, cactus blooms, flowering weeds—pastels spring up like dime-store bargains in California—and see a young man with a certain something, and you say, "That's the man I'm going to marry"; and you're not surprised when you do.

You boast as a child, "I'm going to have six children"; and you would be surprised and affronted by life if you didn't.

But after the first love, the first job, the first litter, you're on your own, and life begins to pitch 'em low across the plate and just inside enough to be hard to hit.

Which was the way my Alabama went.

BUT THE dream persisted, and finally I decided I was in love with a geography and a way of life and a battle begun now in earnest by a people too long denied by their own; and so we started out for Tuskegee.

We were cruising along Highway 99, nearing Blythe in California, and on the four new Sears tires I felt so secure that I moved the battered 1953 Lincoln into an unaccustomed sixty, then seventy.

"Aw, come on, Mom. See if it will do eighty!"

"Hey, Mom, that man passed us. He must be doing ninety."

"Holy cow, Mom—eighty-five!"

Yeah.

Like there was a snap, hardly audible, and then sounds like we were dropping tin cans along the road from beneath the hood. So I pulled over to the side and stopped.

That was as far as she went. There was a thin trail of rust back about fifteen yards. The engine had split. After a long, fruitless wait, in which our frantic waving and yelling went begging, the two "big kids" (thirteen and sixteen) set out to walk. "Those lights can't be over five or ten miles, Mom." (They turned out to be thirty-four.)

They were picked up by two migrant workers on the way to Florida to find work. "Nobody stops for nobody on a California highway," they sympathized.

A tow truck came out from Blythe, where the autopsy was performed and the diagnosis given: "New engine on this y'ere model, $500. Used one, ef'n you kin fin' one down here in Bly-y-the, $350."

We sold the car for $100 and bought bus tickets, with me contracting to hold "Poochie," the baby, age four, whenever the bus was full.

Twenty-six hundred miles, as the Greyhound sprints, up and across the desolate wastes of "Nawth" Texas, the equally desolate wastes of Arkansas, where even the parking space behind the bus terminals is "reserved for white cars"; across the sodden Mississippi into Tennessee, and down again into Mississippi—at night, thank God, when I could resist the children's pleas to let them get out. The driver threw the huge bus through the mean little towns of Toupelo, Tremont, etc. as if he didn't like the stop signs which loomed up suddenly at roadside, huge letters blazing, "MISSISSIPPI LAW. STOP"—like an extra dimension of the law, man. Like, like you ain't kidding, Jack. They play it their way down here.

AND INTO Alabama, where even Birmingham, the dirty windows of its "Colored Waiting Room, Interstate Passengers" contrasting sharply with the gilt-lettered, gleaming-windowed "White Waiting Room," looked good.

In Texas, we had run smack dab into the children's first experience with Jim Crow.

We piled off for dinner in a town we hadn't heard of before: Big Springs, Texas.

There it was, displayed inside the terminal in shocking, shabby, undemocratic, un-Christian, dehumanizing contrast: "White Dining Room — Colored Lunchroom." All we glimpsed of the latter was a lone light bulb failing miserably to light mustard-colored walls.

"I'm not going inside there," I

snapped and led the way inside the bright and cheerful white dining room.

It was cafeteria-style, and we stepped right into the line.

A waitress rushed from behind the counter, flipping her apron as if she were about to shoo away some chickens.

"You can't come in here," she shrilled.

"Why not?" I asked, feeling, and yet not thinking about it, that I spoke out of a deep reservoir of inviolable right and courage.

"Because you ca-in't, that's all," she said in that flat, i-laced enunciation which is the Southern white's dialect, and which is harsh with the severity he feels is called for from him in order to maintain the image of racial superiority, and thus lacks the relaxed amiability which softens Southern Negro speech.

"That place there is for you," indicating the "Colored Lunchroom."

"I am not going to eat in there," I said, speaking very firmly and positively. "I will not be segregated." I added severely, "you are violating the law."

"How?" The waitress appeared genuinely puzzled.

"We are interstate passengers, and you have no right to segregate us," I said. "There is a Supreme Court ruling which says you haven't the right."

I was conscious that my children's eyes were on me. I had the feeling that I was speaking to them and for their futures, as well as in defense of our rights.

THE waitress looked back helplessly at a woman who stood behind a steaming dish, but who wore no uniform. The woman rushed forward. In a Mexican accent, and with a good deal more hostility than the waitress, she said: "Well, I don't care. You won't be served here."

"Then," said I, "we'll just stand here until we are served."

At this, she made a kind of helpless gesture and in a conciliatory tone, indicating a tray of prepared sandwiches, juices, milk and the coffee urn, said, "If you'll just come over here, we'll give you some sandwiches and something to drink."

I knew I had scored a point or so; but I still was not willing to accept the compromise. Aware, however, of the plight of my fellow passengers, who were lined up behind my children, I stepped out of line, saying, "No. I want the same freedom of choice you give to anyone else. But I won't stand in the way of anyone getting his dinner. We will just sit down here until we are served."

With that, we sat down at the first table, the children moving obediently and as if they were stricken dumb.

Their reactions, registered absently on the retina of my memory, were interesting. Michele, the oldest, looked proud and triumphant, as if she had just completed a march to, say, the Speaker's rostrum of the Mississippi State Legislature. Michael and Melanie, the usually voluble ten-year-old, looked slightly apprehensive, as if they were sitting on the edge of a smoking crater. Mia, the eight-year-old, seemed to gather herself about her, like an Indian folding his tribal robes, and sat slightly apart, but intently watching the proceedings (this reaction later became significant to me, in light of the further impact of segregation on this child). Mark, a busily inquisitive seven-year-old, fidgeted on his seat, with one leg draped unconcernedly in the aisle and—as he was to do later in every white waiting room we entered—thoroughly investigated the mechanics of everything within reach, just as though the racial crisis did not exist. "Poochie," whose proper name is Lucius Walter Lomax, III, but who got his nickname when his father said he "wouldn't wish that name on a dog," is an outsize four-year-old with a monumental self-possession. He took it all in avidly, and later described it comprehensively to a soldier on the bus. "We were sitting there," he said, "because the lady wouldn't offer us any dinner."

MEANWHILE, the food line moved silently forward, the silence broken only by a request for a dish or a drink. Then I got up and asked the woman behind the counter for the name of the manager, stating that I intended to sue. The woman without a uniform gave me her name and identified herself as the proprietor.

I sat back down and surveyed the diners. They all ate studiously, their faces empty. None looked our way, except a Jewish woman who had smiled at us earlier on the trip. Now she sat at the table closest to us and looked at us the whole time she ate, her face totally without expression.

I saw no other demonstration of interest by a white person, although Michele later said "that good-looking Marine officer" put his tray down when he reached the food and sat without eating at one of the tables until bus time. Michael, however, conjectured that perhaps it made the Marine "sick" to eat in a room where Negroes were sitting.

Meanwhile, a young and obviously Northern-oriented Negro woman, who had been on the bus when we got on at Blythe, entered the dining room and approached us. "What's the trouble?" she asked. I told her. She made the rather mysterious statement that "we paid more for our tickets than they," indicating the whites, before turning around and going out. She passed up the Negro lunchroom and stood about the terminal until bus time.

FOUR NEGRO men—including two servicemen, one in uniform, returning home to Birmingham from Okinawa—marched through to the Negro lunchroom without throwing a glance our way. (Later, on the bus, where they gave me their names and addresses and consented to be witnesses in a suit, they excused themselves on the grounds that had they done what we did, they would have gone to jail.)

At the phone behind our backs, the proprietor had been busy. Soon I glimpsed a tall man in a sombrero bearing down on us through a companionway beyond the steam tables. He had a face like a monkey wrench, features clamped down on each other, and a raw, wrinkled skin like that of a newborn.

I eyed him without too much concern. For some strange reason, I had no fear. One thought for myself strayed through my mind during our exchange and as he stood over me, and that was that maybe he might take it into his head to hit me or yank me up, and maybe I had better stand up because I was in a bad position to defend myself.

"What's the trouble h'yah?" he addressed me.

"We have been refused service and are sitting here until we are served," I answered.

Jerking his head in the direction of the Negro facility, he said, "Y'all eat in there."

"I have no intention of eating in there," I said. "Segregation of interstate passengers is against the law; I don't intend to be Jim Crowed."

He seemed to swell with exasperation and inarticulation. "Well, you won't eat in here," he said. "Git on out of here and go on down the street some place."

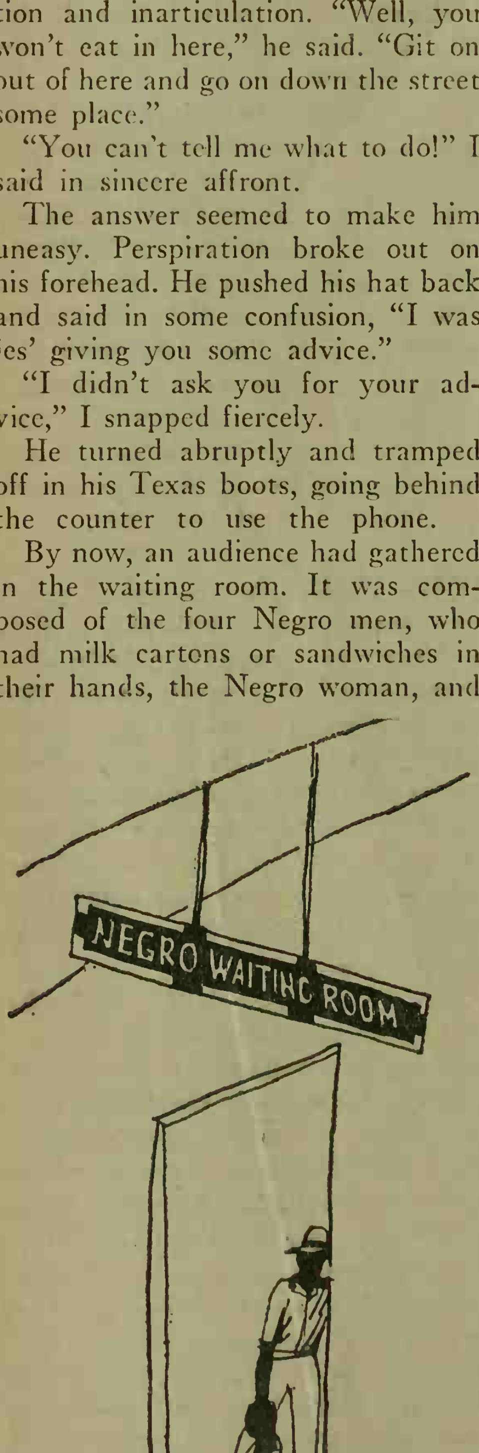
"You can't tell me what to do!" I said in sincere affront.

The answer seemed to make him uneasy. Perspiration broke out on his forehead. He pushed his hat back and said in some confusion, "I was jes' giving you some advice."

"I didn't ask you for your advice," I snapped fiercely.

He turned abruptly and tramped off in his Texas boots, going behind the counter to use the phone.

By now, an audience had gathered in the waiting room. It was composed of the four Negro men, who had milk cartons or sandwiches in their hands, the Negro woman, and a group of local denizens, including a fat Mexican fellow, who watched us with an expression of delight.



Almost before the Texan hung up the phone, four policemen, looking ridiculously like Hollywood versions of Texas Rangers, materialized at the door. With the deliberation of cops "casing a joint," two of them walked into the dining room, while the others prowled about.

I remember thinking, "Well, they could put us in jail." Then I deliberately relaxed against the back of my chair and ignored them.

Melanie bugged her eyes as they passed by her and whispered, "Ooo, the cops."

"So what?" I said, squelchingly.

"They could put us in jail," she whispered back.

"So what? They can't kill us," I observed coldly.

"Can't they?" Michele mocked, raising her elegantly plucked eyebrows.

I smiled and looked over at Michael, who was wearing his "I'm-with-you-all-the-way-but-why-do-you-always-have-to-make-everything-so-hard?" look.

The officers were talking to the woman proprietor, and I heard the whispered words, "You would have to sign the complaint." Apparently she was reluctant to do this, for there were Latin-flavored protests.

The officers in the waiting room came to the window and looked inquiringly at their leader. They must have gotten the signal to sit tight, for they turned and continued to prowl about the waiting room. The grinning Mexican continued to grin encouragement. The other passengers finished eating and walked past us, their faces still blank. The Negro men stood now in that feigned indifference and relaxation affected by Negro men in the presence of tension. But you could see that they were alert and anxious.

The Negro woman paced a small rectangle nervously, her eyes on my children. You could see that she expected me to be led away to jail, and I knew she would step forward and offer to look after the children for the rest of the journey. I smiled briefly at a picture of the "fix" that would put her in. Then, noting that the whispers behind us had resumed, I found myself yawning as if I were bored.

Just then our bus was called. We arose and, as usual, counted heads. As we filed out, I stopped at the ticket agent's desk for the address of the Greyhound Corporation, and announced our intention to sue. The agent, a woman, was surprisingly friendly. She apologized for the occurrence and expressed the wish that we would sue the woman, with whom, she said, "Everyone had trouble."

But she disavowed Greyhound's connection with the cafe. Greyhound, it seems, claims to be many different corporations, all of them independent of each other. It disavows control over terminals, although most terminals bear signs saying "Greyhound Bus Terminal," or, in the larger cities, "Greyhound Post House." In El Paso, the corporation tips its mitt with a sign over the wash bowls, urging that suggestions for improvement of the facilities, or complaints, be sent to the Greyhound Corporation in New York.

FROM mid-Texas, 90 per cent of the new passengers were Negro. Each one walked straight toward the back and did not sit until he had reached an empty seat beside a Negro.

From Texas on, the white passengers moved forward.

When we first boarded the bus in Blythe, we hoped to preempt the back seat, which is designed for five adults and roomy enough for six children. However, one corner seat was occupied by a Negro soldier and the other by a ten-year-old white boy, bound for Memphis with his grandmother and aunt.

The grandmother and aunt sat across from me, exuding hostility. But Donald chattered and played Monopoly with Melanie until the growing frigidness of his relatives penetrated even his mind. At the first stop in Texas, we got back on the bus to find that Donald and his kin had moved up front. "Hey, Donald, what gives?" called Melanie. "Oh, I just decided to move," he said, and that was the last time Donald spoke to us.

My children sat at will around the

bus until Fort Worth, when Michele reported that she was subjected to so many hostile stares up front that she no longer wanted to sit there.

Since the Supreme Court outlawed segregation of interstate passengers in terminals, the only protest I know to have been made against the bus lines' continued practice of the evil was a sit-in and prayer demonstration staged by two Negro ministers in Greenville, S.C., following discrimination in the waiting room there against Jackie Robinson.

Our own protest held out until 3:30 A.M. when we reached Dallas. I resolved to feed the children there, Jim Crow style, *sans* demonstration, since they had been twenty hours without food.

But my decision was made for me. As the bus hurtled through the night, Michele's buoyancy disappeared and, sure sign of severe mental depression in her, she left off plucking her eyebrows or trying out new make-up, and slumped, a mass of teen-age misery, in a corner of her seat.

At Dallas, I was the last off the bus, helping "Poochie," who was protesting being awakened at that hour, and when I reached the terminal, my flock was far in front of me. Michele's back was pathetically eloquent. It was held rigidly straight, conveying her hatred and contempt for the situation, but somehow it expressed also a bloody, bowed submission.

AT THIS point, perhaps I can dub in a description of the near-tragic and dramatic reaction of Mia, the eight-year-old, to our deepening encounters with segregation. All of the children, save Mark who is brown like me, are fair; but Mia and "Poochie" look exactly like white.

Save for when she was on the bus, where she was the sweetheart of all the soldiers, Mia's remoteness from the segregated situation seemed to deepen and with it came a depression which was unlike her. I saw it, but didn't think too much about it until we had reached our house in Tuskegee.

I then figured out that she was having difficulty accepting herself as a Negro — which meant accepting, as her lot in life, the jeopardies we had been meeting. I saw nothing to be gained by ignoring her problem, and so I asked her if she was having such a difficulty. Reluctantly, she admitted it.

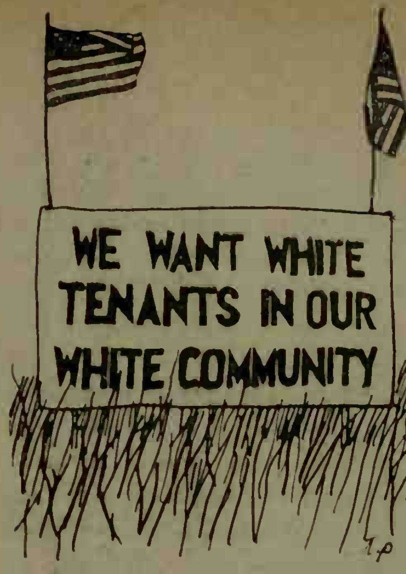
Immediately a situation which had long mystified me at home in Los Angeles became clear. Mia had faced this problem alone ever since she had started school in Los Angeles, where she had been accepted as white by the white and Japanese children. When her friends found out differently, through the introduction of Mark on the scene, or when she brought them home, they were unwilling to accept the fact, and this confused her.

The picture of the cheerful child who started out for school every morning and walked home disconsolate and troubled every day, which had long plagued me, was cleared up.

NOW I explained to Mia that what she and all of us had done in Big Springs, and the suit we planned, would help end such humiliation for our race throughout the South. I explained that she was a Negro who had had many advantages over Negroes in the South, and that she should use those advantages to help improve the lot of all Negroes and that this was what we were here in Tuskegee to do, as far as we are able.

Several days later, when she had started school, she came home and told me the story of Jane Addams and the founding of Hull House. Later, when she complained about the filthiness of the toilets and the smells in the halls, I told her that I would bring the matter to the attention of the principal and the PTA and would work to get them corrected. "Oh," she said, "you're going to be just like that lady at Hull House, helping the people down here."

The next day she came home and said a boy had called her "dahlin' " in the hallway, and she had several friends and liked the Lewis Adams school (named for the co-founder of Tuskegee Institute) very much and didn't want to change—though she still wanted those bathrooms cleaned up.



Our reluctant entry into the Jim Crow lunchroom in Dallas was the last pity we felt for ourselves for being Negroes. Inside the steaming room, hardly big enough for the row of stools at the counter, we began to meet the kindness, the warm personal concern, the rich, anxious love for children which contrasts so sharply in the Southern Negro with the harshness, the remoteness even from one another, the granite faces (plainly revealing the strain of maintaining their course) of the whites.

White people, even in the North, have become too unpleasant, too much at the mercy of their complexes, to be pleasant company, except as personal friends.

From Dallas to Memphis, to Birmingham, to Montgomery, we plunged into the Negro facilities gladly.

IN THE Dallas Jim Crow lunchroom, the children were exclaimed over; I was admired for my "courage" in traveling alone with "all those chir-ren" and looked at in friendly wonder when I said we had left Los Angeles, California, to live in Alabama. And we brought the somewhat subdued atmospheres alive, "cabareting" by plunging coins recklessly in the juke boxes on all of the children's favorite tunes and shaking our shoulders uninhibitedly in "The Twist."

The only times the Jim Crow waiting rooms dampened our joy were when there were little children in them. Little Negro children are so inhibited in the South that it hurts anyone who loves children and knows the freedom they must have for growth.

Loved at home with a special warmth that encloses them like the womb to make up for the cruel blasts to be expected in the outside white world, they are taught, when outside the community, to sit close and still at their mother's side. They never stirred in the waiting rooms, their young mothers silent, big-eyed and fearful, sheltering their abnormally still offspring with their bodies. The eyes of the older people, who sit like gray stones piled on top of each other, are less apprehensive and not at all wondering, but knowing and watchful.

But when you can coax one of the children to speak, you are almost blindingly rewarded. Suddenly the immobility gives way to a lustrous smile, as if they knew all along that the world is full of people who are good and kind, and they were only waiting for someone to come along and prove it to them.

IN Montgomery, we had a layover of about three hours.

I knew that what we did—waiting the hours out by playing the juke box, eating scrambled eggs and drinking coffee and glass after glass of orange juice (20 cents a glass)—wasn't done by any but the most friendless Negroes. We had friends in Montgomery who would have been happy, had we awakened them at two in the morning, to drive to the terminal and rescue us from Jim Crow, taking us home to breakfast and driving us to Tuskegee, only forty-two miles away.

But we didn't want to be rescued from Jim Crow, not unless everybody were rescued with us, then and forever after.

I realized, as I walked in and out of this Jim Crow facility and that, was snubbed by a ticket agent on the white side of the information booth in Birmingham, that Jim Crow eroded my dignity not a whit. As a matter of fact, I never felt so dignified, nor spoke so proudly, nor held my head so high.

Sitting over coffee in Memphis, while a waitress coaxed food into my children and neatly packaged the remainder and urged us to take it along, I resolved that never again would I remove myself from the fate suffered by the majority of my race, by "the brother."

This is why the evil endures, I decided: Negroes with drive and education, who might have courage if they were challenged to discover it, quickly learn the ways and means of removing themselves from what the masses face. They go North and move in an area circumscribed by the maximum of personal liberty for a Negro; or they drive a car rather than use segregated public transportation. They go by air, which traditionally has been unsegregated, and use their wits to avoid any segregated situation from which money cannot protect them.

As here in Tuskegee, they send their teen-age children to New England to private schools and to the local Children's House which, because it is operated for the children of the faculty at Tuskegee Institute, employees of the Veterans Hospital and others of the privileged class, is ostensibly not segregated, rather than to the public schools which remain not only "separate and unequal," but ill-equipped and dirty.

They do none of these things particularly in opposition to segregation—they do little to end it—but because segregation is personally humiliating to them.

Negroes who lead, or can lead, who have any motivation at all toward bettering the world for mankind, need to go often into the teeth of Jim Crow and know it for its brutal, dehumanizing reality.

Then, and only then, will they acquire the sense of urgency to say with Lincoln, "Some day I'm going to hit this thing and hit it hard."

Then, and only then, will they be involved, not only with "the brother," but with mankind.

World of Law for a Disarmed World . . *by Louis B. Sohn*

This is the second of two articles on disarmament (see "Security Through Disarmament," The Nation, Feb. 25) by a Harvard law professor who took part in the San Francisco Conference which established the U.N., and who subsequently served as a legal officer in the U.N. Secretariat. Mr. Sohn is the author of Cases on United Nations Law *and co-author, with Grenville Clark, of* World Peace Through World Law.

IT HAS become fashionable in recent years to consider disarmament as the principal problem of world peace. Consequently, not enough attention is being paid to the question whether a substantially or completely disarmed world would actually be a peaceful world. Partial disarmament might still permit limited wars which can easily escalate into nuclear wars; even in case of complete disarmament, local police forces might be used for military purposes and, if a war should start, production of armaments would be revived, leading to the production of nuclear weapons. While weapons can be destroyed, human knowledge about producing them will remain, and in a new period of tension it will unavoidably be employed to bring back the terrors of today.

It is not sufficient, therefore, to devise methods for reducing armaments under an effective international control; parallel steps must be taken in other areas to strengthen the positive forces for peace. In a previous article (*The Nation*, February 25, 1961), I explored what steps toward disarmament might be taken in the immediate future, and I pointed out that the more dangerous second stage of disarmament would require the creation of additional elements of international security. The present article will discuss these other elements.

Just as some claims about the

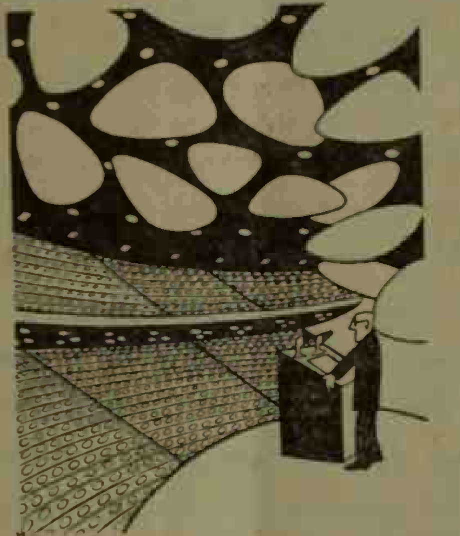
effects of disarmament have been exaggerated, similarly the arguments advanced by advocates of other remedies have often been extravagant. Neither disarmament, nor an international police force, nor world law, nor a stronger United Nations can, if taken singly, provide a satisfactory solution to the problem of international peace and security. Several of them, taken together, may nevertheless grant us a chance of success much greater than the present arms race.

RETURNING for the moment to the question of disarmament, it is possible to remove some of our present "overkill" capacity without endangering our security; we don't really need more than is necessary to kill all our enemies. But one cannot expect nations to disarm completely, unless a sufficient guarantee is provided against any threats to their security. It is well known that no inspection system is foolproof and that a determined aggressor can secrete a sizable amount of dangerous weapons without risk of immediate detection. Therefore these nations which have been asked to surrender all their armaments will not consider it possible to comply, unless disarmament is accompanied by the creation of a strong international peace force, able to cope with a sudden threat of aggression. Without a stronger U.N., able to deal severely with an aggressor or, even better, able to stop him at the first sign of danger, a mere agreement on disarmament may become a trap.

On the other hand, an international peace force established in a world still armed to the teeth would present only a limited guarantee against aggression. It could, of course, prevent small wars in which none of the Big Powers has become involved; it could police areas of potential danger and it might help to relieve some tensions. But it would not have sufficient strength to deal with the principal threat to peace, the constantly growing armaments of the Big Powers. Only after a considerable measure of disarmament would it be possible to rely on an international peace force as a real guarantee against war from any quarter.

There is also a quite close connection between disarmament and peaceful settlement of disputes. As long as there are no effective means for settling disputes between nations in a peaceful manner, nations cannot completely renounce the use of force for achieving their legitimate desires. Only the establishment of international tribunals with broad powers to deal with all kinds of disputes would enable nations to disarm.

The other side of this dilemma is also apparent. If one concentrates first on the creation of international tribunals and on endowing them with ever increasing powers, it becomes important to insure that the judgments of these tribunals are properly enforced. For this purpose, an international enforcement body would be required, and such a force could function effectively only in a world in which national armaments have been cut down completely.



There is also a close connection between international tribunals and world law. Nations are reluctant to submit international disputes to an international court, if they do not know what law the court will apply. On the other hand, if nations do not submit cases, the court cannot contribute effectively to the clarification of legal principles. This vicious circle must be broken before satisfactory progress is obtained in these two areas.

Similarly, effective functioning of an international peace force would depend on the formulation of clear rules of world law needed to guide the force in its activities. If the force is authorized to come to the aid of a nation against which aggression has been committed, a careful definition of aggression will be needed. Otherwise, there would be constant danger that the force would not act when it should, or would take unauthorized steps in a situation which does not actually involve aggression. At the same time, there must be strong international courts to which recourse could be taken should the police force abuse its authority, and these courts would function much better if they had precise rules to apply.

IT IS ALSO clear that there can be no peace in the world as long as more than two-thirds of the world's population are underfed, underhoused and underclothed. One cannot expect the underprivileged to accept their fate forever, and they will not hesitate to disturb the peace if that should be the only way out of their present misery. Means have to be provided, therefore, for a gradual removal of this great danger to world peace, keeping always in mind that the nations which will have to contribute funds for the development of the less developed areas must at the same time be protected against interference with their own economic and social structure. This can be done easily if there is sufficient progress toward disarmament, which in itself would release huge funds now wasted on armaments. Conversely, need for a large productive effort to build up the basic economic structure of many countries would make it easier to contemplate the cessation of the armament orders which constitute an important factor in industrial production today. If proper plans can be prepared for the use of the industrial capacity of highly developed nations to increase the rate of development of other nations, the dangers of a sudden end of military production could be greatly diminished.

Finally, it might be dangerous to make these changes in the structure of the world community without at the same time strengthening the supervisory machinery of the U.N. An international peace force without adequate political supervision might become a menace instead of a bastion of security. Courts cannot them-

AVA HELEN PAULING and LINUS PAULING
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AN APPEAL TO STOP THE SPREAD OF NUCLEAR WEAPONS

To the United Nations and to all the nations in the world:

We, the men and women whose names are signed below, believe that stockpiles of nuclear weapons should not be allowed to spread to any more nations or groups of nations.

The world is now in great danger. A cataclysmic nuclear war might break out as the result of some terrible accident or of an explosive deterioration in international relations such that even the wisest national leaders would be unable to avert the catastrophe. Universal disarmament has now become the essential basis for life and liberty for all people.

The difficult problem of achieving universal disarmament would become far more difficult if more nations or groups of nations were to come into possession of nuclear weapons. We accordingly urge that the present nuclear powers not transfer nuclear weapons to other nations or groups of nations such as the North Atlantic Treaty Organization or the Warsaw Pact group, that all nations not now possessing these weapons voluntarily refrain from obtaining or developing them, and that the United Nations and all nations increase their efforts to achieve total and universal disarmement with a system of international controls and inspection such as to insure to the greatest possible extent the safety of all nations and all people.

Linus Pauling

Ava Helen Pauling

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selves decide about the means of enforcing their decisions; more properly, a political body should make these decisions. Not all international disputes can be decided by courts, and there should be a political body with power to determine how nonlegal disputes should be settled. The cost of the disarmament controls, of an international peace force and of an adequate development program is going to be tremendous, and it would be the duty of the U.N. to find the needed financial resources. If the U.N. is expected to cope with these problems, its machinery must be strengthened, and—in the President's phrase—we must "enlarge the area in which its writ may run."

THUS the peace of the world depends on finding an adequate solution to at least six problems: disarmament, international peace force, peaceful settlement of international disputes, growth of world law, more rapid development of less developed areas of the world, and the strengthening of the U.N. The Government of the United States should not limit itself, therefore, to the preparation of "serious and precise proposals for the inspection and control of arms," but must think more in terms of a coherent plan for peace containing all these elements.

Of course, there are many other problems in the world which cry out for a solution, but any further broadening of the area for immediate action would create so many additional difficulties that it might make it impossible to achieve even the minimum. We must give priority to the main task of our generation—to prevent the suicide of mankind. If this can be accomplished and a peaceful world is established, the next generation will be given a chance to start to solve other problems.

Returning to the group of problems, other than disarmament, which need to be solved if we want to have a peaceful world, priority must be given to an international peace force. While in the first stage of disarmament nations can still rely to some extent on their retaliatory forces, even during that stage some other methods would be needed for preventing or stopping limited wars. Article 43 of the U.N. Charter provided that contingents of national forces should be put at the disposal of the U.N. for that purpose. Due to a disagreement as to the size and functions of these forces, no arrangements for their creation have been negotiated; the contingents made available to the U.N. in Korea, Egypt and the Congo were provided on a voluntary basis.

When nations reach the second stage of disarmament and have to scale down even their insurance forces, they must be given an adequate guarantee that assistance will be immediately forthcoming when needed. There seems to be only one effective way to accomplish this goal—an international, highly mobile military force must be established. This force should be composed of volunteers, and it should be strong enough to prevent or stop limited wars before they explode into bigger ones. In any situation likely to endanger peace, its very presence might make it easier for contending parties to save face and cool off. It can be hoped that in most situations no actual display of force would be required, but the international force must be able to defend itself in case of an armed attack. Even where hostilities have started, the international force should not join one or the other side, but should attempt to separate the belligerents by a neutral zone.

THERE can be no doubt that the establishment of an international force will be fraught with great difficulties. Various safeguards would have to be built into its structure to insure that it would fulfill its role in an impartial and objective manner, that it would not be dominated by any group of nations, and that it would obey the orders of the competent supervisory organs. To avoid unnecessary risks, it might be useful to experiment first with a small force, and to build it up only after all the important problems have been solved to the satisfaction of all concerned.

Among the safeguards which should be considered in creating an international force, the following might prove workable:

¶The number of nationals of any nation serving in the force should at no time exceed a small percentage (e.g., 3 per cent), and some limits might be put also on the total number of nationals from certain groups of nations (e.g., members of NATO or parties to the Warsaw Treaty).

¶The immediate direction of the force should not be in the hands of any single person, but should be entrusted to a committee of five or seven persons, all of whom should be nationals of small nations, and the majority of whom should come from the noncommitted nations.

¶Units of the force should be composed to the greatest possible extent of nationals of different nations; for instance, it might be provided that no national unit in the force should exceed fifty persons.

¶The units should be stationed in international bases scattered throughout the world, located exclusively in the territories of small nations, preferably on islands or easily defensible peninsulas.

¶The world might be divided into some fifteen regions, and no less than 5 per cent or more than 10 per cent of the total strength of the force should be stationed in any region of the world.

¶There should be a standing committee of the political supervisory body to which would be entrusted the important task of keeping a close watch over the activities of the force; the selection of commanding officers and control over promotion should be in civilian hands.

EVEN more difficult than the problem of structure might be the question of determining the best means for controlling the use of an international force. It is important, while providing maximum assurance of effective use, to establish at the same time guarantees against misuse. An obstructionist minority should not be permitted to block the use of the force in an emergency, but the majority should not be allowed to violate minority rights through its arbitrary use. As far as possible, an action by the force in a crisis should be almost automatic, and no immediate decision by a political body should be necessary. One could envisage, for instance, the following approach to this problem.

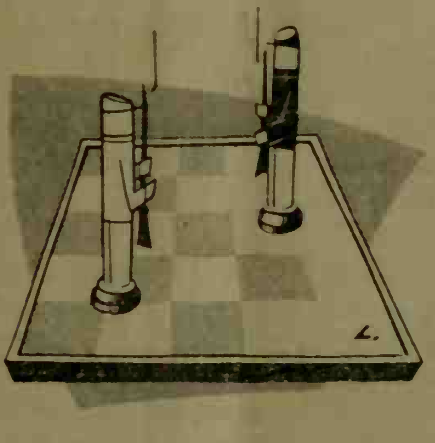
The prevailing practice of establishing a U.N. "presence" in crucial spots should be extended to all nations of the world, and several U.N. observers should be stationed in the territory of each nation. Their number would vary in proportion to the size of each national territory and to the likelihood of a conflict with a neighboring nation. If a particular observer group should have reason to believe that a military action by the nation in which it is stationed, or by a neighboring nation, is imminent, it would notify the command of the international force and would request that a contingent be deployed in the threatened area. Unless the command has evidence to the contrary, it should consider such a request as sufficient proof of an emergency and should dispatch the necessary troops. Similarly, if there should be an armed attack by one nation against another, the force command would immediately receive reports from the two observer groups in the nations involved. The command would request the belligerents to cease hostilities and would send sufficient contingents of the international force to establish a neutralized zone between them. Only if both, or one, of the belligerents should make it impossible for the force to establish such a zone, would action by a political body be necessary.

IN ANY CASE, each request for the use of the international force would have to be transmitted simultaneously to the competent political body—either to the U.N. or to a separate international security organization linked to, but essentially independent of, the U.N. The political body should be entitled to make decisions approving the use of the force, or ordering the cessation of such use, by a high majority, *but there should be no veto*. If there should be a considerable minority opposing the decision, it might be given the right to appeal to an international tribunal for an injunction.

Whenever the tribunal found that there was no sufficient basis for the use of force, it would issue an injunction and might even assess damages against the international organization which authorized such use.

One can, of course, easily imagine other methods of control over the use of an international force, and careful provisions on the subject should be embodied in the treaty establishing it. The size and functions of the force should slowly increase, in proportion to progress toward complete disarmament.

In any case, it seems clear that the President of the United States should assign high priority to the preparation of plans for an effective international peace force. In particular, it would be desirable to prepare immediately a plan for a force of 25,000, composed of African and Asian volunteers, which could replace the national contingents serving in the Congo. As a next step, a similar force might be established in Latin America; later a European force might be added; as a final step, these forces would be welded into a single international peace force.



WHAT should be done to strengthen world law and the tribunals needed to apply it? An effective prohibition of the use of force in international relations would deprive nations of their principal past remedy against real or alleged violations of their rights and interests. Some other remedy must be provided for satisfying just grievances in this area. At present, only a minority of the nations of the world has accepted the compulsory jurisdiction of the International Court of Justice (the World Court). There are many disputes, therefore, which cannot be presented to the Court, even if they could be easily resolved by resort to generally accepted legal principles. There are also disputes which are not suitable for submission; they involve not the interpretation of a rule of international law, but a *departure* from such rule or a change in the *status quo*. They cannot be settled effectively on the basis of existing law; other means, such as mediation, conciliation or arbitration, might be called for.

As in other areas, one cannot expect immediate acceptance of the jurisdiction of international courts and arbitral tribunals over all disputes between nations. One can achieve that goal, however, by a series of progressive steps. It might be possible, for instance, to accept the jurisdiction of the World Court at least over disputes relating to the interpretation and application of international treaties. In this category of disputes, there is no doubt about the law to be applied, as the principles to be applied by the Court are embodied in the treaty itself. Almost all nations of the world, including the United States and the Soviet Union, have already accepted the jurisdiction of the Court to interpret *some* treaties between them. This proposal would broaden the jurisdiction of the Court to *all* treaties.

IN THE second place, a list of major subjects dealt with by international law might be prepared, and an agreement reached that each nation would annually select a few of them as subjects with respect to which it accepts World Court jurisdiction. Assuming, for instance, that there are thirty such subjects, a nation would select every year three which it considered least likely to endanger its national interests (e.g., consular immunities, diplomatic privileges, treatment of aliens, regime of the high seas, etc.); by the tenth year, it would be bound to accept the jurisdiction of the Court with respect to the whole range of international law. During this ten-year period, of course, the Court would be able to hear a dispute only if both parties had already accepted its jurisdiction with respect to the subject at hand. This difficulty will no longer exist, however, after ten years, as by that time all the nations will be bound with respect to all the subjects.

Theoretically, all disputes can be

decided by a court on the basis of law, and a party presenting a claim not based on law will lose its case. Nevertheless, a distinction is often made between "legal" and "non-legal" disputes, or between disputes about the respective legal rights and obligations of the parties and disputes involving other conflicts of interests. With the constant growth of the area governed by international law, in particular because of a rapid increase in international treaty obligations, the number of questions which are not subject to international regulation diminishes rapidly.

THERE is, however, a residuum of important disputes which even in a well-ordered society are likely to require a political solution. To find such a solution is the function of a political body rather than a court, and the U.N. Charter quite appropriately gives jurisdiction over political disputes to the Security Council and the General Assembly. But the power of these two organs in respect of disputes is limited to making recommendations and does not extend to rendering binding decisions similar to those rendered by the World Court in legal disputes. The Charter also emphasizes the fact that the Security Council and the General Assembly should not deal with the substance of a dispute, except in the last resort, and should concentrate their efforts on finding "appropriate procedures or methods of adjustment." This injunction has not always been observed by the Council and the Assembly, and experience shows that these two bodies, composed of national representatives acting in accordance with instructions of their governments, are not really qualified to deal with disputes in an objective and impartial manner. Only an organ removed from daily political controversies and free from the temptation of arriving at final decisions through political deals between various blocs could be trusted to find a solution free from bias and treating all concerned in an equitable manner.

It might be desirable to have two separate bodies for dealing with the substance of political disputes. In the first place, a World Conciliation Board might be established, with broad powers to investigate all facts and to endeavor to bring the nations concerned to an amicable settlement. Once all the facts are known and objectively presented, passions may subside and the parties may find it easier to reach a settlement with the help of suggestions from the Board.

If this method does not result in a settlement, another approach may be tried. The Security Council or the General Assembly would first make the preliminary decision that the dispute in question is likely to endanger peace and must, therefore, be settled before it reaches the explosive stage. Then the Council or Assembly would refer the matter to a World Arbitral Tribunal, composed of some fifteen persons, preferably well-known elder statesmen whose experience and reputation would furnish the best assurance of impartiality and breadth of view. The Tribunal would consider all aspects of the dispute and would prepare recommendations for a comprehensive solution, based on what it deemed reasonable, just and fair to all concerned.

IT MIGHT fairly be expected that these recommendations would have such great moral weight that the parties would not dare to reject them. Failing their acceptance by one or both of the parties, the matter would be referred to the General Assembly, which might deem the situation so dangerous and the solution proposed by the Tribunal so satisfactory that it would be willing to impose it. Such a decision by the Assembly should require a preponderant majority of votes (three-fourths, four-fifths or even five-sixths), the majority to include two-thirds of the major powers (e.g., of the twelve or twenty largest nations). The decision could be enforced, if necessary, by economic sanctions or even by a limited use of the international force. Pressure for voluntary acceptance would be so strong, however, that resort to forcible means of execution should seldom be required.

While in this general area progress might be slower than in the area of judicial settlement of legal disputes, it might be possible to devise various stages for progressive acceptance of the jurisdiction of the World Conciliation Board and the World Arbitral Tribunal. As in legal disputes, each nation might be permitted to choose which disputes it would be willing to submit immediately to these methods of settlement and which it would like to postpone to a later stage. But after a specified period of years, all disputes would become subject to the jurisdiction of the Board and the Tribunal.

FINALLY, it would be necessary to develop those rules of world law which relate to the problems of peace and security. In the 1940s, the United States encouraged the U.N. to prepare a declaration of the principal rights and duties of states and a code of offenses against the peace and security of mankind; later, the United States withdrew its support when the Soviet Union presented parallel proposals advocating a broad definition of aggression and a code of coexistence. Apart from a dispute about nomenclature, the problems dealt with in all these proposals are identical and their object is the same — to define more precisely what actions by nations and governments should be prohibited because they injure other nations or their people.

If the semantic differences can be clarified, it may be possible to arrive at a consensus on the rules which must be codified in order to enable international tribunals, the U.N. and the international peace force to apply commonly agreed criteria when dealing with threats to the peace, breaches of the peace and acts of aggression. The President of the United States should order a reconsideration of our policy in this area and should appoint a competent task force to draft a coherent system of rules needed to establish — in his own phrase — a "world of law, where the strong are just and the weak secure and the peace preserved."

THE establishment of new rules of world law and of international tribunals with broad jurisdiction over disputes between nations would remove one of the important excuses for resorting to the use or threat of force. But there are many grievances which require a different method of approach. In particular, as long as there is a tremendous gap between the standards of living in a few industrialized nations and those prevailing in the rest of the world, dissatisfaction, envy and hatred will continue to brew rebellion. The information about the possibilities of a better life is spreading quickly around the world, and it makes the present conditions of substandard existence in the underdeveloped areas more intolerable than in past eras of ignorance and apathy. In a world of increasing unrest there can be but small hope for real peace; drastic measures are needed before it is too late.

With our present knowledge, this is no longer an impossible task, but one which can be accomplished through a sustained effort in the field of technical and financial assistance. If some $20 to $25 billion could be guaranteed annually for such assistance, there would be not only a chance for an immediate improvement of the living conditions of some two billion persons, but what is more important, this development program would bring to those persons the hope that better things would soon be within their reach and that their children would live in a better world.

THOUGH the sum proposed above appears large, it constitutes only one-fifth or one-fourth of the present military budgets of the major powers. Should there be an agreement on disarmament, this sum could be made easily available from savings on arms expenditures. Allocation of funds for development projects might also prove useful in facilitating transition from arms production to peaceful production and would help to avoid a dangerous sudden slump in industry and manufacture. Though some savings from disarmament might be spent quite satisfactorily at home, a sufficient margin should still be available for use in the underdeveloped areas.

To make sure that the sums needed would actually be available, it would be desirable to include in the basic agreement on disarmament definite provisions specifying the percentage of disarmament savings (or of national production) which would be transferred to an international development authority for the purpose of assistance to developing nations. The agreement should also indicate the priorities to be observed by the authority, the methods to be followed by the authority in allocating the funds to various areas of the world, and the procedures to be used by the authority to insure that the funds are spent for the purposes for which they were allocated. Only in this manner would it be possible to fulfill the President's pledge to help the developing nations to help themselves. As he rightly said, "if a free society cannot help the many who are poor, it cannot save the few who are rich."

THE LAST issue to be considered is that of strengthening the U.N. Most of the changes proposed above can be accomplished without any changes in the Charter; they can easily be embodied in supplementary treaties. But if an agreement can be reached on the new powers to be exercised, there should be little difficulty in making the required changes in the Charter. It would be necessary either to establish new U.N. organs or to reconsider the structure and procedure of its existing organs.

In particular, it might be necessary to enlarge the composition of the Security Council to insure that on the one hand, all major powers (including, e.g., India, People's Republic of China, West Germany) would be permanently represented and, on the other hand, all regions of the world (including Eastern Europe, Asia and Africa) would be adequately represented among the non-permanent members.

It would also seem desirable to investigate the possibility of introducing a system of weighted voting in the General Assembly to insure that the smaller nations do not abuse their preponderant majority in that body. It might be required, for instance, that the new powers to be conferred on the General Assembly by the proposals made above should be exercised not by an ordinary two-thirds majority, but by a special majority including both a majority of the smaller nations and a majority of the Big Powers. Alternatively, each nation might be assigned a certain number of votes on the basis of population, industrial power, or some other factors or a combination of them. Either of these methods would make it easier for the Big Powers to accept the decisions of the General Assembly, and would facilitate their enforcement.

THE suggestions for a more stable world order which are outlined above represent the minimum necessary to insure peace. They contemplate only such limitations on national governments as are required to prevent them from destroying the human race, and provide instead honorable ways for satisfying their just demands.

For the first time in history mankind is confronted with the fact that the cost of even a victorious war exceeds any price that nations may have to pay for peace. All the peoples of the world want peace, and their governments slowly, if reluctantly, have come to the conclusion that they must accede to this demand. The only thing that is still needed is to devise the methods which are required for maintaining peace in these new circumstances. The proposals made here seek to present a basis for a more thorough discussion of the crucial questions. Before an agreement can be reached, many problems will have to be considered and many new solutions will have to be explored.

In deciding what should be done, our President might wish to keep in mind George Washington's injunction: "It is too probable that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterwards defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God." If an effective plan is offered and properly explained to the people, they will again rally to their President's call; and if the plan is an impartial one, with the good of all humanity as its goal, no nation would dare to oppose it.

A GERMAN in ALGERIA . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris, March 17

EVER SINCE his five-hour conversation with de Gaulle at Rambouillet, President Bourguiba of Tunisia has continued to be (or has tried to sound) extremely optimistic about the prospects of an early Franco-Algerian settlement. But this optimism is not wholly shared by the Moroccans, still less by the Algerian Nationalist Government itself; the skepticism is reflected in the cautious communiqué issued after the Rabat meeting between Bourguiba, Ferhat Abbas (the Algerian spokesman) and the new young King of Morocco, Hassan II. Even the wording of this communiqué, with its conditionals ("there *should* now be no obstacles . . ." etc.) was agreed upon only after three hours' often rather angry discussions between Ferhat Abbas and Bourguiba.

The secret, low-level talks that have already taken place will undoubtedly evolve into negotiations at higher level under more formal conditions. The demonstrations given to Bourguiba on his return to Tunis were clearly designed to create the psychological impression that there's no backing away, now, from these negotiations. All this is to the good; yet formidable obstacles remain to be overcome.

In Paris, worry is expressed about guarantees that the Army is demanding from de Gaulle which the Algerian Provisional Government cannot accept. The Algerians already regard the French proposals for the timing and nature of the cease fire as a trap. The Army, on the other hand, is unlikely to agree to the Algerian demand that it be reduced rapidly from the 700,000-man force now in Algeria to the 1954 level of 60,000. There is also considerable uncertainty regarding the machinery whereby self-determination can be carried out honestly. The Algerians are convinced that a really honest procedure would result in an absolutely independent Algeria; the French still hope for an Algeria in which they would continue to hold important places in government and some kind of economic hegemony. At the same time, de Gaulle is by now convinced that if guarantees for the European minorities must be enforced, only the Algerian Provisional Government, with its immense hold over the Algerian masses, can do it.

A FACT which is often overlooked in this whole Algerian tangle is what FLN representatives recently described to me in Tunis as the "psychological obstacles" to agreement. Too much human bitterness and resentment have been accumulated during six and a half years of war to make it possible for the Algerian Government to be as trusting and optimistic as Bourguiba is (or appears to be). No doubt, both Tunisia and Morocco have also had their very bad moments of French domination. But the atrocities they suffered affected at most a few thousand people. In Algeria, on the other hand, they have affected hundreds of thousands—one might even say millions, if one includes the *ratissages* of hundreds of villages by paratroopers and the Foreign Legion, and the fact that more than 1,500,000 Algerians are now living (often in terrible conditions) in over 2,000 so-called "regroupment camps." Then there are the prisons and concentration camps, with their additional thousands of Algerians. And despite all the assurances given nearly three years ago by M. Malraux that torture "has stopped since de Gaulle has taken over," it has not stopped at all, as we know from the Audin affair, the Alleg case and countless other pieces of evidence. In this connection I cannot but recall a particularly grim experience during my last visit to Algeria.

This happened on January 10 of this year, during my last day at Bône, in Eastern Algeria, two days after the referendum. I was walking along the handsome Cours Bertagna—which is like a piece of *la belle France* planted in the middle of Algeria—when I saw a dozen soldiers of the Foreign Legion in their green berets buzzing around the big newspaper kiosk and snatching up all the German periodicals—*Quick*, the *Münchener Illustrierte*, and others. I stopped and addressed in German a particularly pleasant-looking young man, fair, blue-eyed, with delicate features, almost cherubic-looking. He seemed pleased to be addressed in his native language by a civilian, and we sat down on a café terrace and ordered coffee and cognac. "Terribly hard," he said, "to get German papers. We are right out in the mountains fighting the *fellaghas*. We don't get anything there, so it's quite a treat to come to a nice city like Bône for a couple of days. But it isn't as good as Algiers: there they have a big international bookstore where you can get anything; here the choice is very limited."

HE ASKED me who I was, and I explained.

"You come from Western Germany?" I asked. "Yes," he said. I queried: "With business booming in Western Germany, why did you join the Foreign Legion?" "Ah, well," he answered evasively, "there were personal circumstances." I did not press the point, nor did I ask what place in Western Germany he came from. "I suppose," I remarked, "that the Foreign Legion and the French paratroopers are the really hardened troops who have to do most of the tough fighting in Algeria?" "You're damn right," he said, "most of those French conscripts are a lot of softies—maybe they're all right for sentry work, but not much else. Up in the mountains we have to be as hard as nails. You know, the mountains are covered with snow; and we have to sleep in our sleeping-bags in the open—5, 10, 20 degrees below."

"Do you speak French?" I asked.

"Not much. I've only been at it for two years, and we Germans aren't good linguists as a rule. Nearly 90 per cent of the Foreign Legion are Germans; but we also have a few others—Spaniards, Hungarians. The Hungarians—they escaped from Bu-

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dapest in '56—are wonderful linguists: speak French like Frenchmen after a few months. We Germans seem to get around everywhere! Do you know that among the *fellaghas* there are quite a few Germans—some of the elderly men—SS-men who got away after World War II?"

"Is a lot of fighting still done in the mountains?" I ventured.

"Oh, yes. There's still some, even though the French officially say that the war is practically over—and won. Only—this isn't war, this is murder [*Das ist kein Krieg, das ist Mord*]. When we are sent out on punitive [*Vergeltung*] expeditions—that's *something*, I can tell you."

"Do you take a lot of prisoners?"

"I don't know about other parts of the Legion, but in our unit we do not take prisoners. That's to say, we take them, but we don't *keep* them. The point about prisoners is that you've got to get information out of them. So we have to use torture—without torture it's just no good [*Es geht überhaupt nicht*]. I find that water torture is much more effective than all those electric gadgets. Water torture really knocks them completely silly. There was one *fellagha* who pretended he didn't understand French—a minute or two of water torture, and he broke into perfect French!"

"Then," I said, "what happens afterwards, when you've got your information?"

"Well, you see it's like this. We can't let the guy go. He'll start telling everybody what we've done to him."

"So what do you do—shoot him?"

"Sometimes we do that and sometimes—" he passed his long, almost feminine hand across his throat. "It's an old Arab custom." He smiled, angelically.

I LOOKED at that hand with a gold signet ring and an expensive wristwatch; then I looked at his face. He was calmly sipping his cognac.

"As a *soldat de deuxième classe*," he continued, "we make quite a lot of money. Full keep, and 25,000 francs a month. It isn't much according to civilian ideas, but the paratroopers get less, and the ordinary conscripts a mere pittance—5,000 francs, I believe. And we haven't much to spend the money on. And what's more, we have extras. When we go on those punitive expeditions and destroy some of those lousy, stinking *mechtas*, we invariably find some money there. Or you shoot down an Arab; he is covered with rags and he stinks, but if you look inside his shoes, you often find 20,000, 30,000, 50,000 francs. And once we even discovered something of an FLN war chest—nearly 1,500,000 francs. We shared it out among ourselves. Of course, we are supposed to hand over such finds to the authorities; but our officers turn a blind eye when such things happen."

"And when you destroy a village, do you kill women and children, too?"

"No, *en principe*, as the French say, we don't; occasionally it happens all the same." He paused, musing. "Of course, the Arabs are funny guys. Funny how their minds work—so unlike our European minds. When they kill a prisoner, they cut off his hands, nose, ears and genitals. They've got the idea that if a man hasn't got his genitals, he can't go to heaven. Barbaric superstitions!"

"How do you like being in the Legion?"

"Oh, not too bad—a job like any other. Of course, the nervous strain is quite serious. Some of our fellows have white hair by the time they are twenty-eight or twenty-nine. I am only twenty-four, and by the time I am twenty-seven, I'll be out of it."

"Why, what will you do then?"

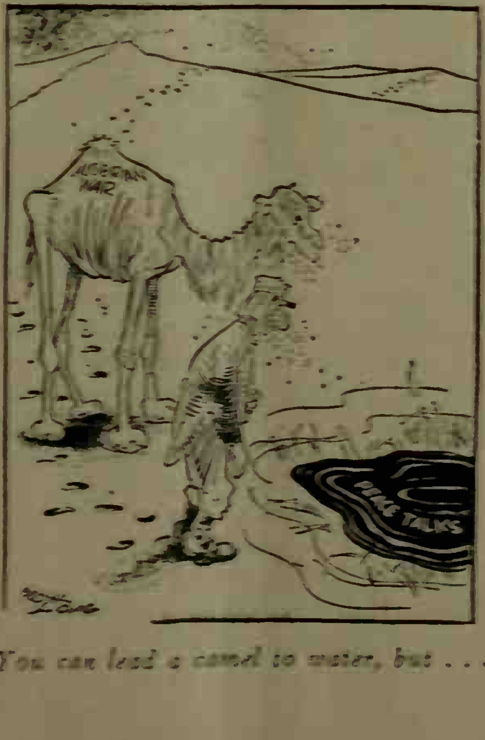
"Oh, start some business."

"What, here in Algeria?"

"Probably not. It's a nice enough country, but the country really belongs to the Arabs, and all the property that's any good at all belongs to the French; so they'll probably go on fighting over it for years yet. No, I'd rather go to South America, or Spain perhaps. . . ."

At this point I somehow lost interest in his story and said I'd have to go. "No, no," he said, "you must have another coffee and cognac—this time on me. I assure you we have more money than we can spend. And it's so nice to come to a nice civilized city like Bône."

"Thanks," I said, "I really must go. Maybe we'll meet again." I shook his long, delicate, feminine hand. It felt a bit sticky. Or maybe I was only imagining it.



You can lead a camel to water, but . . .

THIS IS the faithful record of a conversation. I should like to think that every word this cherubic young German uttered was a lie. But I'm afraid it was all true. Any committee of inquiry—if it cares to take the trouble—can easily identify the unit and even the person whom I have mentioned. All I want to say now is that there has been so much beastliness (yes, some of it on the *other* side, too) that it is scarcely surprising that there should be so much distrust on the Algerian side.

Perhaps one of the best things that could happen, once the Algerian war ends, would be the disbanding of the Foreign Legion. Already the Algerian Government is determined to ask the French, whatever timetable may be decided upon for the withdrawal of the French Army from Algeria, to remove the Foreign Legion and the paratroopers first. No doubt, many of the more desperate characters in both will still find scope for their usual activities. The fact that the notorious Colonel Trinquier, one of the heroes of the Algiers *putsch* of May '58—notorious for torture and other bestiality—should have volunteered to become "commander-in-chief" of the "Katanga Army" is significant.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Thorns of Life

SHELLEY AND HIS CIRCLE. Kenneth Neill Cameron, editor. Vols. 1 and 2; 1020 pages. Harvard University Press. $30.

George Steiner

IN SHELLEY, the man has worn better than the poet. No poet of comparable stature profits more from the omissions of anthology. Where only the best is gathered—*Julian and Maddalo*, excerpts from *Prometheus* and *The Cenci*, the savage political lampoons, parts of *Adonais*, *The Triumph of Life*, and a handful of lyric poems such as the *Ode to the West Wind*—Shelley has a matchless radiance and energy. But taken as a whole, the very profusion of his work tells against him. It exemplifies too openly the characteristic vices or facilities of the romantic temper. Often the flow of lyric invention runs to a shallow glitter; ideas are worried at, not mastered; being declared with constant, diffuse rhetoric, feelings become ostentatious. In Shelley's longer poems, notably in *The Sensitive Plant* and *Adonais*, the romantic sensibility produced clichés of violent emotion no less conventional than the pose of understatement in neo-classicism.

But Shelley the man grows in stature and fascination. The radical impulse of the age gave to his life a kind of hurtling splendor. He was the most erudite of the romantics, having a mind lightning-swift in learning yet tenacious in remembrance. He touched upon most of the political, moral and intellectual issues which give to the revolutionary and Napoleonic era its complex vitality. Being at once wealthy and beautiful, he was able to afford the luxury of eccentric feeling and heroic conviction. Above all, he possessed a rare, fine-grained courage. There is much waste and folly in Shelley's brief life, but nothing mean.

That life has been massively chronicled in Newman I. White's *Shelley* (1940). There was scarcely a day in the poet's career of which White was unable to give an authoritative account. Indeed, few lives out of the past are more intimately known. This is due, in large measure, to the "Shelley and his Circle" collection assembled by the late Carl H. Pforzheimer. Itself only a part of a superb gathering of rare books, first editions and holographs, the Shelley collection numbers some 1500 manuscripts including 220 of the poet's letters. The entire mass of material is to be published in successive volumes under the editorship of Professor Kenneth Neill Cameron, who left Indiana University to join the staff of the Pforzheimer Library. The two first volumes, covering the period 1778-1811, have now been issued.

In 1811, Shelley was only eighteen and had written nothing of note. But the Pforzheimer manuscripts do throw sharp light on two decisive episodes in the young man's stormy career: his expulsion from Oxford for having published a pamphlet on *The Necessity of Atheism*, and his elopement, shortly thereafter, with Harriet Westbrook. Both crises are now set before us in day-to-day and even hour-to-hour detail. Moreover, the later man, with his proud, impetuous humanity, is already present in these moments of juvenile stubbornness. He writes to his close friend Thomas Jefferson Hogg: "I will crush Christianity! I will at least attempt it. to fail even in so useful an attempt were glorious I enclose some poetry". There is much of the mature Shelley in that sequence, breathless for lack of punctuation. There is even more in a fine letter to Hogg of June 18-19, 1811: "I have been thinking of Death & Heaven for four days . . what is the latter? . . shall we set off . . . Is there a future life; whom should we injure by departing? should we not benefit some . . . I was thinking last night when from the summer house I saw the moon, just behind one of the chimneys if she were alone to witness our departure?" One need not be a romantic to hear between these lines the later rushing of the sea off Leghorn.

There are other notable items in these first volumes: letters and drafts of William Godwin, Shelley's radical mentor and father-in-law; the diary of Harriet Grove, Shelley's boyhood love; and the manuscripts relating to the quarrel which forms the background of Henry James's

The Incomplete

Bad weather seems to turn them up
as you move, stooped by the burden
of roofs, in attics or above garages
and sift the anonymous clutter to find
those things that fingers dropped
like half-smoked cigarettes:
The model plane dry as a mounted insect,
its rubber motor only a pencil line
along the stunted fuselage; sweaters dank
as feed sacks, each with only one sleeve
that waits for some distant uncle
to lose an arm to moths; vacations
shut tight in rolls of undeveloped film;
or half-read books that seem to float
face down near the debris of a lawnchair.

Such dwarfs persist seeming to prosper
in the dust. Lives begun with each advantage
but lost like coins through gratings.
They have slipped from thought like that relative
whose heart winced and then failed after ping pong,
whose grave is now overgrown and cluttered
as the drawers of ancient bureaus.
Or more, perhaps, like those blond children
who, after wading, felt skin tighten and seem
to shrink and so took their puckered fingers
to garages where they oiled the hinges
of old ice boxes and then grew very cool and quiet.

VERN RUTSALA

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Aspern Papers (James shifted toward Byron a tale which actually points to Shelley).

All this is presented with a lavish scholarly apparatus in a format devised by the late Bruce Rogers, the prince of modern book-designers. Nothing more sumptuous has ever appeared from an academic press. Each manuscript, even if it is only a casual line or fragment of a draft, is surrounded by textual notes, collations, footnote commentaries, and elaborate descriptions of paper and watermark. An entire critical essay is devoted to the question of postmarks. The result is somewhat cadaverous. The most mercurial of spirits seems to lie entombed under relentless scholarship. But this could not be avoided once it had been decided to combine a library catalogue with the record of a passionate life. When the eight projected volumes are out, some irreverent soul should gather the Shelley letters and drafts into a paperback—preferably no larger than the Sophocles which Shelley slipped in his pocket when he went sailing on that sultry July day in 1822.

Solving Churchill's Riddle

THE CONSCIENCE OF THE REVOLUTION. By Robert Vincent Daniels. Harvard University Press. 425 pp. $10.

THE SOVIET CULTURAL OFFENSIVE. By Frederick C. Barghoorn. Princeton University Press. 353 pp. $7.50.

SOVIET LEADERS AND MASTERY OVER MAN. By Hadley Cantril. Rutgers University Press. 173 pp. $4 cloth; $1.65 paper.

Mark G. Field

AT THE TIME I was reading Daniels' book on the history of the Communist opposition in the Soviet Union, I chanced to meet a Soviet student who was touring this country as part of an exchange group. After the usual banalities, I mentioned the book to him and some of the highlights that had particularly interested me. The student, who could not have been more than twenty years old when the "Father of the People" and the "Coryphaeus of Science" died in 1953, looked at me quizzically (perhaps I was an *agent provocateur*) and said in a slightly annoyed tone but with a note of triumph: "*Da, da*, I know about these men, Trotsky, Stalin, Bukharin; we have our view on them," and then changed the topic. I may be projecting, but what he seemed to imply was that 1) contrary to what is alleged in the capitalistic countries, Soviet people *can* discuss (or mention) such controversial subjects; 2) an analysis of these past events cannot ever be "objective" and therefore there would not be much point in talking about them with non-Soviet people (politics in the Soviet Union is about as touchy a subject as religion in the United States); 3) this book (whatever it is) is probably at best some scurrilous anti-Soviet slander, as is most American scholarship on the Soviet Union, ground out by paid hacks, and represents *a priori* a viewpoint hostile to the Soviet Union.

And I venture to say that *The Conscience of the Revolution* is not likely to be soon published in the USSR, for it pointedly asks embarrassing questions and does not mince words. "Communism," Daniels writes, "is militaristic industrialism fortified with an irrelevant dogma." The book is a thoroughly documented and "objectively" presented history of the Russian Communist Party created by Lenin and taken over (after much infighting) by Stalin. Its primary focus is a study of the different types of opposition groups that arose in the party from 1903 to the moment when every one of them and every oppositionist was effectively eliminated and the party acquired its contemporary form.

IN ONE sense this book may be said to reflect once more man's dilemma between ends and means and the transformation of the means into an end in itself. As Ives Levy recently pointed out: "One does not serve what one loves by drawing away from it; freedom is not the future product of a long struggle from which it would be absent." The paradox of Soviet history lies in the fact that in order to establish paradise on earth the Soviet leaders were willing to create a living hell in their own country. The instrument they wielded was the Communist Party. Often they disagreed among themselves on goals, strategies, tactics, on who was to exercise power, on the very nature of the party, but never on its existence. The word "party" of course lends itself to semantic confusion; what Lenin had in mind was not the Western concept of a political party existing in a multi-party system, but first and foremost a fighting organization, a secular army. After the revolution it acquired managerial functions but remained a centralized, hierarchical, autocratic, disciplined and bureaucratic body. Opposition arose mostly out of a struggle to assume commanding positions in the organization and from the feeling, among some members, that the goals to which the party was committed were being betrayed or abandoned. Lenin and his successors (perhaps as a reaction against the Oblomovism of the pre-revolutionary intelligentsia) were obsessed with the idea of unity of action; that is, with the conception (really a myth) that the party was, or should be, a monolith whose members were united by ideological conviction. Unity later became an enforced viewpoint and the "good" party member was the one who conformed best to the line, twisted with it, and became the blind executioner of its policies. As Daniels points out, unity became the supreme value, and its violation the cardinal sin.

It is ironic that the opposition members, no less than those in power, were imbued with this idea of unity, treasured it like a precious jewel, and never (or almost never) could bear the idea of transgressing the Leninist injunction to preserve it. It seems that for many party members the party had become the sacred body of a secular church. The party, after all, was the distillate of their dreams, the corporate body that contained the essence of their aspirations and hopes, indeed of their entire lives. While they might not agree with the policies of some of her leaders, they shrank from sinful thoughts of striking against her. Apparently the GPU and NKVD examiners were in some instances able to exploit in their subjects a latent sense of guilt at having entertained such thoughts. Opposition members were thus afforded catharsis through confession to crimes they had never committed but might conceivably have attempted if the implications of their deviations were pursued to their tortuous but logical conclusions.

With painstaking craftmanship and infinite patience Daniels follows the various types of opposition down through the history of the Russian Communist Party; his book can be considered the definitive study until the relevant Soviet archives are thrown open (an event I do not expect to happen tomorrow).

BARGHOORN'S book on *The Soviet Cultural Offensive* tackles a quite different subject. It is a well-documented review of the Soviet approach to the

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MARK G. FIELD, a member of the Russian Research Center, Harvard University, has written Doctor and Patient in Soviet-Russia *(Harvard Univ. Press).*

manipulation of cultural materials and personnel for propaganda purposes. The strategic aim of this offensive is to capture the minds and the loyalties of peoples outside the Soviet orbit, particularly the people of the new and underdeveloped nations whose cultural leaders and students are offered guided tours and flatteries, education and technical training in the Soviet Union. Barghoorn also reviews the cultural contacts and exchanges between the United States and Soviet Russia, and his diligent garnering of the facts indicates a lively East-West traffic in the past five years.

Barghoorn's book is sobering; he harbors few illusions that such exchanges will reduce world tension. One might hope, as a Soviet physician once expressed it to me, that the Pavlovian principle of nervous radiation might apply, spreading from the cultural and scientific worlds to the diplomatic and political arenas; but so far we have seen distressingly little evidence of such a radiation. It appears that in this area, as in many others, we are hampered by the totalitarian nature of the Soviet system and our inability to affect Soviet policies because the Soviet people and their cultural leaders, regardless of how well disposed they might be toward the West, cannot sway the policies and viewpoints of their government. At the same time, I agree with Barghoorn when he says that non-Communists should remember that totalitarianism also suffers from weaknesses of which the democracies can make good use: "Despite their considerable skill in public relations, Communists fear the give and take of free discussion. Spontaneity, informality, and even friendly self-assurance terrify them. They seek to orate but not to converse. Even at their trade and cultural expositions they do not so much explain as proclaim. Intimacy makes them uncomfortable." These are good words of wisdom for all those who are engaged in cultural, scientific or artistic contacts with Soviet colleagues.

CANTRIL'S book on *Soviet Leaders and Mastery over Man* is an attempt by a well-known social psychologist to obtain an insight into Soviet assumptions about human nature. It is an extremely difficult undertaking and I do not think it has been particularly successful. While it is a good idea for specialists who are not in the Soviet field to take a fresh look at the Soviet Union, such examinations sometimes fail to come off precisely because of the lack of "feel" for the labyrinth of Soviet society and the danger of following misleading (though often convincing) clues. Cantril's hardly surprising conclusion is that the main difference between Soviet and American values is that we believe the citizen has the capacity and will to make wise political decisions as required. The Soviets, on the other hand, believe that the ordinary citizen has to be led by the hand by the wise Party.

Serious Western studies of the Soviet Union are an important part of the dialogue between democratic and totalitarian societies. They are writing an epitaph to the Churchillian chestnut that Russia was "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma" or even to his suggestion that the solution might simply lie in Russian national self-interest. More important, perhaps, these studies written outside Soviet control serve as a type of annoying conscience to the Soviet Union, pointing out the distortions, the reinterpretations, the inconsistencies, the falsehoods and hypocrisies. And perhaps this works both ways: when the Soviets remind us, for propaganda purposes, of our segregation problems or the treatment of our ethnic minorities they also point to chinks in our ideological armor. So long as this dialogue is maintained there is some hope.

Curses and Satires

LITERATURE AND THE IRRATIONAL: A Study in Anthropological Backgrounds. By Wayne Shumaker. Prentice-Hall. 288 pp. $4.90.

THE POWER OF SATIRE: Magic, Ritual, Art. By Robert C. Elliott. Princeton Univ. Press. 300 pp. $6.

Vivian Mercier

IF René Wellek and Austin Warren were to rewrite their magnificent *Theory of Literature* today, they would certainly feel obliged to include a chapter on "Literature and Anthropology." Writing in 1948, they managed to dismiss the subject in one paragraph, though even then they were taking a serious risk. The work of such writers as Jane Ellen Harrison, F. M. Cornford and Gilbert Murray, who had related Greek literature to classical anthropology thirty or forty years previously, was already beginning to attract renewed attention from a wider audience than ever before. On this matter of date, Professor Shumaker significantly remarks in his preface (dated 1959) that his own book "has resulted from a study of books and articles which as recently as ten years ago I should not have expected to find relevant to the understanding of literature. . . ."

Nevertheless, Wellek and Warren sternly remind us in one of their subheadings that the anthropological gambit forms part of "The Extrinsic Approach to the Study of Literature." Insofar as a writer seeks the *origins* of all literature, or of a particular genre, in magic, ritual and myth, he is not really dealing with the art of literature at all. Professors Shumaker and Elliott both discuss origins, certainly: it is difficult not to, since Aristotle, the daddy of literary criticism, led the way by indicating the ritual origin of tragedy. Shumaker examines the origins of tragedy, comedy, epic and lyric; Elliott, naturally, confines himself to the origin of satire in primitive magic, so brilliantly outlined by Fred Norris Robinson fifty years ago in his essay "Satirists and Enchanters in Early Irish Literature."

Both these books, however, go a long way beyond the discussion of origins. Elliott wants to know, for instance, whether the magical origin of satire can be traced in the attitudes of twentieth-century satirists; he is pleased but not surprised to find some very primitive mental traits in the work of Wyndham Lewis and Roy Campbell.

Shumaker's primary concern is with the consequences for aesthetic theory implicit in his conclusions about the origins of literature. There has, he says, "for several decades been a tendency in aesthetic theory — induced, perhaps, by a wish to vindicate art in a social order which finds unrivaled usefulness in science — to play down the affective element in aesthetic experience in favor of a cognitive element." He feels that his researches into the anthropological backgrounds of literature vindicate the affective element in both creation and appreciation and thus serve to refute overemphasis on the cognitive element, which is particularly noticeable in the work of the New Critics. Some of his readers will feel, as I do, that he is pushing an open door, but it is always a comfort to find a new ally on the side of those who uphold the separation of literature and science and deny that the former need ever become the handmaid of the latter.

Some of Shumaker's conclusions may

VIVIAN MERCIER is on the faculty of the City College of New York. He has recently completed The Irish Comic Tradition.

not seem very flattering to literature, however. In the two chapters on "The Language of Literature," which to my mind constitute the most original part of his book, he compares "the language of literature, insofar as it differs from nonliterary language, with the speech of primitives." Naturally the "pathetic fallacy," with its overtones of primitive animism, is thoroughly discussed, but the two chapters contain a number of other provocative correlations between literary language and primitive speech which I lack the space to detail here.

It is amusing to reflect that we no longer regard such correlations as derogatory: when Max Nordau in 1893 made similar correlations with neurotic and psychotic traits the basis for his attack on nineteenth-century art, *Degeneration*, his book provoked Bernard Shaw's dazzling reply, *The Sanity of Art*. The surrealists and the psychoanalytic critics have laid so much stress on the relationship between creativity and the unconscious mind that many an artist in our century has trembled at the thought that he might not be irrational enough. Indeed, Shumaker's insistence that those who emphasize the cognitive element in literature have been in the ascendant lately makes me wonder whether we have been reading the same books.

A DEVELOPED art-form and its primitive origin are two very different things: Elliott's book reminds us of this fact more frequently than does Shumaker's. *The Power of Satire* rehearses the argument of Robinson's great essay—which ought to be reprinted, by the way—and amplifies it with further instances from Greek, Arabic and Celtic practice, but Elliott then goes on to consider the satiric tradition in Latin poetry, Shakespeare, Molière and Swift, as well as in contemporary English literature. We can thus see what complex works of art have sprung from the prototype of satire, which was undoubtedly a spell or curse designed to inflict bodily injury on its victim.

I was startled to read in a recent *New Yorker* profile of Bob Cousy, the basketball player, that there may be physiological justification for the hate sessions which Arabian and Irish satirists used to stage publicly before and even during battle. Before a basketball game, Cousy broods for hours on his real and imagined grievances against the opposing team as individuals. This brooding results, according to scientists who have examined him, in the discharge into his system of huge quantities of an adrenal hormone called norepinephrine, which promotes combativeness. Perhaps the verbal warfare of satire, like the miming of warfare in primitive war dances, released the flow of norepinephrine in all those present. If I were less concerned to hold the frontier of literature against science, I might be tempted to suggest that a satirist differs from a lyric poet mainly because his adrenals function differently.

To understand how the impulse behind a primitive rite can be tamed and articulated into some of the subtlest works of art ever writen—*Le Misanthrope* or *Gulliver's Travels*—one has to read Elliott's book in its entirety, and especially the chapter entitled "The Satirist Satirized." Ultimately, the opposition between the rational and the irrational, the cognitive and the affective, appears illusory. Satire may have originated in the primitive verbal magic of a medicine man (or a basketball player), and I grant that the primitive impulse in Molière or Swift was indispensable. But, except for the operation of the conscious intellect upon it, what began as libido would have ended as magic or direct action and never have metamorphosed into art.

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Law

THE NATURE OF THE JUDICIAL PROCESS by Benjamin N. Cardozo (Yale, 95c) stirred many doubts in 1921 when it frankly described the methods by which an appellate court judge makes law. The judge responds to many restraints within himself and outside, as Justice Cardozo said, but "There is an endless 'becoming.' We are back with Heraclitus." The idea still offends — more properly, perhaps, distresses — rigid adherents to a concept of unchanging abstract justice or to precedent as embodied in case law. Here, it seemed, was too much freedom. At least a single series of lectures, brilliant as these were, required further analysis and delineation. Only three years later Justice Cardozo himself explored the problem in *The Growth of the Law* and many legal thinkers have added refinements, but this compact treatise, shocking at first, is after forty years a classic statement of accepted principles.

Cardozo, whose entire judicial career was as an appellate justice, is here unconcerned with the great majority of cases where determination of fact is the only significant issue. His object is justly applying just rules in the social interest, and his method is to pursue "logic, and history, and custom, and utility, and the accepted standards of right conduct . . . singly or in combination." What simplicity appears in his list is deceptive. These are the great issues, sometimes poorly defined, and no one of them is likely to be decisive in any case; their relative weights are variable, and even the direction in which they exert pressure is unpredictable. If history sometimes supplies a precedent, for example, at another time it brings to light reasons why change is necessary. The best card index, as Cardozo puts it, does not make the best judge.

In this light it becomes the judge's positive duty, not merely his right, to make and pronounce law. Constitutions are by nature general, and statutes, intentionally or not, leave gaps in their provisions. Further, case law is inexact, incomplete and in constant flux. Hence judges take on the character of legislators. They act in the knowledge that their serious business rises from predecessors' human limitations and failures and, with silent humility, that their followers will act on the same grounds.

Baldly stated, the judge's aim is social utility, as Cardozo conceives it, and his morality is received opinion refined by

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a twentieth-century concept of natural law. Hence the judge, within his limits, has a duty "to maintain a relation between law and morals, between the precepts of jurisprudence and those of reason and good conscience." Study, experience and reflection must be his, as they are a legislator's guide.

Cardozo's exposition is characteristically clear and his style a model of grace.

Also: *Yankee From Olympus* by Catherine Drinker Bowen (Bantam, 75c). The life of Justice Holmes.

Theatre

Theatre Arts Anthology, Rosamond Gilder and other editors (Theatre Arts, $2.20). An absorbing record and a prophecy in 130 permanently valuable essays from the original *Theatre Arts*, 1916-1948, the writers comprising a small *Who's Who* among playwrights, actors, directors and reviewers.

Bernard Shaw's Letters to Granville Barker, C. B. Purdom, editor (Theatre Arts, $1.55). A lavish, witty supply of theatrical sense, production ideas and analyses of characters and actors; with Purdom's superb editorial links a sprightly history of the best English theatre, 1900-1917.

Five Plays by Lope de Vega, Jill Booty, translator (Hill and Wang, $1.95). Agreed masterpieces in fresh, spontaneous translations; an excellent introduction by R. D. F. Pring-Mill is however questionable on Lope's views of democracy.

Criticism

The Banquet Years: The Arts in France, 1855-1918 by Roger Shattuck (Anchor, $1.45). In erudite but vivid studies of Henri Rousseau, Erik Satie, Alfred Jarry and Guillaume Apollinaire, Shattuck makes many of the extravagances of the experimental movements of the period comprehensible and shows how they led into the 1920s.

Coleridge on Imagination by I. A. Richards (Indiana, $1.75). A fruitful study of Coleridge, actually part of Richards' own investigation of semantics and the psychology of imagination.

Hubris: A Study of Pride by Robert Payne (Harper, $2.35). A richly suggestive, ambitious essay exploring the mutations of pride and nemesis as revealing the human condition from pre-Homeric Greece to Paul Valéry.

Juvenal the Satirist by Gilbert Highet (Oxford, $1.85). The poet, his work and his influence; the standard study made lively and generally appealing in Highet's best style.

Letters

The Wisdom of the Heart by Henry Miller (New Directions, $1.35). Seventeen varied but characteristic essays and stories strongly reminiscent of Whitman, first collected in 1941.

Selected Early Poems and Letters by Edwin Arlington Robinson, Charles T. Davis editor (Rinehart Editions, $1.45). All of *The Torrent and The Night Before* and *The Children of the Night* most of *Captain Craig* and thirty-four early letters, impressively exhibiting Robinson's earliest accomplishments.

The Last Days of Shelley and Byron, J. E. Morpurgo, editor (Anchor, 95c). Trelawney's warmly relished *Recollections* of his *Wunderjahr* with the Poet and the Pilgrim, supplemented and corrected by other contemporaries' reports.

Seventeenth-Century English Literature by C. V. Wedgwood (Oxford, $1.25). A superb brief account by a sensitive historian with great balance and insight.

Miscellaneous

Paths of Loneliness by Mary Margaret Wood (Columbia, $1.50). Argues that changes which tend to break down and reshape social patterns occur so rapidly that individuals now normally require group assistance to reconstruct orderly relationships for inner security and a sense of purpose and belonging.

Battle for the Mind: A Physiology of Conversion and Brain-Washing by William Sargant (Penguin, $1.45). A provocative study along Pavlovian lines minimizing reasoned argument and Freudian concepts, and emphasizing mechanistic and physiological techniques of implanting doctrines in the brain as conditioned reflexes.

The Exploration of Space by Arthur C. Clarke (Premier, 50c). A sound introduction which laymen can understand.

The Big Change by Frederick Lewis Allen (Bantam, 50c). Colorful sketch of the transformations in America, 1900-50, by adjustments in the capitalist system.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

THE new United States Embassy building in London is grandiose, an Edwardian quality the English are wary of these days. I've just been reading what several British critics have had to say about it in the *New Statesman*, the *Times*, the *Observer*, etc. and although most of them are fairly kind about the design, it is that penetrating British kindness that cools the bones:

"Eero Saarinen's buildings in Detroit have been called 'exalted.' Is it not just that in London he was instructed to do the wrong thing?"

". . . the eagle is consistent with the architecture, which . . . is consistent with the tragedy of Americanism."

". . . the almost Central American effect of the building itself."

"As to [the golden eagle's] . . . being too big for the building, the question is whether in fact it is big enough."

"Ultimately, I expect, the architect deserves our sympathy."

The Embassy was not quite completed when I saw it in August; workmen were still finishing off the interiors, and the grand gold bird had not yet been welded to the front facade. However, the exterior was otherwise complete, and it was difficult to like the building. Saarinen is one of our best architects, but this is surely not his best work (the British tone of kindness is catching, I'm afraid). I found the embassy a glib, cold structure.

Much has been made of the fact that it occupies one end of an old square in London, a neighborhood into which it attempts to fit. This design diplomacy

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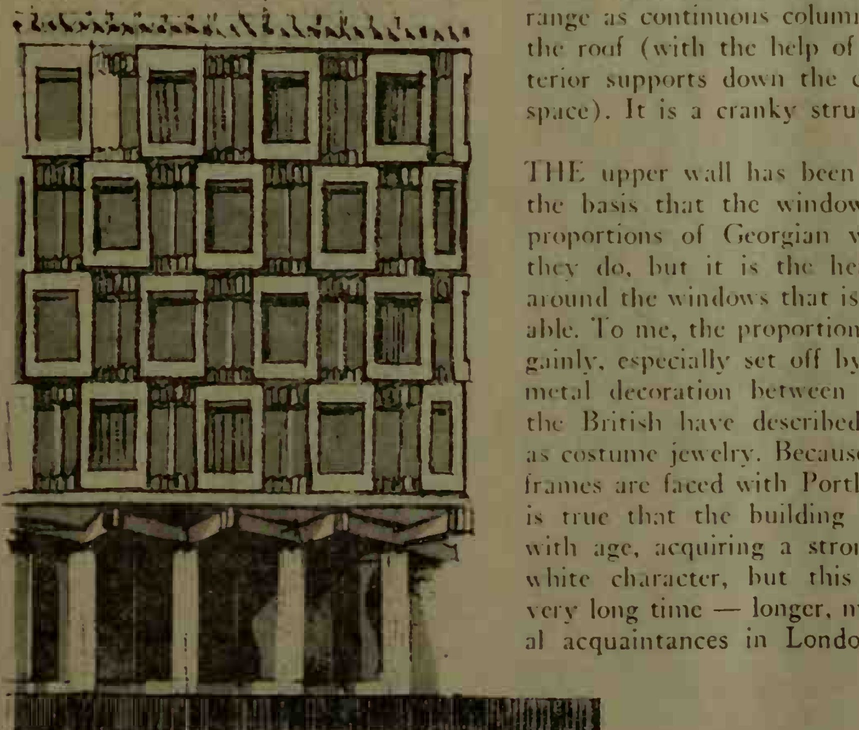
was by direction of the client, the State Department, which previously had occupied a smooth Georgian fake at the other end of the same Grosvenor Square — since purchased by the Canadians as their London headquarters. In a preliminary competition, our Foreign Buildings Office in 1956 paid six well-known American architects small fees to vie for the commission, and Saarinen won.

WHEN I stood near the center of Grosvenor Square and looked around, it seemed to me that Saarinen's approach to the problem of fitting into the low skyline was intelligent, considering that he had a large bulk of office space to insert. The entire area is owned by the Duke of Westminster, and Saarinen reports that when he asked what plans the estate had for development of new buildings on the square, the Duke's managers replied that they intended to stick to the genteel Georgian, but inflate it. So Saarinen sensibly decided to build for the future. He designed a long horizontal, keeping the roof line as low as he could, throwing a strong, simple shape across his end of the square. But the British have complained that it is not quite broad enough. To quote Reyner Banham in the *New Statesman*: "Saarinen, by opening a sizable hole in each corner of the square, lets any sense of enclosure drain away like water through a breached dyke. . . ."

Banham certainly knows more about Georgian architecture than I do, but on the basis of an hour's stay, I would say that Grosvenor Square is hardly tightly confined, and the few feet Saarinen stretched the sidewalk silhouette matters little. It is in the actual design of the building, particularly in the heavy-handed facades, that Saarinen's impulses seem not so good.

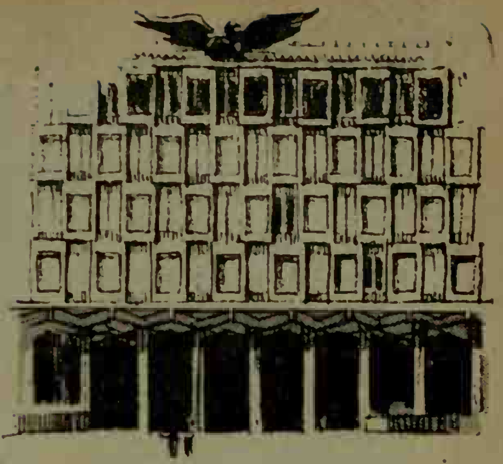


In general characterization, to begin with, he stood the Embassy on a temple-like platform, which makes it a touch lordly. Bordering the sidewalk around the structure is a slanted stone wall, which is about the best background for a picket line that any angry anti-American could ask—the building could become a gullible victim for that sort of thing.

Structurally the design is an odd mix. The wall of the main floor level, approached up steps from the sidewalk, is largely glass, with very strong and apparent columns set between the immense panes. On top of these, the architect did not use the usual simple framing of beams to support the second floor, but instead angled the supports on the diagonal to make a more interesting pattern. This biased structural ceiling did not come out to be particularly graceful; it also gave him some queer corners to contend with in the detailing of the windows, lighting, etc. The building seems elaborate, and it gets more so as your eye continues upward.

For, above the "diagrid," he changed the structural signals again, and constructed a blunt but intricate exterior wall to carry the load of the upper office floors. In this wall very heavy masonry window frames are stacked to seem separate, but actually they arrange as continuous columns to support the roof (with the help of a row of interior supports down the center of this space). It is a cranky structure.

THE upper wall has been defended on the basis that the windows retain the proportions of Georgian windows, and they do, but it is the heavy masonry around the windows that is more noticeable. To me, the proportions seemed ungainly, especially set off by the glinting metal decoration between them, which the British have described quite fairly as costume jewelry. Because the window frames are faced with Portland Stone, it is true that the building will improve with age, acquiring a strong black and white character, but this will take a very long time — longer, my professional acquaintances in London said, than we occupied the old Embassy across the square. Meanwhile the building will not be merely a trim office structure, but raw and belligerent to the eye.



As a generation we are at the moment on very unfamiliar ground in architecture. An architect like Saarinen is impatient to push ahead into new forms, so sometimes he is bound to appear dogged, as he did here. Often enough, pure impulse is the shaper. Under such circumstances imagination is imperative, but so is merciless self criticism. Looking at a photograph of the eagle on top the facade of the London Embassy, I find myself wondering how Eero Saarinen, as a design critic at an architectural school, might have reacted not very long ago if a not particularly eloquent student had submitted a drawing of an eagle (35 feet wide, wingtip to wingtip) to top such a stony facade.

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THEATRE

Robert Hatch

ROOTS, the middle play of Arnold Wesker's social triology, is at the Mayfair, an off-Broadway house which, lodged in a sub-cellar of the Paramount Hotel, is buried in the heart of Broadway.

It turns out that Wesker's play is very difficult to import, not because conditions are so different in England, but because in certain basic aspects they are the same. An American is lured by familiarity into thinking he is at home with the problem, and then the details sound off key. In our terms there are no such people as the Bryant family of rural workers against which the "awakened" daughter, Beatie, is so stridently rebelling. We are rootless in the sense that we are moving without direction, consuming without need, prevailing without understanding. Wesker's people are rootless in the sense that they have been cut off where they stand, their traditions atrophied beneath them and their lives rotting. He is in effect calling on the British masses to rouse themselves from a sleep that is sliding toward death; our rootlessness induces intoxication rather than somnolence.

If the production were more British it would be easier to understand, but this is an American project in cast and direction. It feels like O'Neill with assistance from Odets, assuming that both had abruptly lost contact with their sources. Because of this ambivalence of milieu, the audience falls back on the theatre itself as the only place where the events occur. The play becomes "realism" rather than real; that is always embarrassing, the more so here because *Roots* is so frankly hortatory.

Wesker is a Socialist who puts little faith in programs, manifestoes or leaders. Individuals helping individuals to safe footing is what he envisions as the way ahead. He believes in missionaries, which in the American context is not unlike believing in fairies. You must feel helpless to accept the helping hand, and helplessness we are not prepared to admit in our fuel-injection society.

Given this indecisiveness of attack, Mary Doyle had an impossible task as the impatient daughter. Beatie has come home from London, filled with half-heard theories about Art, Life, Love and other capitalized generalities that she has caught from her half-baked rebel of a boy friend. We can sense so little about where she "fits in" that we take her at face value and blink at her feckless banality. Wesker, I would suppose, means us to see in Beatie — and thus in her section of a generation — the struggle of a girl who senses a truth but lacks the background, training and time to bring it to pass. But there is no sense of struggle in Miss Doyle's Beatie; more like a Bennington girl working off energy.

Wesker is a dramatist of formidable technical skill, which is not today so very rare. But he is using it in an effort to split a way into the monolithic inferiority of his times, and that today is so rare in the theatre as to evoke wonder and gratitude. The present production, however, is one that can only be filed pending further information.

AN ACTOR who occupies the stage alone for an entire evening requires physical strength and personal assurance of a high order. Michael MacLiammoir shows an abundance of these qualities in *The Importance of Being Oscar* (Lyceum). He is also a vivid actor with a wide range of perception. But as an editor, he is less gifted or experienced.

Unlike recent impersonators of Mark Twain and Charles Dickens, MacLiammóir chooses not to play Oscar Wilde. His is a narrative, richly illustrated with dramatized extracts from the collected works. When MacLiammóir is acting what is meant to be acted, he is evocative and witty. But his "produced" *De Profundis* becomes an emotional calculation and *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* falls into rant from the swinging gestures and breaking voice.

Having decided not to be Oscar, MacLiammoir fails to be himself. Most noticeably in the exposition, he employs an approximation of his subject's manner that smacks of dependence and suggests mockery. (There is a terrible moment when, recalling Wilde's meeting with Louisa May Alcott, MacLiammoir looks like Olivier in *The Entertainer*.) A lesser Wilde harking back to Wilde's travail is not an attractive spectacle. It pitches the evening to a grotesque boyishness and reduces tragedy to pathos.

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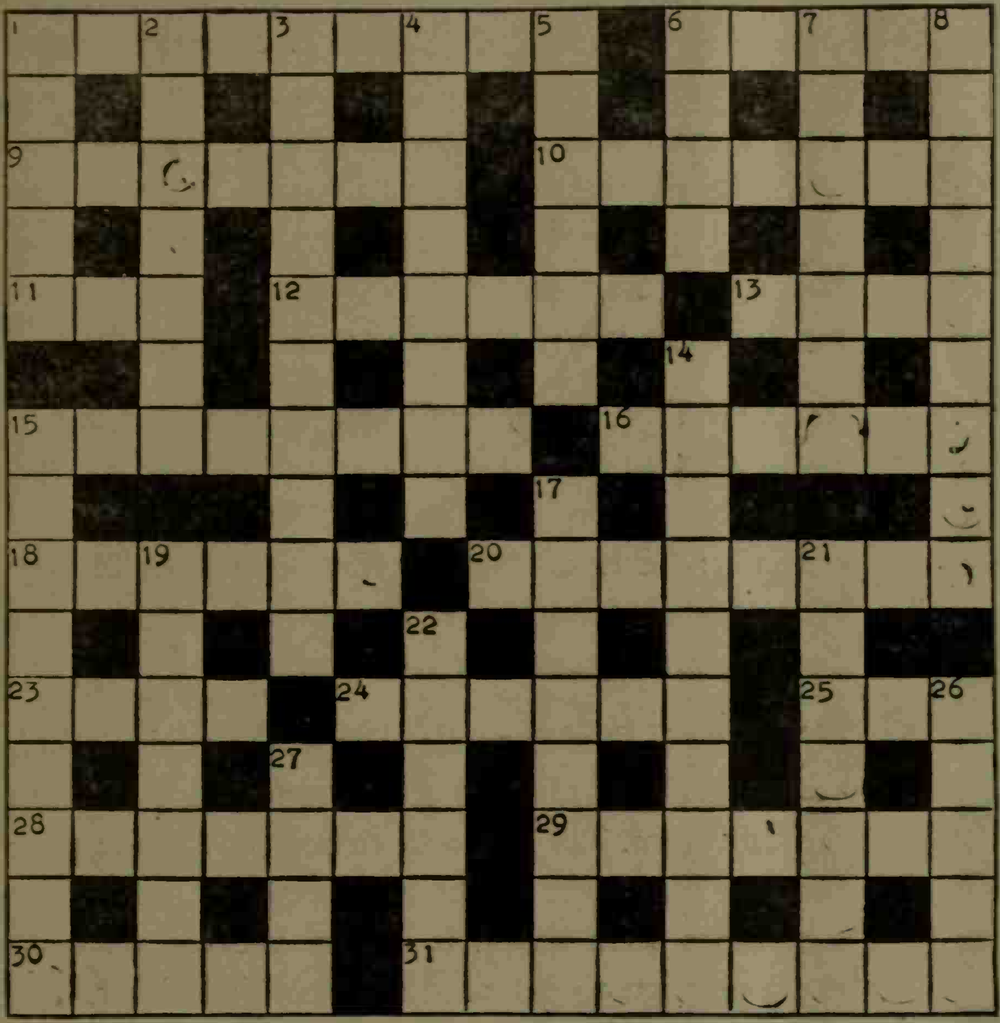
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Planning what the flagpole was built for? (9)
6 Coins are changed here at a fast rate. (5)
9 22 down, the old sourpuss! (3,4)
10 See 27 down
11 How we sometimes stand to win the 27 and more. (3)
12 The unexpected result of one who follows the army? (6)
13 Emerson laughed at the sophist schools and the learned one. (4)
15 See 6 down
16 Purge. (6)
18 A double cross with a bad prophet and a king. (6)
20 The way to make an item pull more than once? (8)
23 The part of the trap set in church?
24 See 21 down
25 When is the winter of our discontent? (3)
28 Not accidental cargo, in a way. (7)
29 Sacrifice a principle, perhaps, if you do monkey around with a sort of 23.
30 Follow. (5)
31 Green rust, rising from decadence.

DOWN:

1 Organization supplied with a bottle? (5)
2 Not quite related to an alarmed way. (7)
3 Trust me for this—it had to be surrendered. (4, 6)
4 Going around in the right circles, or just being caustic? (8)
5 Objected to what the shot-gun did, perhaps. (6)
6 and 15 across Involved in the amateur photographic contest, as a quick guess. (4, 8)
7 Headed in wrong, and shot the French in tiny bits. (7)
8 And record what is long-standing to the French. (9)
14 Certainly not a carbon sheet for political excuses. (5, 5)
15 How to get ex-Japs out of place next to one another. (9)
17 Awkward males run two and three together. (8)
19 Gives up the singers position? (7)
21 and 24 across Buttermilk, eggs, flour, etc., that gives a gal her complexion? (7, 6)
22 Tropic disease? (6)
26 Snatch a little shut-eye, by the sound of it. (5)
27 and 10 Wait here where the boys play poker? (11)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 907

ACROSS: 1 and 4 down Stock in trade; 9 On draft; 10 Contour; 11 and 13 Here's how; 12 Taffy; 16 Radiate; 17 Creoles; 22 Covered; 24 and 4 across Past imperfect; 25 and 14 down Cornstalks; 29 Prelude; 30 Eristic; 31 Redressed; 32 Lodes. DOWN: 1 Smothered; 2 Ordered; 3 Khan; 5 Pacific; 6 Runs; 7 Epochal; 8 and 26 Throwback; 15 and 19 Heavy drinker; 18 Sidekicks; 20 Instead; 21 Roofers; 22 Contend; 23 Roasted; 24 and 28 Paper mill; 27 Rude.

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When Is Truth?

A READER scolds us by letter for our editorial, "The American Way" (March 11 issue), in which we ascribed the current difficulties of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, serving New York City commuters, to "methods and management." Writes our correspondent: "Your judgment is too hasty, too radical; maybe it's just that too many people prefer autos to trains for commuting."

TOO HASTY, too radical? One week after the editorial went to press, the Interstate Commerce Commission Bureau of Inquiry and Compliance reported officially: "One of the contributing causes for the New Haven's failures over the years appears to have been its management or lack thereof."

IN A WORLD of dynamic change, the stodgy-minded are likely to mistake alertness for haste, realism for radicalism. *The Nation* is radical only in the sense that we try to get at the root of things. And if we sometimes seem hasty, it is only because we quite often manage to get at the root a little bit sooner than anyone else.

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THE NATION

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BURL
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The Federal Highway Program

SUPER-GRAFT ON SUPERHIGHWAYS

Stanley Meisler

* * *

NEW LOGIC for the TEST BAN

Anatol Rapoport

* * *

Comments on the HUAC Vote by

SIX CONGRESSMEN WHO VOTED NO

LETTERS

Rep. Zablocki on HUAC

Dear Sirs: I was surprised to read your editorial of March 18, entitled, "The Issue, Mr. Speaker." It is outstanding not only for its poor logic, but also for its disregard for the laws of mathematics. Inasmuch as my name appears in it, I feel compelled to comment on it.

First, the Supreme Court and the U.S. House of Representatives acted on two entirely separate and distinct issues.

To review the issues involved:

The Supreme Court, on the one hand, ruled on the issue whether Wilkinson unlawfully refused to answer a question pertinent to a matter under inquiry before a subcommittee of the Committee on Un-American Activities. The question involved was, "Are you now a member of the Communist Party?" The majority of the Supreme Court held that the question was pertinent and that the refusal to answer it was unlawful. A similar issue was involved in the *Braden* case.

The House of Representatives, on the other hand, was deciding, in effect, whether the Committee on Un-American Activities should continue its operations within budgetary limitations recommended by the House Administration Committee. The decision was overwhelmingly in the affirmative.

In my opinion, you cannot in logic compare the two decisions, and further, as you have done in your editorial, try to infer from that comparison the public sentiment with respect to the Committee on Un-American Activities. Your conclusion is pure poppycock.

Secondly, in asserting that "a hundred or more" Representatives voted against their convictions in supporting the appropriation for the Committee on Un-American Activities, you have, in a reckless fashion, impugned the honesty and the motives of almost every member of the House of Representatives. In doing this, you have resorted to the very same tactic which you find objectionable when used by others.

Thirdly, even if your allegations were true, and if in a secret ballot "a hundred or more" Representatives would have voted against the appropriation of funds for the Committee on Un-American Activities, the vote in the House still would have been 3 to 1 in support of the committee's work. While the two — as I have already mentioned — are not comparable, I believe that even such a 3-to-1 House vote would indicate "a more accurate mirror of national opinion" than the 5-to-4 vote of the Supreme Court on the above-mentioned cases.

Fourthly, since you saw fit to include my name — at least "by placement" — within the group of Congressmen who, in your opinion, "failed to vote their convictions," I would like to set the record straight: I *did* vote my conscience and conviction and I believe that my vote is in harmony with the opinion of the majority of the people whom I have the privilege to represent.

I have, in the past, criticized some of the methods used by the Committee on Un-American Activities, and I intend to speak against any abuse of legislative power. At the same time, I believe that the committee's legislative accomplishments, and its work in exposing the methods and the true aims of the Communist movement, warrant its continuation. I intend, therefore, to continue to support the legitimate work of that committee.

Clement J. Zablocki
Member of Congress
Washington, D.C. (4th Dist., Wis.)

For other viewpoints on the House's vote on this issue, turn to page 279. — Ed.

Never Enough

Dear Sirs: Your editorial on "The American Way" (Mar. 11) is excellent. As for subsidies, Henry D. Lloyd, in his *Wealth vs. Commonwealth*, wrote: "The old woman who thanked God, upon her first sight of the sea, that at last she had seen something there was enough of, lived before subsidies were invented."

Chicago, Ill. Meyer Weinberg

Clear and Lucid Camus

Dear Sirs: Re Nelson Algren's review, "Man With the Luger," in your March 4 issue, Mr. Algren ought not to expose his inability to understand clear and lucid language. It is not Camus' work which became unraveled; it is Mr. Algren who has become unraveled, starting with the top of his head. . . .

Camus never justified violence on the basis of an abstract humanitarianism. . . . He told us we must make our rebellion without compromising it by becoming murderers. (As the Negroes have learned to do in the South, Mr. Algren.)

New York City Esther Bloom

Dear Sirs: Miss Bloom misapprehends. The stamp of approval given the work of Camus by Spanish fascism was not done by this reviewer's instruction, but by Francisco Franco.

That Camus' humanitarianism became abstract is demonstrated by the fact that his family loyalty left him too divided to take a stand against French colonialism in his country.

I did not discuss the unraveling of Algren to the neck for the same reason that I omitted an analysis of the influence of Hurricane Jackson's mother upon Hurricane, not considering either matter urgent to the review.

Chicago, Ill. Nelson Algren

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THE NATION

MAY 29
JUL 13

EDITORIALS

The Uncivilized Laotians

East and West have an excruciating problem in the little country of Laos. The problem is not so much avoiding a nuclear war: the good Lord, presumably, will take care of that. The real difficulty is that the Laotians, lacking the red-blooded instincts of modern man, are not interested in organized manslaughter. They are not Christians and have never heard of the Sixth Commandment, yet they object to killing one another. The civil war has now been raging in Laos for several months, indeed for years; presidents, premiers and diplomats sweat and stew over it, hardened warriors from North Vietnam and the United States train the Laotian troops, enough supplies are flown in to make a Verdun or a Battle of the Bulge. But where are the casualty lists? True, a soldier is shot now and then, or more likely a civilian, but the bloodletting is a mere trickle, a disgrace to the profession of arms and to the earnest outsiders who have labored to bring civilization to the Laotians.

Not even *Time* can see a way out. It is said that President Kennedy is an omnivorous reader of the news; if so, his staff should take measures to keep the March 17 issue of *Time* out of his hands, even if it means buying up and burning all the copies in Washington. The editors of *Time* are certainly not lacking in appreciation of the virtues of large-scale homicide, but in the long report on Laos there is not a trace of hope. The Laotians, it appears, are interested only in love, and not Platonic love either. Prince Boun Oum, the West's choice as Premier, is said to be "excessively fond of drinking and wenching." Quoting the British author Norman Lewis, the *Time* reporter says that when the French were in charge, their officers, after a tour of duty in Laos, were marked for the rest of their lives by "gentle, rapt expressions" and a "vaguely dissolute manner." Consequently, the $310 million the United States poured into Laos in the past six years has been wasted; it has failed to raise the standard of dying in the backward land.

Of course the President could, with a single sentence over the telephone and a few fireside chats, embroil the United States in the righteous cause of keeping Laos neutral but leaning 45 degrees toward the West. Our fighting men are ready with old-fashioned gunpowder, trinitrotoluene, napalm and, if need be, nuclear devices, to set the Laotians a good example. But there are obstacles to this forthright course. Laos is on the other side of the world from the United States; and, by the same accident of geography, it has a common border with Red China, which may at some juncture pour its faceless (but not gunless) hordes across the line. The U.N. has its troubles elsewhere. Harry Truman recovered from Korea, but John F. Kennedy might not recover from Laos. There does not seem to be much point in trying to get history to repeat itself in this part of the globe. Through Admiral Felt, their mouthpiece, America's fighting men will firmly state their willingness to fight, but they will probably not be called on to make the supreme sacrifice so far from home.

The best remaining hope is in the forthcoming SEATO confabulation. Perhaps the troops of staunchly pro-Western Thailand can be rushed in to stem the Red tide. The quality of the Thai legions is, however, an unknown quantity. Any solution, military or otherwise, is likely to prove impermanent. *Time* quotes an American diplomat: "Laos is going to be a problem throughout our lifetime or longer." If so, we have plenty of time to think about it.

The Return from Niagara Falls

The political honeymoon is, of course, as old as the Presidency; every new President enjoys a romance with the people and the press. But some Presidential honeymoons last longer than others. While it has been a refreshing and novel experience to have an attractive young couple, with a charming daughter, in the White House, not even the luck of the Irish will sustain the Kennedy honeymoon much longer. Mutterings can already be heard off-stage. For example, Senator Clifford Case, a spoilsport, has suggested that the President should stop calling "wolf! wolf!" and tell the people in plain terms what sacrifices he is going to expect them to make.

It is all very well for the 500 or 1,000 young Americans who will eventually be selected for the Peace Corps to serve as temporary stand-ins for the rest of us; but is their "sacrifice" to be the full measure of our dedication? It is not even clear that the young Peace Corps volunteers are going to make much of a sacrifice; already there is talk of "pin money" and something in the nature of "severance pay," not to mention food, clothing, shelter, medical care, travel expenses, etc.

Even some of the Democratic press is beginning to say that many of the President's proposals read, in cold print, very much like "warmed-over Eisenhower." The Latin American proposal was not made more breathtaking by the interpolation of a few Spanish phrases. *"Progreso Si, Tirania No!"* by all means, but we doubt that the President's speech stirred the pulse of the Bolivian miners much more than it did ours. His domestic farm program opens up no new "frontiers" on the problem of agricultural surpluses; it simply spells MORE. The remedies proposed for unemployment have little novelty or boldness about them. Of his ambassadorial appointments, only those to India and Japan qualify as "new frontiersmen" in diplomacy; the others are in the all-too-familiar mold of the past.

In the opinion of his more critical supporters, it looks as though the President, having enjoyed a two-month honeymoon, is about to begin the sobering return from Niagara Falls.

Experiment on Okinawa

Good-natured Americans, reading in their daily papers and weekly magazines that America desires nothing but peace everlasting, must shake their heads over the malevolence of the Chinese Reds. If these kindly Americans had access to the limited-circulation weeklies of the armament industries, they might find the heathen Reds less incomprehensible. The March 13 issue of *Missiles and Rockets*, for instance, contains a revealing story datelined Naha, Okinawa, by Frank G. McGuire, the propulsion expert of the paper. Titled "Mace-B Bases Readied on Okinawa," it tells of the decision to emplace nuclear weapons on the island—"a calculated risk of major international political repercussions, but these so far have not developed." Not so far.

The Mace-B is a late and much improved version of an air-breathing missile—essentially a pilotless aircraft. An earlier version, Matador, is based on Formosa and radio-controlled from a ground station in the Pescadores. The Chinese Reds have not taken Matador too seriously, since the range is limited and they could probably jam the radio transmitter. Mace-B is another matter. It has a range of 1,200 miles or more, a ceiling of over 40,000 feet, and a cruise speed of over 650 mph that becomes supersonic in the terminal dive on target. Still, with good gunnery it might be shot down. What it amounts to is that the missile provides a maximum of irritation with only mediocre potential against military targets. Against cities, however, it might be effective.

Since the peace-loving U.S. Air Force has heretofore been so cautious in bringing nuclear hardware to the Pacific, why this calculated risk at this time? There are several reasons. The Air Force loves the Navy's carriers about as much as the gas-heater salesmen love the oil-burner salesmen, or vice versa. But it has been impossible to base nuclear weapons on islands which are under active Japanese sovereignty: there would be riots. In Okinawa, Japanese sovereignty is "residual" and the Okinawa Japanese, while somewhat restive, are not as prone to smash windows and overturn cars as their countrymen to the north. Nevertheless, the Air Force has played down publicity on the bases as much as possible, for fear of stirring up trouble at the Japanese universities. The Mace-B installations still remain semi-secret; everybody knows about them, but nobody talks.

Off the record, however, the Air Force explains that it just had to have these Mace-B bases. With a 1,200-mile radius, they can theoretically drop nuclear bombs on all the major industrial centers of China, or even Soviet Vladivostok. Moreover, the Mace-B has all-inertial guidance—all the target-finding equipment is within the missile itself—and so it has a better chance of reaching the target. And by and by ballistic Thors, Polarises or Minutemen may take its place. The Air Force begins rather modestly, but it does not lack ambition. When the Chinese Reds begin foaming at the mouth the next time, everyone will see how unreasonable they are.

The Eastland Imprimatur

The John Birch Society (see *The Nation*, March 11) has now received the blessing of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, presided over by Senator James O. Eastland of Mississippi. In a form letter sent to inquirers, Senator Eastland says that the subcommittee cannot endorse any organization officially. He then proceeds to do it unofficially: "The John Birch Society . . . is known to be a conservative anti-Communist organization. . . . We are happy to state that it seems to be, from our records, a patriotic organization."

Since he comes from a state where the "conservative" white half of the population finds it both profitable and patriotic to sit on the disfranchised and disadvantaged Negro half, Senator Eastland's endorsement is quite in character. Not all conservatives, however, agree with him. Senator Milton R. Young of North Dakota probably considers himself a conservative, but he has been inserting in the *Congressional Record* newspaper stories highly critical of the society's activities. These include the series of five articles by Gene Blake which started in the *Los Angeles Times* on March 5. The society is there quoted as expecting 100,000 members by the end of 1961; its ultimate goal is a million. Robert Welch, the retired candy manufacturer who is the society's founder and the head of its hierarchy, has written that he believes Milton Eisenhower to be a Communist of thirty years' standing and the "superior and boss within the Communist Party" of Dwight Eisenhower. In his book, *The Politician*, from which Blake quotes at length, Welch also lists Chief Justice Earl Warren, the late Secretary of State John Foster Dulles and his brother Allen Dulles, head of the Central Intelligence Agency, as tools, at the very least, of the "Communist conspiracy." And, of course, Franklin D. Roosevelt and George Catlett Marshall were guilty of "plain unadulterated treason." Joe McCarthy may be moldering in his grave, but his soul goes marching on.

However, there is a wide spectrum of conservatism, as of liberalism, and what is food and drink for the strong men of the John Birch sodality is poison for conservatives farther to the left, if one may use the term in a strictly directional sense and without invidious intent. On March 12, on the front page of the *Los Angeles Times*, the publisher, Otis Chandler, denounced the "godless materialism and blood-soaked tyranny of the Communist conspiracy" but went at the John Birch Society with almost equal vehemence. The *Times* does not believe, he wrote, that the argument for conservatism can be won "by smearing as enemies and traitors those with whom we sometimes disagree. Subversion, whether of the Left or the Right, is still subversion." Senator Eastland doesn't even have to send for the *Los Angeles Times* for his lesson in patriotism; Senator Young will provide it for him in the *Congressional Record.*

The New *Newsweek*

In the nature of things political, *The Nation* does not dwell cheek by jowl with the great news weeklies, nor does it often agree with either their handling of the news or their editorial policies. One of *The Nation's* objections has been, in fact, that these Gargantuan enterprises, which profess to be news magazines, are not what they call themselves; they allow the publisher's views to permeate everything they print. Least at fault in this respect is *Newsweek*, which tells its readers what it thinks in a department disarmingly entitled "Signed Opinions." Now *Newsweek* has been sold to *The Washington Post*, one of the best edited and best managed newspapers in the country. It was Philip Leslie Graham, the son-in-law of the late Eugene Meyer, who made the *Post* an enlightened and profitable newspaper. Mr. Graham now has the chance to publish a weekly as honest, objective and incisive as his daily. *The Nation* wishes him every success.

THE FEDERAL HIGHWAY PROGRAM:

SUPER-GRAFT on SUPERHIGHWAYS . . *Stanley Meisler*

IN 1975, Americans will have 111 million cars, trucks and buses. To keep these wheels rolling, the federal government has embarked on the biggest public-works project in history, spending billions of dollars for 41,000 miles of superhighways crisscrossing the nation. Millions of this money already have been spilled over into waste, inefficiency and fraud.

There is nothing secret about this. Newspapers and Congress have uncovered scandal after scandal. But the revelations have not evoked the same indignation and outcries that scandals like the Dave Beck plunder of the Teamsters treasury have caused. Instead, much of the public has a boys-will-be-boys attitude about corrupt highways. When you spend 41 billion dollars in a public program, influential and impatient people say, you have to expect some tomfoolery, so let's get on with the show. Americans want their highways in a hurry.

"When you have a program of this magnitude," Rep. Gordon H. Scherer, (R.-Ohio), told the House last July 1, "you are bound to attract the chiselers and the grafters." Carl A. Carpenter, Assistant Chief of Physical Research for the Federal Bureau of Public Roads, questioned closely about deficiencies in a road inspected by state officials who had accepted secret payments from the contractor, offered a House subcommittee on December 13 this analysis: "If we have to face these slight deficiencies in jobs that we have, I think they may be a lot easier to live with than extensive deliberation in this

---

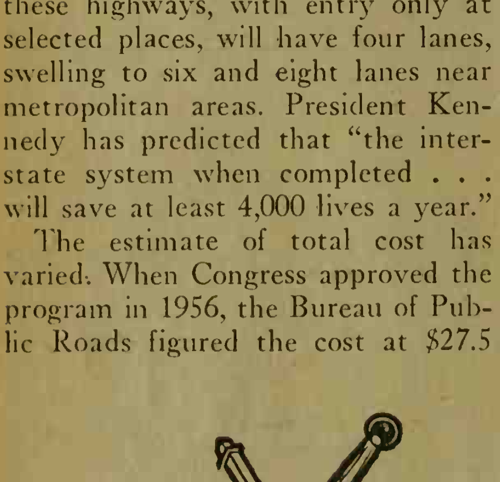
STANLEY MEISLER is a wire service newsman now stationed in Washington.

interstate program." What about the money lost by the taxpayer? "The taxpayer is the same person who is eagerly waiting for this job to get done. . . ." Carpenter replied. And Al C. Church, State Highway Engineer for the Florida State Road Department, dismissed deficient roads and paid-off inspectors by noting, "If the taxpayers never get a worse job than that, they are going to be mighty lucky."

These statements evolve from a national mood, a mood aptly summed up by Rep. John A. Blatnik, (D.-Minn.), who heads the House subcommittee investigating the highway scandals: "In the fourteen years I have been here, never has a multi-billion-dollar tax program and construction program had such overwhelming confidence and support, not only in Congress, but from taxpayers all over America."

Taxpayers are supporting the program because it promises to satisfy their hunger for cars and roads. If the program progresses, by 1972 superhighways will link 90 per cent of all cities with more than 50,000 population. A driver will be able to travel from coast to coast at sixty to seventy miles an hour without encountering a single stop sign, traffic light or railroad crossing. In the main, these highways, with entry only at selected places, will have four lanes, swelling to six and eight lanes near metropolitan areas. President Kennedy has predicted that "the interstate system when completed . . . will save at least 4,000 lives a year."

The estimate of total cost has varied. When Congress approved the program in 1956, the Bureau of Public Roads figured the cost at $27.5 billion; Congress, raising the federal gasoline tax, agreed to put up 90 per cent, the states paying the rest. Since then, however, the bureau has raised its estimate to nearly $41 billion, and a controversy is brewing in Congress over President Kennedy's proposals for levying taxes to meet the difference. In fact, some of the attempts to minimize the scandals stem from the fear of highway supporters that Congress, in disgust, will refuse to authorize enough money to complete the system by 1972.



HOW corrupt is the program? A veteran newsman has said that if an editor sent six reporters around the country digging up information, he could put half the country's state highway officials in jail. The statement is no doubt somewhat exaggerated. But Blatnik's subcommittee, in one of the fairest and most painstaking investigations of recent years, has quietly uncovered a depressing panorama of bumbling federal bureaucrats, bribe-taking highway engineers, chiseling contractors, fat-cat state commissioners and cracking roads in the federal superhighway system.

At its first hearings in February, 1960, the subcommittee unfolded a near-comic tale of bureaucratic ineptitude. The highway program had been sold to many Congressmen as a defense measure. The program officially is titled the *National System of Interstate and Defense Highways.* But truckers, assigned to cart missiles from California to Cape Canaveral, testified they almost never could move the Atlas and other huge weapons under the fourteen-foot clearances of the highway overpasses. Sometimes a driver would deflate the truck's tires and move the Atlas under a bridge inch by inch while traffic on the highway backed up for twenty miles. On other occasions, the truck simply took an alternate, roundabout route.

For years, the Department of Defense and the Bureau of Public Roads had been unable to clear through their labyrinthine channels an agreement on a minimum height for bridges and overpasses. One unit of the Department of Defense told the Bureau in 1957 that fourteen-foot bridges were fine, while another ordered the production of missiles that could not clear these bridges. In 1959, the Department and the Bureau decided to study the matter further. But, while more study was under way, the Bureau continued to approve bridges with only fourteen feet of clearance. Suddenly, on January 27, 1960, when Blatnik's investigators started probing the matter, the Bureau and the Department hurriedly reached a decision: all bridges and overpasses must have sixteen feet of clearance.

Since the start of the program, the Bureau of Public Roads had approved 2,259 bridges and overpasses on the fourteen-foot standard at a cost of $374 million. If the structures had had sixteen-foot clearances in the first place, the cost would have been only $18.7 million more. Reconstruction will cost $205.7 million — a clear waste of $187 million.

IN MAY, 1960, the subcommittee investigated construction of the thirteen-mile Skelly Bypass in Tulsa, Oklahoma, which had cost the federal government almost $6 million. After examination of the finished product, already starting to crack, the directors of a private engineering firm and private testing laboratory testified that the contractor evidently had billed the state for $524,689 worth of materials which he had never put into the road. Testimony revealed that the contractor and the state engineers and inspectors had covered up the shortage by submitting false testing samples, making fraudulent bookkeeping entries, using improper scales, padding bills, adjusting record books and ignoring state specifications. There was no evidence, however, that the contractor had bribed the state engineers and inspectors.

But the subcommittee did hear testimony linking the contractor, Layman & Sons, with a State Highway Commissioner. Lee Olen Downey, a partner in the D & G Construction Company, testified that Commissioner Tom H. Kight was a silent partner in D & G when the State Highway Commission awarded a contract to Layman & Sons for a section of the Skelly Bypass. Layman & Sons immediately subcontracted half the sodding work to D & G.

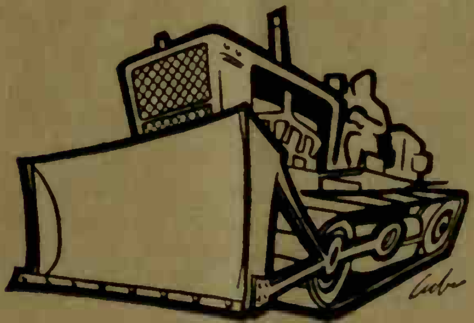
Federal inspectors never uncovered any of this fraud. Even after the Tulsa *Tribune*, in a November, 1959, editorial, "Is Uncle Sam on the Job?," questioned the worth of the road, the Bureau of Public Roads found nothing. Disturbed by the newspaper criticism, the Bureau ordered its regional inspector, Ralph Cecil Glover, to examine the bypass again. "No stone was left unturned in efforts to secure the highest type of performance from the contractor," Glover wrote in his report. ". . . While accusations have been made . . . [they] have not been substantiated to date. Those making the accusations can hardly be said to be competent to judge such matters." But Glover, following federal policy, simply had scrutinized the reports of the state laboratories and engineers — reports based on fake samples and fraudulent bookkeeping. He had not made a single attempt to test the road material himself.

Subcommittee counsel Walter R. May questioned Glover at the hearing:

> *Q.* Did you accept those reports at face value?
>
> *A.* Yes.
>
> *Q.* You did not ever go behind those reports to determine exactly what was happening?
>
> *A.* No.
>
> *Q.* Does the Bureau of Public Roads expect you to go behind those reports?
>
> *A.* No.

THE subcommittee turned to Florida in hearings last December. Testimony revealed that six contractors, who had handled Florida road contracts worth more than $70 million in the last four years, had distributed $54,000 to $75,000 in gifts to thirty-three Florida state highway engineers since 1956. These came in the form of secret cash payments, unrepaid loans, liquor, lumber, hunting licenses and bonuses for extra services. William L. Cobb, head of a large construction company, admitted he also gave gifts to state road officials in Georgia, Mississippi, Tennessee, North Carolina, South Carolina and Alabama.

Cobb told the Congressmen he deplored the practice and had ordered an end to it, but other contractors and state personnel professed to see little wrong with the gift-giving. Charles E. Bailes, Jr., general superintendent of Cone Brothers Contracting Company, said his firm had mailed state engineers secret payments of $25 a week to get "that little effort" the company needed to complete the job. "And I believe the payments helped," Bailes said. "I am obligated to my company to do the best job I possibly can. . . . As long as I didn't engage in anything that I thought, was faulty, I would employ many different things to get this accomplished." One after another, the state engineers denied they had done anything improper to please the gift-bearing contractors.



BUT the subcommittee heard evidence that indicated laxity, at least, on the part of some of these paid-off engineers in seeing that the contractor met specifications. H. C. Weathers, Florida's chief testing engineer, testified that he had found substandard material, poor workmanship and poor inspection on a $2.5 million strip of highway built by Cone Brothers near Tampa. Weathers said some of the deficiencies were serious. Rep. William C. Cramer (R.-Fla.), described the Howard Franklyn Bridge over Tampa Bay as rough and substandard. It had been built under the supervision of state engineer Joseph R. Maseda, Jr., who received $4,700 in four years from several contractors, including the Hardaway Contracting Company, which had built the bridge. "If this is the kind of bridge we're building in America then there is something wrong with our standards," Cramer said. In closing the hearing, Blatnik said he found "it difficult in the light of all the testimony to believe that the conditions prevailed without involvement of a *quid pro quo*, whatever its nature might have been."

In its latest hearings, which ended March 10, the subcommittee, again spotlighting Florida, discovered that the state had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars because of the slipshod way it got rid of houses and other property on rights-of-way it had acquired. In many cases, the state paid a contractor to dispose of a house, which he proceeded to sell at a neat profit. For example, one contractor, Paul Slusher of Maitland, testified the Florida Highway Department had paid him to clear a house on an Orlando right-of-way for $100. He then sold it for $24,500. Testimony revealed that the state paid $103,000 for the removal of structures in Miami when it might have sold the property for $372,500. The loss to the state: more than $475,000. In contrast to this sorry situation, Frank Balfour, former chief of the rights-of-way division of the California Highway Commission, testified his state had made a 6 per cent profit on the sale and rental of properties it had acquired on rights-of-way since 1956. At the close of the hearings, Blatnik cautioned all states to get every possible dollar out of the houses and properties on lands they acquire for highway construction.

DESPITE the muck it has uncovered, the subcommittee still has not reached the core of corruption. The most damaging fraud in the program involves the $7 billion the states will spend to acquire rights-of-way.

A consulting firm hired by the Federal Bureau of Public Roads has produced a 200-page report on land appraisals in Massachusetts. The report is still secret, but, in a series of articles last May, *The Boston Traveler* said that an unnamed state official had put pressure on land appraisers to issue false, inflated evaluations. The *Traveler* said the estimates appeared to be 25 to 50 per cent too high. The subcommittee has opened an office in Massachusetts and its next hearings probably will focus on that state. In the meantime, the Bureau has refused to reimburse the state for its rights-of-way purchases.

A scandal on right-of-way acquisitions also appears to be stirring in Florida. Last December 1, Al Rogero of the State Road Board admitted to a legislative committee that he was an unnamed partner in a group that had bought a tract of land in St. Petersburg which was later needed for a highway. Rogero testified that the group bought the land for $165,000 in 1956 and sold it for $240,000 a year later. Rogero's fee: $24,000. But the official denied any conflict of interest. "I simply have refused to build a wall around myself and stop the purchasing, selling and developing of properties simply because I was a member of the State Road Board," he testified.

The subcommittee has a host of other areas awaiting investigation: an evidently excessive use of expensive, private consultants by several states, including Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Maryland; monopoly practices by suppliers of highway material, particularly in the West; collusive price-fixing among contractors, such as the subcommittee noted in Oklahoma, where sodders met in secret before submitting bids to the state; the care of homeless persons who have been bulldozed out of the way by highways cutting through large metropolitan areas; and waste such as the General Accounting Office found in Nevada, where three interchanges were built on a three-mile stretch of highway to handle an average of eighty-nine cars a day.

IT IS NOT difficult to spot the reasons why the Interstate Highway Program reeks of corruption. In a recent interview, Blatnik, in his precise, articulate way, outlined the causes. First, he noted, State Highway Departments traditionally have been close to the governor's office. The departments have become centers for dispensing patronage and extending favors to contractors who contribute to the party treasury. Next, the states have poor recruitment policies and low salary scales. As Blatnik had pointed out in an earlier hearing, "You find some of these inspectors and even engineers working at a salary at which you couldn't hire a good file clerk here for the wages they are getting back there." To these men, a $25 cash payment, a loan, a turkey at Thanksgiving, a bottle of whiskey at Christmas, become formidable gifts. Finally, Blatnik said, there has been inadequate supervision both by the states and the federal government. In many cases, the states make no checkup at all. And, Blatnik emphasized, there has been "an utter failure by the Bureau of Public Roads to poke through the façade." The Bureau traditionally never disputes the word of the state.

Anyone attending the hearings can sense certain attitudes that supplement Blatnik's outline. An observer is struck, for example, by the corruptibility of small people: how simple it is for a man to participate in a system of bribery without a twinge of conscience or even a realization of his wrong. A business ethic also emerges from the testimony, a feeling by the contractor that anything goes so long as the job gets done and the profits pile up. When the ethic is questioned, the contractor reacts by despairing that Congressional investigators ever will understand the business world. This attitude evokes sympathy from highway bureaucrats, particularly state officials who like to feel that they understand the peculiar problems of the contractor and that this understanding allows them to wink when the contractor cuts corners to get the job done. An observer quickly senses that these state officials were totally unprepared to handle the billions of dollars suddenly put into their hands by the federal government. At the same time, a smugness, an almost lazy indulgence, is exhibited by federal bureaucrats as they talk vaguely of States' rights while justifying their refusal to interfere with the machinery of the state, no matter how lax or stupid or corrupt.

But, knowing the causes of the trouble does not lead automatically to finding a solution. The subcommittee has not made any legislative recommendations and evidently does not have immediate plans to do so, even though the staff has drafted a tentative report. Most likely there will emerge limited proposals for revision of the income-tax laws to discourage gift-giving and increased appropriations to the Bureau of Public Roads for more inspectors. No radical change in the program is expected.

Any such change would stir enormous complications. In view of all the corruption, one logical change would be to slow up the program, at least until the states clean house. But this would ignore two factors: that the Administration is using highway funds to stimulate the economy and that the country, no matter how much the critics of Detroit decry a culture on wheels, actually will need the roads in 1975.

AN EVEN more logical change suggests itself. If the states can't do a proper job, the federal government must wrest control of the highways from them. State officials recognize the validity of this threat to their power. At the annual meeting of the American Association of State Highway Officials last November 28, its president, David H. Stevens, warned: "If the states cannot satisfactorily demonstrate that they do have the ability to carry on the program in a proper manner, then the federal-state relationship will be further modified or eliminated. It will be a tragic day for the states if either should occur."

If Congress does hand control of the highways to the federal government, the day could be somewhat tragic. The highway program will have proven that federal aid really does eventually become federal control. And the proof will drop new weapons into the laps of the enemies of such needed spending programs as federal aid to education, who have always argued that federal aid leads to federal control. For this reason, liberal Congressmen, no matter how appalled at highway corruption, will not find it easy to vote control to the federal government.

These complications, however, do not mean that the country is powerless to eliminate corruption from the highway program. The subcommittee's hearings themselves have had some beneficial effect. State highway officials seem to have been attempting to tighten up the program on the state level, if only out of fear that Blatnik's subcommittee may strike them next. The American Association of State Highway Officials has revised its handbook to suggest ways of eliminating some of the abuses uncovered by Congress. And the Federal Bureau of Roads, smarting from the barrage of Congressional criticism, has taken steps to initiate some realistic inspection.

But the subcommittee continually faces two obstacles as it tries to carry the story of highway corruption to the public. One is an undertone of Republican disparagement based on fears that the Democratic-controlled subcommittee will use the scandals to embarrass Republicans. (But during the Eisenhower administration, the subcommittee investigated Democratic state highway boards with as much vigor as it investigated the Republican-administered Bureau of Public Roads.) A second obstacle involves news coverage. Newsmen in Washington have tended to treat the hearings as regional stories. In this way, stories about the Oklahoma hearings were filed mainly for Oklahoma newspapers. The same was true of the Florida hearings, which made headlines in Florida newspapers and almost nowhere else. The subcommittee must share the blame for this. Its hearings generally have focused on a specific bit of wrongdoing in a specific area, instead of spotlighting corruption in several areas at once. If, in its next hearings, the subcommittee would show how fraud has infested right-of-way acquisition in several states and would call a parade of witnesses from areas all over the country, the press would suddenly grasp the national implications of the highway scandals and treat them accordingly.

The end of highway corruption will be signaled when the American people begin to realize that there is nothing normal or playful about contractors, state officials and speculators stealing millions of dollars from the federal government. Public indignation may be a more effective weapon than legislation in the battle against highway corruption. And the time for public indignation has come.

COMMENTS ON THE HUAC VOTE BY

SIX CONGRESSMEN WHO VOTED NO

On March 1, by a vote of 412 to 6, the House approved the annual appropriation for the House Committee on Un-American Activities (HUAC). The Nation's *editors immediately telegraphed the following queries to the six who had voted against:*

1. Do the six No votes accurately and fairly reflect the extent of the opposition to the HUAC in the Congress, particularly in view of the Supreme Court's 5 to 4 decision in the Braden-Wilkinson case?

2. If the six votes are not a fair measure of Congressional opposition, how do you account for the fact that more of your colleagues did not join with you in voting No?

3. How would you estimate realistically the opposition in Congress? Assuming a secret ballot, or voice vote, what would be the extent of the No votes?

4. In your opinion, what could be done to create a climate of opinion in which more Congressmen might be willing to vote their private convictions on this issue? For example, what do you think the press might do in this connection?

All six Congressmen queried promptly responded. Their answers follow.

—Editors

James Roosevelt (D., Cal.)

The answer to questions 1 and 2 is a matter of degree. I believe there are many Congressmen (as shown in the *Congressional Record*) who have serious questions about HUAC which were not reflected in their vote.

As to question 3, I would have no way of assessing the vote if it were taken by secret ballot and therefore a guess would have no factual basis.

As to number 4, I think an all-out effort to reach people who are uninformed or not already committed to one side or the other — I believe these to be in the vast majority — should be made by way of TV debates and other means of mass communication.

William Fitts Ryan (D., N.Y.)

I do not believe the 412-6 vote was a fair reflection of the attitude of Congress. There are probably eighty to ninety other Congressmen privately opposed to the HUAC who would vote to cut its appropriation or to turn it into a Judiciary subcommittee, except for three factors: (a) fear of losing the next election because of the mass hysteria on the subject generated by the committee itself; (b) fear that their private immigration bills would not receive favorable consideration [Editor's Note: Rep. Francis E. Walter, D., Pa., chairman of the HUAC, is also a member of the Joint Committee on Immigration and Nationality Policy]; (c) fear of loss of patronage through the patronage committee.

If more federal officials took a stand in opposition to the HUAC, a more favorable climate of public opinion could be expected to develop. As for the press, it has generally been enlightened in this area. I cite the New York *Post*, *The New York Times*, New York *Herald Tribune*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *The Washington Post* and *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, as well as several liberal magazines, including *The Nation*.

Thomas L. Ashley (D., O.)

I'm afraid I can't think of a more accurate measure of opposition to a resolution than the number of No votes it receives on a roll-call vote, for this is the only test that counts. At the same time, there are often a number of reasons for supporting or opposing a resolution which blend together to produce a final decision. Certainly fear of taking a position which may be misunderstood can weigh heavily against voting on the basis of the merits of a particular bill or resolution.

Because public opinion is so directly responsible to newspapers and other media, this fear naturally is augmented by an unfriendly press. The only hope for eventual success of an unpopular position is in the determination of a minority, whether it be the press, various organizations or private individuals, to stay loose and stand fast.

Barratt O'Hara (D., Ill.)

For me to question the motivation of my colleagues who voted for the appropriation for the HUAC, or to suggest that a secret vote would have made any material difference, would be to deny that for which I wished my negative vote to stand: the right to think and to disagree. This right would perish if penalties of any nature, even the relatively mild one of withholding our respect, were placed on disagreement.

I think, however, that the very one-sided vote did not necessarily reflect the thinking of the House on the need of greater clarification of the authority of, and more clearly defined limitations to, the scope of inquiry of committees created by the Congress. The mere summoning in good faith of an innocent person before a Congressional investigative committee, the sessions of which are widely publicized, can operate to destroy his reputation, perhaps his livelihood. My colleagues are conscious of this danger, and I think in a calmer climate and on an occasion other than a vote on an appropriation for a committee already created, they would be inclined to support a code, applicable to all investigative committees, that would minimize if not remove the danger.

Edith Green (D., Ore.)

I don't think that the six votes cast against that resolution were an accurate expression of the sum total of disquiet felt in the House over some of the problems which the HUAC's activities pose. The debate on the floor demonstrates this feeling, as did the comments of a great many members off the floor.

The resolution did not go to the heart of the matter, which is the question of the competence of a committee of the House or, for that matter, the competence of the Congress as a whole, to define precisely and objectively the term "Americanism" or its opposite. I am sure that many of my colleagues who feel as I do, did not consider this particular resolution as an appropriate vehicle for the expression of their concern.

The creation of a climate of opinion in public life — not just in Congress — in which these questions can be discussed rationally is perhaps one of the most vital tasks before us. Individuals and organizations throughout the nation are making a business — a profitable one from all evidences — of playing upon the fears of patriotic Americans. Organizations and individuals of a radical right-wing nature are busy painting nightmare visions of an America whose courts, schools, churches and whole social structure are "in the Red network." These groups spew forth their hatred against liberals, moderates, even against authentic conservatives. Dwight D. Eisenhower himself has not been immune. . . .

I sincerely believe that these radicals of the Right not only prevent the development of a rational climate of opinion on this subject, but are themselves a clear and present danger to the Constitution, which they blasphemously claim to venerate. The right to dissent, the right to differ, the need to protect this right for those with whom we disagree as strongly as we protect it for ourselves —all these were taken for granted by the Founding Fathers. The attack upon this fundamental principle . . . is a serious threat to the future of free government in this country. It is becoming increasingly urgent that the press and responsible public figures focus public attention on these phenomena, to the end that the American people can again be reminded that their country's strength has come from the encouragement of liberty, not the enforcement of conformity.

Robert W. Kastenmeier (D., Wis.)

The vote on the HUAC appropriation, like that of any other Congressional vote, is not a true measure of the opposition or support for a proposition in terms of purely personal conviction. Many factors, including certain forms of pressure, however impersonal, enter into the process of casting a vote.

Of course, it is also obvious that a vote resolves an issue only in terms of black and white. The varying shades of gray — the reservations, the qualifications, the misgivings — rarely appear, unless a member takes the trouble to issue a statement in the *Record* as a concomitant to his vote.

Nor is it possible, in my opinion, to arrive at an accurate estimate of the opposition. The framing of the issue in terms of transfer of functions, abolition, appropriations or a code of fair practices, as well as its timing, were important in determining how individual votes were cast. While it is obvious that, at the present time, the HUAC enjoys the support of a heavy majority of the House, nevertheless many members hold serious reservations regarding the committee's setup and activities.

As to creating a climate of opinion which might affect the issue differently, I believe this cannot be achieved in the face of the basic insecurity caused by cold-war tensions and the threat of nuclear extinction as well as by the recession and racial unrest at home. If we proceed to solve these problems, as I hope and believe we shall with President Kennedy's leadership, then a climate supporting basic American civil liberties and dispelling fear and mistrust will ensue.

NEW LOGIC for the TEST BAN

by Anatol Rapoport

A DILEMMA is a problem involving a contradiction, an impasse or a conflict which cannot be resolved within the frame of reference in which the problem arose.

One way of reacting to a dilemma is to interpret it as a struggle for power, to take sides, and to see the meaning of life in the victory of one side over the other. This attitude dominates all doctrinaire thinking. In recent times, it has been especially crass in Communist philosophy and has given it its peculiar hysterical tone. Nathan Leites has called it "Who-whom?" thinking (a literal

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translation of a forceful Russian idiom meaning "Who will prevail over whom?").

Another way of dealing with dilemmas is by compromise, an outlook congenial to the eclectics and to the empirically oriented. It is reflected in the empiricist's attitude toward measurement: the "true" value of a measured quantity is taken as an average of several discrepant results of measurement. The British are generally viewed as the champions of this outlook. It has been pointed out that while both the English word *compromise* and the corresponding French word have two meanings, in English the predominant meaning is "accommodation"; in French, "disgrace." The Russified word *komprometirovat'* has only the pejorative meaning.

A third way of dealing with dilemmas is to ignore them. This is the way of the expert, who assumes responsibility in one problem-area at the price of being relieved of responsibility in all others. The expert thus automatically leans toward the state of mind in which a problem seems solvable only in terms of his specialty—in terms, essentially, of effective means to pursue given goals. He often ignores the side effects of his "solutions" and is most uncomfortable when the goals themselves are questioned, for that is precisely the situation when dilemmas cannot be ignored.

There are times when nothing but a struggle ending in a victory for one side can resolve the dilemma. I believe, for example, that the dilemma spawned by racist attitudes in an egalitarian-oriented society is of this type. There are important problems, however, including not only philosophical and scientific but also social, in which the goals are betrayed if thinking is short-circuited into a polarized struggle for supremacy.

The attitude of compromise, reflected in the meshes of stability-insuring checks and balances which characterize Anglo-Saxon political institutions, has much to recommend it. Typically, however, compromise is a symptom-treating remedy. There is no denying that symptoms must often be treated and treated quickly. The question to what extent we can afford to be preoccupied with makeshift solutions at the price of bypassing fundamental problems is itself one of the current dilemmas.

There are also circumstances when dilemmas must be ignored. When action is imperative, contemplation and analysis must wait. However, dilemmas have a way of recurring, often in different garb. Sooner or later they must be attended to.

These, then, are the predominant reactions to conflicts and dilemmas: a polarized struggle, a compromise and side-stepping the issue. Sometimes the resulting adjustments are effective in that they allow the business of living to go on: one fights, or one compromises, or one looks the other way. We all know how to do these things. But these solutions seem indeed pedestrian when compared with the brilliant resolutions of famous dilemmas posed by logical analysis. There is a lesson to be learned from these leaps into new regions of thought; so it is worthwhile to look at those bright pages of human history once more.

THE dilemmas referred to are the paradoxes upon which man has stumbled from time to time in the effort to understand the world and his own thinking about the world. Many of them stem from mathematics and logic. (It is noteworthy, however, that the earliest clearly formulated paradoxes were put forward by the Sophists and the Stoics, who were concerned primarily with moral philosophy rather than with natural philosophy or logic as such. Much later, in our own day of intricate experiments, Nature herself has posed the paradoxes.) Here is a representative list.

1. Pythagoras' Paradox. Although both the sides of a square and the diagonal clearly have determinate lengths, and although ratios of whole numbers are infinitely dense (between any two another can be found), yet there is no pair of whole numbers which are to each other as the side of a square is to its diagonal.

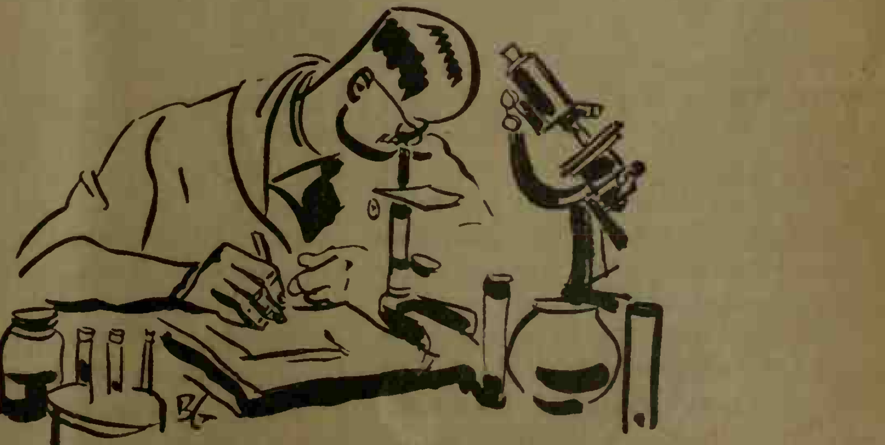
2. Zeno's Paradox. Although Achilles can run ten times faster than the Tortoise, he cannot eliminate the 100 stadia head start given to the Tortoise in a race, because when he has passed the 100 stadia, the Tortoise has advanced 10; when Achilles has passed the 10, the Tortoise has advanced 1, and so on *ad infinitum*.

3. The Liar's Paradox. Although any clearly formulated sensible statement must be either true or false and cannot be both, the statement "I am lying" must be true if it is false and false if it is true.

4. Berkeley's Paradox. Although Newton claims to have calculated an "instantaneous" speed of a particle, no possible meaning can be attached to the result, since speed is obtained by dividing an interval of distance traveled by the interval of time elapsed. But an instant has no duration, and therefore no distance was traveled during it, so that the ratio obtained is that of zero to zero, which is meaningless.

5. The Michelson-Morley Paradox. Although the earth is clearly moving through space, so that its speed ought to be compounded with the speed of a light signal sent in a given direction, no differences in the speed of light signals sent in any direction can be detected.

6. The Quantum Paradox. Although the motions of waves and of particles follow different laws, so that we ought to be able to determine whether light consists of waves



or of streams of particles, it turns out that in some experiments light behaves like waves and in others it behaves like particles.

These dilemmas at times gave rise to polarized controversies, at times to compromises, and at times were ignored. Every one of them—except possibly the Quantum Paradox, with which philosophers of science are still grappling—was finally resolved, but not until a fourth method of dealing with dilemmas was applied: *a critical re-examination of the modes of thought which had led to the dilemmas in the first place.* This fourth method of attack uses the dilemma as a springboard to new insights which mark man's strides toward maturity of thought.

This is best seen in the clear-cut dilemmas stemming from mathematics and logic. The Pythagoreans' first reaction toward the discovery of incommensurable quantities was to keep the discovery secret. Only two thousand years later, "irrationals" were accepted as respectable mathematical quantities (a compromise?). But the real dilemma—that the totality of ratios of whole numbers is infinitely dense and yet is riddled with gaps!—was resolved only after the nature of the mathematical continuum was grasped. The vital fact about this resolution is that *it became possible only when the conceptual framework of mathematics was enlarged.* The concept of infinite denseness (between any two fractions there is always a third) is simply insufficient for the concept of mathematical continuity.

Berkeley's dilemma requires even more sophisticated notions, which were not developed until the logical foundations of infinitesimal calculus were laid out as late as the nineteenth century.

THE paradoxes which ushered in twentieth-century physics challenged our intuitive notions even more radically. The difficulty in grasping the fundamental principle of relativity theory does not stem from unfamiliarity with advanced mathematics. The mathematics of the special theory of relativity is within the scope of high school algebra. The difficulty is in *getting rid of* a deeply ingrained conviction that we know what we mean by *the* length of an object or by *the* length of a time interval. These notions have a common-sense directness and therefore seem to possess absolute objectivity, just as the notions "up" and "down" seemed obviously definite before the nature of astronomical space became commonplace knowledge. The theory of relativity completely resolved the paradox revealed by the Michelson-Morley experiment. But it could do so only by abandoning what seemed irreducible and unassailable common-sense notions of space and time, notions which Kant had declared to be rooted in man's way of thinking.

To understand relativity, we must actually *suppress* these deep-seated notions, to dismiss categorically the questions which force themselves upon us, such as "But what is the *real* time interval between two given events?" This question makes sense in Newtonian metaphysics but not in the metaphysics of Einstein-Minkowski, which underlies relativity theory. If we ask the question, we shut the door upon ourselves, as it were, and remain trapped in the Newtonian framework, within which the Michelson-Morley Paradox remains unresolved.

The paradox-dissolving insight comes only to the thinker able to break out of a mode of thought which is usually so habitual as to preclude examination. The thinker has to "step outside," as it were, in order to lay bare the prejudices that have served as axioms. The Liar's Paradox is resolved when this principle of "stepping outside" is recognized explicitly. This paradox is the simplest of the so-called antilogies, which contain self-contradictions associated with statements that make assertions about themselves (like the statement "I am lying," i.e., "This statement is false."). The modern logician accordingly distinguishes between an *object language* and a *metalanguage*. In the latter, assertions are made about the object language. The metalanguage is outside the object language: one has "stepped outside" when one speaks it. The Liar's Paradox is the result of trying to speak both languages at once.

And how do matters stand with the dilemmas in our own day? Do we have one that offers an opportunity for a conceptual breakthrough? Yes, we do, and it has even been formalized, like the classical paradoxes of antiquity. I am referring to the now well-known dilemma discovered in the mathematical theory of games, the first large-scale, formal conceptualization of conflict among so-called rational opponents. This dilemma calls into question the clarity of the notion of self-interest. The situation can be cast into many different contexts. They are all logically equivalent, so any will do as an illustration.

TWO STATES, X and Y, having announced that they will refrain from conducting further tests of nuclear weapons, have a choice of alternatives: to resume the tests secretly or not. It is assumed that the tests will not be detected. Since each state can make its choice independently, there are four possible outcomes: (1) both resume tests; (2) neither resumes tests; (3) X only resumes; (4) Y only resumes. The situation is a two-person game if numerical preference values (utilities) are assigned by each state to each of the four outcomes. Suppose both assign the value —5 to (1) and the value +5 to (2), that is, both would prefer that neither resumed the tests. Since there is a supposed advantage in resuming the tests unilaterally, X assigns value +10 to (3) and —10 to (4); and, of course, Y assigns the reverse values to these two outcomes.

Taking these preferences as given, we see that it is to each state's interest to resume the tests, *no matter what the other does.* If the other has not resumed them, it makes sense to resume them to gain an edge; if the other has resumed them, it makes all the more sense to resume them also. Since it is advantageous to resume the tests in either case, it follows that a rational calculation of self-interest dictates to both states the resumption of tests. But if both resume them, both get a "payoff" of —5, whereas if they had not resumed them they would have gotten a "payoff" of +5. Clear self-interest has not led to the solution advantageous to each. The result casts doubt upon the rationality of "rational calculation." Hence the dilemma.

Now the theory of games is pursued by mathematicians, and their discipline does not inspire polarized commitments. Mathematicians do not, as a rule, engage in crusades. Nor are mathematicians accustomed to resolving dilemmas by compromise (to my knowledge, no one has suggested pronouncing the race between Achilles and the Tortoise a tie). But mathematicians have in the past side-stepped dilemmas. For example, Berkeley's dilemma was ignored throughout the eighteenth century by mathematicians who forged ahead developing the calculus without worrying about its foundations until the whole edifice threatened to collapse; only then did they rebuild the foundations and resolve the dilemma. Since that time, mathematicians have been taking mathematical dilemmas quite seriously. However, the Prisoner's Dilemma (as the game cited above is now called in game-theoretical literature) is not really a *mathematical* dilemma, but a *behavioral* one. The question is what to do: self-interest prescribes the resumption of tests, yet both sides prefer not to do so.

THIS particular dilemma has been side-stepped by game-theoreticians in several different ways. In Von Neumann and Morgenstern's treatment (*Theory of Games and Economic Behavior*), it is assumed that if two or more players stand to gain by merging their interests, this can always be done. In the game cited, obviously both players stand to gain by forming a coalition. Once a coalition is formed, the *joint* interest dictates the decision—namely, not to resume the tests.

This seems to be a satisfactory solution, but it does not meet the dilemma head on. It fails to prescribe for the case when a coalition is *not* possible, such as in the case under consideration, where each side is considering a *secret* renewal of the tests. In discussing a similar game (with communication between the players disallowed), Luce and Raiffa in their book (*Games and Decisions*) finally exclaim, "There ought to be a law against such games, and there frequently is!" This, of course, is also side-stepping the issue. Even less satisfactory is the view which prescribes (in the absence of communication) the solution arrived at by calculation of self-interest on purely strategic grounds, without regard to the discrepancy between what is achieved and what could be achieved. Such a view, applied to the case we are discussing, declares the expectation of a mutually satisfactory outcome unrealistic in the absence of a possibility of a pre-arrangement, and prescribes the renewal of tests.

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ALTHOUGH it leads to the least satisfactory "solution," the view just cited has the advantage of pinpointing the dilemma. As has already been suggested, there is no way to resolve a genuine dilemma within the conceptual framework in which it arose. The conception framework of game theory includes terms like utility, strategy, payoff, etc. It includes a definition of rationality as the pursuit of strategies and policies which yield the maximum expected gain within the constraints of a given situation. But it does not contain notions like "trust" or "solidarity." Thus game theory cannot prescribe the following independent line of reasoning to either X or Y: "Since we both stand to gain if neither of us resumes the tests and since the only way to achieve this outcome is to refrain from testing, trusting that the other will do the same, clearly this is the choice indicated." This prescription cannot be rationalized in terms of game-theoretical concepts, because game theory defines common interest only in the context of an explicit contractual arrangement (a coalition). Common interest in the sense of solidarity is beyond the scope of game-theoretical concepts, and so is trust.

From the strategic point of view, the decision not to resume testing is "irrational." It is based on a tacit assumption that the opponent will do what we will do, whereas no such dependency can be assumed. But the strategic recommendation, i.e., to resume testing, is obviously bad even though strategically irreproachable, because it leads to an outcome that is bad for both parties. The inescapable conclusion is that strategic thinking simply cannot cope with situations of the sort described. By its very nature, strategic thinking, even if it is "impartial," i.e., considers the interests of both sides, nevertheless considers the interests of *one side at a time* and so unavoidably leads to a conclusion disadvantageous to both.

It has been pointed out that the present unbearable international situation is the result of bungling and fumbling, of improvised postures and stereotyped reactions. The "voices of reason" increasingly heard today recommend for the most part a more expert and systematic exploitation of strategic thinking. We are told that brinkmanship is bad because there are more effective ways of using deterrents. We are told that we have been lulled into a sense of false security; that we must wake up and realize how formidable the enemy is and to take effective measures against his designs. We are told not to shrink from contemplating nuclear war but to look at it squarely and to prepare for it, much as reasonable, mature men prepare for disasters. All this is sound strategic advice. The trouble with it is that it is derived from reasoning hidebound within the framework of strategic thinking, which is irrelevant to the solution of our dilemma.

It is useless to point out to the strategists that their work makes sense only in a climate where it is permissible to hold entire populations as hostages and to wreak vengeance on evildoers by slaughtering their families. They shrug and reply that the climate is not of their making. *But it is.* And in casting the present impasse exclusively in strategic terms, they help to perpetuate the climate.

There is a way out, of course, for all concerned, and that is to abandon strategy and to turn attention to problems of living: how to feed the hungry, nurture the young, heal the sick, and enrich the meaning of existence. To turn to these problems means, in effect, to turn a deaf ear to the clamors of the strategists (just as they turn deaf ears to the actual needs of human beings).

The present governments of the United States and of the Soviet Union are not able to take this step, because they consist of people trained only in strategic thinking. These do not seem to be people who can make another of those "leaps" that have resolved the dilemmas of the past and have lifted man to a higher level of thinking.

In the past, when the leap was impossible, the result was simply that the resolution of the dilemma and the corresponding advance in thought were postponed. The failure of the ancient mathematicians to fathom the meaning of mathematical continuity may have delayed the invention of the calculus by two thousand years. The failure of political leaders to break out of the vise of strategic thinking is sure to have much more serious and irreversible consequences. What is required is a leap into another conception of rationality, analogous to passing into another conceptual framework, where questions which had made sense before now cease to make sense and must be suppressed while other questions come to the forefront. The new conception of rationality required is not unlike Kant's definition of moral choice, according to which one chooses the course that would be to one's advantage if everyone else also chose it.

The question, "But what if others do not choose it?" has no place in this framework. If we are to avoid slipping into the old way of thinking, which precludes the resolution of the dilemma, we should turn to questions of a different sort.

Mexico Looks at Castro

. . by *David L. Graham*

Mexico City

TO UNDERSTAND Mexico, ask about Cuba. Lighting up the political battlegrounds like a star shell, Cuba's revolution finds the majority of Mexicans looking extremely happy, a few morose, and others rather sheepish and embarrassed. Nothing in years has filled more editorial space, loosened so many tongues, or stirred more revolutionary hearts.

In defense of Cuba, ex-President Cárdenas, the great expropriator, a living Lincoln to millions of Mexicans, came down from the pedestal where, monumental, sphinx-like, he had stood aloof for so long, and plunged into the hurly-burly of press conferences, committee work and journalistic dogfights.

"To defend the sovereignty of Cuba," said Cárdenas, staring hard at the United States, "is to defend the sovereignty of Mexico" (*Siempre*, March 8, 1961). As President of the Latin American Conference for National Sovereignty, Economic Emancipation and Peace that has just furled its banners in Mexico City, Cárdenas was the chief mover in what was primarily a mobilization of opposition to United States intervention in Cuba.

Intervention is the bell that causes Latin Americans to froth at the mouth. They are against it anywhere and always, whatever the pretext. Any literate Mexican can cite some thirty times that the United States has forcibly intervened in one or the other of the Latin American republics. Castro, drumhead justice, communism itself — all fade and shrink when viewed through the indignation that intervention arouses.

Meanwhile, the Communists have been trying very hard to make Americanism synonymous with imperialism, which would double-lock the door on us, because anti-Americanism is not far from being the anti-Semitism of Latin America. A Mexican's best friends may be gringos; but except in a few very limited circles, it isn't healthy for him to brag about it, especially if he is a politician. Not unnaturally he is apt to harbor a deep, instinctive suspicion of Yankees anyway, the United States having once annexed more than half of Mexico, and suspects not without reason that his newspapers, his air waves and his whole national economy are infiltrated with North American influence.

THE spirit of nationalism is sweeping Latin America, of course, even as it has been sweeping the rest of the world. But the pride of nation, which Castro has helped fire up in Mexico, too, also results in ambivalent feelings toward Cuba. On the one hand, Mexico's old revolutionaries naturally warm to Cuba's revolution, a revolution directed, as theirs has been, toward land reform and the elimination of foreign financial domination. Yet many of these old revolutionaries, and some of the youngish ones, too, have grown rich and conservative in the national service. And what reasonable man would want to jeopardize Mexico's tremendous progress of recent years by aligning the nation with a reckless firebrand like Castro? Mexico is too far ahead, and Mexico is not Cuba. "Who's for Castro? Nobody," said an upper-class Mexican lady, "nobody who *has* anything."

It was a good answer. The haves, with individual exceptions, are naturally against Castro. But to the multitude, Castro is hope. Still frustrated in their search for a better life, perhaps by their very numbers, they are scarcely any better off than they were twenty years ago; the cost of living is up 700 per cent and wages have trailed. They have seen a small middle class prosper and fortunes made—big fortunes. Every six years, when the administration changes, a new generation of Cadillac-buyers rolls off the assembly line of politics.

DAVID L. GRAHAM, an American free-lance writer, spends many months of each year in Mexico.

With the Communist Party thundering that the Mexican Revolution has been betrayed and PAN, the rightist opposition party, screaming that the government is leading Mexico straight to communism, the Administration has been steering a course that involves neither support of Castro nor subservience to the United States.

MEXICO has probably never had a stronger President than Lopez Mateos. His suave Latin grace clothes a man of steel. Two years ago, when an illegal railway strike threatened to strangle the national economy, he rounded up the leaders by hundreds and threw them into concentration camps — *habeas corpus* is not a feature of Mexican law.

Yet this is the man who has already divided up more expropriated estates than any other President here. In addition, he has taken over the movie distribution monopoly and about 95 per cent of the light and power companies, and nationalized basic petrochemicals. The latest move of this sort was a law that will squeeze foreign capital out of the mining industry.

"We are of the extreme Left," Lopez Mateos explained, "the extreme Left within the Constitution." Which seems to mean an intensely nationalistic Left that will tolerate no non-government monopolies, least of all foreign ones, but a non-Marxian Left withal. Indeed, the intellectuals take pains to emphasize that the Mexican Revolution is a strictly Mexican product, owing nothing to Marx or to Russia.

Characteristic is the official policy toward Cuba. It is Leftist but realistic, undogmatic—non-Communist, in short. Mexico maintains friendly diplomatic relations with Castro, and permits no anti-Castro conspiracies on its soil. Nevertheless, official intercourse appears more correct than cordial, and Cubans now find it difficult to enter Mexico.

Politics aside, the Mexicans have a profound sympathy for the Cuban people in their struggle for a better life — *regardless* of the way they choose to attain it. This concept is strikingly absent from U.S. concern about a "Communist beachhead only ninety miles from our shores." The Mexicans ask: "Is Cuba a sovereign nation, or isn't it?"

In this context one can understand the remark of Sánchez Piedras, the Mexican Congressional leader, when he declared last July: "Mexico is on the side of Cuba." In the sense of sympathizing with its desperately struggling Latin American brothers, Mexico is very much with Cuba — despite the sentiments of the comparatively small upper and middle classes.

Nevertheless, the Mexican Government is far from throwing in its lot with Cuba. Personal sentiments and cultural solidarity notwithstanding, the fact is that Mexico cannot afford to alienate the United States — unless prepared to go the whole way, as Castro has done. America buys well over half of Mexico's exports, besides providing most of her imports, and supports the peso with special funds. "More and more the Mexican economy has made itself dependent on foreign credits and investments, above all American" (*Politica*, March 1, 1961). Border trade and tourist expenditures (overwhelmingly American) bring in sums totaling close to two-thirds of the national budget.

THE DEFICIT in Mexico's international commercial tranactions during 1960 would have been larger by nearly $30 million if Mr. Eisenhower's cancellation of Cuba's U.S. sugar quota had not enabled Mexico to sell a total of 400,437 tons in the preferential American market at a premium of roughly 2c a pound. For the first quarter of 1961 — Cuba being now out of the picture entirely—Mexico has been allotted a record 215,000 tons. Even if this rate is not maintained, she may still nearly double the 1960 bonanza.

In petroleum, the story though different is not without point. Despite enormous progress in its nationalized oil industry, Mexico is still a net importer (by value) of petroleum products. Her exports are heavy residual oils, which Cuba could have used. Last summer a prominent Mexican Senator declared that Mexico *should* furnish oil to Cuba. Since then, however, the United States has briskly stepped up its purchase of Mexican residuals.

But Mexico will not, in short, follow the lead of State Department hangers-on and sever relations with Cuba. Suavely but firmly, Lopez Mateos rejected the Eisenhower hint. Neither the general public, nor Mexico's intellectual leaders, would permit it. Cárdenas, though criticized for his pressure on the government for more support to Cuba, is still the apex of a huge pyramid of popular feeling. And even the influential, leftward-leaning nationalists who are disillusioned with Castro's crazy extremism, would never countenance any deviation from the present policy of solicitude for Cuba's people.

With growing anxiety and indignation Mexico has watched America's mounting campaign against Cuba: the slashing of the sugar quota, the embargo on the shipment of manufactured articles to Cuba, the severance of diplomatic relations, and now the plans for the elimination of all Cuban exports to the United States. To most Mexicans this is aggression, naked and indefensible, a violation of the Bogotá agreements and of the U.N. Charter.

A huge wave of anti-American feeling, mightier than that which flooded the hemisphere when Guatemala was "liberated," is poised above the United States. But Mexicans from Right to extreme Left expect great things of President Kennedy. He is the heir apparent to FDR, who forever endeared himself to Latin America by pulling the Marines out of Nicaragua and abrogating the humiliating Platt Amendment. The Good Neighbor Policy meant mutual respect; it didn't have to be sweetened with handouts.

Latin Americans, who are extremely sensitive to being pushed around *or* patronized by Uncle Sam, want trade concessions, not alms. Kennedy's ten-point program for the Americas is admirable in aim; the various governments can doubtless absorb the $500 million or any amount that Congress appropriates. But the key question, the acid test of America's intentions, is Cuba. And for the majority of Mexicans the case is clear—hands off!

BOOKS and the ARTS

How to Say 'God'

THE HISTORIC REALITY OF CHRISTIAN CULTURE. By Christopher Dawson. Harper and Brothers. 124 pp. $3.

RELIGION AND THE RISE OF SCEPTICISM. By Franklin L. Baumer. Harcourt, Brace and Company. 308 pp. $5.95.

RADICAL MONOTHEISM AND WESTERN CULTURE. By H. Richard Niebuhr. Harper and Brothers. 144 pp. $2.75.

Gabriel Vahanian

HOW to say "God" in modern English? This may be said to be the question that relates these three books to one another. Christopher Dawson approaches it by way of a historical appraisal of Christianity's role in shaping Western culture. Franklin L. Baumer does the same thing, except that historically he deals with the disestablishment or expropriation of Christianity as the leaven of Western culture. As for Richard Niebuhr, he tackles the problem theologically, wondering how one can today say "God" in politics and science *as well as* in religion. One cardinal difference between them is that, by contrast with Professor Dawson, Professor Niebuhr makes no appeal to the much-abused claim of a conflict between Christianity and secularism, while Professor Baumer prefers to speak of a conflict between, not the so-called secularism, but a definitely religious scepticism and Christianity. All of them, however, admit that Western culture has come to a turning point: Western man must make a choice; only, he does not know in the name of whom or of what he can afford to make the choice. While Mr. Niebuhr explains the nature of this choice, Mr. Dawson states which choice *should* be made, and Mr. Baumer shows which one *has already been* made. Having made these remarks, we shall now turn to each volume successively.

FIRST of all, it is clear that secularism is Professor Dawson's paramount *bête noire.* It represents man's fatal enemy today, and it was engendered by the modern period of Western culture, when a layman's culture was substituted for the ecclesiastical culture of the Middle Ages. For, the author contends, "the age of Saint Thomas and Dante is more central and universal" than the age of the Renaissance and Reformation, which inaugurated "the schism between religion and culture that results in secularism." Thus, secularism means Renaissance humanism and Protestantism. It also means totalitarianism as well as nationalism. And it means "the modern democratic state," especially because the latter "partakes of the nature of the Church." This happens when the state "acquires an educational monopoly" and thus becomes the educator and spiritual guide of its citizens. . . ." In short, in what he calls secularism, Mr. Dawson describes a godless and, *ipso facto*, retrogressive movement. By contrast, he upholds Christianity as a forward-looking religio-cultural factor, a factor of hope.

In this connection, Professor Dawson makes a statement which is disturbing — to put it as mildly as possible. The only hope for the future — Christianity — need not be a civilizing or humanitarian factor: "However barbarous a society may be, however backward in the modern humanitarian sense, if its members possess a genuine Christian faith they will possess a Christian culture." And yet in his view, Christian culture is the only "culture of hope." Meanwhile, the reader continues wondering at Mr. Dawson's final argument: "Hence it seems clear that the present state of the post-Christian world, which is no longer Christian but which retains a vague sympathy or sentimental attachment to Christian moral ideals, is essentially a temporary one." No less emphatically, we read that no other solution is now possible than a recovery of our Christian cultural tradition. In Mr. Dawson's words, the choice confronting modern man "is a choice between Christianity or nothing."

It is to this "nothing" that Professor Baumer has devoted the 308 pages of his book, a lucid and arduously documented book done without nostalgia or self-pity and without bigotry. Whether modern man will or even should return to the Christian tradition is not Mr. Baumer's problem. His question is: "Can 'modern man' accept such a possibility in view of the rise of scepticism during the last four hundred years?" And this question becomes even more seriously unavoidable when one realizes that, far from being irreligious, scepticism is merely the wrapping of a fundamentally religious inclination, of an unmistakably religious yearning. Indeed, under Mr. Baumer's analysis, before too long the *religious* character of scepticism manifests itself. The author shows what this character consists in and he succeeds in charting the course of the sceptical tradition which is distinctive of the modern period and has asserted itself as a compelling alternative to the other, the Christian tradition. Its history can be divided into four phases, which roughly correspond to the last four centuries. Its beginning lies in the mechanistic understanding of the universe and results in a plea for a reformation — not of the Christian tradition but of man's enduring, if at times subterranean, religious loyalty. As a matter of fact, the author contends, this loyalty has now shifted from the Christian God to a layman's God, from the revealed truth of the Christian tradition to the polymorphic truth of a self-reliant universe. The book ends with a description of this "layman's religion." What are its antecedents?

DOUBTLESS, scepticism is not a creation of Western culture. But this particular kind certainly is. It is born of — or shall we say, *with* the mechanistic conception of the world. Its symbol is the Strasbourg Clock, beautifully testifying to the creed of the nascent sceptical tradition. According to it, nature behaves like a machine, and God is the *deus ex machina.* But, oddly enough, the protagonists of this period are still Christians, while in the next period they are not. Besides, the period of the Strasbourg Clock is only a prelude to the first positive phase of scepticism.

The characteristic slogan—each phase is thus summed up by a slogan or a symbol — of this positive phase is Voltaire's "Crush the Infamous Thing," namely the Roman Catholic Church in France. Even in this respect, the Enlightenment was anti-Christian, even anti-everything, but it was not against religion. It was in the name of a broader religious faith that it opposed the rigidity of the Christian tradition. This phase, which coincides with the French

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A Late Afternoon in Western Minnesota

In this field,
Where the small animals ran from a brush fire,
It is a voice
In burned weeds, saying
I love you.

Still, when I go there,
I find only two gray stones,
And, lying between them,
A dead bird the color of slate.
It lies askew in its wings,
Its throat bent back as if at the height of some joy too great
To bear to give.

And the lights are going out
In a farmhouse, evening
Stands, in a gray frock, silent, at the far side
Of a raccoon's grave.

James Wright

Revolution, witnesses a dispossession of the ecclesiastical supremacy over Western culture. It claims that Christianity has failed as a social institution, even while it upholds Voltaire's challenge of the assumption that morality and learning depend upon Christianity. "Religion is what it does." And what it does by definition is not incompatible with reason. The worship of reason in Notre Dame Cathedral of Paris marks the triumph of deism as well as, on the negative side, the beginning of ethnolatry (religious nationalism) and the deification of man. And the execution of the French King is the political expression of the death of God.

The death of God is the symbol of the following phase. This is a broad symbol under which Professor Baumer reviews a host of alternatives advocated by the adversaries of Christianity. Some of these alternatives are agnosticism, historicism, the cult of Humanity, sociolatry, scientism and faith in culture. One thing they have in common is the disavowal of religious supernaturalism and its replacement by tangible realities and this-worldly goals or goods — one might have said, this-worldly gods. And what these gods have in common is that they each represent a different aspect of the human condition from ethics to artistic creativity by way of economics and technology, including Feuerbach, Marx, Nietzsche, Burckhardt and many others.

In the next century, which is ours, man has become aware not only of the death of God but also of the death of the nineteenth-century gods, like Progress and the Perfectibility of Man. But today man cannot simply return to the Christian God, even while he yearns for a god. Following Arthur Koestler, Professor Baumer calls this "the Age of Longing." Its chief characteristic is that man is his own question-mark, or to put it more concretely, man still is a religious animal. Though he cannot rely on the Christian transcendentals, he craves a religious understanding of existence. It is as if, aware of the death of God, man is now grieving about it. One alternative to such self-pity is what Professor Baumer calls the "layman's religion" to which we alluded earlier. This religion is a "layman's" in two ways: it is not ecclesiastical and it is not theological or based on revelation. It takes for granted the transition from a transcendental to a self-reliant, immanentist, view of the universe. It is pluralistic, even at times narcissistic. It seeks to believe in *something*. This belief in *something* represents obviously a repudiation of the One God of the Christian tradition. Is this all? It would seem so, at least on the basis of Professor Baumer's argument — and it is a convincing argument.

BUT Professor Niebuhr would probably interpret the will to believe in *something* quite differently. For him — and I hope I am not misinterpreting him — this will represents one of the "protests against the religions and ethics of closed societies, centering in little gods — or in little ideas of God." If (as Mr. Niebuhr's colleague at Yale University amply shows in his book) "pretension to deity is universal among men," it is no less true that man himself is the first to repudiate the result of such pretension. The struggle between this kind of pretension and its repudiation is thus seen as an instance of the radical monotheism which has shaped the institutions of the West as well as its intellectual and religious tradition.

Radical monotheism is the principle which is at stake in all the struggles of the Western world. What is that principle? It is the principle according to which that which is is good or that Being is God. Thus radical monotheism affirms that the principle of being is its value-center. More precisely, radical monotheism is a "*gift* of confidence in the principle of being itself," an "affirmation of the real" and finally, it is "loyalty — betrayed and reconstructed many times — to the universe of being." As such, radical monotheism is "a hope and a goal more than an achievement." And that is why Mr. Niebuhr interprets the contemporary situation in terms of a conflict, not between religion and culture, but between monotheism and "social henotheism," or ethnolatry, i.e., racial or political religiosity. This conflict today is going on within religion itself as well as within other cultural activities such as politics and science. "Radical monotheism is not a monopoly of religion or of the church. It serves them, as it serves other religious and cultural activities."

The second significant aspect of Mr. Niebuhr's understanding of radical mon-

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otheism concerns human nature. From this standpoint man is not seen as a rational animal. Rather, man is conceived, in Martin Buber's terminology, as a promise-making, promise-keeping, promise-breaking being, in a word as a man of faith. Existence is a revelatory event, a reciprocal demonstration of faithful, truthful beings, "a demonstration to selves of faithful, truthful being." Just as revelation is not a set of assertions, but an event in which such demonstration takes place, so also existence is not a description, be it mechanistic, physiological, biological or psychological and economic. Existence is loyalty to the principle of being, loyalty to the One God. Mr. Niebuhr does not think that the institutional, religious and cultural framework in which this loyalty is put to the test has been undermined by the recent corrosion or successive expropriations of the Christian tradition. Indeed, Mr. Niebuhr's thoughtful and sensitive essay is a significant contribution to such a thesis. It may be that Mr. Baumer's work is a premature obituary of the radical monotheism of the Christian cultural tradition. But Mr. Niebuhr himself admits: "it is very questionable . . . that anyone has ever yearned for radical faith in the One God." Indeed it is. And the modern world-view makes such yearning even more questionable, even more improbable.

'Deliver the Thing Itself'

FACT OF CRYSTAL. By Abbie Huston Evans. Harcourt, Brace and Co. 48 pp. $3.75.

Odell Shepard

THIS is Miss Evans' third book of poems. *Outcrop* appeared in 1928 and *The Bright North* ten years later. The present book—to judge from its acknowledgments to various periodicals, *The Nation* and *The New Yorker* among them—has been long on the way. One sees that this poet is highly self-critical, and resolved to give the world only what she has made entirely her own. In these volumes there is scarcely a word that might be changed without loss, and nowhere does one find a meretricious oddity meant to catch attention.

Being unique, Miss Evans is never tempted to be odd. The many poetic fads and fashions that have come and gone since she began to write have affected her not at all. Frequently her poems require — and reward — a number of careful perusals, but always she makes them as clear as their themes will allow. Deeply aware of life's complexities, she strives all the more on that account to be simple and direct. Quite evidently it is a matter of conscience with her not to increase or even to represent the world's confusion, but rather to "bring back some word of wordlessness . . . delimit space to fit the brain," and thus to impose upon chaos the mind's demand for order. "Make affirmation of what thing you know," she says, feeling that "this is the utmost man can do for man."

Such emphasis upon conscience and duty suggests, correctly, that Miss Evans is a New Englander by birth, breeding and tradition. Most of her active life has been spent in Philadelphia, but the single source of her poetic imagery is a small rural district near the coast of Maine where her maternal ancestors have farmed the land for several generations. Into that matrix she was poured, to use her own simile, like solder when it spills and then hardens.

Here it is interesting to recall that Edna St. Vincent Millay was born and reared in that same region, as the poems of her youth clearly show; but she was a prodigal daughter, lured away by fame, who never returned — fidelity being, by her own account, not one of her stronger points. Miss Evans, on the other hand, has been so faithful to her native soil, at least in her poems, that she might seem to be enacting the Yankee proverb: "Use it up; wear it out; make it do!"

"Faithful over few things," some might add, perhaps having in mind the remarkable unitary effect of her work as contrasted with Millay's variety, not to say miscellaneity, ranging all the long way from *Renascence* to *Conversation at Midnight*. The important question is, however, just what things, few or many, are involved.

In her Introduction to *Outcrop* Millay gave the impression that she thought of her friend and one-time neighbor as primarily a nature poet, and only last year Mr. Richard Wilbur, in presenting to Miss Evans the Loines Award for Poetry, placed her among those who wish "to say something *about nature*" [the italics are his]. But Miss Evans, as though foreseeing that remark, had already written: "Tell me not 'about'! Deliver the thing itself, its sting or nothing." And elsewhere, after a stanza expressing keen delight in the natural scene, she goes on:

> This feast of life, for all it is so good,
> Is but an alms, and mean.
> My hunger prowls afar, and stalks
> such food
> As eyes have never seen.

Even more to the purpose is this declaration:

> O bright configuration of this shore,
> Can you be outwardness? Hear me
> deny it
> With all my members. This is
> inwardness
> Past all I know: it storms the very
> centre.

In these passages, exceptionally abstract, the poet is speaking as a philosopher of the "Transcendental" persuasion. The "thing itself" — Kant's *ding an sich*—of which she wants the "sting" is clearly not any spatial object or temporal event but an inward experience to which the outward world contributes only the hint, the impulse, or, at most, the raw material. Now this deeper intent of her thought is sometimes obscured, though never quite concealed, by the exactitude of her observation. She has what Emily Dickinson called "the microscopic eye," and she uses it for the discovery of those minute idiosyncracies that differentiate every natural object — it may be only a starveling hand-high bush, suckled by granite, that manages to bear one core and a seed. Yet what is her motive, her perhaps unconscious purpose, in singling out that bush? Must it not be that she finds it congenial because it corroborates something that she knows, guesses, or vaguely feels already? When she sits down before a mountain, a rock, or a clover-head "as though it were a city to be taken" her purpose is not scientific, though she has much science, but transcendental. With Gerard Manley Hopkins and Duns Scotus she shares a conviction that the mind's way to the universal runs through the individual thing in its quintessential "thisness." Like Henry Thoreau, she has a profound respect for natural fact — not on its own account but for its power of flowering in a truth. Certainly she would agree with his pregnant remark: "a true account of the actual is the rarest poetry."

Yet there is nothing here to support Mr. Wilbur's assertion that "her subject is nature," and nothing to exclude her, as he tries to do, from that class of poets

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ODELL SHEPARD edited Thoreau's Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers *and* The Heart of Thoreau's Journals. *His life of Bronson Alcott,* Pedlar's Progress, *won a Pulitzer Prize.*

for whom "nature has become a set of symbols which they employ . . . in the presentation of their inner experience." Emphatically she belongs in that class, as Mr. Wilbur does also.

Among the 167 poems that Miss Evans has published in book form there is not one in which nature is dealt with for its own sake. To that statement the wonderful "Tree in Night Wind" of the present volume may seem an exception, but only because of the sheer virtuosity by which the tumult in the tree is conveyed as the metaphor of a passionate human experience. Even bolder in conception, more startling in method, both deeper and loftier in its plunge and soar, is the poem "Fact of Crystal" that gives its name to this book. Here the geological metaphor, which this poet has used or implied scores of times in earlier work, is given full sway. Only the "objective correlative" is stated. No "as-so" parallel like that in Longfellow's sonnet called "Nature" is drawn, so that if the poem has any parabolic intent it is not in the least obtruded. It can be read, therefore, and no doubt will be, on many levels of interpretation, though surely no one can fail to see that its forty lines are all but unimaginably vast in their temporal sweep. For one reader, at least, the poem is autobiographical. Its action begins with creation's morning and ends with the writing of the last line: "Here's most amorphous grappled into jewel."

A reviewer, perhaps no less than a poet, is morally bound to "make affirmation" of what thing he knows, and therefore it must be said here in good set terms that the poem "Fact of Crystal," for one of its readers, is a work of unquestionable grandeur, produced by a woman whom it is high time we recognized as a major poet of our day. That poem may be her masterpiece, but it does not stand alone. One finds it foreshadowed again and again in her earlier work, going back to the fiercely magnificent lines, born of agony, entitled "Will He Give Him a Stone?" The reply was "Yes," the stone was accepted as food, and "Fact of Crystal" is what has come of it.

Thus we find in Abbie Huston Evans' work as a whole a remarkable integrity. In a double sense, it may be called monolithic. This will become more apparent when some publisher brings all her work between two covers. Must we wait a hundred years, as we did for the definitive edition of Emily Dickinson?

Why Men Give Up

THE INFORMED HEART: Autonomy in a Mass Age. By Bruno Bettelheim. The Free Press. 309 pp. $5.

Stephen Zoll

An ANIMAL behaviorist has theorized that primitive man, in order to domesticate the dog, may have selected for breeding those members of the species that retained their puppyhood longest, and thus produced in time a beast of lifelong tractability. Enforced juvenility as a sophisticated political practice, with Nazi Germany as the field of study, is the subject of Bruno Bettelheim's *The Informed Heart*. Dr. Bettelheim is theoretical about the psychological consequences of the citizens' inability to make their own decisions, rather than historical about the decisions that were made for them, yet this is history in the sense that *Civilization and its Discontents* is history, or Marcuse's *Eros and Civilization*. Freud wrote of man suppressing his subconscious instincts in order to create society, Marcuse of society's repression of its members' conscious minds; now Bettelheim considers the easy possibility of the final step: man's destruction by his society. The three books parallel the complete history of wolf into cocker spaniel.

One question haunts the hard studies of Germany's recent past: How could it have happened? Dr. Bettelheim's answer is simple — those who are oppressed submit to precisely that power which they themselves have abdicated. But lest this seem simplistic, the author emphasizes the manifold ways of abdication and the opportunities open to us all. He offers a thoroughly examined distinction between the mass state and the total mass state: in the former the compromise of individual autonomy is seduced; in Nazi Germany it was coerced.

Why does a man give up? Dr. Bettelheim does not agree with the concept that after the Peace Treaty of 1919, the German citizen, since he no longer had anything left to lose, had nothing really to give up. He implies, rather, that Germans gave up faith and, feeling that they could not put their trust in God, misplaced it in their fellow man. The person who entrusts the regulation of his affairs to an external force becomes anxious because he has tacitly admitted an inability to act out his own convictions, affect his own changes, continue making his own free choices. This is the position of the child who is without influence on his environment — passive and vulnerable. Germans still had their adult lives to lose, and proceeded to do so. An attempt to retrieve lost pride, once the process had started, led them to place greater and greater pride in the state and its leaders, endowing them with greater and greater strength to be worthy of that pride. They granted Hitler shameful omnipotence in order to change their psychological crime of abdication into his political crime of usurpation.

THE German pack masters understood fully the debilitation of their subjects that resulted from what can only be called regression. Quite clearly, Dr. Bettelheim shows how consciously and cunningly refined were the means of subjugation toward the end of regression. Terror was employed not in random mali-

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STEPHEN ZOLL is an editor for a New York book publishing house.

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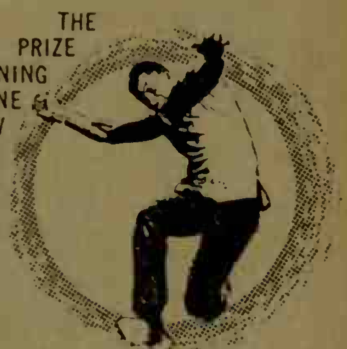

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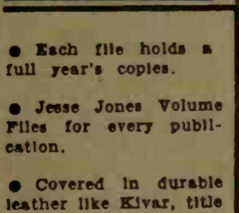

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cious acts, but as a program progessively developed to block all opportunities of individual self-assertion. After the outlawing of organized political opposition, unprotected individual dissidents were dealt the harshest punishment: death or internment in the camps. These initial arrests were followed by reprisals against individuals solely because of their membership in particular unwanted cultural or professional groups. Then the intimidation of the group itself — first by destruction of its leadership and later by removal of random members — was undertaken to wither the impulse of unity in any cause other than that of the state.

Children were encouraged to denounce unpatriotic parents and, however infrequently such denunciation occurred, the potential threat destroyed the home as a last redoubt of private autonomy. The guilt accompanying vindictive filial assertion, either accomplished or only fantasied, turned the action into a monstrous, self-defeating compliance with the inescapable will of the state. Even loyal followers of the party were terrorized and purged to impress the lesson that opinions — even orthodox ones — were dangerous, not of themselves, but purely because they were individually held.

Certain activities not prescribed by law, such as listening to foreign radio broadcasts, were nevertheless punished to force the citizen to guess what the state had in mind or expected next. And by guessing, the citizen came to identify with the state and helplessly absorbed its values. The savage limitation of personal initiative cornered each citizen into living passively without self-respect; or, if he chose to act, understanding that his life was forfeit. The result of extreme submission was extreme anxiety, and "the more energy it took to manage anxiety, the less inner energy remained for the courage to act. . . ."

DR. BETTELHEIM'S analysis of the psychological results of life in the camps and in the Fatherland occupy the last two-thirds of his book; the first third is a long introduction to the dangers of submission in our own material and permissive society — the seduction of autonomy. In a world contracting in suffocating spasms, decision making is hard and expressing choice and influencing fate may be as difficult as stepping into the same river twice. In the bewilderment of plenty, compliance is easy, appeasement advantageous, conformity attractive, success itself practically synonymous with compromise, and submission incalculably dangerous. The mad descent in capitulation to the complete power of the state, Dr. Bettelheim warns, has many stations. The warning is plainly historic: the healthiest man can be destroyed by the full weight of the determinedly repressive state; but even less than the full weight, especially when applied in assorted benevolent disguises, is a constant burden, the more destructive the less it is recognized. In a period of transition, the disruptive and repressive forces outweigh and outshrill the influences of stability. Twentieth-century man must learn how to accept technological munificence without feeling diminished by confused acquiescence — that is the meaning of a heart that is well informed.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE New York Philharmonic's spring series of concerts, "Keys to the Twentieth Century," has so far presented several works which are conceded to be staples of the modern repertory. This does not mean that one hears them very often. It means only that because of their importance one *should* hear them; that they are good enough to replace the large number of overripe potatoes from the Romantic and Classic repertories that bombard us year after year.

Whether they will ever do so is an open question. Even Leonard Bernstein, with all the force of his popular prestige to back him, must move rather carefully in programing contemporary music. He has been consummately skillful in handling this part of his job, but even so most of the twentieth-century works on Philharmonic programs seem new to audiences, not because they were recently composed, but because they have been so long neglected. To a listener who is really familiar with the music of our epoch even the Philharmonic programs, though admittedly the most liberal in the country, have a safe, conservative flavor about them. There are few surprises.

Someday, perhaps, when sufficient proselytizing and education have been done, our orchestras will arrive at a point where every program can contain, as a recent Philharmonic one did, one piece no more than ten years old; another no more than, say, forty-five; and one really first-rate (and not overplayed) work from an earlier period. That represents a healthy ratio of old to new. We must face the fact that in most American cities (even, disgracefully, in New York) there is only one, continuing symphonic institution. As a result, there are only so many available openings for compositions to appear. If all these are occupied by works from the long, historical past—or if even a majority are so occupied—our musical life is fossilized and sterile. It is only necessary to make a comparison with the world of painting to see what a great time-lag exists in music.

That every twentieth-century composition will not be a work of genius is beside the point. It took a great many performances and a great many years to establish most of the old masterpieces in their present position. If a balance such as I suggest were achieved, we could expect that new works would be only the most tentative candidates for immortality. The years would prove them, as the years always do, but in the process we would be building a repertory for the future instead of living off a repertory from the past.

ON THE ideal program to which I referred above, the works played were Pierre Boulez's *Improvisation sur Mallarmé, No. 2,* conducted in this, its first American performance, by Gregory Millar, one of the Philharmonic's three assistant conductors; Bartok's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta,* and Beethoven's *Piano Concerto No. 4,* both conducted by Leonard Bernstein. Glenn Gould was the soloist in the Beethoven concerto.

Pierre Boulez, who was thirty-six on March 25, is the most energetic spokesman for the present-day French *avant-garde.* His music tends, insofar as I know it, toward exoticism, an ultimate in color-saturation, and extreme fragmentation of textures. By simply listing the instruments used to accompany the soprano voice in the *Improvisation sur Mallarmé,* one can indicate the kind of palette he seems to prefer: piano, harp, celesta, bells, vibraphone and gong, plus a few dry-sounding, stick or rattle type instruments from the orchestral percussion section. The *Improvisation,* because of its rather intimate spirit, and the size of its ensemble, is really a chamber work.

The soprano part (gorgeously sung by Marni Nixon), which is supported by this diminutive group of ringing, tinkling instruments, is of the angular sort customarily associated with serial composition. Mallarmé's text, a sonnet called "*Une dentelle s'abolit,*" is stretched on a melodic line so full of swoops, flutters and shrieks that linguistic sense disappears. A word here and there can be understood; a phrase, never. At the same time, one gets the distinct impression that this major onslaught upon the poem's innards and outards has been accomplished without brutality; on the contrary, with the utmost delicacy and refinement of feeling.

I was not, however, impressed by Boulez's *Improvisation*. It seemed to take a long, labored and self-conscious walk around the block, only to end right back at Impressionism. It is hardly an achievement to draw bright and exotic color from a body of instruments which have nothing but color to offer. One would have to look beyond the coloristic surface of this music to know if it embodies anything else. For the most part, I don't think it does. Though the *Improvisation* is a pretty work, carefully composed and serious, it strikes me as being a little desperate—and more than a little dull.

BARTOK'S *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta* is a staple of the contemporary repertory which is probably familiar to more people through recordings than through concert performances. It is a first-rate piece—one of Bartok's most ingratiating—and if it is not a full-fledged masterpiece, it comes very close.

There is, however, something acoustically peculiar about it. Despite its great virtues of rhythmic energy, and structural and melodic beauty, the piece leaves a strange impression of adding up to less than the sum of its parts. Perhaps that is because it presents itself quite clearly neither as a chamber nor a symphonic work. Like a blanket, it falls softly on both sides of the fence. It may be, too, that conductors have not yet discovered solutions to certain of its built-in problems of acoustical balance, or that a definitive interpretive concept has not yet evolved. Whatever the reasons, I was both pleased and vaguely disappointed by the Philharmonic's presentation. The fast movements were exciting—as, indeed, they can hardly avoid being — but the slow sections sounded a little diffuse and lacking muscle.

FOR HIS performance of the Beethoven *Piano Concerto No. 4*, Glenn Gould deserved every hoarse decibel shouted from the balcony. Like the Soviet pianist, Richter, he is a phenomenon encountered seldom in any age. Every phrase he touches springs into life as if it were being created, spontaneously, on the spot. When he encounters a musical idea, he seems to pounce upon it with immense surprise and joy, and his projection carries the intellectual ecstasy that is the very core of music. Sometimes—though very seldom—he can violate the composer's style in his enthusiasm; in this performance, he did not. He played the Beethoven as if it had been written yesterday, and meant a great deal to us all. His tone was warmer than I have ever heard it; the sense of drama was immense. It was impossible not to feel excitement spreading through the orchestra and audience alike as it became clear, moment by moment, that a really remarkable performance was evolving.

I wish, though, that this young man would give up some of his distracting eccentricities—the off-pitch singing and groaning, the conducting with whatever hand happens to be free, the last-minute reaching for a handkerchief. If he wants to keep a glass of water on the piano, I don't mind. (Perhaps if he'll stop singing, his throat won't parch.) But it seems a pity that you have to close your eyes in order to listen. The sight of an open mouth, in profile, babbling out sixteenth notes, is unpleasant. And the more I witness these various platform quirks—which constantly evolve and change—the less I am inclined to believe that they are honest eccentricities, and the more I suspect them to be part of a consciously invented public manner.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MORE attention should have been paid to *Big Fish, Little Fish* (Anta Theatre) than seems to have been done. This is the first produced play by Hugh Wheeler, hitherto known for detective stories under the name of Peter Quentin. Mr. Wheeler can write, he has an observant eye and a sense of the theatre.

In *Big Fish, Little Fish*, Mr. Wheeler explores the no-man's land of the inglorious intelligentsia in New York's East Thirties. William Baker, the rather passive central figure, is a one-time college professor who might have become college president except for an unfortunate escapade with a girl whose father had been a campus big shot. Now Baker is sub-editor in a firm which publishes textbooks. Around him are Jimmie Luton, an art instructor of a girls' school, Basil Smythe, a retired bachelor publisher of no distinction, and an old-time schoolmate, Ronnie Johnson, now an author of best sellers. Baker also has a mistress, a married woman past the age of high attractiveness, and there are several other acquaintances who hang on to him because they are lonely and he offers a haven of sympathy and casual hospitality.

The art teacher is a screaming yet gentle queer who reads Dostoevsky obsessively just as he consoles himself with other cultural pursuits such as Philharmonic concerts and poetry readings at the Y.M.H.A. His attachment to Baker is possessive while remaining strictly platonic. The ex-publisher, who is thought to be wealthy, has no intimates but his cat and the bleak folk in Baker's apartment. The successful author steps in occasionally to see his old buddy, chiefly because Baker's apartment is close to Grand Central and he (Johnson) lives in the suburbs.

The play's plot is of slight consequence. Baker is momentarily and almost accidentally offered an opportunity to escape his sorry nest to become a well-paid translator with headquarters in Geneva. This may prove a re-emergence into the light of an active life. At first, Baker's friends act as if this contemplated step were a betrayal: he is their center, they need him. Then they accept the prospect of his departure. But the offer of the job falls through.

It is the meaning of this environment — its loneliness and spiritual threadbareness, representing a far greater number of people in our city than we realize —which supplies the play with substance. The writing is witty with a malicious edge that nevertheless manages to restrain itself this side of bitchiness. Actually it achieves a certain crepuscular tenderness, like New York in a rainy autumn dusk. Oh how sad is our city then in all the unsung ache of a people without horizon or even a proud consciousness of being forlorn.

The play's originality, apart from its literary distinction (only occasionally tipping into a facile smartness) lies in its revealing a milieu which despite its symbolic verisimilitude has never been recognizably portrayed on our stage: a sign that we are still far from having exhausted the realistic possibilities of our time and place.

EVERYONE in the cast — directed by John Gielgud — is excellent. Jason Robards, Jr. as Baker and Hume Cronyn as his comically anguished admirer are fine in long roles that are not at all easy. But as the ex-publisher, Martin Gabel who is rather off-type, being somewhat more continental in tone than is perhaps normal for this background, is truly brilliant, giving us a genuine characterization, composed of wheezy decay, absurdly selfish hostility and pathetic illness. Gabel's death scene is a graphically masterful sketch of physical breakdown. George Grizzard, fluent and light, acts the playboy writer Johnson with arresting suavity, but there is something wrong in his performance which may not be his fault.

The production, for all the quality of its acting, does not render the play's total atmosphere or significance. Each performance in itself and the interplay of the company is, as I have noted, first rate, yet the over-all mood of melancholy — the agony of vacant souls — is not present. The result is a comedy which is a bit too derisive — dryly superior in the *New Yorker* vein. This might have been remedied somewhat if we had been led to understand that Johnson, the slick writer played by Grizzard, is, for all his affability, deeply indifferent to Baker even though he tries to help him by cooking up the plan to get the job which is to be Baker's salvation. Johnson is the rich boy, full of slippery wisdom and smooth advice, who does not really share in his friend's dilemmas but stands in handsome safety outside them, making snap diagnoses. He is mainly concerned with his friends as subject of gossip and experiment. Generally the most intelligent of the play's characters, he is at bottom the most heartless, an image of the world outside in its trim efficiency and lack of warmth.

The end of the play makes little sense, since here Baker seems to exile Johnson from the circle of his friends, but Grizzard has done little to indicate in what way the character he is playing deserves such treatment. Moreover, a false note of "hope" is struck by having Baker decide to follow Johnson's suggestion and take a trip to Europe on a five-hundred-dollar bonus Baker has received for the trial translations he has done. There are also several tokens of textual tampering in the production, changes intended to render the play's characters more "sympathetic" — which in fact, make them less intelligible or meaningful.

Another weakness in the production is Ben Edward's setting. Edwards is a gifted designer, so his "mistake" must be ascribed to either the director or the author or both. For the setting is mercilessly shabby and ugly. It matters little that a person like Baker might actually live in such a run-down hole; none of the characters in the play is supposed to be penniless or wholly devoid of taste. The Murray Hill section of New York possesses a certain genteel charm even in poverty. The play's content — as distinct from its external "facts"—would be much more expressively communicated if the scene conveyed a frayed and hopeless grace with a shadowy glow in the lighting.

Still, in the dismal theatre season of 1960-61, this play and performance remain superior and definitely worth seeing.

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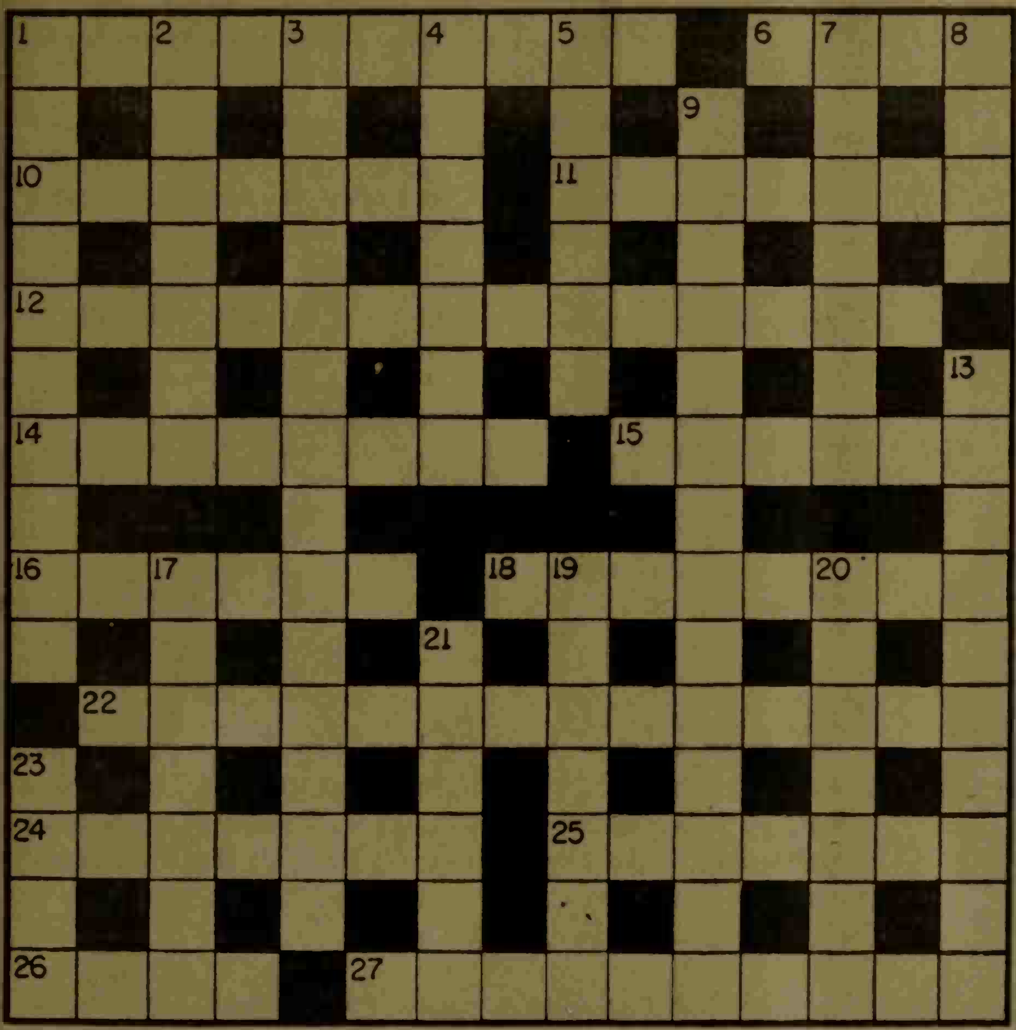
By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 He is cut up, I find, in elegant style. (10)
6 Like something added by adders, in a way. (4)
10 Not exactly a tune containing a measure of intelligence, but at least it's not new. (7)
11 It's harder to keep the row even without it. (7)
12 One of those political supporters at the nomination acting in the expected manner? (14)
14 Bloom boxes in fancy manner, with a powerful punch. (8)
15 A seaport in Zulu and Afrikaans and Portuguese as well. (6)
16 Everything to pull around is fat! (6)
18 Where we live with the sort of humor which is likely to be coarse. (8)
22 This implies a certain lack of inspiration. (14)
24 Macauley said Steele was one among the rakes. (7)
25 Cain or Abel? (7)
26 An actress who suggests regular payments? (4)
27 Those running part of the Vatican did a test on it. (10)

DOWN:

1 Free canape time? (10)
2 Proving tuna pie should smell good! (7)
3 Truly, it's a snub, only quite different. (14)
4 Descriptive of Keats' unheard melodies. (7)
5 As a start, is little work to do up part of an order. (6)
7 Affected by inflation, perhaps. (7)
8 The purpose of eastern beer? (4)
9 Flint deposits were found here. (8, 6)
13 Seeing rash results in what the dunner does in last resort? (10)
17 Evidently it's a twisted curl she rolls. (7)
19 A rope is twisted and in addition gets subjected to mathematical treatment. (7)
20 The way one might tell ahead of time that an aborigine is a radical at heart? (7)
21 Seraph who might guide one onward and upward. (6)
23 Not a new sort of 26! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 908

ACROSS: 1 Staffwork; 6 Sonic; 9 The Crab; 11 Pat; 12 Sutler; 13 Clan; 16 Physic; 18 Xerxes; 20 Multiple; 23 Apse; 25 Now; 28 Organic; 29 Appease; 30 Ensue; 31 Resurgent. DOWN: 1 Setup; 2 Alerted; 3 Fort Sumter; 4 Orbiting; 5 Kicked; 6 and 15 across Snap judgment; 7 Nibbles; 8 Chronicle; 14 White paper; 15 Juxtapose; 17 Numerals; 19 Resigns; 21 and 24 Pancake makeup; 22 Cancer; 26 Wrest; 27 and 10 Antechamber.

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LETTERS

Norman Thomas' Position

Dear Sirs: Barbara Deming's article, "The Ordeal of SANE" (issue of March 11), somehow obscured the vital issue. That is the absolute necessity in this country that any drive for disarmament with hope of success shall not be, or be thought to be, under Communist or near-Communist inspiration and control. This is and has been the conviction of the founders of SANE and its present directors, of whom I am one. . . .

I lived painfully through the years when Communists captured the committee concerned with aid to the Spanish Republic against Franco — to the great hurt of our cause. I shall never forget my shock when the Communist Party shifted in less than forty-eight hours to the support of the Hitler-Stalin alliance and disrupted any rudimentary united front. SANE can afford to give no opportunity for similar disasters.

Months before the intervention of the Dodd committee, when SANE began its rather rapid popular growth, we foresaw the danger to which I have referred; some of us saw evidences in certain cases of a pro-Communist double standard of judgment: one for Washington and another for Moscow. Therefore, the directors passed, I think unanimously, a resolution to the effect that, while we were in no position to screen individual members, we did not welcome Communists and would exclude them from policy-making positions. The matter was referred to the administrative committee for careful wording. Unfortunately, the staff and administrative committee found it difficult to agree on the wording; the matter dragged, but was by no means dropped or forgotten.

Then the Dodd committee intervened. In our public resolutions we stated our resentment of its intervention; we never asked or accepted any resignation on its order; we set up our own rules; we offered legal aid to those subpoenaed by the committee. But we still had to deal with our own problem as we have done, and we have not thought that we should be diverted from our primary business of seeking universal disarmament under a strengthened U.N. to fighting the Dodd committee.

This is a personal letter not officially written in behalf of SANE's board. But Mrs. Lenore Marshall has asked me to say that she approves of it. For the record she asks me to add the fact that SANE originated at a conference at her home with the present co-chairmen of the organization, Norman Cousins and Clarence Pickett. NORMAN THOMAS
New York City

P.S. Since I wrote the above, I have seen the Dodd report on his committee inquiry covering "Communist infiltration in the nuclear test-ban movement."

It reminds me of the old days of the Dies committee. It is particularly to be criticized for its gratuitous publication of a list of chairmen of all organizations connected with SANE.

Dear Sirs: I do sympathize with Norman Thomas' position, but it still seems to me a weak one. When he writes that any drive for disarmament that hopes for success "must not be, *or be thought to be* (my italics), under Communist or near-Communist inspiration and control"—in that "or be thought to be" lies all the tragic helplessness of his choice, to my mind. BARBARA DEMING
Wellfleet, Mass.

. . . And in Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs: I was the founder and first chairman of the Puerto Rican SANE. We had the world's most wonderful two honorary chairmen: Pablo Casals and Albert Schweitzer. The first public meeting on April 19, 1959, was a tremendous success. When the floor was opened to a general discussion, a Communist stood up. There are very few Communists here and they are no danger whatever. Yet, immediately I tried to stop him. Why? I felt that even one Communist interested in our goal would keep away the majority of potential members.

Subsequently, the Puerto Rican SANE died a silent death. . . . I know now that I was wrong. SANE exists to stop the nuclear threat of extinction, nothing else. Where the people come from who are willing to work for survival, should not matter. By excluding Communists, we did not achieve any growth of SANE. All we did was to enter SANE into the political field, where it does not belong. ANNOT JACOBI
San Juan, P.R.

Not 'Sponsors'

Dear Sirs: Prompted by a communication received from the Television Information Office of the National Association of Broadcasters, I am writing to correct a statement I made in my article, "The John Birch Society," which appeared in the March 11 *Nation*, to the effect that the society "sponsors" TV programs. The word should have been "recommends" or "endorses." As far as I know, the society has not paid for any of its programs; these are broadcast as part of the "public service" time required of all broadcasters by the Federal Communications Act. HANS ENGH
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Pardon — and Thanks

Dear Sirs: I would like to join the multitude who will undoubtedly write to inform you that the American revolutionary who went to Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution, along with Emma Goldman, was Bill Haywood, not Bill Hayward. (See *The Nation*, March 18, 1961.)

In spite of this error, *The Nation* continues to be the best and most consistent liberal voice in the United States.

ERNEST F. PATTERSON
Associate Professor
Davidson, N.C. Davidson College

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Kennedy Lays It on the Line

President Kennedy's special message on the military budget calls for an increase of some $2 billion over the Eisenhower estimates. This may give rise to dismay among liberals, especially those who read the headlines but not the message. The figures alone do not tell the story. At this juncture, a $35 billion military budget, in the wrong hands and based on the wrong policies, could plunge us into World War III more readily than a $45 billion budget in the right hands and based on the right policies. Still worse would be a lack of resolution in policy-making which would give a free hand to the war factions. In this respect the President has made his position clear: the strategists are to stop dreaming of preventive war. This particular insanity, which was gaining currency especially among the soldiers in mufti, is now out of the window, at least as far as the President is concerned. And that means as far as everybody is concerned, for the President has made it perfectly clear who is the boss. *He* is. The military are there to carry out the policies laid down for them, and with no more of the loud and loose talk which was licensed for everyone with a star or two in past years.

Mr. Kennedy has his faults, but equivocation is not one of them. In this matter of the encroachment of military on civilian authority, which has been so evident and so alarming, he could hardly be more emphatic. "Our arms," he says, "must be subject to ultimate civilian control and command at all times, in war as well as in peace. The basic decisions on our participation in any conflict and our response to any threat — including all decisions relating to the use of nuclear weapons, or the escalation of a small war into a large one — will be made by the regularly constituted civilian authorities." He and the Secretary of Defense have had the "earnest counsel" of senior military advisers "and many others," but "I have not delegated to anyone else the responsibilities for decisions which are imposed upon me by the Constitution." The Kremlin may read these statements with mixed feelings, but the men there will sense a step toward coherence and sanity which should be reassuring to them.

The military posture of the United States becomes specifically one of deterrence, both nuclear and non-nuclear. In the nuclear field, reliance will be placed mainly on solid-fuel missiles. Someone has apprised the President of the fact that the liquid-fueled and immensely complex Atlas and Titan are a poor reliance for deterrence; he has cut back the last two squadrons of Titans. He is trying to extend the life of the manned bomber, and to increase its deterrent power, by means of long-range, air-launched, ballistic missiles. He has taken several steps which *Nation* writers have advocated, redirecting the B-70 program toward civil air-transport application, and discontinuing the Pentagon's efforts to produce a nuclear-powered bomber which, if it ever flew at any useful speed — or indeed, flew at all — could be employed only as a weapon of aggression.

There is no progress toward disarmament in the President's message; armaments are increased. What has been accomplished is that the armaments are made less unsafe than they were. Further, the tone of the message indicates the possibility of steps toward disarmament. Mr. Kennedy notes that in the public position of both sides, "the determination to be strong has been coupled with announced willingness to negotiate. For our part, we know there can be dialectical truth in such a position, and we shall do all we can to prove it in action." It may be only a straw in the wind, but this President seems not only to know what "dialectical" means, but he is not afraid to use the word in a message to the Congress.

The Warning Forgotten

In his defense message, President Kennedy also touched on the necessity for making military spending serve military needs, not the needs of defense contractors, chambers of commerce, tavern proprietors, or Congressmen. He spoke of the importance of continually reviewing our nearly 7,000 military installations and inactivating those which had outlived their usefulness. He promised to make every practicable effort to alleviate hardship, but added that "it is difficult, with so many defense and other budgetary demands, to justify support of military installations, with high operating and payroll costs and property values, which are no longer required for the defense of the nation." He could have gone much further than that. The fact is that President Eisenhower's farewell address of January 17, in which he warned against the "unwarranted influence" of a "military-industrial complex," has already been shifted to the limbo of things best not thought of.

"Defense" covers every form of parasitism, from a billion dollars of missiles which should never have got off the drawing boards, to the diaper-cleaning establishment which would lose business if the soldiers who beget the babies who wear the diapers were moved elsewhere. The *Congressional Quarterly* recently collected some data on this nation-wide racket, carried on in the name of defense, which appeared in few newspapers and created no sensation whatever. The Nike-Zeus anti-missile system, which will soon reach the half-billion-dollar mark without the slightest assurance that it will ever knock down a hostile missile, must be promoted on an even larger scale for the sake of the Army, the Western Electric Company and sundry subcontractors. A $1 billion contract to design and build 100 jet cargo and troop-transport planes having been awarded to Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Lockheed's Marietta, Georgia, plant will hire another 2,000 men, but Congressmen all over the country are wailing for subcontracts for their localities. A bill authorizing $808 million in new military construction projects covers 790 installations in all fifty states. Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee happily assured the House that "there is something in this bill for everyone."

Santa Claus is a skinflint compared with the defense colossus, which makes Christmas of all 365 days of the year. Only a few government officials see any harm in this widespread and continuous bounty. "There is no question that the services and their contractors have an interest in maintaining a high degree of tension in the country," says a senior member of the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, but he sees no threat of misplaced power. A member of the House Armed Services Committee, on the other hand, says "There is a real danger that we may go the way of prewar Japan and Germany." A former Eisenhower associate speaks of the military-industrial complex as a "floating power" largely free of restraint.

President Kennedy seeks peace through strength and hopes eventually for gradual disarmament. But when armaments have become so popular, and so necessary to economic survival, how does he expect to take the first steps toward reduction of armaments, much less to continue when disarmament really begins to hurt? It is something for the President, and all responsible Americans, to think about long and hard. Dependence on armaments is the beam in America's eye and the rest of the world sees it, even if we don't.

Appearance and Reality

"Laos: At The Brink" was the opening headline of *Newsweek's* special section of April 3. "The test of wills was on," the text began. "It was a test not only of wills but of nerves. And it was taking place on the brink of the abyss that all men dreaded." *Time* saw the Laotian situation in much the same terms. Most of the news weeklies, most of the daily newspapers, most of radio, both audio and visual, pictured Kennedy and Khrushchev wrestling on the edge of the cliff, like characters in a Pearl White serial of a less sophisticated age. But the truth about Laos is that victory for the United States has become impossible and a drawn decision, if it is still attainable, could have been secured at far less expense a year ago. The fact is that a neutrally disposed Laos existed under Premier Souvanna Phouma in 1960 and was overthrown with American aid. It is also a fact that American military assistance to the Laotian Right far exceeds anything the Russians and Vietnamese have provided to the Laotian Left. Souvanna Phouma, who impressed most of the world as a level-headed and honest statesman, blames the United States, and in particular former Assistant Secretary of State James G. Parsons, for the present furore. Senator Fulbright, who surely knows his way around in foreign affairs, said a few days ago that the United States is paying for its mistakes in Laos, that the offers we are making now should have been made a year ago. It would be to the point for the press and radio to tell these things to the American people, rather than to depict the crisis as a sort of athletic contest.

Only a few commentators have told the harsh and inescapable truth — that Laos cannot be kept in the Western camp and only by the greatest of forbearance on the part of Khrushchev can it be kept out of the Communist camp. This forbearance will be exercised, naturally, only if Khrushchev thinks that thereby he may get a good trade in another quarter. Militarily, the American position in Laos is untenable; Khrushchev knows it, the generals on both sides know it, and Kennedy knows it. What the President is engaged in is a tactical retreat under cover of a show of American strength which may save face, but will not save Laos. The probable outcome is a long-drawn-out conference of the fourteen powers. In the end, something like the *status quo* of 1949 will be restored. In the meantime, the Marines will have had a nice ride.

The Nation Dissents

In California and elsewhere demands are voiced for an investigation of the John Birch Society by one or another of the various "un-American" investigatory bodies. By and large the demand comes from precisely those liberal publications and liberal spokesmen who, in the past, have been highly critical of the inquisitorial committees. While the outcry reflects an understandable irritation on the part of many liberals over the fact that the investigatory committees never seem to get around to probing the Ku Klux Klan, the White Citizens Councils or any Right-of-Center group, it is nevertheless one from which *The Nation* promptly and emphatically dissociates itself. In season and out, for two decades or more, we have said that these committees serve no useful or proper purpose; we meant it then, we mean it now. Better proof of this contention has never been offered than the splendid public response to the antics of the John Birch Society (which, by the way, we were among the first publications to reveal: see our March 11 issue). The society is not merely of the radical Right, it is of the idiot wing of the radical Right, than which there is nothing much sillier in the vast reaches of political absurdity. With a superb indifference to reality, its spokesmen have taken out after such "subversives" as Chief Justice Earl Warren, Senator Milton R. Young, Dwight D. Eisenhower and other somewhat similarly placed individuals. The predictable result has been a massive alignment of conservative opinion against the radical Right. At long last, the dander of the conservatives has been aroused and they are applying the birch to the Birchians with vigor and enthusiasm.

All this is a good omen. This is not to suggest that the John Birch Society and similar groups are not troublesome; they represent a form of irritation that is part of the price we must pay for the freedom sanctioned by the First Amendment. Of witchhunts we have had enough. Appearances to the contrary, the Congressional investigatory committees are nearing the end of their remarkable run in American politics; it would be bitterly ironic if they were to be given a new lease on life by their liberal critics. The problem with the HUAC, and all similar bodies, state or federal, is how to get rid of them, not how to provide them with more likely targets. The fact is, of course, that the committees represent a more serious threat to democracy than the combination of existing demagogueries, Left and Right.

COLLABORATION IN INJUSTICE

Case of the Extradited Patriot . .

by Fred J. Cook

ON THE morning of December 17, 1960, a short, slight man with piercing blue eyes was whisked out of a Connecticut jail and hustled aboard the Italian liner *Vulcania* bound for Italy. His name was Vincenzo Gallina, and hardly anyone in America outside of Connecticut has ever heard of him. But perhaps Americans, who in another generation became aroused about Sacco and Vanzetti, should be introduced to Vincenzo Gallina. For the issues posed in his case carry, like those in the earlier case, deeply disturbing implications.

Unlike Sacco and Vanzetti, Vincenzo Gallina is a native-born American. Like them, he discovered that the American judicial system contains no guarantee of justice for the lone indigent who crosses, and so has arrayed against him, all the massive power of government. Unlike Sacco and Vanzetti, Vincenzo Gallina does not face death in the electric chair; but for what can only be judged a series of minor offenses, and offenses at that of a political and patriotic nature, he faces a fate hardly less harsh — twenty-five years and eight months in prison.

Hustled in handcuffs aboard the *Vulcania* on this frigid winter morning, Vincenzo Gallina was overwhelmed by the prospect of a doom imposed upon him without a shadow of fair trial. He had been convicted in Italy *in absentia* for a series of robberies involving 33,500 lire (about $54), two pieces of bread and cheese, two pairs of pants, a pair of shoes, 9,500 kilograms of leather and a shotgun, and the appropriation, at gunpoint, of a mare.

Gallina had contended, during his extradition proceedings, that these offenses were committed while he was serving in a band of patriotic guerrillas whose object was the liberation of Sicily. He had insisted that the movement with which he was connected, at the time the acts were committed, had been encouraged by British and American military forces in World War II. A tremendous mass of potential evidence seems to corroborate his assertions; but in the America in which he was born, Vincenzo Gallina could find no court that would permit him to obtain the evidence essential to his defense, no court which would uphold America's tradition of refusing extradition for political offenses.

And so, on this bitter December morning, Gallina was spirited aboard the *Vulcania* with such secrecy that even his own attorney did not know what was happening until it happened. In Hartford, the attorney, George A. Athanson, had to bid farewell to his tragic client by sending a radiogram to the *Vulcania*. To this day Athanson does not know whether Gallina ever received it. For the *Vulcania* was already at sea; Vincenzo Gallina already was incom-

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FRED J. COOK, former crime reporter for a New York metropolitan daily, is the author of "The FBI," "The Shame of New York" and other Nation *specials.*

municado; and the Statue of Liberty already had sunk from sight below the western horizon.

THE STORY of Vincenzo Gallina begins in New York City, where he was born on March 27, 1927. When he was three years old, his parents returned to Italy and settled in the town of Resuttano in Sicily. Here Gallina grew up. From earliest boyhood, the conditions of his life were the harsh ones so familiar to the sun-baked, impoverished island that for generations had been little more than a looted dependency of Italy. Under the Fascist tyranny of Benito Mussolini, conditions had changed, if at all, for the worse. Sicily was dominated by a few huge land-owners, a few wealthy families; its resources were siphoned off to mainland Italy; the great mass of its people existed in a feudal poverty. Then came the cataclysm of World War II.

For Sicily, as for other areas of the world, the war offered the chance to shake off old shackles; independence loomed as a possible objective. In the turmoil of the times, *banditti* became ever more active and acquired an increasingly political complexion. Any warlike band that harassed Italian forces naturally became blood brothers of the Allies; and virtually all authorities now agree that the activities of such irregular forces were encouraged by Churchill and the American military high command, especially during the invasion of Sicily in the summer of 1943. When Allied troops entered Palermo, graphic evidence of the strong Separatist tide on the island was to be seen on every hand in legends scrawled on the walls. A favorite was this: "Long Live Sicily, the 49th State of the U.S."

As a teen-age boy, Vincenzo Gallina became a messenger and lookout for one of the partisan bands that caused Mussolini so much trouble. This group was led by Marcino Torrese, who eventually became affiliated with the most colorful Sicilian of the day, Salvatore Giuliano. Young, fierce, politically naive, Giuliano lived the role of a Robin Hood. Part bandit, part patriot, he kept Sicily in an uproar for years.

In 1945, a tremendous tide of events began to flow. The Allied armies that had swept over Sicily had gone on to press relentlessly up the spine of Italy. Mussolini, demoted to straw man for the Germans, tried to flee, was caught and hanged. War-torn Italy joined the Allies. And in Sicily there was virtually no government worthy of the name. Independence beckoned.

This, if ever, seemed the time to strike. Major land-owners in Sicily, industrialists in the seaport cities, some members of the Sicilian nobility and many prominent politicians joined the Separatist movement. The political leader was a man named Finnochario-Aprile; his principal deputy, Concetto Gallo. Their party was known as MIS (Movement for an Independent Sicily). The military arm was EVIS, the initials standing for Volunteer Army for Sicilian Independence. Peasants, students, adventurers of all complexions joined EVIS, and soon the troops numbered some 5,000 men. What they lacked was a leader. Into this gap stepped Salvatore Giuliano.

All the most credible sources agree that Giuliano and the political leaders of MIS held two conferences in the late summer of 1945. The truth about these conferences ultimately was to become of crucial importance to young Vincenzo Gallina, the lowly follower of Giuliano's lieutenant, Torrese. For his fate was to depend — or perhaps it would be more accurate to say it should have depended — on whether Giuliano was an outright outlaw, or the recognized leader of the forces of revolution. In the one case, Vincenzo Gallina would be judged and treated as a common thief; in the other, as a soldier acting under the instructions of a high command.

ACCORDINGLY, it becomes necessary to examine in detail Giuliano's status. The best authority is Gavin Maxwell, who spent three years gathering material on Giuliano and eight months in on-the-spot research in Sicily for his book *Bandit*. Maxwell concluded — and it should be stressed that other writers and contemporary journalistic sources such as *Newsweek* and *The New York Times* all agree — that Giuliano's two conferences with the political leaders of MIS resulted in his formal investiture with the rank of Colonel in EVIS. He was given a million lire for a war chest and was promised arms and uniforms. According to Maxwell, Giuliano was shown a letter, during the second conference, from an Italo-American colonel containing an assurance that aid would be forthcoming from America. This settled Giuliano's last doubt. He joined Aprile and Gallo, was made commander of EVIS in western Sicily, and was promised the dual post of Chief of Police and Minister of Justice once Sicily became free.

The promised arms were furnished Giuliano, along with the emblem of a Sicily at war — three human legs arranged much like a swastika. The "uniforms" were loose tunics, yellow on one side, red on the other, with the emblem sewn onto each breast. Morale was helped by the singing of anti-*carabinieri* songs, one composed by Giuliano himself, others by his mother.

THE AUTUMN of 1945 marked the turning point of the Sicilian rebellion. In late September, Gallo launched an uprising in eastern Sicily. It was speedily crushed. Both Gallo and Aprile were arrested; but, significantly, before Gallo himself was captured, he issued a proclamation calling Giuliano "the hero of Sicilian independence" and urging all Separatists to support him. Giuliano, left alone in the field, quickly proved himself a master of hit-and-run warfare. Dozens of police officers and soldiers were killed in this savage guerrilla fighting, and still Giuliano defied all the efforts of the Italian army to pin him down.

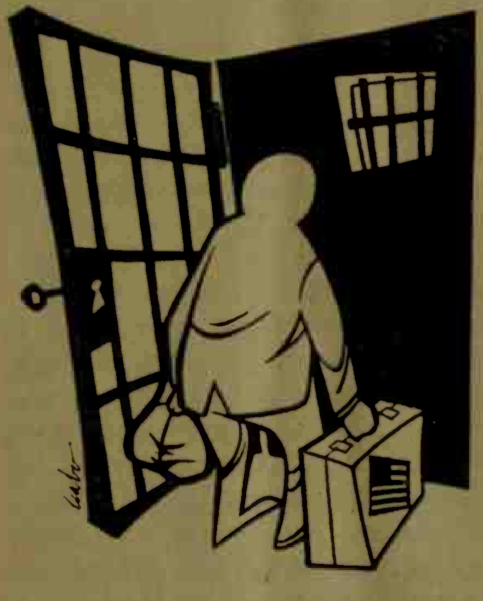
Colorful as his exploits were, however, he and his followers were doomed. The cards of international diplomacy were stacked against them. At an early session of the United Nations, Aprile had asked for recognition of the Sicilian Separatist movement, but his plea had fallen on deaf ears. Giuliano himself wrote President Truman, asking the loan of tanks and guns under the Marshall Plan; none were forthcoming. The Allies, who had been only too eager to encourage the Separatists in Sicily when they needed them, could hardly continue to back the independence movement once Italy had turned from active foe into active ally.

The political leaders of MIS were the first to sniff this change in the diplomatic atmosphere. Aprile, in prison, did much soul-searching and finally decided that all he had ever wanted was, not independence, but just greater home rule for Sicily. Gallo underwent a similar conversion. And in 1947 the Italian Government cut the ground out from under the Separatists by granting Sicily regional autonomy and offering amnesty to the political leaders. But those in arms — Giuliano and followers of his like Vincenzo Gallina — were regarded as vicious outlaws. Commenting on the desertion of his political partners in rebellion, Giuliano remarked bitterly: "They promised me freedom, and I turned free men into bandits."

Giuliano remained the lone focal point of Sicilian resistance. He formed his own "Movement for the Annexation of Sicily to the American Confederation." He was such a national hero that, in the elections of 1947 and 1948, politicians of all complexions sought his support; they made him all kinds of promises that were never kept; and in Rome it was no secret that more than one deputy, more than one senator, many distinguished citizens, owed debts to Giuliano. This put an even higher price on Giuliano's head. He recognized the situation, saying: "Not many people would be glad to see me taken alive. Only the dead do not speak." In 1950, Italian troops finally cornered Giuliano—and made certain he did not speak.

SUCH IS the background of the case of Vincenzo Gallina. It is significant that the crimes for which he was convicted *in absentia* were committed during the very period that Giuliano's movement was at its patriotic height. The first series of thefts — the money, the bread and cheese, the pants, shoes, leather and shotgun — were committed in October, 1945, at a time when Giuliano was organizing his first uprising. The theft of the mare at gunpoint, with the infliction of some bodily injuries on its owner, took place in March, 1946. Gallina himself later testified that he committed these robberies on the orders of Torrese, Giuliano's deputy, and that he turned the loot over to Torrese to help equip and maintain the revolutionary army.

After the collapse of Giuliano's movement, Gallina hid out with Torrese in the Madonie mountain chain. It was during this period that he was tried *in absentia* in Italian courts. In one trial, three of his comrades who had been captured were convicted and packed off to prison; in another, Gallina was represented by a court-assigned lawyer, but he was not present to give testimony or call witnesses. Doubtless, it would have made no difference. Conviction of an admitted rebel-in-arms would have been almost automatic, and the severity of the fate that befell some of Gallina's comrades speaks graphically for itself. Several quickly died in prison, and Gavin Maxwell cites evidence to indicate that they were poisoned.



Gallina himself remained in Sicily until 1955. Then he stowed away on a steamship and returned to America. He went to Hartford, Conn., and there obtained a job as a bus boy at the Hotel Statler. He was working there in April, 1958, when U.S. Immigration agents, making a routine check of hotel kitchens, swept him up. Gallina was kept in custody while his background was being investigated. The discovery that he had been born in America barred Immigration from deporting him, but the check also disclosed that he was wanted in Italy to serve a twenty-five-year prison term. Italy applied for his extradition.

NOW began a long legal battle in which Gallina was to be a more than usually helpless pawn. He spoke only broken English. He was too inarticulate to dramatize his plight as a Vanzetti might have done. He was destitute alike of money, friends and influence. He had no attorney and no opportunity of obtaining one. Court-appointed counsels receive no fees in such cases, no funds even for expenses, and several lawyers turned down the thankless task of representing him before George Athanson finally agreed to take the case. Even Athanson might have refused had he known what was in store — a two-and-a-half-year legal battle that would be carried to the doors of the U.S. Supreme Court and that would require hundreds of hours of his own time and hundreds of dollars of his own money.

The first step in the extradition proceedings was a hearing before U.S. Commissioner Benedict M. Holden, Jr. Athanson fought the extradition on several legal grounds. He argued that, when Italy went to war with the United States in World War II, all treaties between the two countries, including the extradition treaty of 1868, were wiped out. Therefore no extradition requirement was in force at the time Gallina committed the acts with which he was charged; it was not until 1947 that the United States and Italy agreed to re-institute it. Athanson argued that the treaty could not be applied retroactively to the war-torn period, with its special trials and stresses.

Even more important were two additional points made by Athanson. Gallina, he pointed out, was an American citizen; he had been convicted *in absentia*, without what Americans would consider a fair trial; and if he were sent back to Italy, he would not be given a fair trial, but would be packed off to prison in denial of this basic right. Furthermore, argued Athanson, the crimes Gallina had committed were political in nature, and well-established American precedent held that even aliens could not be deported for such activities.

ITALY contended that Giuliano had been just a bandit, and so Gallina had been only a bandit. To show this, attorneys for the Italian Government relied almost entirely on the testimony of Joseph P. Russo, a former Hartford reporter who had served with the Office of Strategic Services in Sicily in World War II. Russo acknowledged that the Sicilian Separatist movement had been political, but he insisted that Giuliano had not been a part of it, that Giuliano had used it merely "as a cloak for his own nefarious activities." Russo declared that he had conferred with Sicilian Separatist leaders in 1945, but had never heard of Giuliano's being connected with them. Speaking of Gallina, the former OSS agent said: "He was a thief — let's face it."

On cross-examination, Athanson showed that Russo's knowledge of events in Sicily was far from definitive. For one thing, the former OSS agent had left the island in July, 1945, months before the major uprisings. Russo admitted that he had heard later some vague report about a revolt in the eastern part of the island that took place in October, 1945, but he didn't know Gallo had headed it. He wasn't aware that Giuliano had met with Separatist leaders or that Giuliano had been formally named a Colonel in EVIS, facts attested to by virtually every reporter covering the Sicilian revolution. Nor did Russo know who started or headed MASCA, Giuliano's own "Movement for the Annexation of Sicily to the American Confederation." Even more significant, it would seem, was Russo's admission that he personally had received a letter from Giuliano, similar to the one the Sicilian chieftain had sent to President Truman asking American aid. But Russo dismissed this by contending Giuliano was a "maniac" whose political significance existed only in his own imagination.

In the light of this far from perfect testimony, it would seem that Gallina should have been given every opportunity to present a full defense on this vital issue, but he was not. Proof of the political orientation of the Giuliano movement was especially important to Gallina since, from the first, he had admitted committing the thefts charged against him by the Italians. His justification fro mthe outset was that he and Torrese, his immediate superior, had belonged to the Separatist movement. At a preliminary hearing, Italian officials had told Hartford reporters that Gallina had been connected with Giuliano, and throughout the final hearing, counsel for the Italian Government tacitly accepted Gallina's contention by the manner in which they questioned him on cross-examination. "When did you join the Separatist movement?" But more than this was needed to prove Gallina's contention.

Athanson strove desperately to get proof by bringing witnesses from Europe. Eleanor Clark, an American writer living in Rome, had stated in her book, *Rome and a Villa*, that Giuliano's "first moves . . . were not criminal in the Chicago sense, but political." Michael Stern, a former New York newspaper man living in Italy, had gone to Sicily and personally interviewed Giuliano for his book, *No Innocence Abroad*. He had described his parting from Giuliano in these words: "In his left pocket he carried hand grenades, in his right an order of the day, still unissued, setting up Sicily as an independent republic. Robin Hood had turned politician." In a letter to Athanson, Stern repeated his statement that Giuliano was politically motivated. Gavin Maxwell also sent an affidavit in which he said that it was his "considered opinion that the Giuliano movement was essentially a political rebellion sponsored at first by Anglo-American interests and influence that was only withdrawn when the mainland of Italy became the ally of Great Britain and America, but that this movement was subsequently fostered and activated by internal political interests." Neither the letter from Stern nor the affidavit from Maxwell was acceptable legal evidence in court, however. What Athanson needed was an order permitting him to bring these witnesses from Europe, and this, he argued, since the burden of proof was upon Italy, would have to be done at Italy's expense.

His request was denied. Commissioner Holden ruled there was nothing to indicate that Miss Clark, Stern or Maxwell had any knowledge of Gallina, or could connect him with either Torrese or Giuliano. Thus the decision ignored the very point that the Italian prosecutors had virtually conceded — that such a connection existed. Moreover, it was clear that the nature of Giuliano's movement was the core of the case. The commissioner simply rejected all of Athanson's contentions and ordered Gallina extradited. Athanson then began a round of appeals that were not to end until the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review.

IN THE meantime, as the long months dragged by, Gallina remained in prison. Athanson applied for his release on bail — for which there was ample precedent — but this was denied. For two years, Gallina was imprisoned in the Hartford State Jail — the longest time ever spent by a prisoner in that institution. From Hartford, because authorities feared he might be getting too "jail-wise," Gallina was moved to the New Haven State Jail. Here his situation was one of abject misery.

"The New Haven State Jail is a disgrace," Athanson says. "Once when visiting him I had to fight off bats. He was in an 8′ x 4′ cell with buckets as toilet facilities. He went on a five-day hunger strike and refused to talk to anyone, so depressed had he become by these conditions. He kept repeating to me his astonishment at how he, an American citizen, was being treated like this under the circumstances of his case; that, if he returned to Italy, he would suffer the fate of his *compadres* who were poisoned while serving their sentences."

On May 5, 1960, Athanson's key appeal, to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second District, was rejected. Judicial precedent dictates that a U.S. Commissioner shall not be overruled in extradition cases unless it can be shown that his decision was "palpably erroneous." Failing to find such palpable error in this instance, the Court of Appeals nevertheless wrote a curiously ambivalent decision that has since drawn critical fire from such professionally esteemed publications as the *Harvard Law Record* and the *Columbia Law Review*.

THE ESSENCE of the court's decision lay in its finding that while the judiciary has no power over the terms of extradition, perhaps it should and could have. The court wrote that it had discovered

> . . . no case authorizing a federal court, in a habeas corpus proceeding challenging extradition from the United States to a foreign nation, to inquire into the procedures which await the relator upon extradition. . . . The authority that does exist points clearly to the proposition that the conditions under which a fugitive is to be surrendered to a foreign country are to be determined solely by the non-judicial branches of the Government.

Having said this, the court then exhibited curious qualms:

> Nevertheless, we confess to some disquiet at this result. We can imagine situations where the relator, upon extradition, would be subject to procedures or punishment so antipathetic to a federal court's sense of decency as to require re-examination of the principle set out above.

Only, said the court, this wasn't such a case.

The decision, then, turned upon the narrowest legal considerations as divorced from more fundamental issues of justice. Even so, the court found enough in the Gallina case to cause it a vague "disquiet." Commenting on its decision, the *Harvard Law Record* found that the court had made "new law" by asserting flatly that the circumstances of extradition *must* lie *solely* with the non-judicial branches of government. While the Executive Branch has the sole power to enforce treaties and extradition falls under its treaty functions, the *Law Record* declared flatly that "no case has ever before held that a federal court may not . . . inquire" into the circumstances. The *Columbia Law Review* held that the court's decision on this point was in line with accepted precedent. What was significant, it found, was that the court, apparently for the first time, had considered whether the denial of due process violates fundamental concepts and becomes an issue superseding that of Executive authority. But, said the *Law Review*, the court, having raised the issue, had run away from any solution of it. Obviously, it had decided Gallina's fate by some other obscure and unstated standard. Commenting on the court's "disquiet," the *Law Review* remarked that "it is difficult to conceive what procedures would be objectionable if an *in absentia* conviction is not." The *Law Review* felt that the court obviously had penalized Gallina for his own honesty in admitting the thefts.

> Consequently, [it wrote] unless no *in absentia* conviction would ever disturb the court, the result of this case must rest on relator's admission. It is doubtful that a fugitive would ever make such an admission if he could avoid extradition, or secure a guarantee of foreign retrial, by not doing so. Thus [the court] penalized relator for an honest, voluntary statement, probably made in the interest of expediting the proceedings, while implying it would reward subsequent fugitives for their lesser forthrightness and cooperation.

When the Supreme Court refused to review this decision, Gallina's fate was sealed. Athanson was still arguing a new motion for a writ of habeas corpus when, without any notice or warrant to him, his client was whisked out of Danbury Federal Prison, to which he had been transferred, and hustled aboard the *Vulcania*. Gallina was sent on his way to an Italian prison, accompanied by a polite request from the State Department that it would be nice if Italy would give him a new trial. This, of course, was form without substance. Gallina was landed in Naples, on his way to begin twenty-five years' servitude in a Sicilian prison, and that was the last Athanson has heard of him.

BUT THE issues of the case, which only in its closing stages attracted public attention and led to the formation of a Gallina committee, remain vividly in the attorney's mind. He had found, as he wrote, that "the political nature of the Giuliano group and its collaboration with Allied intelligence is not freely discussed today by authorities in Washington, as it would embarrass relations with Italy who saw him as a predatory insurrectionist." What Athanson had seen demonstrated in the Gallina case is a chain of evil consequences all too familiar — the helplessness of the individual, the impossibility of obtaining evidence vital to his adequate defense, the willingness of even democratic governments to offer a human sacrifice on the altar of international relations, and the inadequacy of the courts to right any kind of balance. Athanson sums up:

> As in many similar cases, Gallina's defense was weakened by his indigency. Not only were my services rendered gratis but I personally spent several hundred dollars. To counter Italy's "evidence," witnesses residing abroad and able to testify with authority as to the political character of the Giuliano movement would have been invaluable. . . . But no funds were available. . . . A defense adequate to face up to the resources of a foreign government can be very expensive. People mistakenly think that supplying an indigent with an attorney is sufficient for . . . defense.
>
> It appears anomalous indeed to have the dispensation of justice to an American citizen in his own courts dependent on the relations between the extraditing nation and his country. Standards of fairness should not be dependent on the vagaries of the bi-national climate. . . .

Who Won the Civil War, Anyway?. .

by L. Jesse Lemisch

FOR THE NEXT four years Americans of North and South will commemorate a Civil War that never was. We will be treated, over and over again, to the meaningless pageantry of blue alongside gray and stars and bars mingled with stars and stripes. The celebration of the death of 600,000 men—all heroes, all dead fighting for freedom and independence—will be continuous and will pervade every aspect of our lives. We will hear it done over in rock 'n roll; we will taste it in our bourbon, renamed "Johnny Reb"; we will see it on every scale, from postage stamps to billboards, from *The Americans* on the TV screen to revivals of *Gone with the Wind* and *The Birth of a Nation* on the movie screen. (On television, each side will be given equal attention, lest someone be offended and decide not to buy Max Factor pancake make-up.)

All of this will be terribly oppressive to those dedicated to achieving "Equality Now." They will sense that the Civil War *was* a war, that it involved real issues, and that one side was more nearly right than the other. But their realization will not be reflected in the Centennial.

How did this come about? How did it happen that for the next four years we will be celebrating an unprecedented event—a war without villains? In large part, this perverse festival has its origin in the psychic needs of a people who fought for what they know to be a shameful cause—and lost. Their deep guilt, transformed by the apparatus of scholarship, brought forth apologists among historians of the South; they have had their imitators among Northern historians, and the results have filtered into the national consciousness by way of the textbooks. There we find a war which could have been averted by real statesmanship, but statesmanship was lacking; instead there were fanatics —for fanatics read Abolitionists, *never* slaveholders—who persisted in seeing the question in its moral aspects and thus, so the line goes, made a political solution impossible.

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The keystone of this version is, of course, the Negro's inferiority. The ante-bellum South had its pseudo-scientists to provide sanction for racism. Dr. J. C. Nott of Mobile justified slavery by proving that Negroes belonged to a different species. Dr. S. A. Cartwright of the University of Louisiana admitted them to humanity — barely — and described the special pathology of the Negro: slaves sometimes suffered from *Dyaesthesia Aethiopica* — a "Hebetude of Mind and Obtuse Sensibility of Body"—which induced them to destroy their master's property, slight their work and attack their overseer; or they might be afflicted with *Drapetomania* — "an irrestrainable propensity to run away." Dr. Cartwright's cure? "Whip the devil out of them."

In the same class as these diagnoses are the views of a historian: slaves were "by racial quality submissive rather than defiant, lighthearted instead of gloomy, amiable and ingratiating instead of sullen"; more than half a century after Emancipation, the Negroes showed "the same easy-going, amiable, serio-comic obedience and the same personal attachments to white men, as well as the same love of laughter and of rhythm, which distinguished their forebears" (Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, *American Negro Slavery*: 1918).

Unhappily, the progress of social science has not been as rapid as that of medical science; historians sensible enough to laugh the mad doctors of the nineteenth century out of court have cried caution when confronted with one of their own. Americans have given racist attitudes an absurdly prolonged hearing; they have often seen in the Negro no more than Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*: "They see only my surroundings, themselves, or figments of their imagination—indeed, everything and anything except me."

Phillips has been the leading advocate among American historians of this sort of perception. Richard Hofstadter has called Phillips' work "a latter-day phase of the pro-slavery argument" and has revealed serious methodological flaws, distortions and omissions. But *American Negro Slavery* still remains firmly lodged in the minds of the nation's teachers as the "standard work."

HISTORIANS who have rejected the Negro's inferiority often stumble over the next obstacle on the path to enlightenment: the beneficence of the peculiar institution of slavery. Phillips saw in the plantations schools of civilization; they were "the best schools yet invented for the mass training of that sort of inert and backward people which the bulk of the American Negroes represented." Modern colonialists use precisely the same argument when they delay self-government on the grounds that Black Africa must be "prepared for freedom"; in neither case is there preparation for anything but continued slavery. Recent events have disabused us of the fantasy of contented servants and tea on the veranda of the British Officers' Club, but the myth of happy slaves and mint juleps on the Old Plantation dies harder, and it still dominates large areas of the American scholarly establishment. The sole concession of these historians to the twentieth century has been to substitute the epithet "paternalistic" for "benevolent."

Scholars sufficiently obtuse to see even the merest glint of a silver lining in slavery have had no difficulty labeling Abolitionists fanatics. The "objectivity" which guides James G. Randall in his treatment of Southern extremists fades as he vents his fury on an Abolitionist whose speeches reveal "that failure to see life whole, that lack of a sense of humor, that pertinacious meddling, and that tendency toward insulting bitterness, which mark the uncompromising crusader." Randall disregards the fact that Southerners had taken no steps toward freeing the slaves, but had instead pulled down an iron curtain on dissent, lynching or mobbing those few who dared suggest, in speech or print, that the slave might be free, even if not equal. Southerners were content with slavery; no matter how much the individual slave might feign ineptness in order to avoid work, the system was profitable, and there was much capital invested in it. Just as Southerners at the time used the attacks of the Abolitionists as a pretext for hardening their stand, so do many historians today repeat the error and condemn the Abolitionists as meddlers and troublemakers who refused to let well enough alone. The implication must be that these historians are themselves content with slavery, for they do not present convincing evidence that it was on the way out.

In this view the Civil War becomes needless, a war without substantive cause: a mere failure of statesmanship. Slavery, the textbooks say, was not significant; it was the slavery *issue*, manufactured by crackpots and inflated by a blundering generation of opportunist politicians—this is what led to the Civil War. "Instead of talking about what had to be done," says Bruce Catton (the real winner of the Civil War), "people talked about what ought to be done." The blame clearly rests with the Abolitionists, who caused all the trouble by injecting the moral issue.

THIS Civil War, the one blamed on crackpots, is no more real than a World War II blamed on those who opposed the Nazis in the thirties. (To say that the Civil War was caused by a failure of statesmanship is simply to say that the North should have compromised with slavery even more than it did; Lincoln's moderate program called for preventing the spread of slavery and preserving it where it already existed, but even this was too much for the South.) But this is the Civil War which we commemorate today and will celebrate for the next four years. We commemorate a war in which the South fought nobly and well in behalf of high ideals which are valid despite military defeat. The Governor of Virginia commemorates the battle for States' rights and comments on the parallel between 1861 and 1961:

> It has unfortunately been the course of our history that men raised false issues which could influence the minds and stir emotions instead of exercising constructive leadership in the effort to mold common opinion in support of that which is best for the nation and the world.

Battle of New Orleans

The Chancellor of Washington and Lee University commemorates the South's fight for "freedom": "Both sides," he recently told a group of Centennial celebrants, "were fighting for freedom as they understood that precious term." The people of Montgomery commemorate the Civil War in so overtly ugly a fashion that attorneys for *The New York Times* must request a change of venue in a trial for libel occasioned by the newspaper's printing an advertisement soliciting funds for the Rev. Martin Luther King; pro-Southern sentiment, intensified by the war commemoration, makes impossible an impartial trial.

THE official commemoration of the Civil War constitutes a surrender to the South. Sometimes the mawkish celebrations even call for a mock capitulation: recently the Adjutant General of the State of New York announced his intention of returning to Virginia two Confederate battle flags captured by the Seventy-Ninth New York Volunteers one hundred years ago. Clearly the Adjutant General does not understand what the war was about; he is the victim of a basically Southern interpretation of the War. The Southerners, by contrast, are aware of precisely what it is they are commemorating, as Roy Wilkins of the NAACP remarked after the harassment of Charlayne Hunter at the Athens of the South:

> As every Negro knows, the Civil War is still being fought, and play-acting battles of the current centennial celebration are merely historical backdrops for the continuing action downstage.
>
> Yesterday, however, Southern men with arms fought other men with arms according to the rules of warfare. The breed is so improved that today young white Georgians feel the odds are about right when 1,000 of them can stone a single Negro girl.

The Southerners are commemorating a war against Negro rights, and they are commemorating it by continuing their fight against the rights of the Negro. Since the official celebrations will represent a surrender to the Southern view, they must be challenged as ardently as the rest of the structure of segregation of which they are a part. Just as we condemn schoolbooks which gloss over the atrocities of the Nazis, so must we condemn theatrics which conceal the real issues of the Civil War. That war was fought because the South would not allow the Negro freedom. Now, a century later, the Negro fights for equality. That fight must not be stifled by invocation of the dignity of the Southern cause. That cause was and is unworthy of a free people, and we must be no more patient with it than was the great Abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison:

> I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; — but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — AND I WILL BE HEARD.

HOW to WIN with FOREIGN AID . .

by Walter E. Packard

THE SPIRIT of President Kennedy's new approach to our relationship with the people of Latin America is refreshing, but its content is basically inadequate. It leaves the most meaningful issues untouched: Who is to own the industrial resources of Latin America? Who is to control their use? The questions are vital because the resources involved are Latin America's basic capital.

At present these resources are owned largely by the stockholders of American corporations in partnership with vested interests in Latin America—the classic capitalist pattern. Communists favor ownership and control by the "workers and peasants" on the syndicalist pattern. There is another method of ownership and control: the pattern exemplified by the TVA, the Federal Bureau of Reclamation, the State and Federal Forest Services and municipal and other district organizations, for instance, or by consumer cooperatives of various sorts, such as the International Cooperative Petroleum Association (which has headquarters in Kansas City and branches in twenty other countries of the world). I might add that the last named of these three divergent patterns of collective ownership has been by far the fastest growing segment of our own dual economy since the beginning of the twentieth century, if military expenditures are not credited to the private-profit segment.

The evidence is clear that the people of Latin America, Africa, the Middle East, Indonesia and countries of Asia identify colonialism not only with political domination, now rapidly passing from the scene, but, more meaningfully, with the economic exploitations of their industrial potentials by foreign corporations seeking profits. If the President's program does not meet this issue to the satisfaction of the people of Latin America, there is very real danger that Latin America will follow Cuba into the Communist orbit.

OUR official position with regard to the issue posed by the three divergent patterns of collective action is strikingly inconsistent. Where our policies are governed by the State Department's interest in protecting American investments abroad, we usually support the capitalist pattern. Where our policies are controlled by agencies of the government whose aims are to promote the welfare of the people of other countries on a basis which serves our interests as well as theirs, we usually support public and consumer cooperative ownership and control.

In Greece, for example, where our aid program was eminently successful, 85 per cent of our non-military aid was used to finance public and consumer cooperative enterprise. The establishment of such policies, however, was not always without conflict. Some individuals in the Economic Cooperation Administration in Greece favored a plan by which a large American corporation would own and operate the power systems that were to be built. This policy was supported by the head of the power division of ECA in Washington, a former vice president of a privately owned power system, and by his assistant in the Paris office who was also a former employee of private-power interests. The man in the American Embassy in Athens, who represented the State Department policies on power, also supported the private-power program. But the people of Greece, who had been the serfs in a feudal order governed by the Turks who owned the land, did not want their second most important resource owned by the stockholders of a foreign corporation to whom they would have to pay a never-ending tribute. The Greek-American Power Committee recommended public power. Within days after the committee's report reached the Paris office, the U. S. power representative came to Athens to find out what was going on. His first question was "Who wants public power?" The answer was "The people of Greece want it." His reply was highly disturbing: "What have they to say about it? Who's putting up the money?"

To make a long story short, the public-power policy prevailed. A Public Power Corporation was established on the TVA pattern and a

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publicly owned and operated power network now serves all parts of Greece; the bonds of the operating corporation demand the highest premium on the Greek investment market. No single program did as much to promote the democratic interests in Greece as did this public-power program.

A MORE dramatic conflict of ideology within our own government agencies is presented by the divergent policies we have followed in our relationships with the people of Puerto Rico and Cuba. When in 1898 Congress was debating the provisions of the Organic Act under which Puerto Rico was to be governed, a widely felt fear was expressed that U. S. corporations would own all the valuable land in Puerto Rico in the "shortest possible time" unless Congress took steps to prevent it. "If such concentration of holdings shall become the case," said one Congressman, "then the condition of the population will, I believe, be reduced to one of absolute servitude. The people of Puerto Rico will be driven to cultivate the lands for these corporations at whatever daily wage they choose to pay them."

Following the passage of the Organic Act, the lack of effective political leadership in Puerto Rico, together with apathy on the part of Congress, caused conditions in the island to grow worse. By 1940, fifty-one corporations owned or leased 240,000 acres of land in violation of the law. In addition to this, land held by individuals in excess of 500 acres totaled a little more than twice the area illegally held by corporations. As a result of this and other factors, the living conditions of the majority of the people of Puerto Rico reflected the worst fears expressed by Congress in 1898.

A completely new spirit was created in the economic and social atmosphere in Puerto Rico by two supplementary events. The Popular Party, under the dynamic leadership of Luis Muñoz Marín, came to power in Puerto Rico and the jurisdiction of Puerto Rican affairs, so far as the United States was concerned, was transferred to the Department of the Interior.

The policies of the Department were conditioned by the character of its responsibilities at home. These included the enforcement of the 160-acre limitation of the Reclamation Act; the administration of the public-power program of the Bureau of Reclamation (the biggest single power enterprise in the United States); the administration of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, with its responsibility for a large group of underprivileged people; the administration of the WPA, with its interest in employment and the development of public works; and, finally, its over-all responsibility for protecting the public interest in the public lands, water and mineral resources of the nation.

Under these conditions, it was natural for the Department of the Interior to support the Popular Party's program. Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, former Administrator of the Resettlement Administration and former President of the New York City Planning Commission, was appointed as Governor of Puerto Rico.

ONE OF the first acts of the newly established Popular Party was to initiate an extensive land-reform program. Over 40 per cent of the corporate-owned land in Puerto Rico was taken by condemnation proceedings and was turned over to a newly created Land Authority which proceeded to grow sugar cane, pineapples and the like in somewhat the same way that our own Forest Service grows trees. This action, moreover, was upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals in the United States, which ruled that the people of Puerto Rico had the right to own their land if they so wished. A Public Power Authority was created to take over all power facilities. The charter of the Puerto Rico Development Company provided that all new enterprises were to be publicly owned. In accordance with this policy a number of very useful public enterprises were established, including a cement plant to provide the material needed for road construction and housing, a glass plant to make bottles for the export of rum, and a paper factory which utilized waste materials to make cartons for shipping the rum bottles. Extensive programs of housing, slum clearance and school construction were initiated with American aid. Everything that could be reasonably done to raise the level of living of the people of Puerto Rico was done.

The fact that some of the policies established during Tugwell's governorship were later replaced by the policies of the highly subsidized "Operation Bootstrap" in no way lessens the significance of the fact that the Department of the Interior supported programs of public ownership and consumer cooperation. (It is interesting to note that the Puerto Rican industrialist who bought the publicly-owned cement plant established during Tugwell's governorship, is now an opponent of both Muñoz Marín and the Popular Party.)

In sharp contrast to these policies in Puerto Rico, the State Department refused recognition of Grau San Martín of Cuba when he overthrew the viciously corrupt administration of President Machado. By so doing, the State Department paved the way for Batista's rise to power. Because Batista was avowedly anti-Communist, the United States supplied him with arms and ammunition, which he used to maintain his corrupt administration. And, when Fidel Castro's revolution forced Batista to flee, the State Department, instead of working with Castro in an effort to guide his program along democratic lines as the Department, instead of working with Castro. Muñoz Marín in Puerto Rico, put every obstacle in his way. By establishing an embargo on exports and imports vital to the Cuban economy, the State Department made repayments of equities in enterprises taken over by the government impossible and forced Cuba to look to Russia and China for trade.

As a result of these two contrasting policies of our government, Puerto Rico is well on the road toward economic viability on a democratic pattern, while Cuba has been forced into the Communist orbit.

WHEN the people of Latin America appraise our position in Cuba (where almost as many people were killed under Batista's rule as were killed in the Hungarian revolt) and see

American oil, steel and other corporate interests in virtual control of the oil and mineral resources, it is not surprising that the landless and otherwise disadvantaged people of Latin America should see much to their liking in Castro's revolution.

Two fundamental facts must be recognized if the President's program of aid to Latin America is to be effective.

1. We in the United States will be increasingly dependent upon the oil and mineral resources of Latin America. Although we represent less than 7 per cent of the world's population, we are consuming nearly half of the world's production of industrial raw materials. If we do nothing to lower our birth rate, we will have a population of over 500 million within the lifetime of many now living and our presently easily acquired, indigenous raw materials eventually will be gone and we will be in competition with other industrialized and industrializing nations for access to the remaining oil and mineral reserves outside of our boundaries.

2. Latin America, in sharp contrast, is at the threshold of a great period of industrial development. Its natural resources are its basic capital. These reserves must provide not only the raw materials to be used in the industrial development programs of Latin America, but must be the source of the investment capital needed to finance these programs.

Our need for raw materials and Latin America's need for investment capital are complementary. If our policies and the policies of the people of Latin America are based upon the acceptance of industrialization as a means of increasing the carrying capacity of the resources of the world in terms of happy, healthy and industrious people, rather than as a means of aggrandizement for the few, a mutually beneficial relationship can be established. Under these conditions, we would get the raw materials we need and the people of Latin America would get the capital investment they must have to develop their own industries.

If, on the other hand, the United States continues to support a growing ownership and control of the resources of Latin America by American corporate interests, the American corporations will get the raw materials they need, the stockholders will get the profits they want — profits which are badly needed as investment capital by the people of Latin America — and the taxpayers of the United States, who, as consumers, supply the corporate profits, will be called upon to provide aid for the schools, highways and other non-profit enterprises as a peace offering in support of the right of American corporations to exploit the resources of Latin America.

Aid should be given in liberal amounts. But this aid should be used, in large part, in developing the ability of the people of Latin America to finance and control their own industrial potential.

Democracy, when properly interpreted, is the soundest and most dynamic concept so far devised. Capitalism and democracy are not synonymous terms. Democracy, in principle, envisages a social order in which both sovereignty and the ownership and control of the common sources of supply and means of livelihood are the prerogatives of "We, the people." We and the people of other Western democracies are the principal exponents of both economic and political democracy. If we and they employ the public and consumer cooperative segment of our own dual economies in our relationship with the people of Latin America and other similar areas, democracy will "bury" communism in all uncommitted areas of the world.

Enemies of Mental Health

. . *by Ed Cray*

LIKE the drive for fluoridation [see *The Nation*, Feb. 4], community mental-health programs are under attack from all sides as a Communist-inspired plot to brainwash the freedom-loving Americans. Here are some of the livelier charges hurled against those who believe we should do something about mental health:

> ¶Where men's minds are concerned, it is both advantageous and indeed, imperative, I would say, for the Communist conspiracy to capture a field as nebulous and vulnerable as mental health.
>
> ¶It becomes evident that anyone can be committed to a mental institution and, after being committed to a mental institution, where is the next stop—Alaska? Is that meant to be the mental-health Siberia of the United States?
>
> ¶Eighty per cent of all psychiatrists are foreign-born Jews.
>
> ¶Your Constitutional rights were swept away under so-called mental-health legislation when the law was passed that provided for "emergency treatment" without trial by jury, court hearings or any of the provisions any common criminal can take for granted.
>
> ¶Each one of these mental-health groups, properly guided, can bring . . . legislative pressure *against the government* to *secure adequately* the position of the psychopolitical operative, and to obtain for him government grants and facilities, thus bringing a government to finance its own downfall.

What arouses the know-nothings to this pitch are the mental-health programs envisaged by two documents: a "Draft Act Concerning Hospitalization of the Mentally Ill," drawn up by the Public Health Service, and "The Organization and Function of the Community Psychiatric Clinic," published by the National Association for Mental Health, a non-governmental institution. The documents propose the establishment of community mental-health services to be supported partially by the various states and partially by local county or community taxes.

The most violent arguments against the "Draft Act" have come from California, long a center of extreme right-wing activity. Like the anti-fluoridationists who flourish in the same state, the opponents of

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mental-health programs can be divided into two large classes: sincere conservatives who look upon all extensions of federal authority as "creeping socialism," and the irrational fearmongers. The conservatives—they include medical associations and organized lobbies—generally prove willing to accept the carefully worded "Draft Act," which permits community autonomy, voluntary participation and the maintenance of fee standards. The fearmongers bow neither to reason nor public opinion.

The mental-health program opponents can whip up a great smokescreen of legalistic, pseudo-scientific jargon. Fronted by an array of "scholars" with advanced degrees, "research agencies" and conservative legislators (notably Congressman Edgar Hiestand, R., Calif.), they distribute vast amounts of literature through the mail and at their many public meetings.

THE attacks on California's Community Mental Services Act, known as the Short-Doyle Act, have recently accelerated. A rash of one-man "research" groups has sprung up, rented post-office boxes and mailed out literature charging all manner of Communist influence in the program. Often cited in this literature is a speech allegedly delivered by Lavrentia Beria (Stalin's Commissar for Public Security, since executed) to a class of American students at Lenin University. Beria is quoted:

> A "psychopolitician" must work hard to produce the maximum chaos in the fields of mental healing. He must recruit and use all the agencies and facilities of mental healing. He must labor to increase the personnel and facilities of mental healing until at least the entire field of mental science is entirely dominated by Communist principles and desires.

Whoever did the translation of this purported text found himself not in the least embarrassed by the following contradictory paragraph:

> To achieve these goals, the "psychopolitician" must crush every homegrown variety of mental healing in America. Actual teachings of Freud, James, Eddy and others among your misguided peoples must be swept away. . . .

The charges that Communists or their dupes seek to create a national lunatic asylum in Alaska are founded on the Alaska Mental Health Enabling Act, passed on July 28, 1956. Drafted by Congresswoman Edith Green (D., Ore.) the act turned over to the governor of what was still the Territory of Alaska a million acres for the support of a mental hospital to be built with a $6.5 million appropriation. Since states allow for the transfer of patients to federal hospitals, the fearmongers argue that the mentally ill person—brainwashed, or the "victim" of a pre-frontal lobotomy—could be shipped off to Alaska. They conveniently overlooked the fact that a territorial hospital is one thing, a federal hospital quite another. Moreover, they continue to push the same argument today, although Alaska has become a state under a bill which specifies that "Grants previously made to the Territory of Alaska are hereby confirmed and transferred to the State of Alaska upon its admission."

Only slightly more rational than the Alaskan fantasy are the charges that the mentally ill may be deprived of their Constitutional rights. California's Welfare and Institutions Code, like the codes for most other states, provides four forms of commitment for the mentally ill: (1) voluntary, (2) by certification of a health officer, (3) through court action and (4) emergency admission.

The emergency commitment regulations allow a peace or health officer, without resorting to court action, to detain for seventy-two hours any person who appears to be so mentally ill that he seems likely to cause immediate injury to himself or to others. During this time, such restraint or treatment as is necessary may be applied.

Opponents of mental-health programs, while they admit that there are such persons as dangerous psychopaths, charge that the emergency commitment is a Communist plot to capture influential people, brainwash them and have them incarcerated in mental institutions. What they ignore is that in emergency-commitment proceedings, the peace and/or health officer must file a written statement attesting to the fact that the "accused" person did indeed manifest some form of mental aberration. Further, they ignore the fact that two physicians must also certify that the person is mentally ill. What good, the opponents ask, is the hearing required by law for the person so committed if, during the seventy-two hours he may be held, he has been brainwashed or given a pre-frontal lobotomy? Apparently, they are convinced that the Communists have not only taken over the psychiatrists, but are ready to take over all peace and health officers as well.

Personal Red-baiting has been confined, more or less, to attacks on a few individuals, such as G. Brock Chisholm, head of the World Federation for Mental Health and an avowed internationalist, and Wayne McMillen, director of a Los Angeles County mental health survey (who has long since received a civil service clearance). The fearmongers argue, however, that state directors of mental-health programs may turn out to be Communist dupes or agents, and thus we may be delivering our country into the hands of Mr. Beria's followers, whoever they may be.

THOUGH no two experts will agree on a definition of either "mental health" or "mental illness," there is a consensus that "mental health is the ability to make the maximum use of one's mental and emotional potential in his daily life." The looseness of this definition adds more fuel to the fire. Opponents of mental-health programs charge that its very flexibility permits the "internationalist-minded psychiatrists—and did you ever notice how many of them are Jews?—to brainwash us into accepting socialism."

As in the anti-fluoridation fight, so also in the battle against mental-health programs, common sense is buried beneath an avalanche of contradictions, pseudo-science and misinformation. Do opponents of these programs really believe that there is such a thing as mental illness? They say they do. But there is reason to believe that the extremists among them see mental or emotional abnormalities not as an illness, but as a crime to be treated as such.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Son of Minnie O'Connor

AN ONLY CHILD. By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 276 pp. $4.50.

Kevin Sullivan

"THE WORK of every great writer," Frank O'Connor once wrote, "is to a certain extent an allegory of his passage through life." I suspect that O'Connor—though thinking of Shakespeare when he wrote, and though too sensible a man to affect that kind of greatness—was here suggesting, however remotely, something about himself and his own work that is now made beautifully clear in his autobiography. Not fully clear, for this is the story of only the first twenty years, from his birth in Cork in 1903 to his release from an Irish Free State prison late in 1923. But clear enough for us to see how it was possible—the odds seemed dead against it—for a boy named Michael O'Donovan, the son of a charwoman and a day laborer, to transform himself into Frank O'Connor, a writer whom Yeats (as perceptive in this as he was patriotic) at one time identified as the Chekhov of Ireland.

In the beginning there seemed little chance that Mick O'Donovan would achieve any kind of identity, personal or literary. An only child—where was he to seek it? Not in his father, a man of no integrity, "held together by pins and Hail Marys," his own identity bleached away in a wash of whiskey and holy water. And his father's family, such as they were, no better. There remained his mother, with no family of her own, her childhood spent in an orphanage, her youth in domestic service, her married years in squalor. But adversity had strengthened without hardening her, and the suffering that eroded her husband's spirit had purified and refined her own. She was a woman

> . . . with a mind
> That nobleness made simply as a
> fire . . .

and such a woman had inevitably to exert—irradiate rather—an influence on her son that, even had he wished, he could not have escaped. There was little else in Cork or all Ireland that the man did not at one time or another escape or repudiate, but he was always to remain — and here freely confesses it — a Mother's Boy. That, too, was inevitable.

THERE are grounds in all this for a Freudian romp, and the unwary are welcome to it. But if one kicks the clichés back under the couch, there may be room for a more relevant analogy: the relation between Michael O'Donovan and his mother parallels, in temper and understanding, in mode more than in substance, that between the not-yet saint Augustine and his mother Monica. The coordinates are of course no longer theological or even religious, but they are spiritual—a word that need frighten nobody since its expropriation by the secular humanists. In this sense, what Minnie O'Connor made possible for her son was what Saint Monica had made possible for the young Augustine: faith, vision and freedom.

For example, O'Connor has defined the short story, his own special métier, as "the art form that deals with the individual when there is no longer a society to absorb him, and when he is compelled to exist, as it were, by his own inner light." Which means, of course, by the author's own insight; we believe in a character because the creator of character believed in him first and because, unabsorbed by society, his basic belief is in himself. As for vision—consider any of O'Connor's characters: each sketched with deceptive simplicity of line, the effect midway between that of a Picasso drawing and a Thurber cartoon. This is not realism, though it has been called so; it is the ability to see, without going mad, the beauty and battiness of people who are never quite what they pretend, yet are always more than they appear. The city of Cork was full of such people and O'Connor has got them all in his gallery of miniatures. And they are there, at least in part, because the character of an old woman, who was not to be deceived, informed the qualities of the young writer. That same old woman, toward the end of her life, when her son told her he might have to leave Ireland, said simply: "Of course . . . I know you must be free. Life without freedom is nothing." What could set this woman more clearly apart from that brood of Irish dams who devour their sons, with a prayer of thanksgiving before and after? Minnie O'Connor, giving of herself, gave Frank O'Connor to himself. It was appropriate that, when he began to write in earnest, it should be under his mother's maiden name.

But as the young boy was growing up he had—as most adolescents must—to improvise an identity for himself. He was helped in this, perhaps more than he knew, by another Old Woman—"the country! Oh, God, the bloody country!"—which between 1916 and 1923 was also trying to improvise some sort of national identity. O'Connor's growing pains were, in point of time at least, Ireland's own. The boy had, until Easter Week 1916, given over the kingdom of his imagination, where alone he had any "real" life, to Invisible Presences—heroes from English school stories—whose codes of conduct made tolerable that other life in the back lanes of Cork. Now he dismissed them, though with a pang of regret, for Cu Chulainn and the heroes of Irish saga who, like the saints, were apparently more to be admired than imitated: the boy almost ruptured himself one time "trying to perform the least of the feats which Cu Chulainn had performed when he was barely half my age."

WITH better luck, he met around this same time Daniel Corkery who not only introduced him to the Irish language, in which he took a patriotic interest, but opened up for him the wider spaces of literature—German, Russian, French—for which he discovered in himself a voracious if, at first, an indiscriminate appetite. Corkery was just the father the boy needed, and it was with his blessing—his own father would have none of it — that O'Connor, still in his teens, took part in The Troubles that throughout Ireland then reflected on a large scale an inner turmoil of his own.

He was not, if the truth be told, a very good soldier. He was captured in no time at all, which was possibly a good thing for the Irish Republicans, and certainly a good thing for Irish literature. For the Free State internment camp became O'Connor's college and university (why is it that the best of the Irish writers—including Joyce—are autodidacts?) and of his fellow prisoners, many of whom had later notable careers of their own, he could one day say: "'Yes, he and I were in gaol together,' which is rather like the English 'He and I were in Eton together' but considerably more classy."

This prison education was of course a crazy-quilt affair. One immediate re-

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sult of it, crazy enough, was an essay on Turgenev, written in Irish, which won a cash prize, that was never paid, in some national competition or other. But there were also more significant results. The chief of these was again spiritual: he found himself locked in with some thousands of men who came from every corner and class of Ireland, and who were, almost to a man, "mystics." That they had all been excommunicated by their bishops made no difference to a soul, for these were Irish mystics, and national mysticism in a country like Ireland can be just as deadly, by a long shot, as the other kind. When the lot of them decided to starve themselves to death to prove the moral legitimacy of their "imaginary" Republican Government, O'Connor—whose concept of life was far more imaginative—saw the plan for what it was: a show of mass martyrdom as politically sinister as it was morally absurd. Very sensibly he decided against it. He was in favor of living, and said so, and acted so. Though he spoke and acted alone.

Now, forty years later, it seems an easy and simple thing to have said and done. (In retrospect, of course, the whole affair has also a comic dimension.) But so do O'Connor's stories seem easy and simple—as uncontrived as the talk of one friend to another over a drink or around the fire in a club. The importance of that decision—the hunger strike failed of course, but that was not important—was in the definition it first gave to the man who wrote the stories that have so delighted us all. This is not to say that his character—or his "style"—was then wholly defined, but that it was given a shape and a direction. Its shape was faith in the life around him, its direction the life of the imagination, and its freedom the right to be sane in a mad world. It marked his identity as his mother's son, which made it possible for him to be his own man, a writer whose work—because, perhaps, it *is* an allegory of his passage through life—is quite unlike anything that was before him or, I think, anything that will come after.

The Bible We Deserve

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE: THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated by an interdenominational committee. Oxford and Cambridge University Presses. 447 pp. $4.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

VERY SELDOM has any book of any kind been given the advance publicity blow-up that has launched this new translation of the New Testament. I understand that the initial print order was one of the largest in the history of publishing. Since the first of the year editorials, pre-reviews, hand-outs, news stories have been appearing everywhere. You'd think it was a paperback, with illustrations from stills of the picture, of *The Life of Christ* by Carl Sandburg, with Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando. However lavish the salesmanship, it is apparent that the interest is genuine, the demand is there. What is this demand? And does this translation meet it?

Superficially, the arguments for a new translation are, as they have always been, quite convincing. The language of the King James Version is archaic. We now have an immense amount of material, codices or quoted passages in other early writing, that is much older than the texts which were available to the Jacobean translators. We know a good deal more about the meaning of the Greek in certain ambiguous passages. We know a vast deal more about the life and times of Christ and His disciples, and still more about the Old Testament days, so that we can interpret the text with greater understanding. We certainly assume that we are far less time-bound and ethnocentric than a group of Anglican divines of the early seventeenth century. We are more self-critical and less likely to phrase the text to fit our own doctrinal or liturgical presuppositions. (The most famous example of this fault is the use of "chalice" instead of "cup" in the Douai accounts of the Passion.)

The clergy, especially the Liberal Protestant or Broad Church clergy, insist that the language of the King James Version is alien to modern congregations, and even more alien for missionary purposes to those, especially "young people," who are outside the churches. The chairman of the committee responsible for the present translation announced it with the words, "I hope we have produced a work which will be read by the younger generation who now regard the Bible, with its archaic phrases, as a stuffy and old-fashioned book." *Time* magazine, expanding this remark, goes on to say, "Despite its many magnificent drums and tramplings, the 350-year-old King James Version might as well be in the original Greek for all the sense most moderns can make of it."

What was that? I would say that this bit of wisdom indicates only that *Time* thinks so little of its "Religion" section that it employs Zen Buddhists who have never read the Bible to write copy.

IT IS not difficult to suspect a fallacy in the second argument, the one from the change in the audience. The validity of the first argument is simply a matter of information. Have the researches of paleography and archæology presented us with enough emendations, and emendations of sufficient importance, to warrant an entirely new translation? They have not. There is not a single universally accepted change in the Greek text, as it was available to the King James translators, which makes the slightest difference in the facts of the Gospel narrative, or in what is called "doctrine, faith and morals." Three hundred and fifty years of research and discovery—in the text, that is—have not advanced the disputed questions of the Virgin Birth, the existence, nature and number of the Sacraments, the Personality, Divinity and Humanity of Jesus, the doctrine of the Trinity, the institution of a priesthood, the meaning of the Death and Passion of Jesus, all the other points at issue in the dogmatic disputes of the churches—not one of the questions has been advanced one iota from where it stood in the days of Launcelot Andrewes and Archbishop Laud . . . or George Fox.

Are we less ethnocentric than the committee of Jacobean divines? That is a dilemma like "Cleon says all Cretans are liars. But Cleon is a Cretan." The King James Version has a definite Baroque splendor. But the new version has a definite British Liberal Protestant tone, sometimes casual, sometimes chummy, sometimes drab. The *koine* of the originals may have been the common tongue of the Eastern Mediterranean of the First Century, but the language of the Evangelists and Paul is more often splendid than chummy, and it is never drab. Robbed of its splendor, the Book of Revelations sounds rather like the ravings of a crank. Perhaps this is a genuine crux. The fact is that the Apocalypse cannot be translated into the common speech of the suburbs of London and Glasgow, without being totally changed in significance.

As for our increase in historical knowledge, the New Testament is one

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of the largest collections of primary source material for any period of history. All subsequent archaeology and historical research simply broadens and clarifies details of the narrative as it has come down to us—as far as retranslation of the text goes, that is. The Jacobean divines may have been, like all of us, ethnocentric, but I doubt if they envisaged the Apostles as British courtiers and scholars and members of the House of Lords.

THE test for success of a translation is the convincingness with which it projects a foreign or past original onto a native or modern stage. Are the Jesus and Apostles of *The New English Bible* dramatically believable? Do we feel "This is the way it would have looked to me if I had been there?" Or do we feel that the accidental present is being forcibly projected into the past, like *Hamlet in Evening Clothes?*

In the first place, *The New English Bible* is full of mediocre writing as well as careless language. One reviewer has pointed to the story of the entry into Jerusalem, where the colt is tethered to a door, "a usage so modern ('tether' hitherto meaning to tie an animal where it can graze) that it hasn't got into the dictionaries." The chairman of the panel of translators, Professor C. H. Dodd, has said that his committee, suspecting rightly that exact scholarship does not always go with a sensitive feeling for literary style, invited another panel of experts, whose names have not been officially divulged, to give lightness and grace to the scholars' prose. Read that over carefully. Surely one literary felicity lacking to Professor Dodd is irony. The Anonymous Lightness and Grace Committee is a notion worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Do the translators of *The New English Bible* illuminate or distort the text? Beyond questions of accuracy and lightness and grace, it is a question of tone. The King James translators believed the words of the New Testament in a way that a panel of modern scholars does not. The archetypical, hieratic grandeur of the narrative, as Toynbee has so ingeniously analyzed it, the transfigured schema of tragic drama—this had a significance for Anglican priests of the early seventeenth century that it simply does not have for a liberal scholar or theologian today. Furthermore, that seventeenth-century significance was enough like the significance felt by the first-century Evangelists themselves for identification to be possible. The darkness of the Passion is not congenial to a committee of modern scholars. The even darker, semi-gnostic speculation by the author of the *Epistle to the Romans* and the introduction to the *Gospel of John*, are still less congenial. To the early seventeenth century such occult Platonism was more than congenial, it was positively up to date. So a cosmogonic vision like VIII Romans is far clearer in the King James Version than it is in *The New English Bible*.

I think the Committee did its best work in the Pastoral Epistles, the low-keyed passages of narrative in Matthew and Mark and the straightforward historical prose of Acts. (The poetry of Luke, and the gentle, feminine tone of that Gospel seems to have escaped them altogether. Here both Moffat and Knox far surpass them.) It is obvious what is happening. Where the original is secular and "other directed," the modern, secular, other directed translators can identify with it. Where it is not, they miss the essential tone.

Where the actors and speakers of the New Testament are "like us" they seem a little closer, at least for a change, in words that are like ours. The trouble is, nobody in the New Testament was much like the members of a Broad Committee.

How archaic, in fact, is the King James Version? It is clearly ridiculous to say that it might as well be in the original Greek for all the sense most moderns can make of it. Most moderns seem to make sufficient sense of Shakespeare—he is rather popular on BBC television—and the Bible is in somewhat less archaic language. An amused *Time* correspondent wrote in to ask if the editors thought "robbers' cave" was less archaic and more easily understood than "den of thieves." The Salvation Army, the Pentecostal sects, Negro store front churches, these are all groups who seem to get a great deal out of the Authorized Version. In fact, it is amongst those sects that emphasize precisely the "archaic" text that evangelism is most successful; and it is amongst liberal Protestants, who want an up-to-date version, that evangelism is least successful. Perhaps it is the religion that seems stuffy and old fashioned to the "younger generation," not the language.

I am afraid I took this assignment more seriously than it warrants. I gathered all the recent translations of the Bible I could obtain. I hoped to do an extensive, judicial, even scholarly, comparison of them all. It is not worth the space and trouble. What is wrong with them all is that they are not very good. The King James translators were great writers; Goodspeed, Moffat, Rieu, Philips and the committee responsible for *The New English Bible* are not. They are pedestrian, and the New Testament may have many faults, but it is not pedestrian. For my taste, the best of the modern translations are Father Ronald Knox's and something that might well have been a monstrosity, *The Basic English Bible*. Father Knox has style; it may be a narrow style, but style it is. *The New English Bible* is close to styleless, it is so obviously the work of a Broad Committee. *The Basic Bible* is an engaging oddity, and it is certainly simple enough for the simplest to understand.

The Mirror of MacLeish

POETRY AND EXPERIENCE. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Co. 199 pp. $4.

Richard Eberhart

A PERIOD of teaching in the University has turned Archibald MacLeish's prose away from the concerns it had earlier. He used to write prose with a passionate concern for humanity, its liberal causes, but now he turns this instrument to an affable study of poetry. This book is like good talk or conversation; it stems from classroom exercises which were subsequently given as public lectures.

The best thing about *Poetry and Experience*, perhaps, is the fact that it is written in an easy style which allows MacLeish's ideas to be immediately communicated with a minimum of ambiguity and difficulty. By engaging this method he eschews a ponderous, solemn academic style, and makes his book potentially pleasing to the world beyond the universities. This is all to the good after decades of inspissated criticism.

Perhaps the worst thing about the book is its mirror-like quality. It is in no way a seminal or revolutionary work, but a reflecting one. MacLeish has always had a bent for reflecting the times, for entertaining the present scene as it is. He does not beget many new ideas, but he reflects a good many current ones. His examples here from literary per-

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sons and literary works, with some exceptions, are expected. What could be less startling than to write on Dickinson, Yeats, Keats and Rimbaud, yet these are the four poets he chooses and on whom he writes with generosity and warmth. His discussions reflect other discussions of the same matters in the last decade or more. Since it has become popular recently to quote "O Western Wind," we are not startled to find MacLeish quoting it. He keeps current literary exchange in circulation.

Before he comes to his four poets he provides four chapters entitled "Words as Sounds," "Words as Signs," "Images" and "Metaphor." MacLeish is good at asking questions. He brings the reader directly along in an argument by asking questions which he then tries sincerely and honestly to answer. In "Words as Sounds" he worries Mallarmé's assertion that poetry is not made "with ideas but with words . . . words as sensuous events." He leans to the notion that sound is prime to a word, but sees that meaning is also essential. Adjudicating, he admits both claims. Mallarmé's proposition remains.

THE chapter, "Words as Signs," complicates his study. He considers the meaning in a poem, according to "the double structure of poetry," in connection with the sounds of words. He is nowhere more delightful than in writing of the anonymous English lyric containing the lines "The baily berith the bell away; /the lilly, the rose, the rose I lay." This is a new poem to have pointed up, but it is followed for consideration by such a conventional sonnet as Shakespeare's "Let me not to the marriage of true minds/Admit impediments." He sees that, in the poetic examples he gives, "the structure of meaning is different from the structure of meanings in prose." "But *in* the poem this illogical meaning *comes* to mean — by the touch of feeling." "The structure of meaning which the reason cannot find — or can find only to destroy — exists in the emotions." He falls back on Coleridge in the end, quoting the expected passage. Signs must make for some kind of indefinable magic, Coleridge's "synthetic and magical power."

In "Images" he tries to get close to the essence of poetry through the visible quality of Chinese poetry. This is interesting and also a reflection of popular academic concern. He engages Wu-ti, Tu Fu and Li Po. The chapter is sensuously appreciative literary criticism.

In "Metaphor" MacLeish struggles hardest with his problems. He adduces the notion of a "coupling of images, though the coupling may include more images than two" and asks what is the nature of the meaning which coupled images can contain. "Is it emotional only?" Then he lets himself go for one of the best passages in the book:

> To feel is at least to feel. The crime against life, the worst of all crimes, is *not* to feel. And there was never, perhaps, a civilization in which that crime, the crime of torpor, of lethargy, of apathy, the snake-like sins of coldness-at-the-heart, was commoner than in our technological civilization. . . . If poetry can call our numbed emotions to life, its plain human usefulness needs no further demonstration.

He believes in the primacy of the coupling of images as means to meaning in poetry. Symbols and coupled images are basically the same in structure ("it is *relationship* here . . . which provides the means to meaning"). "The relation of the unrelated is the ultimate or, in any case, the characteristic, meaning of poetry," he argues, and that "the coupling of images, which is the relation of the unrelated in practice and in fact, the characteristic means to meaning."

MacLeish adds something to Richards' notion (the book is dedicated to Richards) that "metaphor is the supreme agent by which disparate and hitherto unconnected things are brought together in poetry." MacLeish's formula is "what gives a metaphor its power is precisely the coupling of images of which all metaphors are composed."

In this chapter we are entertained by criticism of poems by Baudelaire, Donne, Coleridge and Yeats, and finally by Marvell's Coy Mistress.

Having wrestled with theories, MacLeish gives over the second half of the book to studies of the four poets, on whom he writes freely and warmly.

The chapter on Emily Dickinson uses her tone as a touchstone for her work.

In "The Public World," on Yeats, MacLeish lets himself go again for the second notable emotional outbreak, pp. 116-118, a statement of the badness of the times, recognizing the divorce of poetry from both politics and society. Yeats wanted a public world for poetry and wanted his poetry, at one point, to incite Irishmen to fight. MacLeish brandishes a flash of rhetoric.

On Rimbaud and Keats he writes well: he is a little afraid of the former, and employs a sage respect for the latter. You learn something new about MacLeish in reading him on Rimbaud, but you do not learn anything new about Keats in reading him on Keats.

ART

Fairfield Porter

CONTINUING the series of national exhibitions that we have been privileged to enjoy since the war are the two magnificent exhibitions now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. One is a survey of Italian drawings from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries, selected by Dr. Giulia Sinibaldi, director of the drawing and print collection of the Uffizi. The other is a survey of French paintings, drawings, tapestries and sculpture from 1600 to the death of Louis XIV in 1715.

The largest corpus of art in the West was produced in Italy, the second largest in France. The seventeenth century saw the Italianization of France. French civilization of that century is not nearly well enough known to us, who, as Mr. Rousseau, curator of paintings at the Metropolitan, says, tend to see history through English eyes. We are too little aware of the similarities between Louis and Cromwell. In both England and France an absolute state, modeled on Italian despotism, forced a social revolution that destroyed the power of the aristocracy in favor of economic domination by the middle class. English Puritanism was matched by the puritanism of the Counter Reformation.

All this had previously germinated in the North Italian city states. The Itali-

"THE BASIC RAW MATERIAL is everything you've seen and heard and felt, it's your childhood and your education and serving in the army, and travelling in odd places, and finding yourself in odd situations. It is those rare moments of suffering and delight when a man's private sensations are amplified and illuminated by a flash of insight that gives him the certainty that what he is seeing and feeling is what millions of his fellowmen see and feel in the same situation only heightened. Seen a little sharper perhaps."

—from "Contemporary Chronicles," by John Dos Passos, in the spring issue of The Carleton Miscellany.

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ans, surrounded by the ruins and survivals of Hellenism, had never been entirely convinced by Gothic inventions. Italian Gothic architecture is airy with Roman spaciousness; Italian sculpture never deviated so far from Greek origins as the medieval sculpture of the North. Though Italian painting until the fifteenth century had elements of Gothic naturalism, it was also based on conventionalities of a decadent Hellenism, as one can see in Sienese painting. The Gothic man left wholeness to God; society was called Christendom. Man's province was the details of nature. No one man is responsible for the coherence of a Gothic cathedral; it is a group effort whose totality is beyond the comprehension of a single person's imagination.

Today we call the logic of its form organic, which is to say, like nature. Secular humanity is expressed in the carved details of animals and plants, as well as in humorous irregularities. This naturalism shows in the fourteenth-century animal drawings of the school of Giovanni de' Grassi. Both the surviving conventions of Hellenism and the medieval artist's assumption that wholeness is too large a matter for a single person's concern, show in the drawings of Parri Spinelli, where the features and drapery are vaguely Greek, but the connections limp. The spaciousness of Italian Gothic shows in the copy after the Giottesque fresco of the Visitation.

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Italian drawing is like a distillate of the Italian visual arts. It follows the essential development of Western art up to the eighteenth century. Medieval naturalism that leaves wholeness to God, implies security. One concerns oneself with things, and with the plurality of the world. Then questioning begins. What are things? Italian art developed through attention to those facts which are man's province: first, anatomy; next, appearance, how things look, which leads to perspective; then, what do we see, which leads to a questioning of the assumption of wholeness, for if the natures of the parts are questioned, so will be questioned what they add up to.

There is Uccello's perspective study of the *mazzocchio,* the wicker frame for the doughnut-shaped Florentine headpiece; in this, and in the studies of anatomy from Pollaiuolo up to Leonardo's and Michelangelo's mastery of anatomy, there is a continuous questioning of medieval materialism, a redoing of aspects of art, a new look at experience, and therefore at reality. In Pontormo's schematic anatomy and in Tintoretto's abstract laying out of a figure on co-ordinates, we see this new specific knowledge applied to a new sense of the whole — the whole, now, as man-made. In the fourteenth century the wholeness, like the detail, was unquestioned; it was organic, natural, only for God to understand. The new wholeness is artificial, human, inorganic, within man's province. Art is no longer continuous with nature: it has acquired an independent existence, pretending to equality with nature.

From mastery of detail follows in the seventeenth century the assimilation of detail into composition: even when the parts may seem to fly outward, the whole turns inward on itself, instead of presenting a parade of relations, such as is characteristic of Piero or Perugino. In the wash drawings of Guercino, Ludovico Carracci, Tiepolo and Guardi, the detail can no longer be separated from the picture; its significance is partial to the composition. Light unifies. Pollaiulo's anatomy does not add up to so firm a totality as in the later anatomists; as Dr. Sinibaldi says, his drawing, which trembles with uncertainty, "is completely traversed by an overt and embattled search for something." It is wholeness that is sought, a wholeness attained later by Raphael. For Raphael, art is beautiful, not because it looks like nature, but because it makes a model for nature. Raphael's work parallels nature, a human totality that lies, as imagined by writers of science fiction, in another dimension outside the world of nature. But this wholeness is not the last one. There comes the new Venetian naturalism, as in Jacopo Bassano's drawing of rabbits, or the studies of Titian, denying line, as Goya did later on, and for this reason denying drawing as a separate art form.

CRITICS who find non-objectivity anti-traditional, do not see that tradition is a process. It leads to non-objectivity like this: first, acceptance of nature as including the artist, who is, like one of the details of his painting, an equal part of creation; next, a questioning of what things are, of what we see; then a questioning of how we see; from here to a consideration of vision itself; then to the one who sees, the artist as part of a duality of nature and recipient; to the artist in introspection, and a denial of objectivity.

In seventeenth-century France, Descartes proved existence by his own existence, which he knew introspectively. Here is the germ of the artistic present. At the same time the French took on the Italian role of responsibility for the continuation of classicism. Learning their art in Italy, the French artists of the seventeenth century, like brilliant pupils, saw behind their teachers, they saw through Italianism to its classical beginnings; they started a Roman revival. This is the conscious side of French painting. This is the significance of the Academy of Le Brun, and of such an intellectual expatriate as Poussin. Poussin could not relax in any way: his anatomy was unvaryingly perfect; color, atmosphere, everything that he could learn from the Italians, he would not allow himself to take for granted. As an outsider, he was too much aware of its value. It is as though he carried on his own shoulders the whole burden revealed by the Renaissance, as though he were personally responsible for maintaining the completeness and the culmination of art. There are two styles in Poussin's work. One, represented by the Metropolitan's *Rape of the Sabine Women*, is all intellectual, consciously fabricated, leaving nothing to the quality of the medium. This painting is the work of an esthetic puritan, guided by will, education and a ferocious conscience, held in heroic balance. The other, represented by the liquid *Entry of Christ into Jerusalem* (as to the ascription of which there is some doubt), is full of painterly surprises and a reserve strength showing in inexplicable formal intuitions, as a variation between softness and crispness, and a crazy split between different colored draperies on the same figure, as if they were at different distances from the spectator's eye. But because one accepts these illogicalities as inevitable, they make for charm and vitality.

The Metropolitan exhibition contains the grandest Poussin in this country, *The Death of Germanicus*, recently acquired by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. There are also a number of Claude seascapes which indicate the genesis of Turner; but Claude's sea has a restrained atmospheric limpidity that draws you hypnotically into the painting, into its world, as though you were there, by the shore. Turner's speech, when he describes the sea, is as coarse as his perceptions are sharp. Claude intoxicates, Turner is drunk. The conscious side of Italianization shows further in the academic paintings of Le Brun, the Caravaggio-like Valentin, La Hyre's *Adoration of the Shepherds*, with a Bellini-blue sky, and Vouet's mastery of many styles, from his early imitation of Caravaggio in the self portrait, to the graceful lightness and purity of color in the *Three Marys at the Tomb*. These imitations of Italian styles are hardly inferior to their models, and the leadership of art went from Italy to France, notwithstanding the greater genius of specific painters in Spain and the Netherlands. Italian was the language of Europe in the seventeenth century, French in the eighteenth.

BUT this is half the picture. The other half consists of the bourgeois painters, especially Georges de la Tour and the brothers Le Nain. La Tour's paintings almost all featured an interior light from a candle. *The Woman and the Flea* as well as *Saint Irene with the Wounded Saint Sebastian*, prefigure Balthus. So does *Venus at the Forge of Vulcan* by Louis and Mathieu Le Nain. In La Tour it is the rectangular combination of blandness with something shocking, and the spell-like stillness. In the Brothers Le Nain it is a self reliance, perhaps the self reliance of the new managing class, or of persons whose good manners come from natural sensitiveness more than from rules of behavior. *The Trictrac Players* of Mathieu Le Nain looks ahead to Cézanne's card players, and it and *The Card Players*, also by Mathieu, to certain early De Koonings. As Descartes proved existence by his own existence, validated in introspection, so these bourgeois artists proved art by their own practice, validated less by comparison to Italian precedent than within the paintings themselves. Where the aristocratic painters mastered foreign precedent, the bourgeois painters assimilated tradition at a less conscious level to a new naturalism, as thirteenth-century French sculptors had assimilated Hellenism to Gothic naturalism.

Americans have been too little aware of the French Renaissance. That is because, where the Italian Renaissance attracts us with its suggestions of youth, adventure and the opening of new possibilities, the French has suggested to us duty, heroic responsibility, an almost joyless splendor. French splendor had a high price. In winter, in the new palace of Versailles, the king's wine froze at the table. By comparison the Massachusetts Puritans were well prepared for their camping out, and they carried no white man's burden. The French court carried the whole burden of reason, individual responsibility within a Catholic framework, and of civilization. They chose to do so. And this exhibition proves that their *tour de force* was a magnificent success.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MARY! MARY! by Jean Kerr (Helen Hayes Theatre) is a "good show." I put the phrase in quotes not because I mean it to be construed ironically, but because, though I have no need or appetite for the sort of relaxation it affords, I recognize its efficient merits. Since it is well cast—Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, John Cromwell, Betsy von Furstenberg are all excellent—and nicely directed by Joseph Anthony; and since Barbara Bel Geddes is an actress I adore—she softens brittleness by the sweetness of her disposition, the downiness of her voice and something tenderly twinkling in her whole person—I am obliged to set the event down with perhaps a casual objectivity as a good show.

Jean Kerr knows how to crack wise. She manages to do so incessantly in *Mary! Mary!* without becoming tiresome. Wisecracking is less than wit: it is as horseplay to humor. It does not illuminate, it surprises. To be continuously surprised is to be burdened. It is like sustaining a hail of kisses. One is not sure whether one is being treated with affection or being made the subject of a practical joke.

Mrs. Kerr's cracks are agile, shrewd, light and literate. They leap effortlessly and gracefully from her characters' lips. They add to their social entertainment value by being archly wicked with numerous topical allusions. They flatter the audience by making it feel hep-to-date. The total effect may be summed up as the charming affability of a hostess who, if she were not so sure of her skill, might dread her guests' being unamused even for a moment.

Recalling the play's wisp of a plot, one wonders if there might not have been more to it than meets the ear. The husband in this comedy is a nice fellow but utterly obtuse (though a good publisher!) and a dunderhead in human relations, particularly in regard to women. In a word, he is lovable but dumb, which is how most women seem to regard their "intelligent" mates. The wife is delightful in every way except that she has a quick tongue, a faculty for scalding the blubber of her honest husband's fatuousness — a gift which must gladden everyone except him.

Is the play intended, after all, to make a comment: gentlemen stop being such infernal asses; ladies shut up? Do the ladies enjoy the show because they recognize their alter ego in Mary, and do

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the men like it because they see themselves forgiven because they are after all necessary? If such thoughts were part of the author's purpose, they are fortunately spirited away by the Bel Geddes glow. The unkind note in Mrs. Kerr's previous play, *The King of Hearts*, is modified here to a girlish laughter in which a feminine caress heals the sting of derision.

WHATEVER values Morris L. West's novel *The Devil's Advocate* may have (I did not read it) I find very little value in the play Dore Schary has made of it (Billy Rose Theatre). It is the kind of serious play on an important theme with which I have scant patience.

It will probably appeal to many, however, for it has "everything." Item: Respect for religious belief. If one believes in God, we are told, one must believe in miracles. Is there a miracle in this play? One may have it either way. Item: The Catholic Church is shown to have within its priesthood men who are not only sophisticated and liberal, but some who feel themselves out of touch with life and thus in sore need of spiritual fulfillment. Item: Regard for simple folk: there is the wholesome Italian peasant woman who has borne a bastard to the man whose nomination for sanctification the Church is now investigating. There is also the (Italian) Jewish doctor whose gentle skepticism and warm humanity make him everyone's friend. Item: Sex. On the one hand we have the promiscuous (English) Contessa who for lack of love is tormented by insatiable desire, hence pitiable; and on the other there is a homosexual who is both reproved and regarded with compassion. Finally, we get a proper dosage of anti-communism.

There is no true center to this tissue of fabrications and devices. I am not convinced and therefore cannot be moved by the Monsignor who, dying of cancer without having made any intimate contact with life, finally achieves grace by becoming involved with the sufferings of the inhabitants of an obscure Calabrian town. All the characters are counterfeit images, as schematic and hollow as the scenery Jo Mielziner has set on the treadmill that moves in smooth stateliness across the expanse of the stage.

The play, in the main, is miscast, though there are some good actors in it (Sam Levene for one). Very few of these actors do more than illustrate their roles audibly, responding to direction by Dore Schary which is wholly trite.

THE CHARACTER of Hamlet, said Hazlitt, "is probably of all others the most difficult to personate on the stage." The reason is that, besides requiring of the actor tremendous physical prowess, mastery of speech and enormous resources of passion and perception, Hamlet is the kind of man, to quote Shaw, "whose passion has produced the philosophy, the art and the statecraft of the world," a man endowed, to return to Hazlitt, with "an excess of intellectual refinement."

I have seen John Gielgud, Maurice Evans, Alec Guinness, Laurence Olivier (in the film), Raymond Massey, Jean-Louis Barrault, Fritz Weaver, John Neville in the role and, though several of these actors measured up to some of its demands, I have never felt that any of them was Hamlet by half. (I missed John Barrymore's Hamlet, but I regard him as the only American actor within my theatregoing experience who was thoroughly equipped to create the full figure.)

None of the actors mentioned appeared in productions with great permanent ensembles under the leadership of an artistically commanding director essential to the play's complete realization. I am convinced, moreover, that no production rehearsed, as most of ours have to be, for four or five weeks can cope with the problems of this complex and mighty masterpiece, which is not so much a perfect play as an overwhelming dramatic and poetic phenomenon — like an earth force. To believe otherwise is either not to appreciate the play's nature or not to comprehend the theatre's scope.

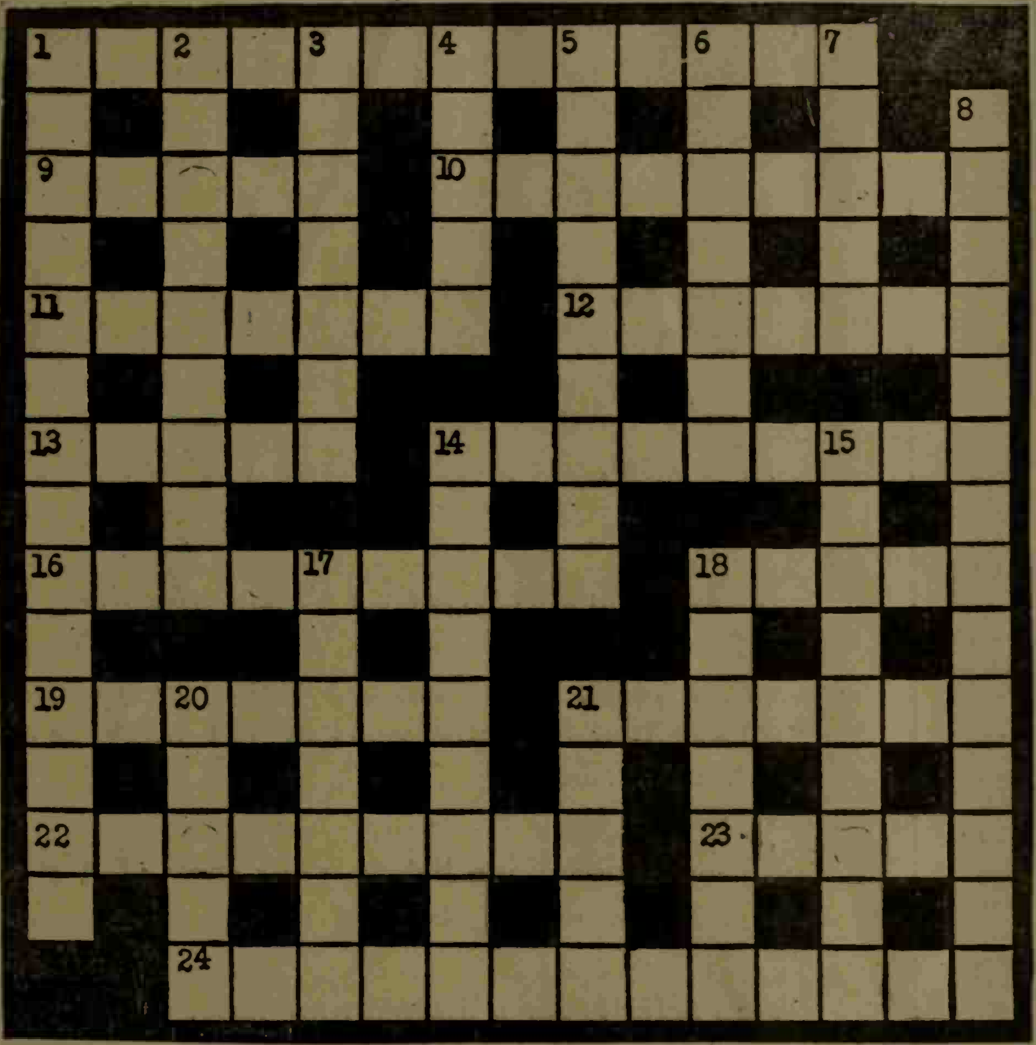
It is therefore not too harsh to say that the *Hamlet* at the Phoenix is something like a talented college effort. The play is made to move swiftly with a certain boyish *élan*, the plot as such is clearly articulated, one hears the words distinctly although the voices are hardly gratifying or the readings beautiful.

Douglas Madden is a handsome young actor of likable personality wholly devoted to his task, which he performs with sensibility as well as valiance. Joyce Ebert makes a more sympathetic Ophelia than many older and more experienced actresses who have assayed the part, but never, despite the lovely poetry it contains, have I been able to rid myself of a sense of discomfort with it. The mad scene is hardly ever made pretty or painful enough and it intrudes rather awkwardly across the pattern and progress of the play. John Heffernan, badly made up, does not fail to provide a few smile-provoking moments as Polonius.

In brief: I can recommend the performance to those who — whether young or old — are still unfamiliar with the staged play.

Crossword Puzzle No. 910

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Varies the construction of it in control of the disputatious. (13)
9 To hint at slightly less than a thousand strands? (5)
10 Will the content of the greatest "Amen!", they say? (9)
11 Gowned in the style of the past. (7)
12 A wild moose in shape to take the offensive. (7)
13 Spruce. (5)
14 He has to answer for someone else's action. (9)
16 It might be necessary to change it to see Stalin. (9)
18 Could one make a sort of Spartan slave this accommodating? (5)
19 A rolling accompaniment might put you to sleep. (7)
21 Marcus Vipsanius had this at last. (7)
22 The girl an astronaut might come back to. (9)
23 Sudra, etc., as an example of change? (5)
24 What grasshoppers make turns liars into dust. (13)

DOWN:

1 Is Ghent so cowardly? (7-7)
2 Their pins might create trouble. (9)
3 How some hands are flushed? (7)
4 Exercised right in expression of opinion. (5)
5 Indignant at the fun Lester spoils? (9)
6 A reputedly fine hand. (7)
7 Did George his father remain as nearly stationary as feasible? (3,2)
8 Wings, when white, used to be more familiar. (6,8)
14 Two unpopular types to college students in their cups, perhaps. (4,5)
15 Points at a broken relish dish? (9)
17 Introduces coordinates therein, it seems. (7)
18 A rickety chair to set down on the table, perhaps. (7)
20 Responsible for growing vegetation and a number of things, by the sound of it. (5)
21 Garrick said Goldsmith wrote like one. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 909

ACROSS: 1 Euphuistic; 6 Asps; 10 Antique; 11 Oarlock; 12 Conventionally; 14 Planters; 15 Luanda; 16 Tallow; 18 Homespun; 22 Breathlessness; 24 Scholar; 25 Adamite; 26 Duse; 27 Candidates. DOWN: 1 Emancipate; 2 Petunia; 3 Unquestionably; 4 Sweeter; 5 Isopod; 7 Swollen; 8 Sake; 9 Treasure Island; 13 Garnishees; 17 Lurches; 19 Operand; 20 Predict; 21 Sherpa; 23 Used.

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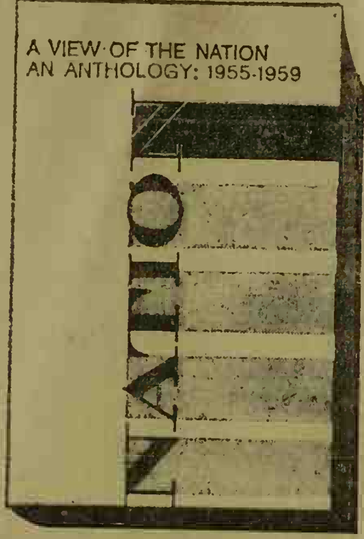

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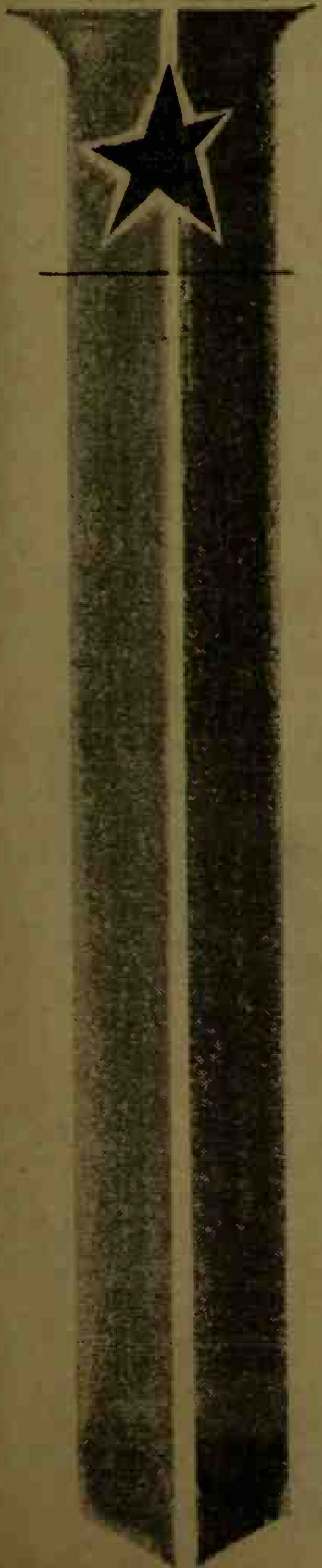

Revolution at Sea

HOW I SEIZED
the
‘SANTA MARIA’

by

Henrique Galvao

LETTERS

Orchids, Onions and Ivy

Dear Sirs: Prof. Shaffer's excellent article, "Tuition Crisis in the Ivy League States" (March 18), shows the State of New York as a stronghold of the elite concept in higher education, only establishing a State University in 1948.

I feel that it would have been proper for Prof. Shaffer to have made some acknowledgment of the fact that within this stronghold, and because of it, the City of New York established The College of the City of New York in 1847, to provide tuition-free higher education for the academically deserving sons of the city, without regard to race, creed or color, who could not afford the luxury of eliteness. CCNY is the first evidence of the democratic concept of tuition-free higher education in this country and it is now in its 113th year of service — exactly 100 years ahead of the state!

Arthur J. Jacobs, CCNY '37

Eugene, Ore.

Dear Sirs: Prof. Shaffer . . . intimates, or states flatly, that Ivy League colleges exclude low-income minority groups from their "aristocratic" halls. I and many of my Dartmouth classmates (to take a single year as an example) are testimony to the absurdity of this charge. How did we get to Dartmouth? Exactly as Dr. Commager suggests — through the G.I. Bill as well as through loans, scholarships and jobs provided by the college solely on the basis of need.

I have spent the past ten years in public education in teachers' and community colleges and large, state-run universities, many of which — unlike poor, starved New York — had millions of public dollars with which to provide modern buildings and other facilities. In general, these schools were of such poor educational quality that the money spent on them seems almost a criminal waste. . . . Raymond Mullen

Ocala, Fla.

British Colonial Policy

Dear Sirs: In your February 11 issue, Jane Stolle wrote about "The State of the United Nations." May I ask her the following questions?

1. Can she give one example of Great Britain's "nineteenth-century policies in the economic and colonial areas?"

2. When has the U.S. ever been paralyzed by blind support of any British policy?

3. After looking at the record, can she seriously group British colonial policy with the colonial policies of Portugal, Spain, Belgium and France?

4. Does she really suggest that Britain's "interests involve the delay of economic and social development in the hungry parts of the world"?

For rhetorical reasons, Miss Stolle has made a highly offensive generalization that shows a complete ignorance of modern British colonial policy. . . .

Michael Burrage
London School of Economics
Students' Union

London, England

Dear Sirs: I have perhaps been unfair to Britain in putting her unqualifiedly in this group (see Question 3), particularly in view of post-World War II history. Yet it is curious how, until the American defection on the recent U.N. vote on Angola, Britain, Spain, Portugal and the United States maintained a similar pattern of voting on all colonial questions. Was it in the interest of the Algerian people, or of NATO, that Britain and the United States abstained on the Algerian question all these years? Why did the U.S. delegation, against its own wishes, join with the United Kingdom, France, Portugal, Spain, Belgium, the Union of South Africa, the Dominican Republic and Australia in abstaining on a resolution introduced by Nehru calling for a "speedy end of colonialism"? The answer: a personal plea from Macmillan to Eisenhower. As to Question 4, it would better be addressed to the former British colonies, and particularly India. Once freedom is attained, it is easy to forget the long, hard struggle that leads to it.

Jane Stolle

New York City

Film Historian's Plea

Dear Sirs: Anyone with information (letters, photographs, reminiscences) concerning the U. S. Film Service, its films or related documentaries of "social awareness" of the 1930s, please write to me at 309-10 Stanford Village, Stanford, California. Larry J. Logan

Collective Action

Dear Sirs: Every public-opinion poll on an issue connected with peace shows the same strong feeling against war as did the poll cited in your editorial, "Wanted — A Peace Movement" (March 11). . . . What is lacking is the drama, excitement and contagious enthusiasm of millions working in unison for a common aim.

Dr. Linus Pauling and Mrs. Ava Helen Pauling have initiated a world-wide petition calling for the cessation of the spread of nuclear weapons and particularly against furnishing them to NATO. Over 750 distinguished people from thirty-nine countries have joined the Paulings in sponsoring the petition. Among them are thirty-eight Nobel Laureates, including Lord Russell and Dr. Albert Schweitzer.

Let all peace organizations, all in-

(Continued on page 332)

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Words and Facts

On its face, the State Department's White Paper on Cuba, written mainly by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., approved by Dean Rusk and Allen Dulles, and edited by the President himself, is simply a call to counterrevolution. The paper does make it clear that the United States is not opposed to bourgeois-type revolutions, in which the basic rights of property are not violated and a corrupt regime is turned out in favor of a virtuous one, or at any rate one less corrupt. But the Cuban revolution, under the direction of Castro, Guevara et al., proved not so aseptic; it expropriated American (and Cuban) property, and eventually allied itself with the Soviet bloc. We call on it to revert to what it was at the outset, which is about as easy as making water run uphill, failing which we exhort the Cuban people to wipe out this infamy. All Latin America is invited to join the United States and the anti-Castro Cubans in this crusade of virtue against vice.

The call is an eloquent one, but it does not deal very realistically with the facts of the case. One of the facts is that the Eisenhower administration gave material assistance and moral encouragement to Batista as long as it looked as if he could cling to power. The White Paper says, "We acknowledge past omissions and errors in our relationship to . . . the people of Cuba, our brothers." This *mea culpa* would come with better grace if one of President Kennedy's chief advisers on Cuba, and his unsuccessful aspirant for the post of Ambassador to Switzerland, were not the same Earl Smith who, as Ambassador to Batista, did his full share in alienating those whom we now hail as brothers. A President cannot disavow his predecessor in so many words, but there is far more continuity in policy on Cuba than the people of Cuba (those who have remained there) are likely to tolerate. It seems that all the conversion must be on Castro's side, with precious little on ours.

Then, what did we expect Castro to do when we cut off his oil, cut off the sugar quota, and in every other respect made him the pariah of the hemisphere? And did we expect Khrushchev to pass up the opportunity to expose our vulnerability in our own backyard? Here again the Kennedy Administration has carried on the Eisenhower policies — in fact, has intensified them. When Kennedy was elected, Castro put out some hopeful feelers for a rapprochement. The response was glacial. Nor has hostile action been lacking on our part. Even as Mr. Schlesinger was composing his philippic, the United States was putting teeth into his recriminations. In addition to the training camp for counterrevolutionaries in Guatemala which the United States has been operating since the fall of 1960, it was announced that we are establishing a training center in the Canal Zone to teach Latin American armies antiguerrilla and guerrilla tactics. In this fashion, we show that the people of Cuba remain our brothers.

A fact not to be overlooked is that these our brothers are armed to the teeth, and for the most part support the miscreant Castro. The *émigrés* drilling in the environs of Miami and in Central America have as much chance of overthrowing Castro as Denikin, Wrangel, Semenoff and the other Czarist generals had of overthrowing Lenin. Castro can be overthrown, but it will take the United States Air Force, Army and Navy to do it. This operation could be categorized as a brushfire war, but it would be a bloody one, and could set all Latin America on fire. Where we now have one Communist-oriented revolution to cope with, we might find ourselves writing White Papers in condemnation of half a dozen. Where, then, will be our vaunted moral superiority? Britain and France recovered from Suez, the Soviet Union from Hungary, but the scars remain. Our victory could be even more Pyrrhic. The aftermath might be the end of the United Nations, as well as our moral pretensions.

The White Paper is the beginning of something, but that something is incubating in President Kennedy's mind and even Mr. Schlesinger may not know what it is. If Mr. Kennedy is putting the screws on Mr. Castro, preparatory to a genuine effort to bring him to reason, then it is a normal maneuver of statecraft and to be accepted as such. If it is the prelude to a U.S.-backed counterrevolution by Cubans inside and outside Cuba, then it is folly, and not less so for all that it is couched in fine phrases.

'If Hopes Were Dupes'

History, of course, repeats itself first as tragedy and then as farce. Over the last two decades, we have become all too familiar with the liberal "dupe" or "fellow-traveler" impaled by Congressional inquisitors for such offenses as having sponsored some organization about which he did not always know all that might be known.

Now the wheel has come full turn and it is yesterday's wiseacre who has become today's "dupe." Take, for instance, the case of Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona and the John Birch Society. Robert Welch, the society's founder, admits that he is an "acquaintance" of the Senator. The society's *Blue Book* leaves no doubt that Welch's current — and enthusiastic — choice for the Presidency in 1964 is Senator Goldwater. One of the society's most active and flourishing chapters is in the Senator's state of Arizona. And yet the usually forthright Senator, who has a reputation for "laying it on the line," insists that he doesn't know whether he is for or against the John Birch Society. "I can't answer that question," he said recently, "because I don't know too much about the society."

Then there is Rep. John Rousselot (R., Cal.) who, in his own way, has often pointed the finger of scorn at "soft-headed" dupes and fellow-travelers of the left-of-center. "I just don't know whether I'm a member," he told the *Los Angeles Times*. "I don't deny membership. I just don't know." If an unfriendly witness before one of the inquisitorial committees were to be that vague about possible membership in a committee formed in the mid-thirties to furnish medical supplies to the Spanish Loyalists, he would be denounced as a shameful equivocator, if not a perjurer, and a contempt citation would be forthcoming.

In an advertisement in the Santa Barbara *Free-Press* of February 7, 1961, the John Birch Society quoted the following letter which had been addressed to C. M. Crawford of Los Angeles: "Replying to your recent letter, I beg to advise you that I do not know of any more dedicated anti-Communist in the country than Robert Welch. I unhesitatingly recommend him to you and endorse his John Birch Society. Under separate cover I am sending you some literature that may be of interest to you." The letter is signed Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, who prayed so long and so earnestly for the success of the new Administration at the President's inauguration. (Perhaps Cardinal Cushing has never read the discussion of the "amoral man" to be found in the *Blue Book* of the John Birch Society which contains an unmistakable reference to Mr. Kennedy, but written, of course, before his election to the Presidency.)

Then, of course, there is Representative Edgar W. Hiestand (R., Cal.), accuser extraordinary, self-constituted "thought" policeman of Pasadena and environs, who feels outraged over the "smears" that have come his way because of his membership in the society (at least he *knows* that he is a member). Yet in the view of Robert Welch, the society's founder, President Kennedy, former President Truman, former President Eisenhower, the late John Foster Dulles, and Allen W. Dulles were all dupes of the Communist conspiracy.

All of which leaves us in a state of comical confusion about who is and who is not a dupe, in 1961. Perhaps Arthur Henry Clough was right: "If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars."

African Freedom Day

Senator Hubert Humphrey has introduced a resolution calling on the President to designate April 15 each year as African Freedom Day. The date was designated as such by the conference of independent African states in 1958. The merit of the suggestion is obvious. In anticipation of the fact, the American Committee on Africa has scheduled an Africa Freedom Day Rally to be held at Hunter College in New York on April 17. Among the speakers will be Kenneth Kaunda, President of the United National Independence Party of Northern Rhodesia; Kenya's dynamic leader Tom Mboya; and, we are pleased to note, a by-now fairly regular *Nation* contributor to whose remarkable account of the seizure of the Portuguese liner *Santa Maria* this issue is devoted. It is significant that Messrs. Kaunda and Mboya, as their appearance at the rally indicates, recognize the importance of the role that non-natives have played in the liberation of Africa. In this context, Henrique Galvao is as important a figure as any native who has participated in Africa's numerous liberation movements. Freedom has nothing to do with race or place of birth or ethnic origin. Africa will be free not when the last remnants of colonial rule have vanished; it will be truly free only when Africans — black and white — have given assurance to the world of their capacity to respect human rights, regardless of race, tribe, village, ethnic origin or social class.

The Lady from Maine

Many a citizen in many a state must wish he were a resident of Maine, so that he could be represented in the Senate of the United States by Margaret Chase Smith. Many a Democrat would be glad to vote for Mrs. Smith, a Republican, and no doubt many a Maine Democrat does so. Her reputation among her colleagues is high, and with good reason. When a majority of Senators cowered before Joe McCarthy, she was one of the group that spoke out against him. She has never lacked either good sense or courage. But now she has done something that is nearly unprecedented in either branch of the Congress. On March 30, the Department of the Air Force notified Senator Smith that it had decided to close the Snark missile base at Presque Isle, Maine. This would normally have been the signal for the aggrieved legislator to rise in the chamber, rend his garments, throw ashes on his hair, and demand that the order be rescinded so that the survival of the United States would not be jeopardized and, survival aside, his faithful constituents would not be deprived of their livelihood. In this case, Mrs. Smith rose indeed, but what she said was, "The far easier course for me to pursue politically would be to demand that the now outmoded Snark program be continued, so that the Presque Isle Air Base [could] be kept operating, to aid the economy of the area. . . . But in all good conscience I cannot do this, for this would simply be playing politics with our national security, our national defense, and our taxpayer's dollar. It would be submitting to the economic philosophy that our National Defense Establishment and our national security program must be operated primarily for the local economy." Senators Mansfield, Morse and Kuchel were moved to commend Senator Smith from the floor. Now it remains only for more Senators and Representatives to follow Mrs. Smith's example.

Better Not to Think of It

As spring advances and the people rejoice, it is only with reluctance that *The Nation* refers to a doleful event which, sooner or later, we shall have to bear, if bear it we can. In a letter to the editor of the Tacoma (Wash.) *News Tribune*, J. Edgar Hoover conveys his appreciation for an editorial "expressing concern over the rumor that I am planning to retire from my position as director of the FBI. Please be assured that there is no truth to this ridiculous story, and that my only desire is to remain in my present capacity as long as I can be of service to the country."

So the citizens can breathe again. But in the meantime a strange phenomenon has been observed which could give rise to renewed misgivings. Two of Mr. Hoover's subordinates, Richard D. Auerbach, in charge in San Francisco, and William C. Sullivan, the FBI's chief inspector, have been stumping the country with reassurances at variance with the past alarums of Mr. Hoover himself. Mr. Auerbach's theme is that American university students are a "firm bunch" and that the universities are not a spawning ground for Communists. "We are cheered," the *San Francisco Chronicle* editorializes happily, "to find [such gossip] being put down by an authority such as Auerbach." Mr. Sullivan goes even farther. We must distinguish, he declares, between communism and "legitimate dissent." While he acknowledges that many clergymen have innocently given their names and talents to Communist fronts, he says bluntly that the truth of the matter is that "the Communist Party, U.S.A., has not achieved any substantial success in exerting domination, control or influence over America's clergymen or religious institutions on a national scale. . . ."

The difficulty is that, having been frightened so regularly over the past quarter-century by Mr. Hoover, the citizens may display withdrawal symptoms, like a drug addict suddenly deprived of his daily ration of heroin. A further cause of uneasiness is the fact that since Mr. Hoover's retirement is being rumored, the mind is forced to the contemplation of the day when Mr. Hoover will actually retire, or be retired. If a President of the United States should go mad and dismiss the great man, would not the country be overrun by Russian spies? The advance of spring is halted, or at least retarded, when one thinks of these things.

Political Education in the United States

If the average man reads only the sporting pages and the funnies, he still gets political education. An outstanding example is "Steve Canyon," the famed cartoon strip of Milton Caniff. The April 4 installment yields a particularly valuable lesson. Colonel Canyon and another square-jawed character are shown in front of the seal of the Central Intelligence Agency in an office. "Col. Canyon," says the character, who is too young to be Allen Dulles, "your old friend Hogan and Princess Snowflower are involved in this Crag Hag guerrilla activity." (Pause.) "It means they are either Reds — or are being duped by Russia into helping keep Red China in line. . . . You are to go out there and see what can be done about it." We do not see Colonel Canyon depart on his perilous mission, but in the next frame we are shown a troop of horsemen who, by their sinister Oriental faces, are easily recognized as Chinese Reds. "Comrade," says one, "this border has stood for 1,000 years! Why do we cross it now?" "In politics you are as a child!" is the answer. The comrade explains: "We create a border dispute while our leaders prepare to score a large point at a world conference! . . . Attention is on us — and arrangements at high level often go unnoticed. . . ." (He points) "Burn this village and shoot a few stupid peasants. . . . It is a nice day for an outing."

With one slight change, this blood-curdling affair is based on reality. The March 28 *Chinese World*, in a dispatch from the Far East, quotes a guerrilla chief, Tuan Kuo-hsiang, recently evacuated from the Thailand-Laos-Burma region with 2,000 of his men. Tuan boasts that he killed 5,000 men and shot down five ancient propeller-driven fighter planes. The only divergence is that Tuan is now in Taipei, and Tuan and his men are Chinese Nationalists, our loyal allies.

Revolution at Sea

How I Seized the Santa Maria .. *Henrique Galvao*

The author, a distinguished Portuguese historian and novelist, once served the Salazar regime as Chief Inspector for Overseas Territories. Jailed by Salazar in 1951 for a report he prepared on contract-labor abuses in Angola, he was tried in 1958 and sentenced to sixteen years' imprisonment. Escaping, he found asylum in South America, where he continued his revolutionary activities (Mr. Galvao's My Crusade for Portugal *will be published this fall by World). This article has been translated by Gregory Rabassa from the Portuguese.*—EDITORS.

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I. Background to Action

THIS ARTICLE aims to provide an understanding of the "incident" which aroused the world as twenty-four men of the Iberian Revolutionary Directorate, under my command, seized and occupied the Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria*. I hope that it will serve this purpose better than the news media, which excited world opinion with outbursts of sensationalism. It is perhaps still too early to judge the *Santa Maria* action ("Operation Dulcinea," as we called it) with perfect objectivity, since it was only the first phase of an operational plan of revolutionary hostilities against the Iberian dictators and their regimes. This first phase had as its aim the arousing of the free world's human interest in the barbaric drama of the oppression of the peoples of Portugal and Spain. Now that this first phase is over, and the thirst for sensation so dominant in today's world has been satisfied somewhat, the events can be seen in a clearer perspective. In this way the "incident" will make more sense than it did when the *Santa Maria* was in mid-Atlantic and the whole episode was a feast for a world gluttonous for sensation.

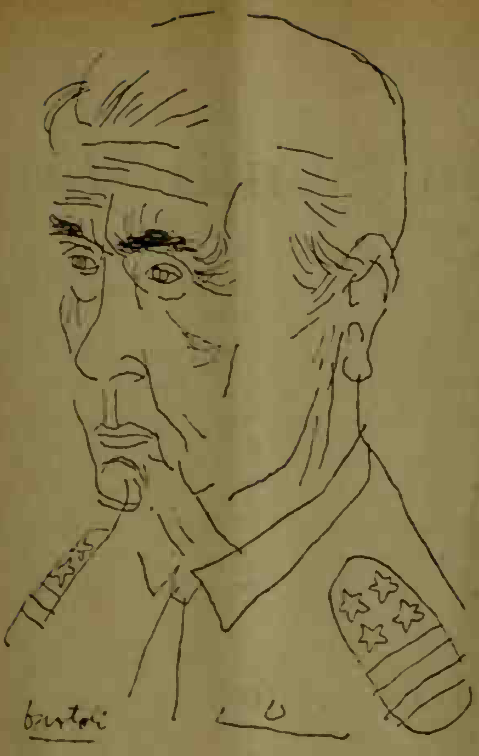
In an article published in *The Nation* of January 9, 1960, I dealt with the Portuguese aspect of a situation that has prevailed in the entire Iberian peninsula for the past thirty years and has devastated and enslaved its peoples. Implicit in that article were the motives behind the capture of the *Santa Maria;* and, with this act, I consider that direct hostilities were opened against the dictators. As for the Spanish aspect of the Iberian problem, the situation under Franco is too well known for me to repeat the facts. All I want to do here is pose a question to all people who prize their liberty as individuals and nations, who hold to the humane point of view that there will never be peace anywhere in the world as long as any form of tyranny exists. Of these people I ask: Was not our insurrection, the revolt of those who would not conform to the loss of liberty or to the acceptance of material and moral miseries offensive to human dignity, in fact completely legitimate? I write for free men and free peoples. I shall not waste my time arguing with tyrants or their packs of sub-humans.

I was one of the many living in the inhuman atmosphere of Portugal who, unconforming, found myself immobilized because of the lack of scruple on the part of the dictatorial regime, whose defenses were criminal force and spiritual fraud. I did have an advantage (or was it a disadvantage?), however, over my fellow sufferers, who made up the overwhelming majority of the population. I had a clearer picture of things, not only because I had suffered personally, but also from having personally known the Dictator and the most hateful elements of his oligarchy. As a Deputy in the National Assembly and as Chief Inspector of Overseas Territories, I had had direct contact with the most horrible cancers of the regime — a regime which does not hesitate to operate in God's name! This advantage (or disadvantage) enabled me to develop a conscience which, although neither better nor purer on the whole than that of any other oppressed person, did give me, in a manner of speaking, a missionary spirit of resistance which made me decide upon action against the regime. All alone or with companions, leader or follower, the rest of my life would be completely dedicated to an attempt to free my country from Salazar's tyranny.

WITHIN Portugal itself, as within Spain, the organization of any attempt at liberation—and many had been made—seemed impossible. On the one hand, there was the regime, continuously fattening its oligarchy and impoverishing its people, spending on arms and propaganda the money which the masses needed for bread, health, housing and education, and protected by a defensive armor of oppressive police who, in spite of being more brutal than intelligent, did manage to have a spy or agent within earshot of any group of twenty Portuguese. On the other hand, there was the effect of thirty years of Gestapo practices on school and home, on factory and farm, on city and village, on barracks and sporting club—in short, throughout all Portuguese society—which had planted fear in the heart and spawned all the forms of terror, fright and unrest upon which Salazar based the "Peace and Order" harped upon by his propaganda. To provoke the explosion of this collective despair through a disorderly mass movement—a not impossible feat, considering the agitation created by the candidacy of General Humberto Delgado for President of Portugal—would be to run the risk of plunging the country into a bloody demagogy, a path which has been proved as not leading to liberty. In their struggle against tyranny, tyrannized peoples cannot rely on even the neutrality of certain governments among the great Western democracies, which constantly betray their ideals—often without the consent of their people—and deal with dictators in such a way as to assure their survival.

If, then, there was to be some possibility for careful organization and preparation, the struggle would have to come from without. In other words, only if the revolt was begun by exiles could there be any chance for a successful outcome. It was not without bitter experience in other forms of rebellion that I had arrived at this conclusion. Having failed for the usual reasons in every attempt I had made in Portugal and in the Overseas Territories to organize a revolt of the hopeless, I was arrested and condemned by successive extraordinary tribunals to life imprisonment. In prison, I managed to resist, physically and morally, the disintegrative methods of the political police (PIDE), who even made a pure and simple attempt at murder. Every day of my imprisonment, I fought against the regime, against the police and against myself. At the end of seven years, during which I had won only the victory over myself, I saw but three possible paths before me: death, madness or escape. The last was made all the more difficult by the fact that I was the most closely guarded prisoner among all of the thousands held by the regime. Nevertheless, with the moral strength I had managed, by some miracle, to keep intact, I succeeded in escaping from a prison hospital (like the ship I was later to capture, the hospital was named Santa Maria). While in hiding, I persisted in my efforts to organize a revolt. But after a month, I saw that I could no longer remain in Portugal; the police were closing in. I took refuge in the Argentinian Embassy, whence, three months later, I left for South America.

At last I was another exile. But my difficult experience had taught me that it was as an exile that I would have greater opportunity to organize the struggle for direct action and the liberation of my unhappy people. There would be the chance of bringing before all the people of the free world the opportunity to examine the Portuguese drama more closely.



Henrique Galvao

Six months later I moved to Venezuela, where it seemed that I would have better conditions for the completion of the mission I had undertaken. I aligned myself with Humberto Delgado, the elected candidate defrauded of his victory by Salazar; I felt close to him both as a comrade and as one who shared his political objectives.

WHILE the intent of the mission was clear, great practical problems arose. The struggle seemed most one-sided, and none of the elements one could logically count on to make it less so were available. The political exiles had degenerated to the point where they offered only rhetorical forms of resistance. A sort of fatalistic immobility characterized them; they relied more on the chance that international contingencies would cause the downfall of the peninsular dictatorships than on the will and strength of an active national resistance. Salazar had corrupted everything, and through fear, bribery and misery, he had also corrupted many of the values once held by the opposition.

On one side there was the State, very powerful materially, as far as we were concerned, with a police-like Army and a police force as well-armed as an Army—both useless for external defense, but strong enough to maintain an internal offensive of fear; with a diplomatic corps serving both as police and propagandists, and with plenty of resources for bribery; with a naval force sufficient to frighten the Overseas Territories; and, above all, with as much money as could be diverted from the vital necessities of a population which, in terms of living standards and tuberculosis control, was already relatively inferior to any other European country.

ON THE other side, separated from Portugal by the Atlantic moat, here we were: first two, then a half-dozen, then several dozen—lacking money, arms, transportation or international aid. We could not command an iota of moral or material support from the democratic country we had chosen as our jump-off point. We were stronger than the dictators only in the morality of the cause we were defending, in the dignity of our poverty and in the sincerity of our aims. But superiority in moral strength does not count for much as a weapon of war in a world in which the very liberty of oppressed peoples is trafficked in by certain undemocratic governments of very democratic nations in exchange for military bases and facilities undemocratically conceded. In addition to this, the dictators had signed and put into operation the so-called Iberian Pact, by which they formed an alliance to insure the survival of their tyrannies on the international level through diplomacy, and internally by means of the joint forces of their oligarchies.

The aid I had hoped for, and which had been promised by a high official of the majority party of Venezuela, never materialized. Indeed, instead of help from that quarter, we came to count on nothing but difficulties which certainly would not have existed had the Venezuelan Government more faithfully followed the wishes and feelings of its people.

It was at that time (beginning in December, 1959) that I began to attempt a reply to the Iberian Pact by trying to unite the exiled forces of the Portuguese and Spanish oppositions for a common action. Through this alliance, we hoped to set up a sort of technical organization of liberation, aimed at opening and maintaining active hostilities against the dictatorial regimes of the Iberian peninsula. The first attempt to achieve this alliance was a failure. The Spanish elements of the opposition-in-exile, although in agreement on the advantages of unification, and although they harbored a common anxiety over Franco's continuing in power, were hopelessly divided on institutional questions. Many of the groups they had formed were, in a manner of speaking, adapted to the routine of an opposition consisting primarily of rhetoric—a type of opposition hardly suited to match the force and intrigue that could be put into play by the signers of the Iberian Pact. The result, for all practical purposes, was a type of immobility. Nevertheless, while the attempt at union failed, the contacts made enabled me to become acquainted with certain elements who were not in agreement with this immobility and who, along with me, saw the necessity for direct action.

These dissidents formed a group called the Union of Spanish Combatants. We then organized the Revolutionary Directorate of Iberian Liberation (DRIL)—a precarious organization at best, considering its lack of material means and prestige. DRIL could count only on the determination and courage of its members. Basically, it represented an alliance between the Union of Spanish Combatants and the National Independence Movement (MNI), led by General Delgado (at the time, I was the General's delegate in Venezuela, as well as his closest collaborator). The Union of Spanish Combatants could count on combat elements scattered throughout several European countries, more faithful and valiant than organized, and the MNI had the weight of the support of the Portuguese masses who had voted for Delgado, and consequently could claim legitimacy as the representative organ of Portuguese resistance. Ideologically, both organizations were anti-totalitarian, opposed to all oppressive forms of government, whether Communist or McCarthyite.

From this tenuous union there would arise an understanding among people who, at the outset, hardly knew one another either personally or politically. But the fundamental problems still remained, namely the lack of material resources, the small size of our forces in comparison with the enemy, and the lack of prestige which alone could bring us the help we needed. For all practical purposes, the only thing we could rely on was the fact that the overwhelming majority of the Portuguese and Spanish peoples wanted what we wanted: the redemption of the Iberian nations, morally, politically and economically, through liberty. They would give their unconditional support to us, or to any democratic opposition, which could show a capacity for direct and effective action. I was to be chief of operations for the Portuguese DRIL under the authority granted me by General Delgado.

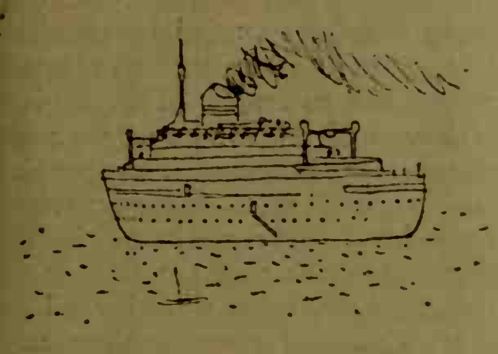
II. Planning the Action

"OPERATION DULCINEA," the opening of hostilities against the Iberian tyrannies, actually arose out of the seemingly insurmountable difficulties facing us. We could not use the classic methods of revolutionary combat, such as armed rebellion from within, or invasion. As far as these methods were concerned, the invulnerability of Salazar and Franco seemed as real as their immobilist opposition had painted it. Yet it was indispensable that we attack the tyrants on their own ground. Moreover, this had to be done in full view of a world opinion so indifferent to the Iberian drama as to be unaware that Western governments were pursuing policies which assured the survival of the Iberian dictatorships. We would have to employ a form of action modest enough to fall within the scope of our meager possibilities, yet which by its originality and power to shock would lay bare the systems of violence and lies of the dictators. If we could manage this, we would certainly gain the support of the oppressed masses of the nations in question and of the political leaders of the democratic opposition; we might even gain sufficient prestige to carry us into a battle for the ultimate freedom of our peoples. Clearly, imagination would have to play a leading role in our operation.

THE ANGUISH of our difficulties brought forth the idea of "Dulcinea." Every month Spanish ships and the Portuguese luxury liner *Santa Maria* touched at the Venezuelan port of La Guaira. Legally they were parcels of national territory. Why was it not possible for the revolution to begin on one of these pieces of Iberian soil which came our way—as other revolutions had started in cities, mountains or valleys? The passengers would correspond to the inhabitants of territories in revolt, and the situation would differ only in form from what was happening, and had happened recently, in Cuba, in Algeria, in Paraguay and in all countries where oppressed peoples were fighting for their freedom. Naturally, the passengers would be inconvenienced, but certainly less than the inhabitants, native and foreign, of a city in revolt; in any case, our plans called for the unstinting protection of their lives, dignity and property. Due to its prestige as a merchant ship, its speed and its resources, the *Santa Maria* interested us most among all the ships available for our operation. We would not be able to obtain the same effect with a smaller, slower and less important ship. Therefore, the *Santa Maria* would be the ship of "Operation Dulcinea" — Dulcinea because, in many ways, we were also romantics going forth to do battle for our lady fair.

Once we had formulated the idea, the practical problems of its realization became evident. We would have to gather information and study it closely. There would be the preparation of personnel who would take part. We would have to secure funds for arms and tickets. And we would have to guard the secret from Salazar's spies, who are present wherever there is a Portuguese colony. We spent many months of anguish and despair in resolving these problems, more anxious and desperate than armed combatants, more fatigued than any laborer, in a situation as precarious as any in which one's life is risked. These months were so intensive that on January 20 of this year, when we finally boarded the *Santa Maria*, we could say with real conviction that whatever our fate might be, the most painful part of the operation was already behind us.

According to the initial plan, the operation would consist of three phases. One hundred men armed with automatic weapons were to seize three ships in a period of two days, provided certain time tables coincided. They would be the *Santa Maria;* the *Vera Cruz*, its sister ship; and a Spanish ship which sailed between Europe and Cuba. In order to accomplish this, we would need at least $30,000. Had we been able to obtain the money, "Dulcinea" would have been carried out through all three phases and it is entirely possible that large sectors of Portuguese territory in Europe and overseas would today be free. But there was no way of obtaining $30,000. We had no help from the country we were in and hardly any help at all from the many elements of democratic opposition-in-exile, who preferred immobility and lacked faith in our capacity for action. Communist parties were against us, and several Portuguese and Spanish millionaires with democratic sympathies closed their pockets to any program which did not consist of banquets and rhetorical manifestations. Begging from door to door, failing time after time, fighting a daily battle against the difficulties caused by the immobilists, it was only by the generosity of the very poor and by sucking blood from our own breasts, like pelicans, that we were able to manage enough for the embarkation of twenty-four men, of whom only fourteen would be armed. In order to attain this minimum goal, we not only had to postpone the operation from October to January, but also to abandon the most ambitious part of the plan.



BY outsiders, even the first phase of the operation would have been considered madness; but there was no other way out. Furthermore, we had foreseen, and quite accurately as it turned out, that we would have in our favor the element of surprise and audacity. Although we were going against a crew of more than three hundred men, they were oppressed, like all Portuguese under the domination of Salazar's oligarchy, and the fear the regime had instilled in their hearts would work in our favor.

We had come down to the final day, ready to bring about the first phase of the operation. Anticipating that the successful accomplishment of the first phase would bring many new elements to our side, we left the details of planning for subsequent phases for a later period. There was nothing mad about it at all. I am a cold-blooded creature, prepared for life and ready to consider its risks and contingencies in an objective manner. I felt that it was no more than one dangerous step with enough chances of success to risk it; the risk would be warranted, I believed, even if we gained only the first objective. The immediate goals of the first operational phase were the following:

¶To arouse interest in the drama of Portugal and Spain, so that the oppressed peoples of the peninsula would find among free peoples a support more worthy of the latter's ideals, heretofore compromised by the aid their governments had been giving the dictators.

¶To instill new hope in the oppressed masses of Portugal and Spain and assure them that ours was a movement based on direct action which was nevertheless capable of leading them ultimately to freedom without the danger of a disorderly uprising.

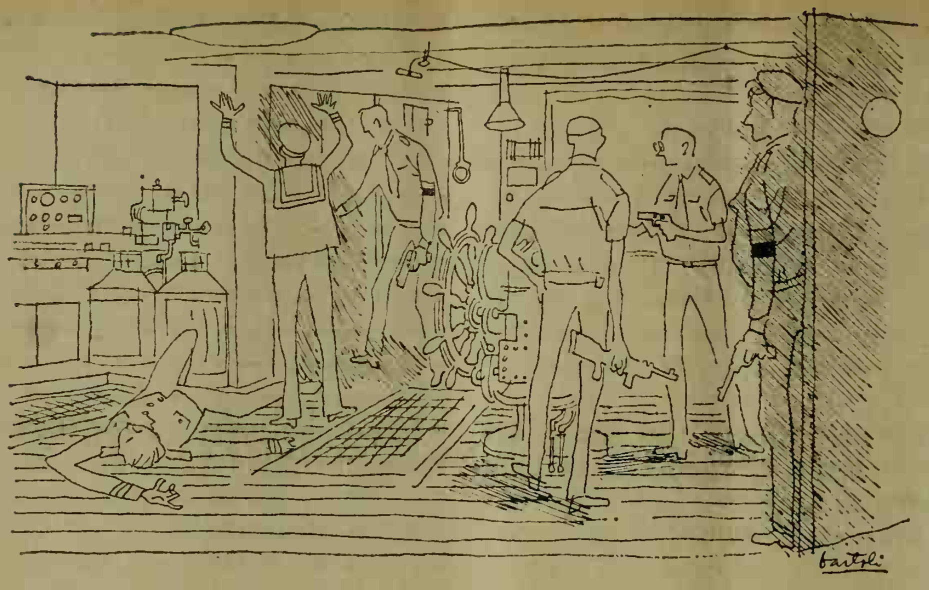
¶Finally, to arouse out of their immobility the groups of democratic politicians whose militant opposition to the regimes had so far been limited to rhetoric.

III. Seizure and Aftermath

WHILE my companions bought their tickets and boarded the *Santa Maria* at La Guaira as ordinary passengers (but with their arms concealed in their baggage), I flew to Curaçao, where the ship was to dock on the morning of the following day, January 21. I would have to embark clandestinely, lest my presence be noted, and it was best that I go aboard as close to H-hour as possible. At eight in the morning of January 21, the *Santa Maria* entered the harbor at Curaçao. One can imagine the emotion I felt as I saw it pass by the hotel where I was staying. With a felt hat pulled over my eyes and a God-given calm, I took advantage of the coming and going which always precedes the sailing of a ship and went on board at four-thirty that afternoon without any trouble at all.

We had gone through so much for this moment that, as I headed for the cabin where I was to hide out until H-hour, I felt a great euphoria surging through me, much the same as my companions had sensed on going aboard at La Guaira. We really felt that our battle had begun months before and elsewhere, and that we had already been through the most bitter and heroic, albeit the least spectacular, aspect of our adventure. In spite of the fact that we had yet to "capture" the ship and take it to our destination, what lay ahead seemed no more than a simple formality.

The world is too well aware of the subsequent events to make a detailed account worth while, and since everything will be described in a book which will be published soon, I shall limit myself here to a sum-



mary of the salient facts and also to others which need some clarification. This last is necessary because of the passions aroused by the first news items sent around the world. The truth concerning certain events was distorted by the hysterical propaganda of the dictators and the haste with which journalists reported the happenings.

At 1:40 A. M., January 22, we gathered next to the first-class swimming pool and divided ourselves into two groups. One group was under the orders of Commander Souto Mayor, a former naval officer in the Spanish Civil War who would later take charge of the technical operation of the ship, and the other under my direct command. On the upper deck we attacked the radio room and the bridge, while on the deck below we took the officers' quarters and the Captain's cabin. Resistance on the bridge by the only officer who defended his post in a noble fashion caused some shooting which resulted in the death of this brave adversary and the wounding of another man who, ignoring an order to halt, tried to run away. Our simple presence was enough to force the surrender of the radio room. The presence of one man—myself—was all that was needed to effect the surrender of the Captain and his officers, who had been gathered in his cabin (one of the officers cried like a girl). They not only surrendered unconditionally, but also promised on their honor to continue work and to obey any orders. The behavior of these men greatly facilitated our plans; in spite of this, they were not the adversaries we had hoped to encounter. For all the ease and rapidity of the victory, we could not forget that these men were Portuguese, divested of all virility and professional dignity, and so to us they seemed more victims than criminals. They were victims of the two generations of rule by which Salazar had imposed a kind of spinelessness on many of the Portuguese people. They surrendered like inferior men and thereafter obeyed like inferiors whenever we gave a command. It was a great help to us, but a lamentable picture of the products of a regime.

To our great surprise, there was no reaction from either passengers or crew. It was a windy night and the shooting had not been heard in the six lower levels of the big ship. Some news must have reached the night shift in the engine room, at the lowest level, for it was taken without the least sign of resistance by a group sent down there after the bridge had been taken. The passengers had been asleep at the time of the attack and were only aware that the ship had been taken over, and was heading on a different course, when they awoke in the morning. By dawn we had already taken the steps necessary for securing the vital parts of the ship and had set up a system of patrols and sentries which gave the illusion that we were really a much larger group than we actually were.

All of this does not explain entirely how twenty-four badly armed men had succeeded with relative ease not only in taking over and occupying the ship, changing its course towards the Atlantic, as suited us, but also in keeping perfect order among 350 crew members and 600 passengers. There are two simple explanations. First, our small force was deployed and used, with great sacrifice of our rest and comfort, so that for the thirteen days we held the *Santa Maria* neither passengers nor crew were aware of the fact that we were only twenty-four in number. It was rumored aboard that there were at least seventy of us; and from the tendency towards exaggeration which goes hand in hand with excitement, it was soon rumored that we were armed to the teeth, that we had brought on board great quantities of explosives and, above all, that our ranks had been swelled by clandestine comrades whom we had planted among the passengers. This illusion of force was a great power we possessed over the minds of the people, and we used it to full advantage. Second, it became almost immediately obvious that the regimes of Salazar and Franco were hateful to the majority of crew members and Portuguese and Spanish passengers. Any discontent came from the unique and upsetting fact that their previously well-planned routines had been altered. The foreign passengers, mostly Americans on their way to Miami, where the ship was to have docked after Curaçao, and Dutch on their way to Europe, proved to be even more tractable. Not only were there no complaints, but some appeared to be quite interested in what

we were doing and were even prepared to help us. It might be said that any personal losses they might have suffered had been compensated by the fact that they were participants in an event which would have world-wide repercussions. In addition to these circumstances, our treatment of passengers and crew was courteous and humane. We were impeccably correct and made every effort to make the newly created situation as easy for them as possible. All of this explains how we were able to maintain discipline and normal life on a ship for thirteen days.

UNDER the command of Commander Souto Mayor, and with the obedient help of the defeated Captain, immediately after the capture the ship was headed towards the strait between the islands of Martinique and St. Lucia. We wanted to reach the waters of the South Atlantic as soon as possible and from there make our demands in connection with our second operational phase. Until we gained these objectives, it would be necessary to keep our position and course secret. We would have an easy trip for three days—the scheduled travel time between Curaçao and Miami. We could gain an extra day by notifying the company's agency in Miami by radio that we were reducing speed because of mechanical trouble and would therefore arrive behind schedule. Thereafter, there would be wonder over the prolonged delay, then alarm followed by a search. But the searchers would be without any easy means of orientation, since we planned to maintain radio silence.

Unfortunately, an unforeseen event worked against our plans and made us change the course of our operations completely. The wounded crewman grew seriously ill as we neared the strait between Martinique and St. Lucia. According to the ship's doctor, his life was in danger, and if he did not receive the care he could get only on shore, he would surely die. There was also a passenger who had been sick when he came on board and his condition, too, had worsened; he needed care that could be obtained only on land. In short, two lives depended on our landing at St. Lucia, the nearest place where the ill could receive the necessary treatment.

A struggle of conscience now arose. If we put the sick people ashore, we would certainly be denounced and the secrecy, without which attainment of the second phase was impossible, would be shattered. If we did not put the two men ashore, we would be responsible for their lives. The case of the wounded man—unlike his dead comrade, a coward—did not concern us as much as that of the sick passenger. The former was an adversary, subject to the contingencies of his position, and an officer in a service which, although peaceful, was not wholly lacking in professional risks and dangers; the latter was a passenger who had confidently embarked for Europe in search of better health. Although it was true that we were on a war footing at that moment, we were also human beings fighting for an ideal from which inhuman violence was excluded.

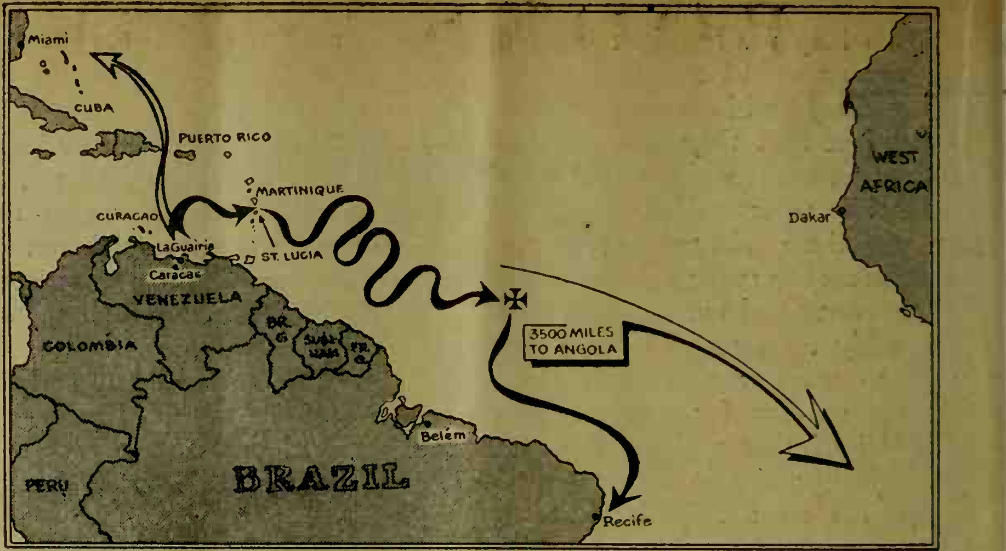
AFTER many hours of soul-searching debate, we decided to put the sick people ashore and face all of the consequences which might follow. The situation was particularly difficult for us because of the fact that we were still in one of the most heavily patrolled zones of the sea, within immediate reach of American and British bases on Puerto Rico and Trinidad. (Later on, while commenting upon this decision, an Argentine newspaper was to say that I lacked one essential quality of the revolutionary: I was not pitiless. But there are special ways of considering, in revolutionaries, qualities which sometimes compromise the revolution. In my case, while I knew that we were risking a loss of time and other, even greater, dangers, I hoped that we were not forfeiting final victory by our decision.)

The sick people were put ashore under circumstances known to the world, and so the capture of the *Santa Maria* became known ahead of schedule and the secret of our position and course was in danger. After the debarkation, we headed at full speed for the West Coast of Africa, now prepared to elude any possible attempt at pursuit.

There would now begin a duel between the *Santa Maria* and forces which we would have to consider attackers, at least initially. The nature of the duel would be more sporting than real, but we would have to accept it in a realistic manner. On the day following our departure from St. Lucia, our radio observation informed us that the *Santa Maria* incident had become known all over the world and was echoing with all the attributes of an extremely sensational event—just about as we had planned it would. As might have been expected, Lisbon accused us of piracy and murder. The Dictator, his hands still bloody from what he had done in Luanda, asked for help from the foreign powers whom he felt supported him most strongly. He threatened us with force and firing squad, and in his hallucinations invoked the Atlantic Pact, as if it could function as the maritime police of the Dictator's sea.

WE HAD NOT expected otherwise from these quarters, but we were surprised on hearing the news over the radio that, in response to Salazar's plea, British, Dutch and several American warships had sailed in pursuit of us. The impression caused by this news was more one of desolation than surprise. Had the British and Americans so misunderstood the lessons of these past years? We felt perfectly calm about the dangers represented by this pursuit; we would not stop, nor would we surrender. We could not be attacked by force with a thousand people on board, and in case of necessity we knew where we could find safe refuge and asylum. Besides, in this first phase we were more eager for a political victory than a military one, although the political victory had been somewhat tarnished by the intervention of the powers in response to Salazar's plea for help. In those first moments it seemed clear to us that the farce of democratic aid for the dictators was continuing, even against an attempt at liberation carried out by Portuguese on Portuguese territory.

For about four days, while con-



tinuing to give passengers and crew full radio facilities for reassuring their families, constantly changing direction and choosing the least navigated zones of the Atlantic so as not to stray too far from either the objectives of the second phase or from the ports where we could find certain asylum, we managed to elude the pursuit of the American fleet and keep our position a mystery. Whether we accomplished this by dint of our own skills or through the inefficiency of our pursuers is a question we do not wish to pursue further. Meanwhile, we had learned that the British and Dutch ships had ceased their pursuit and that world opinion, enlightened several times by eminent jurists, seemed to be in our favor. Only the American ships persisted. Why? We shall see.

Four days after we left St. Lucia, an unexpected meeting with a Dutch freighter gave our position away. That night the first American military aircraft flew over us and, after a few reconnaissance passes, established radio contact with me. The first words were imperative in objective, if not in form. The pilot invited me to turn the ship about and head for Puerto Rico. I replied that I considered the invitation offensive in that it carried the implication that we were pirates, and that as political rebels, this was an implication that I summarily refused to accept. In more conciliatory terms, he then proposed that as soon as I reached Puerto Rico I meet with the Admiral in command of the American Atlantic Fleet. This proposal I refused just as strongly, emphasizing that I was not opposed to a meeting with American naval authorities provided that it took place aboard the *Santa Maria* and provided, also, that the authorities did not overstep the narrow limits of their right of intervention in the conflict—their legitimate concern for the fate, lives and property of the American passengers on board. On no other grounds could I accept a parley with forces or representatives of foreign powers. This exchange was followed by an exchange of radio messages with the Admiral of the U. S. Atlantic Fleet, whose attitude was perfectly conciliatory and who, in acceptable terms, dealt only with the possibility of disembarking the passengers. This was also our desire, and the only conditions we asked were guarantees for the safety of the passengers, ourselves and the ship, for which we wanted assurances that it would be able to sail from the port after debarkation of the passengers.

OUR FIRST great victory over Salazar, then, came in the very form in which the negotiations were carried on, sometimes by exchange of radiograms with the Admiral, at other times by direct verbal communication with the aircraft which had never ceased to keep us under surveillance. In addition, the conference with Rear Admiral Allen Smith, commander of the Caribbean Sea Frontier, was conducted strictly in accord with our conditions. Salazar had asked the Americans for help against "pirates"; but the Americans were dealing with us as equals, with a reciprocity of recognition of rights—a clear indication that they recognized us as rebels, and not as "pirates." World opinion supported us, and the Dictator found friendly echoes only among the Spanish authorities, as infamous as his own, and among organs of the press which he had bribed. The first great objective of the first phase of our operations of belligerency had almost been reached. In the following days it would be fulfilled.

Under the conditions we had laid out, Rear Adm. Smith first suggested the port of Belém, Pará, in Brazil, for the debarkation of passengers. Since docking facilities involving the safety of the ship were not adequate, this suggestion did not suit us. It was finally decided that we would disembark the passengers and crew at the port of Récife, if Brazilian authorities would accept our conditions.

By fortunate circumstance, Brazil was with us; we had no doubt of the support of the people, and a government which had been suspect because of the support it had given Salazar was to be succeeded, on January 31, by the government of President Jânio Quadros, whose declarations against all dictatorships left no doubts as to his position, and who also knew me personally. For complete assurance, I waited a day until the new President was inaugurated. On the day he was sworn in, I sent him a radio message describing the situation and asking for the necessary guarantees regarding the debarkation of passengers and the return of the ship to international waters. The reply of the illustrious President was quick, categorical and completely reassuring. He was friendly enough to recall a certain meeting we had had in Caracas during the time of his candidacy.

WE entered the port of Récife with a guarantee that we would be free to return to international waters after disembarking the passengers and crew and taking on provisions. That we did not do so was due entirely to certain practical difficulties, not because the Brazilian authorities interposed any objections. Once it had become impossible se-

(*Continued on page 332*)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Clash of Titans

SCIENCE AND GOVERNMENT. By C. P. Snow. Harvard University Press. 88 pp. $2.50.

Ritchie Calder

THOSE OF US who have to live and work with famous scientists know that they can be as temperamental as film stars; we might similarly dismiss their quarrels if their statistics were not more vital. When scientific personalities clash on the great issues of our time it is not a gladiatorial combat between them but a conflict which may involve the lives of millions.

C. P. Snow, using the intensively personal rivalry between Sir Henry Tizard and Lord Cherwell (F. A. Lindemann) as an illustration for the theme of his Godkin Lectures at Harvard University, probably never anticipated the sensation which he has caused. It is, nevertheless, not surprising. In the love-hate which ordinary people feel toward science — a reverential awe, and at the same time a profound distrust — the disclosure of the moral failings of Titans confirms their worst suspicions. If scientists regard themselves, or allow themselves to be regarded, as demigods, they must be prepared for what will happen when their feet of clay are revealed. There is always a mob to burn a Joseph Priestley's house or gloat over the tormenting of an Oppenheimer.

And since scientists, abnormally rational in their laboratories, are normally emotional in their personal relationships, it is not surprising, either, that Sir Robert Watson-Watt should have reacted so vehemently, in his *Saturday Review* article of March 4, to Snow's imputations against Cherwell. He was hot in the defense of a friend. Indeed, it seems as though he is one of the few scientific friends that Cherwell ever had. Of all the obituaries I recall of this strange man, Watson-Watt's was the only one which had the warmth of affection and was ungrudging in its estimate of him as a scientist and as a man.

The facts which are in dispute between C. P. Snow and Watson-Watt and which have given an advance notoriety to a book that is non-committally titled *Science and Government* concern the early history of radar and the area-bombing of Germany. Watson-Watt has accused Snow, the novelist, of having corrupted Snow, the scientist, in the appraisal of Cherwell's role.

IT MAY SEEM strange that on issues of such recent and great historical importance the facts should be in question, but that, of course, bears out Snow's argument in his lectures (and book) that affairs of state are in the hands of cliques and swayed by personalities. And the personalities, in this case, include not only the principals but their champions.

Tizard and Lindemann were contemporaries. Their careers marched together. They met and became close, if incongruous, friends as science students in Berlin. They were both from England, Tizard as the impecunious son of a naval officer, and Lindemann as the son of a wealthy man who was not English. Tizard could respect brilliance and Lindemann, in his postgraduate days in Berlin, was a physicist of exceptional promise (indeed, his reputation for original research derived almost entirely from that period). Coincidentally, they both became involved in aircraft research in the First World War and, since experiments meant actual testing of dubious aircraft, they both distinguished themselves as men of singular physical courage.

After the war Tizard went to Oxford to teach chemistry and was largely instrumental in having Lindemann made Professor of Experimental Philosophy. In those halcyon days, Lindemann became godfather to one of Tizard's children. Neither man was to fulfill his early promise of research brilliance. Tizard had the modesty to see it; Lindemann's conceit would not let him. Tizard found compensations by becoming permanent Secretary of the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, and later Rector of Imperial College. Lindemann, while giving a lead to others at the Clarendon Laboratory, found his consolations in high society, later becoming the confidant and friend of Winston Churchill.

No one can blame Snow for finding a novelist's fascination in Lindemann. No two people could have been less alike than Churchill and Lindemann. The latter never drank, lived largely on whites of eggs, cheese and olive oil. He was a somber man of bitter wit rather than Churchillian humor. He was a lifelong bachelor (although his biography is likely to show that he was not as sexless as Snow suggests). But he was devoted to Churchill, and during the days when Churchill was in the political wilderness his was the slide-rule mind which measured the weaknesses in Britain's defense, on the basis of which Churchill violently and continuously attacked his own party in government.

TIZARD was a family man. His pleasures were normal, his humor was healthy, though sometimes sharp-edged and hurtful. His administrator's mind, combined with his scentific knowledge and ability, made him acceptable to that branch of the British Establishment which is the Civil Service.

As such, he was invited to take charge of a "Committee for the Scientific Study of Air Defence" set up by the Air Ministry. It became, and remains known as, the "Tizard Committee." He insisted that it should be small. It included the scientific adviser of the Air Ministry, H. E. Wimperis, and a government scientist, A. P. Rowe. The two independent members were A. V. Hill, already a Nobel Prize-winner, and P.M.S. Blackett, later to become one. Their job was to answer Baldwin's grim prediction, "The Bomber will always get through." They had to find some form of anti-aircraft defense. One of the things they had to dispose of was the popular belief in a death-ray, and this was succinctly done by Watson-Watt, who was then superintendent of the Government Radio Research Station. He, however, added a rider which said in effect that if radio waves could not destroy planes they could at least detect them. That was the beginning of radar, and the Tizard Committee gave him the go-ahead.

Above this technical committee was appointed a political one and Churchill, the critic, was invited to join. He did so on his own terms, which included adding Lindemann to the Tizard Committee. According to Snow, Lindemann,

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who had his own ideas about infra-red rays and air-mines, did his utmost to reduce the priorities given to radar. Watson-Watt, then in charge of the developments, says that never at any time did he have anything but encouragement from Lindemann. That may be, but it is quite inconsistent with what was happening inside the Tizard Committee. The bitterest of conflicts raged between Lindemann and Tizard, to the point of wrecking the committee. A. V. Hill and Blackett resigned but returned when the committee was reconstituted and E. V. Appleton, who was later to receive the Nobel Prize for his fundamental work on wave propagation, replaced Lindemann. Radar got all the priorities it deserved, and saved Britain.

Behind Snow's story of Lindemann's wrecking operations inside the committee, is the testimony of Blackett, Hill and A. P. Rowe, and there are Tizard's posthumous papers. There are also, with a search warrant, the minutes of the meetings. What is more doubtful is the implication that if Churchill had been in a position to influence events at that time, Lindemann would have deprived Britain of radar. This is *post hoc propter hoc* and, artistically, diminishes the human drama. Because Lindemann hated Tizard he opposed his pet project, radar. If he had been in charge instead of Tizard, if Wimperis had then asked the same question (about death-rays), if Watson-Watt had added the same footnote (about radar) and if, as there is no reason to doubt, Watson-Watt's regard for Lindemann was reciprocated, the chances are that Lindemann would have backed him.

ABOUT the hatred there is no doubt. When Churchill came to power, he took Lindemann to 10 Downing Street with him, at first as a Gray Eminence without ministerial position. Lindemann, the lodger, summoned Tizard to No. 10 and gave him instructions in the name of the Prime Minister.

Lindemann, made Lord Cherwell, entrenched himself. Tizard was asked to lead a mission to the United States which he did with distinction and results, and the final rupture was postponed, not without humiliations, until 1942.

Cherwell, now a member of the Cabinet, produced his own strategic bombing plan against Germany. The bombing must be directed, not against factories and military objectives, but against working-class houses. (Middle-class suburbs were not sufficiently concentrated; one bomb would not destroy as many.) War industries would thus be crippled by shortage of workers, killed or dispersed. According to his slide-rule, this policy would destroy 50 per cent of all houses in towns with more than 50,000.

Cherwell could usually "get away with figures" (though he was not, as the book suggests, "the only scientist in the Cabinet"; Snow has forgotten Sir John Anderson and Sir Stafford Cripps, both scientifically trained). But in this case the Cabinet Paper was circulated to departmental experts. Without anticipating the verdict of history, they tore his estimates to pieces. As Snow says, "It was not Lindemann's ruthlessness that worried us most, it was his calculations."

(My job was Director of Plans of Political Warfare. I did not have to use a slide-rule. Cherwell's strategy of indiscriminate bombing made nonsense of the principles for which we were supposed to be fighting. So far from demoralizing the Germans, it was calculated to convince them that they were dealing with an implacable enemy.)

Snow says:

> The paper went to Tizard. He studied the statistics. He came to the conclusion, quite impregnably, that Lindemann's estimate of the number of houses that could possibly be destroyed was five times too high. The paper went to Blackett. Independently, he studied the statistics. He came to the conclusion, quite impregnably, that Lindemann's estimate was six times too high.
>
> The bombing survey after the war revealed that it had been ten times too high.

The Lindemann strategy prevailed. Watson-Watt takes Snow to task for the words "quite impregnably." My own opinion then, which I hold "quite impregnably" now, is that this policy lengthened the war. The damage caused to the German war effort was less than the wastage of man-power and resources which Britain put into it. It produced the callous absurdity that families (e.g., at I. G. Farben), knowing their homes would be bombed, took refuge in the factories, knowing they would not be bombed. It gave to "Unconditional Surrender" every lurid meaning which Goebbels wanted to give it, and made nonsense of all our efforts to split the German people. But, then, Lindemann had no use for morale warfare — with, or without, the "e."

This review, like the dispute itself, has obscured the merits of the Snow argument, which the personality clash was merely to illustrate: that committee politics, hierarchical politics and *Eminence Grise* politics are dangerous and that, in a world socially dominated by science, the sooner men of wisdom equip themselves with enough science to cope with the "experts," the better. It is well said.

Novelists as Reporters

IN PURSUIT OF THE ENGLISH. By Doris Lessing. Simon & Schuster. 240 pp. $3.75.

NO FURTHER WEST. By Dan Jacobson. The Macmillan Co. 127 pp. $3.50.

George Dangerfield

DORIS LESSING was born in Persia of English parents, and she was brought up in Rhodesia. In 1949, at the age of thirty, she came to London and "for the best of reasons, namely, that I was short of money," lived in a lodging house crammed to the roof with people who worked with their hands. *In Pursuit of the English*, a fragment of autobiography which is also (and more so) a novel, is the story of that year. She writes:

> My life has been spent in pursuit. So has everyone's, of course. I chase love and fame all the time. I have chased, off and on, and with much greater deviousness of approach, the working-class and the English. The pursuit of the working-class is shared by everyone with the faintest tint of social responsibility: some of the most indefatigable pursuers are working class people. That is because the phrase does not mean, simply, those people who can be found by walking out of one's front door and turning down a side-street. Not at all. Like love and fame, it is a platonic image, a grail, a quintessence, and by definition, unattainable. It took me a long time to understand this.

The key to her success lies in this charming but no doubt deplorable passage. As a novelist (*The Grass Is Sing-*

GEORGE DANGERFIELD, who was born and educated in England, is the author of Chancellor Robert R. Livingston of New York *(Harcourt, Brace). His previous work,* The Era of Good Feelings, *won the Pulitzer Prize in History.*

ing. The Habit of Loving), she is in chase of people, not of categories and definitions: and if it took her a long time to realize that the phrase "working class" was a grail, she presumably had some notion from the beginning that this would be the case. *In Pursuit of the English* takes place in a house whose inmates are genuinely reckless, spontaneous, unreticent and susceptible to gaiety: hardly English at all, one would say, but possibly working class. However, they are also suspicious, skeptical and resigned; they neither admire nor trust nor wish to alter the society which has produced them, and which they endure or seek to exploit. If this is working class, then it serves to explain why England, in spite of many a provocation, has not had a revolution since 1688, or, if you want to quibble, since 1641.

INDEED, this wry non-revolutionary history can usually be seen squinting through the windows of Mrs. Lessing's lodging house. The heroine of her book is Rose Jennings, a shopgirl at four pounds a week, to whom Mrs. Lessing talks socialism, but in vain. And Rose, for example, listens to Mr. Churchill's fiery speeches on the radio with a kind of rapture, because Mr. Churchill reminds her of the war, the one time when she believes that she was happy: otherwise, "he's just a jealous fat man, I don't take any notice of him. . . . I don't care what he says about Labour. I don't care who gets in, I'll get a smack in the eye either way. But I like to hear Churchill speak, with his dirty V-sign and everything, he enjoys himself, say what you like." Enough said. A flawless observer face to face with the unattainable, Mrs. Lessing makes the most of the encounter. She gives up the quest; the grail is turned into earthenware; the book becomes a comedy.

It is mostly about sexual love, which preoccupies everyone but Miss Privet, a prostitute; or else about money, which preoccupies everyone: and the plot, such as it is, is concerned with the efforts of the lodging-house proprietor—a born rack-renter who acquired his property out of the proceeds of smuggling when he was in the Navy—to eject an ancient, pathetic and quite filthy couple from one of his apartments. Protected by a Rent Act, they pay only eighteen shillings a week. If they could be removed for incompetence, their horrid rookery could be cleansed and rented for five pounds. Immense issues are at stake—a matter of four pounds two shillings a week and perhaps more—and the battle, fought with a dim ferocity on one side and a total lack of control on the other, is eventually settled in a court of justice. This is one of the funniest and most awful court scenes I have ever read, in which neither side understands what the barristers and the judge are up to, and where the victor is with the utmost difficulty persuaded that he has won. All in all, a wonderful book: vital, loving, unsentimental and a work of art.

AS I HAVE TRIED to indicate, a certain kind of English history seeps into Mrs. Lessing's book; but it is a history that finds her out; she is not herself in search of it. Mr. Jacobson is, somewhat regrettably I think, in search of American history. Like Mrs. Lessing, he is a novelist (*A Dance in the Sun, The Price of Diamonds*), and since he comes from South Africa and she from Rhodesia, there is some kind of a geographical connection between them. Also, as his opening pages show, if he had chosen to write a novel about Americans, he could have done a remarkable job. He is a brilliant observer, but far from flawless; or rather his observation is flawed by his effort to explain the Americans instead of to see them and then (as Mrs. Lessing did with her Londoners) to create them. But it is invidious to compare a novelist who wrote a novel with a novelist who did not.

Mr. Jacobson came to California as a Fellow in Creative Writing at Stanford University; his year with us was more or less confined to the interminably strung out communities of the Bay Area; and if he had stayed longer, and lived elsewhere than California, he might have been in a stronger position. His assumption that all states in the Union are equally typical is not exactly tenable: one wonders if he would have been able to fit Georgia, say, or Louisiana (or for that matter the Imperial Valley of California) into the America which he so confidently deduces from Palo Alto and its environs.

However, his insights are exceedingly interesting and well worth the trouble of getting acquainted with. Since they are presented antithetically, they are apt to surprise and to soothe; or perhaps one should say they are presented contrapuntally, the plain-song of American glare, blare, materialism and latent violence being always accompanied by the melody which tells of quietness, modesty, mildness, aspiration. It would be pleasant to think that America is as liberal as he holds it to be; though here he may be confusing liberalism with liberal capitalism. At any rate, somewhere or other, confusion sets in. He says that America, from the very beginning of its colonial history, was always the Promised Land, and that it has continued to be the Promised Land. But what kind of Promised Land? Is it true, as he asserts, that Americans "themselves often believe that America as it is today is a country that has no past; but to me it [seems] unmistakable that there is a continuity, a habit of mind and will which is specifically, particularly American . . . and that this continuity has arisen precisely from the very lack of a continuity of an instinctive, unspoken kind"?

AMERICANS do not believe, I should have thought, that they have no past; but they often believe that they have broken with it; and the continuity they maintain with this past *is* of an instinctive kind, though not an unspoken one.

The Raven

If, antique hateful bird,
flapping through dawngagged streets
of metal shopfronts grated down
on pedestrian nerve-ends,

if, as on old film,
my features blurred and grained like cereal,
you find me walking up and down
waiting for my first dream,

don't try to sully my head
with vengeful squirtings. Fly on,
ratfooted cautionary of my dark,
till we meet further along.

You are no dream, old genius.
I smell you, get my teeth on edge,
stand in my sweat—in mercury—
even as you prime your feathers and set sail.

ADRIENNE RICH

Every attack on collectivism, on planning, is an attempt to maintain such a continuity, an instinctive denial of the fact that collectivism and planning have been stealing up on us since the beginning of our national history. When Mr. Jacobson says that "to come to Palo Alto, California, is to be overwhelmed by the feeling that one is clinging to a fragment of settlement floating in a great sea of other and equal fragments," he is discovering the vestiges of that American nominalism which postulated that America was born out of the Revolution as a multiplicity of independent wholes; and he is discovering American individualism, which is profoundly historical, but does not care too much for the sort of "consolidation" which its own history is paradoxically forcing upon it. Mr. Jacobson does stumble upon a paradox, but not that paradox: he thinks that modern industrialization, which should demand rapid and efficient communication, produces in this country "only fragmentation and dispersion . . . sprawl upon sprawl." For this he mostly blames industrialization, although I think it would be at least as pertinent to ask whether Americans themselves do not *will* this sprawl into existence. Mr. Jacobson does not believe in this kind of will, although he is constantly suggesting that it exists. He prefers instead to discover a "single, indomitable American will—which, in this world, wants the best of all possible worlds." This is his conclusion, and more power to it, if (as I suppose) it includes the best of all possible worlds for the rest of the world as well. I can only repeat that his arguments do not agree with his conclusion; but his arguments are intelligent, if not free from contradiction; and if his conclusion exudes optimism, we can all do with some of that.

LETTER from AUSTRALIA

George G. Kirstein

"IT'S A GENTLE COUNTRY," Tas Drysdale, Australia's most eminent painter, told us when we asked him about the interior of the continent—the outback. "The climate is moderate, and we have no savage animals."

Just after dawn a few days later, we recalled his words when, as we drove through the mountains which border the coast between Sydney and Melbourne, two Red kangaroos bounced across the road fifty yards ahead of the car. We congratulated ourselves on having seen this symbolic animal, which is emblazoned on Australia's coat of arms, in its wild state. Before our enthusiasm had found full expression, I jammed on the car's brakes to avoid hitting a Great Gray kangaroo followed closely by her joey (cub). The animals stopped and inspected us at close range, and we addressed the mother in words we hoped she would take as friendly. After listening to us attentively for a minute or two, her pointed face toward us and her large ears erect, she went bounding off through the heavy foliage, followed by her small companion.

A few miles further on, as we crossed the state border from New South Wales into Victoria, we told an agricultural inspector, whose duty it was to prevent the spread of the fruit fly, about our encounter with the kangaroos. He listened to us with the patient puzzlement of the native everywhere when confronted with a commonplace tale told with surprise by foreigners. Finally, trying to supply some logic for our excitement, he said, "Ah, yes, it's true you don't see as many of them about in the daytime as in the evening when they are feeding."

We thought of Drysdale's words again when the assistant director of the Melbourne zoo, Mrs. Joyce Seekampf, who nurses every sick inmate and orphaned cub in her own home, admitted us to the cage of koala bears. These endearing animals sit in the forks of gum trees and, with a steady concentration and changeless countenance, eat singly the long, pointed eucalyptus leaves in the manner of a voracious diner sucking up strands of spaghetti.

Later at tea, Mrs. Seekampf introduced us to her current nursery charge, Jack, a wombat whom some motorist had found wounded by the side of the road and had brought to the zoo for care. The wombat, resembling our woodchuck, is perhaps the most common of Australia's unique collection of marsupials. They are a pest to farmers because of their practice of burrowing under fences and, when directly below the post, arching their powerful backs in such a way as to force the post out of the soil and bring it crashing down. Why they do this is not known; apparently, wombats just don't like fences. But as we watched Jack run determinedly around the drawing room on his little human-shaped, flesh-colored feet while the people sipped tea, it seemed to us that only a very harsh farmer could kill these gentle, almost tame animals.

We were indebted to Mr. Drysdale for much more than his apt verbal characterization of his country: his paintings, which we saw in his studio and in the museums in Sydney and Melbourne (an example is also in the collection of the Metropolitan Museum in New York), translate the truth of his environment in the way only the great artist can achieve. His paintings of aborigines, huddled together, yet looking dignified despite the white man's alien finery they wear, portray vividly the tragedy in the history of these unfortunate counterparts to the American Indian. They were even less well-equipped to oppose the ruthless expansion of the white settlers and their numbers are now down to 50,000 — a quarter of their probable population when the colonists arrived in the 1790s. Drysdale has also captured, in his characteristic angular and elongated portrayals of the white cowboys and sheepherders, the mood of the frontier in a way reminiscent of a less journalistic Remington. One particularly striking painting hangs in the permanent collection of the Sydney Museum: a frontier village at sundown. The deserted street and the shabby buildings reflecting the orange light — their carefully wrought iron railings characteristic of this country where ships came laden with iron ballast and returned to the homeland with wool — symbolize the loneliness yet the vitality of the country's interior.

In quite a different style, Robert Dickerson, an ex-prizefighter, has also found a way to reflect the melancholy loneliness of this remarkable country. One of his large paintings shows a solitary old man, crouched by his tiny campfire in the bush, and surrounded by the greenish black of the desert night. The faces of Dickerson's people are sad, a little deformed — his paintings, as one critic put it, are "not so much of people as of the gulf between people."

BUT though the art is vital, the politics seems to the visitor singularly placid. Candidates for parliament are selected by caucus of the principal parties, therefore, only those who have served long apprenticeships of loyal party service have a practical chance to assume positions of power. Without any primary system whereby the young can challenge the senior party regular, politics develops into a contest between experienced professionals. When I asked what would happen after Prime Minister Menzies retired (or to phrase it differently, was there an Australian Kennedy on the horizon?), I was invariably told that little change was in prospect. "A little more social welfare, a little more encouragement of foreign capital" seemed to be the slogan for the future.

THE only two political issues that excite wide interest are the threatened expansion of Indonesia into Western New Guinea and the continuation of the "White Australia" immigration policy. Australian troops fought gallantly in New Guinea during World War II, and the feeling is general that their blood bought a stake in the future of this neighboring island. Besides, the prospect that an Oriental race, the Indonesians, may move in as their northern neighbors, in place of the Dutch, excites all the instinctive fears that the old cry of "yellow peril" once stirred among the dwellers of our West Coast.

The White Australia policy is simply another reflection of the same fear. No non-white immigrants are accepted in Australia, except as students or similarly temporary visitors. An otherwise sensible professor of political science at the National University, Canberra, told us with considerable emotion that the White Australia policy must be maintained, since the alternative would be the establishment of a gigantic Chinese fifth column which would undermine the government in preparation for the inevitable invasion by the Yellow hordes from the North. The vision conjured up was of millions of Chinese spreading from the beaches into the outback, like grasshoppers inundating the plains. When I suggested that quotas had been successfully applied to the Italian and other central European postwar immigrants ("New Australians"), I was told, with all the logic of a professor of anthropology at the University of Mississippi arguing our own racial issue, that "Quotas on Orientals won't work. The Chinese would come in by millions."

The results of the White Australia policy are sometimes ludicrous. When *A Taste of Honey* opened in Sydney, there was no Negro actor to play the role of the sailor who becomes the heroine's lover for a night. A White Australian in splotchy brown grease paint did his not very good best with the part. But by far the most noteworthy, and ironic, effect of the White Australia policy may be seen in the tropical regions of Queensland in the north, where one observes whites performing all the

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– MAX LERNER, *in New York Post*

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manual labor in the sugar fields, on the roads and on construction projects under the fiercely blazing sun. This situation is unique in the tropic regions of the world. For while the White Australia policy is aimed primarily at the Oriental rather than at the Negro, the effect is to keep all of the non-white cultures, which would eventually enrich the society as well as the economy, from aiding in the development of this beautiful country.

THE American visitor seeking an explanation for the temperate political climate must look to history for a large part of the answer. While our histories have many similarities—both countries were founded by England's outcasts and developed first into rich colonies and finally became independent and wealthy nations—there is one fundamental difference; it has been pointed out by Australia's historian, Mr. A. G. L. Shaw. America's natural wealth and fertility lay almost unbroken from coast to coast, and it took a minimum of government help to develop the country. But Australia, as the settlers pushed inland, was found to be inhospitable and drought-ridden. Without maximum aid by government, first England's and then their own, it would have been impossible to develop the continent even into the sheep- and cattle-grazing country that it now is. So the role of government as a regulator of basic sections of the Australian economy is taken for granted, while similar action in America would be considered outrageous interference—probably unconstitutional. Nowhere is this difference more striking than in the field of industrial relations. Almost since the turn of the century all labor disputes have been settled by compulsory arbitration.

The employers and unions agree on as many issues by collective bargaining as they possibly can, but the final thorny points are adjudicated by final and binding arbitration. When I inquired of Justice Watson, a senior jurist of Melbourne, who acts as arbitrator of all shipping disputes arising in the State of Victoria, how Australian unions liked this system, he told me that the method had been initiated under a Labour Government. I suggested that the price of this system of keeping industrial peace was a correlative loss of freedom. His reply was, "It's so much more intelligent than fighting it out."

All this is not to say that strikes never occur. Sydney newspapers carry frequent stories of stoppages by the Waterside Workers, generally called "wharfies," during the loading or unloading of ships. After reading two incredible stories—one of a stoppage because the "wharfies" were not issued gloves to unload oil barrels, and another because they objected to the way some crew members of a Greek freighter treated one another—I called on Mr. James Healy, General Secretary of the Union. The general and informed impression is that Mr. Healy is a Communist, but I was interested, not in arguing ideological differences, but in learning about local industrial relations. Mr. Healy made little effort to justify the two strikes. Both were part of a program of agitation and harassment which the union is pursuing in an effort to force the arbitration court to seriously consider awarding an adequate pension plan. Faced with an aging membership and the development of the process of mechanization that is familiar on our own docks, the union believes it imperative to provide a method by which senior workers can retire so that the union's roster can be reduced. In 1958-59, according to Mr. Healy, the union cut its stoppages by some 90 per cent and thus demonstrated to the ship owners the effectiveness of union discipline. When no pension plan was offered in the subsequent bargaining, and none was awarded by the arbitration court, the union resumed the senseless stoppages which make such bizarre reading in the Sydney newspapers.

IT IS not only stories of waterfront strife which liven up Australian journalism. Newspaper empires are being built there, and the process is causing circulation wars that recall similar battles in America during the earlier decades of this century. The most colorful of the publishers, and one straight out of the Hearst-Howard tradition, is Sir Frank Packer, whose Sydney *Daily Telegraph* (a tabloid) is the liveliest and most tightly edited paper in the country. For detailed coverage of foreign and domestic news, the visitor is more impressed by *The Melbourne Age*, a distinguished paper which is now operated by a trust under the will of the late proprietor. There is speculation that, when certain trustees die, Sir Frank or one of his rival press lords may be able to add this fine paper to one of the growing stables of papers, magazines and television stations which are concentrating in a few hands Australia's dissemination of the news.

For Tlacahuepan

(After the Aztec)

The field where the hero's
body was left in the sun
A sudden ringing of bells

And yellow flowers
to sweeten
the kingdom of death

They have hidden you here
in the Seven Caves

The acacia bursts, a
lost cry of the tiger
answers the eagle's call

Oh quechol-bird
color of fire
moving at night
through this field
in the kingdom of death

JEROME ROTHENBERG

In the meantime, Sir Frank is in pursuit of that elusive symbol of yacht racing supremacy, the America's Cup. Americans will read much of him next year when the races are held, and they will recognize a type with which they are familiar—a hard-driving, ambitious individualist with a good eye for administrative detail.

In addition to the daily papers and a multitude of pulp magazines, there are three literary quarterlies. The best known, *The Meanjin Review*, has loose ties financially and editorially, to the University of Melbourne. The quality of this publication is excellent, and most of Australia's best writers and poets have contributed to it over the years. *Overland* is an effort by left-wing non-Communists to bring cultural standards and intellectual interests within the grasp of the masses. It has the largest circulation of the quarterlies (around 4,000) but I found the contents uneven. *Quadrant* is a quarterly counterpart of *National Review*, edited by a Catholic poet and intellectual whose major interest is anti-communism.

There are two fortnightly journals of opinion, *Nation* and *Observer;* the latter was in process of merging with another publication and changing its name to *Bulletin*. *Nation* is edited by Tom Fitzgerald, who doubles as financial editor for the Sydney *Daily Herald*. He has been able to attract as contributors many of Australia's leading scholars, journalists and critics. *Observer* (now *Bulletin*) is one of Sir Frank Packer's periodicals, and like his others is tightly edited, readable and lively; but it is less profound than *Nation*. What journalistic dissent there is will be found in these two fortnighties, but the great bulk of the material they print is expository rather than critical.

Sitting late one night with the regular contributors to *Nation* in one of the innumerable espresso bars of the King's

Cross (Greenwich Village) section of Sydney, I inquired where dissent originated in cultural matters. Robert Hughes, *Nation's* art critic, sometime critic for *The Observer* (London), and himself one of the finest of Australia's younger painters, exploded: "Ferment? There is no ferment! You talk about the isolation of the outback. The whole bloody country is isolated. Listen, have you ever tried to boil treacle?" I admitted I had not. "Well, it won't boil, see—it won't even bubble. That's what commitment to the arts is here—trying to boil treacle."

But to the visitor, in this very company of journalists and critics, on the walls of the museums, even in the unevenly presented amateur theatre, the bubbles seemed to be stirring.

Readying for our departure from Australia, my wife said: "You know, in the whole month we have been here, we haven't heard an angry word. Not only no anger directed at us—but no angry word at all."

The image of Tas Drysdale in his checkered shirt, looking out from his studio window over Sydney's beautiful harbor, flashed back to my mind.

"It's a gentle country," I said.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

FOR MONTHS we have been anticipating the arrival of Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*, which is reported to whip the skin off Italy's *nouveau* society. However, *L'Avventura*, written and directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, has beaten it into New York by two weeks, and the prize for describing present-day Latin decadence will be contested. Fellini is said to provide an orgy; there is nothing so riotous in *L'Avventura*, but the spirit of moral gelatin is pervasive.

Antonioni is a romantic and discursive film maker, a dissenter from the neorealism that characterized the great postwar Italian movies. He broods over landscape and will cling to a scene that is loaded with atmosphere beyond the point where it contributes to the story; a scene of imagined horror is as real as the external events. If a sequence is building well, he gives it its head, and then he jumps disconcertingly far ahead, as though to make up for lost time. The result is a picture of two hours and twenty-five minutes that is not always relevant and not always clear. But a picture that is also not easily forgotten.

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to trouble other reviewers more than it does me. A yachting party lands to stretch its legs on a small, dangerous volcanic island, and during the stop one of the girls disappears. She may have been killed by her lover, she may have committed suicide, she may have fallen into one of the surf-churned crevasses, she may have been taken off in a small boat — we never learn what happened. But for the real content of the picture it doesn't matter; only if you think of it as a mystery story does the mystery nag.

We know that this Anna (Lea Massari) is very much in love with Sandro (Gabriele Ferzetti) and hysterically reluctant to put herself irrevocably in his hands. Almost immediately after she disappears, almost as a result of the anxiety and exhaustion caused by her disappearance, her closest friend, Claudia (Monica Vitti), finds herself surrendering to Sandro. Sandro and Claudia, joining forces to search for Anna along the coast of Sicily, turn the hunt into an affair. If Claudia never learns how Anna was lost, she at least learns why.

The trouble with Sandro is the trouble with everyone in his society — he is only the trappings you can see. He has abandoned his profession for easy money, he evades love for easy loving and he wins in the end with easy tears. He can defeat Claudia by sobbing weakly over his own sleazy philandering, because there is no ground on which she can take a stand. Everyone cheats and covers up, injures and evens up scores, in a joyless commutation from pleasure to pleasure. A woman who bores her husband into petty cruelty avenges herself by seducing a teen-age boy; the cold wife of the yacht's owner occupies herself with jigsaw puzzles and with turning her paramour into an oversexed spaniel, capable of public improprieties.

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What these people lack is morale rather than morality; they have too little conviction to sin; they merely besmirch one another. Anna, it really does not matter how, got out; Claudia, trapped by a weary eroticism, does not. She, perhaps, could have made it back to humanity — that is the tragedy.

The acting is superbly styled to Antonioni's purpose — all these beautiful bodies move as though through an atmosphere thicker than air. Thinking is a torment; decision quite impossible. There is left to them only a slow sensuality. *L'Avventura* is a beautifully unified creation; the only question is whether one wants to contemplate at such length lives of so little promise for good or evil.

IT IS SAID that *Shadows* is a completely improvised film: that no script was prepared and that John Cassavetes, himself an actor turned director, did no more than help the players to work out what they wanted to do. I don't quite believe in miracles. It is obvious that the company worked from a well-understood story line and equally obvious that each actor knew in advance what sort of character he was impersonating. But the details of action, the dialogue, the camera work are undoubtedly spontaneous, and the result is a picture of startling immediacy and shocking power.

Most important, it is a *movie*, a story told in film that could not have been told in any other way. The photography is rough by studio standards — there are moments when the camera seems even to have lost the action and to be scurrying around after the performers — but the gain in authenticity and in the sense of an urgent, inevitable flow of events, far outweighs the occasional cramped composition, awkward transition, or flaring light. You feel that you are present — an original excitement of the movies that has now almost been abandoned for calculated effects.

The cast — unknown — is excellently flexible and agile, but even so there are moments when an actor jiggles and squirms, at a loss for a word or a gesture. However, the story is about people,, young street-bred neurotics, who do jiggle and squirm in anxious search for the "style" they think befits them. If they are not being themselves, these young men and women are being the world in which they live.

With side excursions to Central Park and Pennsylvania Station, the story takes place in the streets and warrens of the Broadway area, and in the cramped studio-apartment lived in by the family of the picture, a girl and her two brothers. They are Negroes, but only one of them, the older brother, looks like a Negro; the other two want to pretend that color does not concern them, but obviously it does. The girl suffers when her first lover is taken up short, and behaves stupidly, on being introduced to her older brother. The younger brother, elegant, sensitive, a near-delinquent in dark glasses, is sweating with satiric self-pity. He is a sweet and dangerous clown. By contrast, the older brother is a secure and impressive man, though as a singer with desperately little talent he lives a driven life.

There are other good characters — a sickly solemn professor, who hopes to "get at" the girl through her mind; the younger brother's oafish companions in near-crime, gangsters with baby-fat; a "square" Negro boy who shocks the girl out of her exhibitionist sorrow. One of the most admirable aspects of this thoroughly admirable experiment is the pungency of the personalities invented. Clearly, these young people have been hanging around the bars and pads with their eyes open. Lelia Goldoni plays the girl; Hugh Hurd and Ben Carruthers are her older and younger brothers.

SOMEONE gave Marlon Brando enough rope and he hanged himself. I have seen a lot of extravagant praise — or at least a hatch of exhilarated excerpts — for *One Eyed Jacks*, but it is really patronizing Mr. Brando to pretend that he is a good director. The film runs (downhill) for more than two hours; it is lushly beautiful and mushily sentimental, implausible and inconsequential. Mr. Brando, who can be a fine actor, permits himself all the easy mannerisms that other directors work hard to keep out of his performances. He plays the sleepy cat and the striking snake as though his forte were animal impersonations; he whispers and mumbles and broods his eyes. And he gets shown up by Carl Malden, who never quite finds his place in the picture, but who nevertheless has the discipline of long acting experience.

The Mexican desert and the California seacoast are indeed pretty, and the movie pants with the TV kind of close-up sadism. The gunfire is noisy, the horses are spirited, the color is bright, the canvas is big and the purpose is meager. A couple of encounters between Brando and Maldin — hate beneath rough good fellowship — suggest what might have been done by a director strong enough to drive this wagon up the road. Pina Pellicer, a newcomer from Mexico, is beautiful in an intense, defenseless, unself-conscious way that makes conventional prettiness seem boring.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

THE Ford Foundation has struck upon an unusual, and apparently fruitful, method of commissioning music: in one of its projects, it first selects a performer and then authorizes him to nominate the composer whose new work he would like to play.

As part of this plan, the young American pianist, William Masselos, was given the privilege of commissioning a fellow American to write a work especially for his instrument, plus orchestra. A series of performances with major orchestras throughout the nation was guaranteed, and both composer and pianist received generous stipends. Since Masselos, among pianists of his generation, has more or less led the field as a champion of contemporary music, he was a fine and logical choice for the project. Equally, it made sense that he should select Ben Weber as his composer, since he had already given première performances of all Weber's major piano works, and was quite certain of the quality of music he could expect.

Weber's *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra* is not an easy composition to describe. Within its own frame of reference, it is consistent, logical and well balanced. It is pungent, full of heady colors and convinced melodies, and seems, at first, quite direct and easy to understand. But there is a peculiar elusiveness about the piece which does not arise so much from its materials or structure as from sub-surface nuances and meanings. Superficially, the concerto is straightforward. The rhythms, melodies and harmonies are clear in intent, they go precisely where they are meant to go. But the after-flavor of the work is more subtle and complicated than the initial experience.

One thing is certain: the Weber concerto is romantic. It seeks unabashedly to move the listener, to express subjective feelings and to communicate ideas of a certain ethical and emotional power. Though it was composed in the 12-tone system, the composer's choice of intervals in his tone row gives it a strong sense of harmonic solidity, even of harmonic opulence. Weber's approach to serial composition is at the farthest remove from that of Webern or the post-Webern pointillists. His music always tends toward ampleness of body, generosity (sometimes *over*-generosity) of contrapuntal interplay, and a richness of harmony which comes from his deliberate attention to that element.

The *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, though played without pause, contains three distinct movements. The opening and final fast sections are sometimes four-square and march-like; sometimes perkily energetic. But the meat of the work is to be found in a long *Andantino* movement (*In memoriam Dimitri Mitropulos: 1960*), which is as deeply felt and as touching a musical utterance as I have heard in many years. According to the composer's program notes, this movement has a *passacaglia* with five variations imbedded in its middle section. I was entirely unaware, in listening, of any such scholarly constructional devices. All I heard was a profound, authentic and original flow of musical idea.

Masselos' performance of the concerto deserves every word of praise I can muster. It was clean, strong, intelligent and full of feeling. He played the work with such facility that it almost seemed easy, though in fact it is as complex and difficult as a work of its kind has any (and every) right to be. The fact that Masselos learned it in only two weeks proves again what has been known about him for a long time: he has one of the keenest musical minds and one of the most extraordinary piano techniques in the United States.

Leonard Bernstein also had to learn the score in a very short time, since it had just come off the composer's desk. He and the Philharmonic gave the accompaniment a reading that had everything to commend it in terms of precision, sensibility and respect for the music's message. I am told that he devoted to the concerto a portion of his rehearsal time greater than new works customarily receive, which no doubt helped to account for the splendidly secure and meaningful sounds that came from the orchestra.

A SACRIFICED AUTHOR

Father, he said, after the critics' chewing,
Forgive them, for they know not what I'm doing.

—one of five "gnomes" by Howard Nemerov in the spring issue of The **Carleton Miscellany**. Other contributors: John Dos Passos, Charles G. Gillispie, Arthur Mizener, Thom Gunn, Philip Booth.

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If this dangerous trend is not stopped now, it may be an impossible task to stop it at all.—**Justice Hugo L. Black in *Braden*, Feb. 27, 1961.**

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GALVAO

(*Continued from page 322*)

cretly to reach the objectives of our second phase, and we had to postpone (I repeat, postpone) the subsequent operations, the *Santa Maria,* which had served so well as the instrument for the first phase, now had become not only useless to us, but a tremendous burden. In addition, since we had not taken a single cent of the money we found on board (what kind of pirates were we?) and had none of our own, how could we pay for provisions and a new crew? On top of all this, when we captured the ship a generator was out of order and now needed repairs. The only solution was to accept the generous asylum offered by President Quadros, along with guarantees concerning the disposition of the ship. Under these provisions, we would enjoy the same status before the law as any Brazilian citizen. This was as honorable and dignified for us as it was for the Brazilian authorities.

The President's attitude, as well as the enthusiastic reception tendered us by people from all walks of Brazilian life, was much more than a tacit recognition of the rights of our position. It was the final consecration of the victory of twenty-four men, poor but determined, who had taken upon themselves the anxieties of their oppressed peoples along with the feelings of free peoples the world over in their fight against the shameful diplomacy of two dictators bereft of political or humane scruples.

The *Santa Maria* was turned over to the Brazilian authorities with President Quadros' personal guarantee that its fate would be decided in conformity with current international agreements. Our departure from the ship was given full honors, proffered us by a contingent of marines.

From Lisbon, the Salazar press and radio vociferated against the American and Brazilian governments, accusing them of piracy. They used the strongest of demagogic methods and police violence to contain the excitement of the Portuguese people, already deprived of news from outside by the ironclad censorship. In order to save face, however, Salazar was quick to express, through his agents, his "gratitude" for the manner in which Brazil had resolved the matter and declared that the Portuguese Government would not proceed further against us (Tartuffe and Torquemada in action).

We do not intend to rest on our laurels. We have completely attained the objectives of this first operational phase. World attention has become focused on the atrocious misery of two peoples tyrannized by dictators who blasphemously exercise their rule in God's name. We shall count on these advantages in the continuation of our struggle under less difficult circumstances. With a will which grows stronger all the while, we shall rely on the support and understanding of all free peoples the world over. We continue to hope that our appeal for the moral and material aid we need for the suppression of the Iberian dictatorships—a suppression which will give the universal ideals of democracy a truer meaning — will not be in vain.

Letters

(*Continued from inside cover*)

dividuals who want peace, all who want humanity to survive, join in the effort to get the maximum public support for this petition. Copies may be obtained from the 100 Days for Peace Committee, 550 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. HENRY H. ABRAMS

New York City

Auto Insurance

Dear Sirs: In the Feb. 18 issue of *The Nation,* there appeared an article entitled, "New Concept in Auto Insurance," summing up certain theories advanced by Professor Ehrenzweig of the University of California, in which appear a number of serious distortions.

1. In attacking the idea of liability based on fault, the author, Peter Fabrizius, dramatically oversimplifies the legal concept of negligence by dashing off a couple of extreme and uncited examples. . . . Statements such as "In millions of cases, juries have either come to obviously unfair decisions by adhering to the law or tried to be fair by flouting it," have no factual basis.

2. [The author's proposals] would neither speed up the disposition of claims by traffic victims nor provide any semblance of adequate compensation for personal injuries.

3. The author cites the workmen's compensation acts as examples of how well the plan would work. Basically tailored to industrial injuries, workmen's compensation is ill-suited to automobile accidents, and would create new ills without curing the old. . . .

JOSEPH A. PAGE
NACCA Law Journal

Watertown, Mass.

Dear Sirs: "New Concept in Auto Insurance" contains gross exaggerations. . . . The insurance companies have repeated the old charge that the plaintiffs' attorneys receive one-half the award so often that the public has come to accept it as true. Please demand that the author furnish the name of a single leading plaintiff's attorney . . . whose agreement with his client regularly contemplates this.

ARTHUR H. SCHATZ

Hartford, Conn.

Dear Sirs: Re the above:

1. The charge of oversimplification can be applied to any magazine article distilled from a larger work. For the unsimplified statement of my theory, with examples and references, I refer Mr. Page to my two books, *Negligence Without Fault* and *Full Aid Insurance.*

2. The substitution of compulsory accident insurance for liability insurance would indeed greatly reduce the expense and delay involved in the settling of automobile injury claims by eliminating negligence litigation. To be sure, compensation, while becoming available to the large numbers of victims not proving fault, would be keyed to minimum requirements for the "little man." But this compensation would by its predictability encourage potential victims of "greater worth" to obtain their own excess insurance.

3. Neither Fabrizius nor I have suggested that workmen's compensation should be the model for this future insurance. In fact, I have stressed repeatedly the desirability of keeping automobile compensation away from administration by commissions.

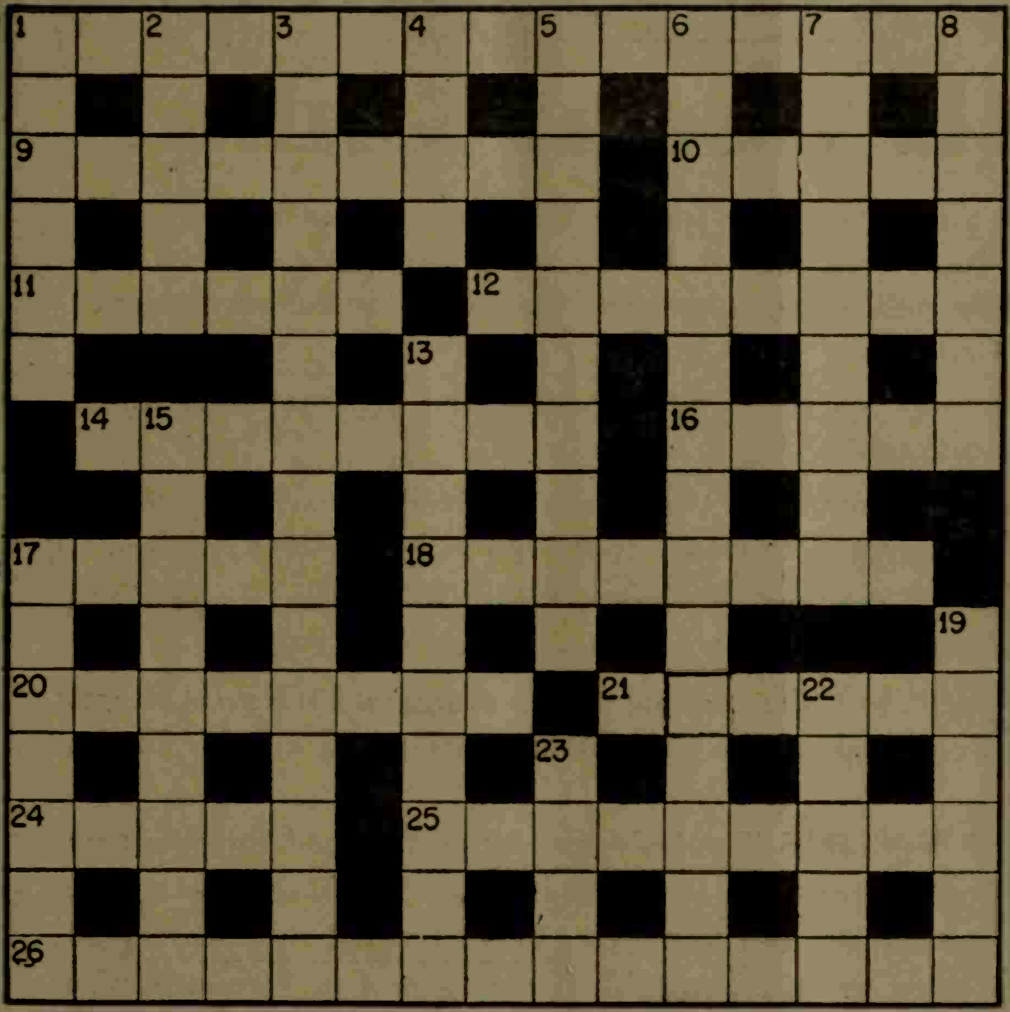
4. I agree with Mr. Schatz that the fee usually charged by counsel is less than 50 per cent. That it is not significantly less, appears from the 1961 survey of the Columbia University Project for Effective Justice.

ALBERT A. EHRENZWEIG
Professor of Law
University of California

Berkeley, Calif.

Crossword Puzzle No. 911

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 If the orchestra's out of position, they'll need fancy dress accompaniment! (7, 8)

9 Thrust upon some, according to Malvolio, like the sergeant's order. (9)

10 and 4 down Doesn't exactly rain pitchforks, but they suggest a racket underfoot. (9)

11 There's a good 19 before this. (6)

12 A doctor's statement for what his wife gets at the beauty parlor? (8)

14 Taper not fully lighted in his troubled ending. (8)

16 Handles valises. (5)

17 A hail fellow might, when passing the vessel. (5)

18 Striking relationship of red and orange, perhaps. (8)

20 Camelopards. (8)

21 One who makes his point, or merely counts another's? (6)

24 His pa could have been an irregular soldier! (5)

25 Made a bid in the way which shouldn't be empty. (9)

26 If you find it only partly true, learn the hard way, strangely enough. (15)

DOWN:

1 Associated with Dionysus, perhaps. (6)

2 Those who secure things in banks? (5)

3 Evidently what the man with the scythe does is pink, as the hero arrives. (2, 3, 4, 2, 4)

4 See 10 across

5 A suit he can get out of a tube? (10)

6 Pole overthrown by Scot in so doing. (7, 3, 5)

7 It ain't what you say, it's the way you say it! (9)

8 Tennyson said our little ones have their day. (7)

13 Prudence Valo the equivalent? (10)

15 This is given to drink. (9)

17 Enrolls, though evidently doesn't write his name down. (5, 2)

19 It's time a servant was found! (6)

22 Animal that might make its appearance later. (5)

23 Find whether without her it's a way to get that sharp look? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 910

ACROSS: 1 Controversial; 9 Imply; 10 Testament; 11 Kirtled; 12 Noisome; 13 Natty; 14 Defendant; 16 Essential; 18 Hotel; 19 Rocking; 21 Agrippa; 22 Earthling; 23 Caste; 24 Stridulations. DOWN: 1 Chicken-hearted; 2 Nephritis; 3 Royally; 4 Voted; 5 Resentful; 6 Italian; 7 Lie to; 8 Street cleaners; 14 Drip grind; 15 Antipasto: 17 Neither; 18 Haricot; 20 Ceres; 21 Angel.

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Martin Esslin

RELIGION
Gabriel Vahanian

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LETTERS

The Rights Are for All

Dear Sirs: Your excellent editorial of April 8, entitled "*The Nation* Dissents," prompts me to send you the following copy of a letter I sent to the editor of *The Louisville Courier-Journal*:

"I am disturbed by your April 1 editorial suggesting that a committee of Congress should investigate the John Birch Society. I think the society is a disgrace to America, but I defend its right to express its ideas without interference by governmental agencies. . . .

"I am going to prison to uphold the [First Amendment] rights. I refused to cooperate with the House Un-American Activities Committee when it inquired into what I had written, whom I had met with, what organizations I belonged to, and what I believe. . . . I go to prison to defend the First Amendment rights of all Americans, including members and leaders of the John Birch Society."

Carl Braden

Louisville, Ky.

Where Credit Is Due

Dear Sirs: I want to express to you my deep appreciation of the very generous characterization you have given me in the editorial which appeared in your April 15 issue. In all honesty, I must say that it really did not take much courage for me to do what I did, for the simple reason that I was merely reflecting the common sense of the good people of Maine and particularly the dedication of the residents of the Presque Isle area to their country. They are the real ones to whom the credit should be given—rather than to me.

Margaret Chase Smith
United States Senator

Washington, D.C.

Contact!

Dear Sirs: I am only a humble stockholder in a humble venture with some humble friends, and the vicious, unwarranted and premeditated attack upon us and our loved ones by your Mr. Goodman (*Nation*, March 11) plainly indicates that the man holds no stock in *Contact*. Either that, or his mind has snapped. What is he, some kind of nut?

Nelson ("The Enforcer") Algren

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: My experience with *Contact* has been similar to that with other little magazines printed on expensive paper and full of photographs. The editors asked me for something; I gave them, as I always do, the best recent piece I had written; they rejected it, explaining that they had expected from me something like that other piece of mine which they had so much admired—and which somebody else had risked publishing.

Paul Goodman

New York City

New Logic Approved

Dear Sirs: I would like to express my gratitude for the article "New Logic for the Test Ban" by Anatol Rapoport in the April 1 issue. It is the most illuminating evaluation of our situation that I have yet read anywhere.

Margaret A. Fellows

Northampton, Mass.

Cultural Exchange

Dear Sirs: What amazes me about Mark G. Field's review of three recent studies of the Soviet Union (*The Nation*, March 25) is that though he has obviously devoted a great deal of time to intensive study of that country, he shows the same kind of stereotyped thinking about it that is characteristic of many very ill-informed people.

Take the section on Professor Barghoorn's book, *The Soviet Cultural Offensive.* As a folk singer, I have had some personal experience in the cultural field, having shared a number of concert platforms last summer with Soviet artists in several cities in the USSR.

I quarrel first with Field's endorsement of Barghoorn's statement: " . . . Communists fear the give and take of free discussion. Spontaneity, informality, and even friendly self-assurance terrify them. They seek to orate but not converse. . . ." Field considers these "good words of wisdom for all those engaged in cultural, scientific or artistic contacts with Soviet colleagues." Forgive me, but this is sheer rot. There are, of course, Soviet citizens who are rigid in their approach to discussion with Americans. (Strange to say, the reverse is also true!) But I met and conversed with many Soviet cultural colleagues ranging from opera singers, violinists and theatre directors, to puppeteers, jazz musicians and masters of ceremonies, and if there was one general feature which characterized these contacts, it was their very informality, spontaneity and friendliness.

My second quarrel is with Field's apparent agreement with Barghoorn's view that cultural exchange can do little if anything to reduce world tensions because the Soviet people have no say in their government's policies. But it takes two sides to strike a bargain. No one who has attended performances of Soviet artists here can fail to realize that American enthusiasm for them has a dimension which goes beyond appreciation for their artistic excellence — it is an expression of good will and the desire for peace. The same dimension is present in Soviet acclamation for

(Continued on page 360)

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 16

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Young Man in a Hurry

It is the fate of President Kennedy to be premature—to be always a step or two ahead of the locomotive of history. He was elected to the House at an early age; his escalation to the Senate was premature; his hastily conceived, whirlwind campaign to win the Vice Presidential nomination in 1956 was premature by at least a decade. His successful bid for the Presidency in 1960 was, in a way, even more premature. And, in the logic of politics, his election was premature; normally a President of Eisenhower's vast popularity, in a period of peace and prosperity, should have been able to get his hand-picked successor elected. But Nixon defeated himself, thereby thrusting JFK into the Presidency in a phenomenally close election. The swing away from the Eisenhower brand of conservatism was not destined to take place—in accordance with Mr. Schlesinger's pendulum theory of politics—until around 1962. But the President, as usual, was rushing history.

To the White House, the President has brought the drive and energy of a young man in a hurry. He has bombarded Congress with messages based on excellent task-force reports in all major problem areas. He has given closer attention to the techniques of Presidential leadership and to the problem of creating a favorable public image than any President since Roosevelt. Even though a clear mandate was lacking, the President and his advisers apparently thought that essential aspects of his program could be maneuvered through Congress with a combination of arm-twisting, charm, "Irish Mafia" politics, excellent public relations, patronage, tact and considerable political skill. But Congress has not responded because the people have not responded. We are still living in the sunset, the afterglow of the wonderful age of Eisenhower. Six per cent of the work force may be permanently unemployed, but the stock market is booming. The Easter vacation findings are unanimous: Senators and Representatives of both parties report that their constituents like the young man in the White House, but they are not enthusiastic about his program.

Once again, in a word, the President is ahead of history. No sooner did he enter office than he was confronted with the misbegotten end-products of a succession of policy failures in the field of foreign affairs. Before the new program could be swept in, the accumulated debris of eight years of improvident housekeeping had to be swept out. And these things take time.

First there was Laos. Here the President's task, executed with considerable skill to date, has been to beat a retreat while pretending to advance—always a difficult feat in politics. Now there is Cuba. Here, too, the President is coping with the disastrous consequences of policies which he did not originate. The cloak-and-dagger operation of the CIA was initiated as early as 1959, and programs of this sort have a momentum which may be retarded, but is not necessarily halted, by a change of Administration. Next, the President must face up to the accumulated mistakes of our nuclear-deterrent policy in Europe. And beyond is the China issue, timed to explode on the eve of the 1962 Congressional campaign.

It is clear that the President and Mr. Macmillan have reached a limited understanding about China. Great Britain will no longer follow our lead in opposing that country's admission to the U.N., and the President will not object; indeed, there is some reason to believe that, along with Messrs. Rusk, Bowles and Stevenson, he privately regards China's admission as inevitable, perhaps even desirable. But it will take time, it is said, to prepare American public opinion, perhaps a year, and that much time is not available. Yet genuine new departures in foreign policy cannot be initiated until this disastrous inheritance of the diplomatic handiwork of the late John Foster Dulles is liquidated. Nor can the President expect the people to get excited about his domestic program as long as most of them are enjoying the sunset glow of the great postwar boom.

As a "New Frontiersman," it might have been better for the President to have come to power in 1964. But since he insists on upsetting history's timetables, he came to power in 1960, so that the role which, in the logic of politics, should have been reserved for Nixon—namely, to be Hoover saddled with the mistakes of

Coolidge—has fallen to him. But the President may yet turn his peculiar destiny to advantage. He may be ahead of the people at the moment and even through 1962, but, in this revolutionary age, he may no longer be premature in 1964. The historical process may accelerate, the locomotive may yet catch up with the young President.

Legality and Humanity

Juridically, the case against Eichmann is full of holes. When his crimes against the Jews and against humanity were committed, the State of Israel did not exist. Israel violated the sovereignty of a friendly state by seizing and kidnaping Eichmann, a peaceful resident of Argentina. Eichmann only followed orders — of Heydrich, Himmler and Hitler, all now beyond reach. The Jews are not impartial.

All this is true — and meaningless.

The law, and not only missiles and satellites, must develop. Where there are gaps in the law, they must be filled. When six million Jews were exterminated, where was the law? Insofar as there was a covering law, it sanctioned the extermination. The "final solution" of the "Jewish question" was decreed by Hitler, who was the law of Germany and the occupied territories. If things are to be allowed to go on in this fashion, there will be no national or international bar to even greater crimes, with the victims numbered not in the millions, but in the hundreds of millions, or right up to the two and a half billion who now inhabit the earth. Herman Kahn has an idea for a "Doomsday machine" which will blow up the world and kill everyone in it. No human hand need touch it. A computer, suitably programed in advance, will trigger the machine.

Kahn may be having hallucinations, but it is a sober, scientific fact that the capacity for mass extermination is growing apace and avertive morality is growing slowly, if at all. What the Israelis are trying to do is to bring humanity to its senses by making an example of one of the Yahoos responsible for the development of the Nazi murder machine, which foreshadows the development of the Doomsday machine. In this respect the Jews indeed are the Chosen People — they were chosen to be murdered and now they are the instrument of retribution, publicity and perhaps salvation. If anyone has anything better to offer, he has failed to speak during the past fifteen years and may with good grace now hold his peace.

The Troubles of Adenauer

The conference between President Kennedy and Chancellor Adenauer may have been bathed in sweetness and light; communiqués of meetings between heads of state rarely communicate anything else. But, for the Chancellor's purposes, it could scarcely have occurred at a less auspicious time. He has an election coming up. The Eichmann trial is in progress, stirring up memories of a crime so vast that humanity has not yet been able to grasp its magnitude — a crime which was committed by some of the German people, sanctioned by others, ignored by still another section, and atoned for only by those who were least guilty and most sensitive. Then there is the problem of de Gaulle, whom Adenauer was supposed to keep in order, somewhat like a movie director handling a difficult but indispensable actor. Except that he is not attacking Hammarskjold, de Gaulle seems to have even less respect for the United Nations than Khrushchev, and he is thrashing about in NATO like a gorilla in a strait jacket. On top of all this, the trend of President Kennedy's views on the military future of NATO can scarcely have given the Chancellor happy days and dreamless nights; this may indeed be the crux of the Chancellor's future troubles.

The Chancellor is powerful, but also he is old, and he has advisers and possible successors who cannot be treated like office boys. One of these is Franz Joseph Strauss, his Minister of Defense, who insists that the NATO armies, which are mostly German armies, cannot fight without nuclear arms — preferably in their own hands, but if that cannot be, in the hands of American troops on their flanks. The idea is that any major move by the Russians in Europe, whether nuclear *or* conventional, will be met by instant *nuclear* response by NATO, i.e., the United States. But Mr. Kennedy, in his defense message to the Congress, has said: "Our objective now is to increase our ability to confine our response to non-nuclear weapons." Lyndon Johnson said the same thing in Paris. This does not mean that we would submit to defeat in a conventional war; as General MacArthur has said, in war there is no substitute for victory. But if it comes to a nuclear showdown, Mr. Kennedy would prefer to have the Russians start it. He wants to win, or at least achieve a draw, with gunpowder and TNT if possible. He wants to avoid the hair-trigger nuclear response dear to the heart of Franz Joseph Strauss. And so do we all.

The Supreme Sacrifice

Lucius Beebe, the eminent *bon vivant*, recently dined and drank with two friends at the Brown Palace, which he describes in the *San Francisco Chronicle* as "Denver's top-flight show place." A good time was had by all. "We rioted in classy viands and vintage abandon," Mr. Beebe testifies, "three of us and thirsty, mark you—for $30." Thirty dollars isn't hay, Mr. Beebe remarks, but he names several joints in San Francisco, New York, Las Vegas and Palm Beach where the check would have been $120, repeat, $120. Querying the management on the reason for this "comparative sanity in a wildly outpriced economy," Mr. Beebe was informed, "We have very little expense-account business in Denver. Most of our customers are spending their own money."

Mr. Beebe is not exactly a do-gooder. It is only that he likes the fleshpots and wants enough other Americans to be able to enjoy them so that he can write about such matters for a sizable readership. This is impossible when, as he says, good $5 claret is listed on the menu at $25 the bottle because the customer doesn't care about the difference — it's all on the credit card and the corporate expense account anyway. The well-heeled citizens who are not working for the corporations are becoming irritated by "well-upholstered jerks pre-empting the best of everything in restaurants, theatres, night clubs and airplanes," and Mr. Beebe feels it is a poor advertisement for big business.

There may be only one remedy, the same that was applied in the electrical price-fixing cases. The food in jail is nourishing, though the surroundings lack glamour. In New York, a federal grand jury has just indicted the president of a huge real estate firm on a charge of cheating the government out of $27,550.73 in taxes by overstating his business and entertainment expenses in 1954 and 1955. President John F. Kennedy is reported to be sicking Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy on businessmen who not only live on their expense accounts, but pad them, too. The wage-earning public, leaving 20 per cent of the paychecks with the tax collector every week, will not be distressed. The President has repeatedly called on Congress and the people for sacrifice and hard effort; the simplest response would be to insist that business can still be conducted, as it once was, *sans* martinis, dinner and two on the aisle.

The Illusion of Consent

The press is agreed that the Reds suffered a severe setback in the April 9 election in South Vietnam. But in the familiar pattern of cold-war journalism, the news stories do not sustain the editorial conclusions. For one thing, as the dispatches make clear, the election was thoroughly rigged at the outset: the chief opposition leader, Phan Quang Dan, American-educated and pro-American, is in jail on a charge of treason. Diem's two opponents were political unknowns; even so, one of them, a seventy-five-year-old practitioner of Chinese medicine, i.e., an herb doctor, managed to poll 26 per cent of the vote. Weeks before the election, Diem had called up reserves and taken every military precaution to insure his re-election. So the results were predictable. Moreover, one would think that the curiosity of the editorial writers might have been piqued by the odd circumstance that Diem received his heaviest vote in districts which, it is conceded, the Communists control or largely dominate, and his lightest vote in Saigon, where there was enough of a "foreign presence" to insure somewhat freer conditions than prevailed elsewhere.

Despite these and other suspicious circumstances, the press insists on interpreting the results as a pro-Western triumph. But the triumphs of dictators are usually tainted. It should not be forgotten that Syngman Rhee and Adnan Menderes, shortly before they were ousted from office by their irate countrymen, had also scored "smashing" electoral victories through the use of techniques well known to dictators. Part of the ritual for securing American economic aid is the staging of rigged plebiscites designed to create an appearance of legality for regimes that have never had an honest mandate from the people. However useful these carefully rigged plebiscites may be in bolstering the morale of dictatorial regimes, in creating an illusion of legitimacy and consent, and perhaps even in deceiving the "enemy," there is no reason why our press should be taken in by them.

Thunder from Formosa

The thunder, this spring, has come up not "outer China 'crost the Bay," but out of Taipei 'crost the Strait. From the Generalissimo's headquarters, great thunderclaps of threats and ultimatums have rattled across the strait, if not across the Pacific. Chiang Kai-shek has political antennae of a sensitivity second to none; not even Chancellor Konrad Adenauer is quicker in spotting storm clouds on the political horizon. The Generalissimo has recalled his Ambassador, George Yeh, from Washington and, closeted with advisers, the two of them have been plotting a strategy to cope with the situation which will arise should Red China be admitted to the United Nations at the next session of the General Assembly. And the dragon has now bared his fangs: an ultimatum has been issued. In an Easter Day message, the Generalissimo points out that the U.N., with Red China seated, would be "turned into a den of thieves" with which he—a convert to Methodism in his middle years—will have neither truck nor traffic. Should his ultimatum be ignored, he threatens to take Nationalist China out of the U.N.

What is most alarming about this threat is the possibility that in this, as in so many other crises, Chiang Kai-shek is merely bluffing. Can we be *sure* that he will carry through? Will he give us a bond that he will in fact withdraw Nationalist China from the U.N. if Red China is admitted? Will he take an oath on the Bible, or whatever sacred text he prefers, not to renege on this latest threat? For if he can be forced to honor his ultimatum, the China issue will be greatly simplified and the hope of an early settlement vastly improved.

Of all Chiang's Easter messages—in fact, of all his messages—we like this one best.

ON the BREAKING of FORMS

THE CONCERNS of this special issue, which range widely over the history and present temper of our culture, are unified by the word "iconoclasm." The editors asked the writers who here contribute essays whether they thought this century was a period of form-smashing and, if so, whether a view of the times from that perspective would prove enlightening. Their views are various as to the meaning and prevalence of iconoclasm, but their reflections combine to describe a culture so novel that its basic forces have not yet been defined. By examining the idols of the tribe, these essays open new approaches to the task of definition.

Our 'Heraclitean' Period

Bruce Mazlish

THERE IS a temptation, in a time of atom smashing (and the consequent shattering of cities like Hiroshima and Nagasaki), to conclude that ours is a time of form-smashing as well. We may be led, by easy analogy, to think of our society as being swept by an almost unprecedented unsettling: a destruction of forms, a sweep of iconoclasm. Against this view, however, I propose a contrary — or different — picture: that ours is, with a vengeance, a "Heraclitean" period, in which forms and fixity have all but disappeared. We live in a kaleidoscopic world (as we shall see, modern, abstract art reflects this fact) in which forms cannot be smashed because they hardly exist.

Such, I suggest, is our present situation. How have we arrived at it? I think the answer is to be sought in an examination of the true iconoclasts who have preceded us. For form-smashing in the Western world did occur; and it occurred, not in our time, but largely before World War I, in the period stretching from about 1830 on. We can trace the lineaments of this movement in a number of fields: the moral (involving the "human sciences"), the scientific and the artistic. Naturally, we can only touch here on the highlights, and even that with acknowledged temerity.

One of the most "shattering" declarations of this earlier iconoclasm can be found in Bernard Shaw's *Man and Superman* (1901-03). Tanner is shocking his poor Ann. "I am ten times more destructive now than I was then," he explains to her. "The moral passion has taken my destructiveness in hand and directed it to moral ends. I have become a reformer, and like all reformers, an iconoclast. I no longer break cucumber frames and burn gorse bushes: I shatter creeds and demolish idols." To Ann's bored comment that "Destruction can only destroy," Tanner retorts: "Yes. That is why it is so useful. Construction cumbers the ground with institutions made by busybodies. Destruction clears it and gives us breathing space and liberty." As we see here, the line between iconoclasm and vandalism — destruction for its own sake — is thin; Tanner knows that he must destroy, but he does not know what he wishes to construct in the cleared space.

Shaw, of course, is a fairly late comer to the excavation site of nineteenth-century faiths and ideals. Before him, to take some random but key examples, there was Karl Marx, who knew precisely what shape he wished to emerge at the end of the bourgeois form of culture; Friedrich Nietzsche, with his "transvaluation of all values"; Charles Darwin, who broke the image of man as a being separate from the rest of the animals; and, contemporary with Shaw, Sigmund Freud, who destroyed, among other things, the dichotomy between civilized, rational man and primitive, passional man. The iconoclasm of these men, and others like them, produced the "Heraclitean" aspect of our present time in what I have loosely called the moral field.

For our purposes, two aspects of Marx's work need to be singled out: his theory of ideology and his theory of dialectical materialism. The first suggested that our ideas are merely reflections or psychic projections — not independent, eternal truths — of our material conditions of production. And the second — the theory of dialectical materialism — implied that these material conditions are always changing. The initial effect of the two theories was to tear aside the veil of illusion put up by the bourgeoisie, and to show that its law, morality and religion were so many prejudices: the result, therefore, was a repudiation of existing values. The more long-range effect was to destroy "absolutes" and "fixities" of any kind (and this in spite of Marx's attempt to establish a Communist absolute in place of what he had destroyed), and to leave only a world of shifting appearances.

Nietzsche completed the "transvaluation of all values." He showed that there is no one truth of morality, but merely a number of perspectives, of which none can claim to be absolute. As he remarks in *Beyond Good and Evil* (1886), every philosophy or world-view is merely the confession of its originator. But Nietzsche does not leave the matter there; he seeks the springs in our soul which give rise to our particular confession. To obtain this information he invites us to plunge into our own depths, in search of a new awareness of self, a new self-consciousness: it is a novel form of philosophic skin-diving, for which we must nerve ourselves. The result is his discovery that altruism may be a deception, that intention may be only an outward sign or symbol: in short, that "Everything deep loves masks."

From Nietzche's "transvaluation" emerges a new view of truth and a new perspective on the self. Our personalities are no longer fixed, for behind them lurks only the seething cauldron of a formless "will to power." And this interpretation accords—how this would delight Nietzsche's philologist heart!—with the very origin of the word "personality," from the Latin "persona," meaning a mask, the mask used in a play. The self which is left to us after Nietzsche is no longer an essence but a series of masks which we assume. (From this point on, the line to existentialism, where "existence precedes essence," is clear.)

IT IS DIFFICULT to say how much of Nietzsche's work was influenced by Darwin, but both men were occupied with the notion of existence as a struggle. Out of Darwin's "natural history" of struggle came a major revision of man's image of himself as a unique, fixed fig-

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ure in the universe. The first step in this direction had been taken by Galileo, who "naturalized" man by demonstrating that the planet he inhabits is similar to the heavenly bodies. The next step was prepared by Linnaeus, in 1755, when he revised his classificatory scheme to include *homo sapiens:* henceforth, man was no longer a being totally different in kind from the other animals, midway between them and the angels, but only a natural being further up the classificatory scale. Linnaeus' scheme, however, was static; into this *rigor mortis* Darwin breathed life. The result: by showing man as descended from other animals (the *Descent of Man,* 1871, concluding what the *Origin of Species,* 1859, had begun) he succeeded in eliminating the second discontinuity—to use the nice phrase of Jerome Bruner—that between man and the animal world.

The success of Darwin's work had numerous and powerful effects. One was to substitute, in the period following, the predominance of biological for physical science, and thus to substitute images of life processes for those relating to mechanical systems. Another, and the greatest, effect was to introduce the idea of evolution, of constant and unremitting change, as the dominant mode of viewing the world. The result was that, throughout that world, all things, man included, had now to be conceived of as being in a perpetual state of variation.

Darwin had removed one discontinuity; it was reserved for Sigmund Freud to remove another. He eliminated the distance between the primitive and the civilized man, between the child and the adult, and between the pervert and the normal person. By treating man as a natural object, amenable to the same objective, disinterested approach as previously used by man on the non-human materials of nature, Freud, like Darwin, helped "naturalize" man. In short, he put man on a sliding scale.

Freud, along with Marx, Nietzsche, Darwin and many others whom we have not even touched upon, have left us—modern man—in a world characterized by an acceptance of the notion of change and by an awareness of the shifting nature of reality: physical, social and personal. Not only have our previously fixed ideas and values been transvalued; they have been shattered in an Alcibiadean fury of iconoclasm. All the masks on the gods have been torn off.

IT IS my contention, then, that the real form-smashing in Western civilization occurred before World War I, and that it took its dominant tone from thinkers in the human or moral sciences (and I place Darwin in this group). Color and strength were given to this development by work in art, music and literature, and in the natural sciences. Though I am emphasizing the primary place of iconoclasm in the human sciences, some attention must also be given to the highlights from these other fields, and the thesis as to iconoclasm as a pre-World War I phenomenon tested by their evidence.

In general, we tend to forget how dated and no longer *à la mode* modern art is. In reality, however, almost all the important work, leading from the Impressionists to, say, the movements of cubism, futurism and abstractionism, and to the innovating work of the early Picasso and of men like Braque, Léger, Gris, Klee and Kandinsky, was accomplished before the actual holocaust of the First World War. The landscape of art which we inhabit today differs little, though it is better explored, from that of 1914. It is a landscape from which all existing forms have been swept away, so that it might be ready for some new construction yet to be decided on. The closest equivalent to Tanner in modern art could well be Piet

Procession in Lima (1947)

(From the Spanish of Pablo Neruda)

There were many to shoulder
the idol: multitudes
packed into queues and
debouching like sea-water
phosphorescent with purple.

Dancing and leaping and grinding
their teeth on a ritual mumble,
in a merging of voices: fish-fry and chicken-gut
and dour tambourines.

Lavender waistcoats and lavender
shoes, hats smutty
with violet,
avenues brimming like rivers
with the sick and the pustulant
that emptied their filth
on the impotent glass of cathedrals.
A thing inexhaustibly
sad, like the incense, an extravagant
rabble of ulcers
wounding the onlooker, that merged
with the aphrodisiacal fire
and fused in a sea of the living.

I looked long: at the swag-bellied
landholders, sweaty with surplices,
scratching the droplets
of hallowing sperm from their neckbands.

Saw the slovenly worm
in the mountain's sterility,
the Indian faces supine among platters
and cannikins; a pathos of llamas
and llama-boys; the spindle-shanked
virgins that languish in sacristies,
parochial schoolmasters
blue-faced and hunger-marked.
Narcotic with dancing,
stamping their feet on invisible
drums, the Negroes moved on
in their amethyst nightgowns.
A country was beating its breastbone—
the whole of Peru, with its gaze
on an idol, sky-blue and roseate,
our lady of niceties
parting their heads like a sea
in her shallop of sugar-stick
and swelling a sweltering air.

BEN BELITT

Mondrian, with his clear, more or less empty, canvases.

So, too, in music, Wagner strained against the limits of tonality in the nineteenth century, and set the stage for its breaking in the twentieth. Arnold Schönberg's *Pierrot Lunaire,* with its weird wandering and haunting sense of homelessness—because there is no key—shattered the world of music in 1912. A year later, Stravinsky's *Rites of Spring,* with its jarring turn to "primitivism" and its exciting use of dissonance and bi-tonality, added its energy to the overthrow of the old forms.

By World War I, James Joyce was already wading in the stream of consciousness: a literary method abandoning conventional, logical, "fixed" associations among words in order to arrive at a new, variable "logic" of emotional association. He rebelled against accepted values, as well as against literary forms. Thus, in *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* (1916), he announced: "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland, or my church."

So, too, Ezra Pound and others had set the stage for T. S. Eliot's *The Wasteland* (not itself published till 1922) which, both by form and content, pointed up the empty, desolate and lonely landscape inhabited by modern man. Thus, Eliot's method in the poem is to transcend ordinary space and time in favor of a felt order of space and time—we jump back and forth from Elizabethan to modern times, from the north to the south of Europe—and to use words for their evocative effects. There is little effort at normal, public, "fixed" communication. And this coincides with Eliot's view as to the breakdown of our shared civilization. Our culture, Eliot is saying, is merely "A heap of broken images"; our heritage meaningless, "withered stumps of time told upon the wall." It is Tanner's world of "shattered creeds and demolished idols" par excellence.

WHAT of the world of natural science? Once again, we tend to forget how early non-Euclidean geometry first made its appearance. It was around the 1830s that three great and original minds—Gauss, Lobachevski and Bolyai—began to question the self-evident nature of Euclid's parallel axiom. True, as C. P. Snow has so well expressed it, "the discovery was hung up for thirty years—by Gauss's timidity, Bolyai's lack of professional power, the miserable behavior of Lobachevski's colleagues." But it finally broke through with Riemann's dissertation "On the Hypotheses Underlying Geometry" (1854, but not published till 1868), where the talk is of hypotheses, not axioms, and of hypothetical truths, dependent upon the validity of certain assumptions, rather than of categorical and self-evident propositions. In place of one absolute, fixed geometry, there were several, all equally tenable. No wonder Bolyai exclaimed: "I have created a new and wonderful world!"

He had also destroyed. With his co-workers in mathematics, he had begun the undermining of the notion that nature and her laws are fixed, self-evident entities. Einstein's work in relativity (the initial effort dating from 1905) extended the non-Euclidean shaking to the ideas of absolute space and time, and did for physics what had been done in the new geometry. Only Heisenberg's work, on the indeterminacy principle, falls after World War I, in 1927. By that time, however, the destruction was complete: the simple, visual picture of both the atom and the universe had been completely shattered. The old form had gone, and in its place stood a mathematical equation in, as Heisenberg put it, "an abstract space of many dimensions."

HERE we must stop. I have outrun my knowledge—and perhaps yours—of modern science. I have taken, with great boldness and *élan,* various examples from the human sciences, art, music and literature to illustrate my thesis, some might say to fit it. In spite, however, of any arbitrariness that might be involved, I think the first part of my general thesis will stand: an unprecedented burst of iconoclasm has swept the Western world, not in our time, but in the period roughly stretching from 1830 to 1914. The result, at least for those at the frontier of thought (and overlooking the present "conservative" attempt to return to the past), has been a widespread "denial of faiths, abandonment of traditions, and repudiation of values."

All of this has come about in the name of iconoclasm: an iconoclasm which destroyed in order to prepare the ground for new idols and ideals. What, however, has been the result of that iconoclasm? Have the new forms arisen?

Here I come to the second part of my thesis: ours is a "Heraclitean" period, in which we do not smash forms—because we no longer believe in forms at all. In this post-iconoclastic era, there are no absolutes, whether of morals and values or of space and time; nor are there "fixed" views, whether of the self or of society. In place of dogmas, we have ideologies; in place of faiths, we have psychic projections. Instead of man's occupying a unique, clearly defined and unchanging place in the world, he is, as a species, continuous with the animal world and, as a "civilized" being, close to the child and the primitive (an image confirmed in our time, for example, by the art of Klee and Picasso). Modern man is a little like the player in Gilbert and Sullivan, engaged in a game, "On a cloth untrue, with a twisted cue, and elliptical billiard balls."

All is perspective and process. In such a world, there are no statues to deface. As one of my friends has remarked: "Who today is smashing religion? You couldn't find a single atheist in public life, or an acknowledged immoralist (I hasten to add that I use the term in its pre-beatnik sense; that pale protest merely illustrates my point from the other side) in artistic life." His lament is like Villon's, "Where are the iconoclasts of yesteryear"; and just as forlorn.

IN A SENSE, then, ours is a unique period. Previous eras have been unsettled, subject to rapid change and iconoclastic (even in the literal sense). But always, when x-idol was attacked, it was attacked in the name of an alternative, y-idol, or at least in the hope of an alternative. Today, there is no y. There is only process. Our motto might be: "Change for change's sake," for no new forms—no fixities—seem to emerge from the change. It is not by accident, then, that our dominant philosophies are pragmatism or existentialism (or logical analysis, which seeks to do away entirely with the metaphysical idols) and our scientific ethos one of operationalism or instrumentalism.

It is exactly this state of affairs, however, which is our challenge. Do we accept the existing situation (and there is much to be said for this)? Are we comfortable with it? Or do we seek to go back to old, conventional forms? Or to create new forms? Are there any such, looming on the horizon?

Hitherto, to use Matthew Arnold's phrases, we have been

> Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
> The other powerless to be born.

I have tried to suggest why our world is "dead," in the sense that it is living largely in terms of the landscape bequeathed to us by the iconoclasm of the period which ended almost half a century ago. What will the new world look like? We shall only know after we recognize our situation as a "Heraclitean" one and, from this awareness, seek to discover our "true" bearings.

The Next New Criticism

Norman N. Holland

ON OCTOBER 15, 1897, a promising young Viennese neurologist wrote his friend in Berlin, "I have found love of the mother and jealousy of the father in my own case too, and now believe it to be a general phenomenon of early childhood." "If that is the case," he went on, "the gripping power of *Oedipus Rex*, in spite of all the rational objections to the inexorable fate that the story presupposes, becomes intelligible. . . . Every member of the audience was once a budding Oedipus in phantasy." When Freud added that literary remark (almost as though Sophocles were guiding his thinking), he planted an intellectual time bomb, the result of which conceivably could be to destroy the phenomenon we know as literature.

But it is curious that, even long after psychoanalysis itself had become a parlor pastime at Greenwich Village parties, conventional literary critics paid, on the whole, little attention to the fairly revolutionary psychoanalytic literary hypotheses. Even today, the connections between literary criticism and psychoanalysis are hesitant, few and tentative. One reason is that literary critics for the past forty years or so have been busy about a revolution of their own; another is that the psychoanalytic approach, despite a development that often seems to parallel that of the New Criticism, in some ways runs exactly counter to the most cherished assumptions of that first critical revolution of the century.

As of, say, 1910, literary criticism tended to be a genteel talking around and about books. Curiously, we can think of it as a left-handed quest for solidity. Beginning with Aristotle, literary critics have always sought certainty, but in sharply differing ways. The Enlightenment found its certainty in rules and canons; the Victorians in biography; the Edwardians found it in literary history, largely Anglo-Saxon literary history, the tracing of movements and sources and influences outside the work itself. Once exploration moved inside this rim of the known, the critic's remarks on the work itself became mere impressions, uplifting, belletristic, pontifical, but none the less mere impressions. So far as the works themselves were concerned, the critic felt his only sureness was to describe his own visceral reactions. A more eloquent way of putting it is Anatole France's, "The good critic is he who relates the adventures of his soul among masterpieces."

Into this genteel, book-lined, old madeiraed world of Edwardian and Georgian *litterateurs* popped the so-called New Criticism, jargony, brash, pretentious, squarely contrary to the former fashion, but eminently congenial to the scientistic twentieth-century spirit. As practiced first by Eliot, Pound and Richards, then, in the thirties and forties by the critics in *Scrutiny*, *Hound and Horn*, or the *Kenyon Review*, "new" criticism meant first and foremost a great deal of pompous verbiage, frequently the invention of whole theories of literature from a couple of lyrics. Underneath the pretensions, though, New Criticism put forth what we can now accept as a sensible, straightforward methodology. The critic first must analyze the work itself and he must put aside all biography, historical background, speculations about author's intention, considerations moral, political and cultural, everything, in fact, except a dictionary, until he has understood what is, after all, the central thing, the work itself.

FREUD himself pointed out in his essay, "The *Moses* of Michelangelo" (1914), the similarity of psychoanalytic interpretation to this kind of aesthetic analysis, which considers works of art as things-in-themselves (rather than referring them to some hypothetical author's intention), which turns away from a mere general impression of the whole to bear down on the significance of minor details. Freud did not know of New Criticism as such; what he was endorsing was a method derived from ways of deciding questions of authenticity in painting. Yet this method as developed further by Wölfflin or Berenson corresponds exactly to the literary analyses of the Russian formalists or the English and American New Critics.

A famous bugaboo in the New Criticism was the question of referring literary utterances to the author's intention (a procedure dismissed as the intentional fallacy—occasionally the intentional heresy by critics who regarded their doings as religion rather than logic). Freud, in his *Moses* essay and his studies

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of puns, dreams, slips of the tongue, and all parapraxes, Freud, too, takes this view of intention: the author's intention can be learned only from what he in fact says, not from what he says he intended to say, a quite new critical view.

The New Critic regards a play or a novel less as the chronicling of a series of characters and events than as a linguistic event with its own poetic logic. In the same way, a psychoanalyst takes a patient's telling of a dream (for example), partly as information about the dream, but as much or more as a linguistic event with its own unity about a central theme or topic.

In short, reduced to its simplest, even crudest, terms, we can say that what Freud gave the literary critic was a second dictionary and a second grammar. The dictionary (admittedly a highly personal and variable one) of our symbols and childhood fantasies recognizes the events of our experience, everyday or literary, as corresponding to our personal fantasies about ourselves. our bodies, the families of our childhood. The new grammar is the grammar of primary-process thinking, the pre-logical processes of condensation and displacement that we see in dreams, jokes, or poetry. Where the New Critic, working with a conventional dictionary and grammar, draws conclusions in terms of intellectual content, the psychoanalytic critic, working in much the same way, but with a darker dictionary and grammar, tells us what the work says in the language of the unconscious to the unintellectual parts of our minds.

New Criticism and psychoanalysis show striking similarities in method and in their common preoccupation with language. Both of them fall into one of the characteristic patterns of twentieth-century form-smashing, the scientistic. It is perhaps most clearly represented in the early forms of philosophical positivism: the view that meaningful discourse must turn away from values (which become mere visceral reactions, glorified grunts) to verifiable facts. In this context, philosophy itself (like literary criticism or psychological interpretation) becomes simply the analysis of linguistic events. Historically, New Criticism was much influenced by positivism through such men as Richards, Empson, or Philip Wheelwright. These men, in turn, influenced such psychoanalytic thinkers about language as Ernst Kris or the recent psychoanalytic investigators of symbolism in England. Freud himself sometimes sounds faintly like a Carnap or Wittgenstein: "The moment a man," he wrote in 1937, "questions the meaning and value of life, he is sick, since objectively neither has any existence." New Criticism, psychoanalytic interpretation, and the linguistic analyses of the positivists represent three related kinds of scientistic form-smashing. Each turned aside from received values, literary, moral and metaphysical, not so much in favor of other values as in favor of facts. The critic, psychologist, or philosopher retreated to something he could look at objectively, a literary text or what the patient in fact said, or what a scientist could verify. Only after he analyzed the facts did he smash any received forms and then, not so much because they were "wrong" as because they were, in one of the most characteristic words of our century, "meaningless."

SOMEDAY, when the intellectual history of this century is written (by what amoebas or opossums?), one of the great puzzles will be, Why did two disciplines so closely related in methods and interests as New Criticism and psychoanalysis stand so long apart? A few critics, among them Edmund Wilson, William Empson and Kenneth Burke, brought psychoanalysis proper into their criticism early and well. There are more now, Leon Edel, Leslie Fiedler, Lionel Trilling, Gordon Smith, Simon Lesser, Louis and Selma Fraiberg, and others writing for the important, but still little, little magazine *Literature and Psychology*. Nevertheless, most New Critics have ignored psychoanalytic criticism, so that New Criticism and psychoanalytic criticism rest uneasily like two momentarily divided but potentially dangerous chunks of plutonium.

Partly, the strictly literary critics have been busy about their own hard-fought revolution; partly much psychoanalytic criticism violates the basic axiom of New Criticism. Psychoanalysis, after all, deals with minds; New Criticism with texts. The psychoanalytic critic is all too eager to turn to the author's mind or the character's (Lewis Carroll's relations with little girls or Hamlet's Oedipus complex). The now not-so-New Critic insists on the text first and foremost, dismisses biographical speculations, and considers the character not so much a human being as a "function" or "voice," incapable of having an Oedipus complex. Psychoanalysis demands a mind, and the obvious mind to satisfy both New and psychoanalytic critics is the audience's (as in Freud's original dictum about *Oedipus Rex*), but the two criticisms rarely meet there and it is a little frightening to imagine what may happen when they do.

Commerce, however, rushes in where critics fear to tread, and psychoanalytic criticism of audience response is just another name for motivational research. The gas-station attendant stabs the spigot into the throbbing convertible of "the man with drive." The man the girls pass by nudges the erect tube of Brylcreem which promptly ejaculates a white drop of pure sex appeal. Vance Packard may be persuaded, but for most of us even the most rudimentary knowledge of that psychoanalytic dictionary and grammar constitutes our defense. What happens with literature? When Arthur Miller shows us an aging longshoreman languishing oedipally over his daughter, when Tennessee Williams has his loverly hero castrated in the last act, we are no more taken in than by the Brylcreem ad. Rather, as Freud said we would, in an essay ("Psychopathic Stage Characters") which should be required reading for all post-Freudian dramatists, we are inclined to send for the doctor. What about pre-Freudian literature? When Leslie Fiedler tells us black Jim and white Huck image a homosexual relationship, what happens to our feelings as we read *Huckleberry Finn?* They change, certainly, but how?

Freud, in one of his attitudes, used to say art and literature were purely of the pleasure-principle, narcotics the rational man might well do without. It is conceivable that in another fifty years or so we will all be so psychoanalytically sophisticated, so committed to the reality principle, that literature will be a thing of the past.

It is conceivable, but hardly likely. Psychoanalysts themselves, though they

Concerning the Painting "Afternoon in Infinity" by Attilio Salemme

I saw some boards sleeping
In your high noon of the infinite.
On each you scribbled eyes, ears and a nose
And a mouth saying: "Since we are pieces of lumber,
We rest here.
Had we been lucky, and on another canvas,
We would be men, clasping the bride Time."

Hyam Plutzik

can interpret them, still laugh at jokes, still read novels and go to plays. Knowledge of that psychoanalytic dictionary and grammar does not somehow make our own unconscious minds vanish. Rather, psychoanalytic criticism and New Criticism complement each other. Where the New Critic tells us the social or intellectual content, the psychoanalytic critic can tell us the meaning of a work of art to a common hypothetical unconscious (which then accords or does not with our particular unconscious). In essence, artistic creation transmutes the fairly lurid, ithyphallic fantasies of the artist's unconscious into useful, acceptable social and intellectual content (for example, the quite common childhood fear of being devoured becomes Swift's "Modest Proposal for Preventing the Children of Poor People in Ireland from Being a Burden"). This is the act of creation; it is also the act of response.

We respond to a literary work only partly in terms of the intellectual meaning to which conventional critics pay such heed. Our full response involves that meaning, but we also find in a work of literature fantasies which correspond to our own unconscious fantasies (these are highly personal and variable, of course, just as we all have our preferences in literature). Our total response to a work of literature is the dialectic between these two levels of meaning and unconscious fantasy. In short, where the New Critic confined himself largely to meaning, which is only part of our response, the combination of New and psychoanalytic criticism offers a description of all our response to a work of literature.

THE combination of New and psychoanalytic criticism hardly poses a threat to literature; it will, however, be a revolution on a revolution, a scientific Bolshevism on a scientistic Menshevism. The New Critics scraped aside the received form of formless, mushy, impressionistic criticism to look at the hard facts of the text. Literary criticism in the first half of the century took a new strength and hardness from the age's scientistic temper. So now, will the combination of New and psychoanalytic criticism. Inevitably, it seems to me, criticism in the next fifty years will turn from its received form, the text-as-text, to face and reason with the hard fact of our own subjectivity. This newer criticism, tougher still, will take critics back to their Edwardian heritage, the subjective response to literature, not now in a maundering impressionistic way, but rigorously, even scientifically.

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New Form in the Theatre

Martin Esslin

FORM-SMASHERS ought certainly to be encouraged. But at the same time we should know what is being smashed; and what is taking its place.

What is form? A set of rules or prescriptions handed down through habits of craftsmanship, academic teaching or critical practice. Some of these may be wholly arbitrary, based on considerations that have been long forgotten; others are the congealed expression of philosophical assumptions, some of which may still be valid, while others are equally forgotten and have long since become obsolete or need to be reexamined. Others again are derived from fundamental realities, such as the laws of the psychology of perception; these will resist the smashers—but even they may be swept away: for even the conditions of perception change with time. Men's wits become sharper, their eyes and ears quicker in the uptake, chords that grated on the ears of one generation may be tolerable or even beautiful to those of a later age.

So most forms may be, and should be, smashed. What we must remember, however, is that the new forms that take their place will also, inevitably, present new and different *contents*. It is a fallacy to think that there is a division between *what* is said and *how* it is said; ultimately form is content—and content form: it would be quite impossible to have the statement made by Picasso in *Guernica* repainted in the style of Rubens or Velazquez; and when Picasso did repaint *Las Meninas* of Velazquez in his own style in a long series of new paintings, these turned out to have an entirely different content. And equally you could not express the subject matter of *Hamlet* in the form of Racine or Eugene O'Neill, let alone in the form of a musical. *West Side Story* may be a retelling of *Romeo and Juliet*—it certainly does not say the same thing that Shakespeare said.

To make a musical out of *Romeo and Juliet,* however, is not an act of form-smashing: it is a perfectly traditional method of taking inspiration from the theme of an older work. The form-smashers aim at breaking up the basic rules of the art form itself.

Let us take a simple example of an established aesthetic dogma smashed—and not by revolutionaries either. For decades the aesthetics of the cinema were based on the traditional proportions of the screen; the origins of these were wholly arbitrary, probably due to such accidents as the format of the first cameras, or the standard size of film made available by industry to the early film makers. Once cinema houses around the world were equipped with screens of a certain size and shape, it became extremely difficult to change the proportions of the picture projected, and the original coincidence was elevated into a formal principle that seemed destined to assume eventually the sacred stature of an eternal aesthetic law; film theoreticians accepted it and derived their philosophies from it. If a few directors, like Abel Gance, rebelled against it in one or two films, they could not move the established principle. Yet the day came when technical developments and economic forces coincided; when the competition of television created a demand for more spectacle and larger vistas, and technical developments in the form of various wide-screen and panoramic processes were at hand. So Cinemascope and Cinerama smashed what, a bare half-century after the birth of the cinema, had come to be regarded as its basic form. It now became possible to create a much wider picture within a frame of different shape—or even a picture so large that its edges lay outside the field of vision of a pair of eyes focused on the center, so that it became possible to suggest an unframed picture, as that perceived when we are looking at reality itself.

But it was soon apparent that these new forms must present a different type of content. On the Cinemascope screen, montage and quick cutting, which make up the basic grammar of the language of the normal cinema, become much more difficult, simply because it takes much longer to absorb a wider picture and therefore quicker cutting would be bewildering. In Cinerama, which attempts an illusion of reality itself, quick cutting is found to give the audience a violent physical jolt and be positively uncomfortable. So, on that very large screen, the picture has to be almost as stable as in the old live theatre; the real value of the process lies in the purveying of landscape: one type of content, the travelogue alone, ideally fits that particular new form.

In other words: the old form has not been smashed; it has not been superseded. The language of the cinema has been extended in one particular direction. If the new very large screen process became the only standard of cinematic art, we should have lost a valuable form of expression.

The Nature

what right
do I have
to love you

what right
do I have
to be sing-

ing
no right no
I sing to sing

assured of
nothing
hoping

that you may
gracefully
know why

the body
made of
expression

expresses
its make
in love
        why

the poem
says always
poem

Cid Corman

THIS certainly is a very humble, and a very limited example. But it makes its point; the origins of an aesthetic may be arbitrary, but once the arbitrary step has been taken, it sets up its own framework of by no means arbitrary rules which are dependent on the psychological and perceptual basis of the experience involved. Thus the origins of Greek tragedy are still obscure: we do not know *why* it was originally confined to one actor and chorus, to which another actor, and later—by a daring and revolutionary innovation—a third were added. It was certainly a highly arbitrary form. Yet it is from these limitations that the character—and range of expressiveness—of Greek tragedy stemmed. And it was a form perfectly adapted to the content it was designed to express. But to that content only.

Yet it was from that very limited, and arbitrarily limited, art form that Aristotle deduced what were for cen-

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MARTIN ESSLIN is the author of Brecht: the Man and His Work *(Doubleday). His new book,* The Theatre of the Absurd *(Doubleday, Anchor) is due later this year.*

turies regarded as the immovable laws of the aesthetics of drama. At that point a tyranny of form was established. For it is a fatal fallacy when principles deduced from existing works of art *a posteriori* are elevated into *a priori* rules. For many centuries, while certain aspects have changed, it has been considered an eternal principle that the drama must imitate nature, that it is based on a plot with a beginning, a middle and a solution, and on the delineation of characters that must be consistent throughout the action.

It is against this form that the *avant-garde* movement in the theatre rebels: Beckett, Ionesco, Genet, Harold Pinter and a host of other dramatists. Some of them have written plays that lack plot, others have created characters that lack consistency and change their personality completely in the course of an evening: not by logical development, but arbitrarily. They have written plays that start without a formal exposition and end without a solution. In other words they have produced a theatre that, by that *a priori* definition of the theatre, is neither possible nor permissible and could certainly not be successful. Yet, undoubtedly, these authors have written for the stage and they have been successful.

THIS IS a case where some of the rules of form have not only been revealed as arbitrary, but where, moreover, the philosophical assumptions on which the convention rested have changed. Plays with a rationally constructed plot that start from the exposition of a problem, moral, social or philosophical, and then proceed toward a solution presuppose a world order that is rational and known to man. Characters that remain consistent throughout the development of an action presuppose that each individual has something like an immutable and eternal essence of which all his various manifestations from the cradle to the grave are temporal and more or less fortuitous modifications: in other words that each individual has his immortal essence, his immortal soul.

For the *avant-garde* in the theatre of today neither of these basic assumptions holds good: they see the world as essentially mysterious and unintelligible, certainly devoid of rational purpose and hence of clearly deducible rules of conduct. And these authors have also digested the findings of modern psychology which sees human character, not as an eternal essence, but as the sum of physiological and psychological factors that are in constant flux. In Beckett's *Waiting for Godot* Pozzo appears as a self-confident and overbearing man at one moment, as a blind and defeated man at another. No explanation is given for the change; there is even room to doubt that the two manifestations of personality are the same man. In Ionesco's *Rhinoceros* men change into beasts without warning or explanation, the victims of a psychological and physiological change that is regarded as a disease. With the loss of intelligible purpose in the universe and with the disappearance of consistent character, the drama can no longer be an equation starting from a number of known constants and working toward a solution of the unknown factors according to a well-established and sure formula. We now work with a much higher number of unknown factors and the certainty that there is no easy solution.

Here, then, in contrast to the merely technical change in the example from the cinema, we are faced not so much with an *attack* on an arbitrary form as with its internal collapse. To these *avant-garde* authors the traditional form of the theatre no longer makes sense because it is based on implied philosophical assumptions in which they no longer believe. This is why, say, the usual Soviet play, or the Victorian melodrama strikes us as unconvincing: it expresses systems of values that have, to us, lost their relevance. But so, to the *avant-garde* in the contemporary theatre, have the basic, unspoken and implied assumptions of the usual drawing room comedy or socially relevant play, with its careful delineation of character and neat solution. To a writer like Beckett, Ionesco or Pinter, the fact that boy gets girl in the last act, or that the desirability of racial tolerance is convincingly demonstrated, is irrelevant. The boy and the girl still face an absurd universe; no social reform will alter its mysteriousness. By tackling a small, and to them irrelevant, segment of the reality of the human situation, the conventional theatre presents a distorted and unreal picture.

THE attack on the *form* of the traditional theatre is thus revealed as an attack on its *content*. And if a play attempts to deal with the new content in the conventional form of logical construction, consistent characterization and coherent language, the implied assumptions behind its form will belie its apparent content. In that sense even the blackest existentialist plays of Sartre and Camus, which present a philosophy closely akin to that of the plays of Beckett and Ionesco, contradict their explicit content by the implied content

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that shines through their logical and traditional construction.

The identity of form and content is even clearer in the most obvious aspect of the attack the *avant-garde* dramatists have launched against the traditional theatre: their resolute destruction of language and discursive thought on the stage. For one of the main contents of this theatre is the demonstration of the difficulties of communication between human beings—the inadequacy of language in establishing contact. Here, too, the smashing of form expresses a changed philosophical basis: the time has passed when an identity was believed to exist between the structure of language, the structure of logic and the structure of reality. That is the content expressed by the formal means of the dissolution of logical discourse in the *avant-garde* theatre.

THE FORM-SMASHERS of the contemporary theatre, therefore, are anything but frivolous iconoclasts. They are expressing fundamental changes in contemporary thought — and they are expressing them in the only way that will give them adequate expression in terms of the stage. In doing this they may not be destroying the traditional basis of the theatre, but they are certainly adding a new dimension to it, widening, in fact, the range of its content and subject matter.

For this type of *avant-garde* theatre, which has been called the Theatre of the Absurd, has opened up a new possibility for poetry on the stage. Having renounced the function of telling a story, of exploring character, of discussing ideas, of solving problems, it has been able to concentrate on the presentation of what is essentially a *sense of being*, an intuition of the tragicomic absurdity and mystery of human existence. As such the Theatre of the Absurd is an existentialist theatre which puts a direct perception of a mode of being above all abstract considerations; it is also essentially a poetic, a lyrical theatre; for the expression of intuitions of being is the field of lyrical poetry. So, paradoxically, the theatre that attacks language, and above all language that is beautiful and poetical for its own sake, is a deeply poetical theatre: only, its poetry is a poetry of situation, movement and concrete imagery, not one of language. Plays like *Waiting for Godot* or Ionesco's *The Chairs* eminently prove this point.

So, in this field at least, the form-smashers are not form-smashers at all; rather are they explorers who penetrate into new fields and open up new vistas. Instead of destroyers of old forms they are the bringers of new contents.

This is not to say that everything that seems *avant-gardist* must be good. Once the basis of a new approach has been understood, the grammar of a new kind of language learned, standards of judgment will immediately become apparent. If it is recognized that the *avant-garde* theatre is concerned with the presentation of complex imagery, with the exploration of the human condition in terms of an intuition of the mystery, the tragedy and comic absurdity of existence, then obviously its plays will have to be judged, not by any truth of character drawing or any ingenuity of plot, which they renounce, but by the quality of their imagery, the depth of their intuition, the validity of their poetic imagination.

Just as we have learned to discriminate between good and bad abstract painting, and no longer attack Picasso because he paints women with two noses when we all know that in nature they have only one, so it should be the function of drama critics to make a minimum effort to find out the terms of reference of *avant-garde* writing in the theatre and judge its works within those terms and standards. There may be some form-smashers in the *avant-garde* theatre who have nothing to say and are therefore purely negative. Any critic worth his salt should easily be able to distinguish these from the writers who smash old forms because they feel that they have become inadequate to express new contents.

And these form-smashers, certainly, ought to be encouraged.

Return of Naturalism as the 'Avant-Garde'

Howard Warshaw

FOR THE FIRST TIME in its history the United States seems to be exerting a pre-eminent influence on the art of painting. "The real impact," says Sir Herbert Read, "did not begin until 1958 with the circulation of the Museum of Modern Art's New American Painting show and the Jackson Pollock exhibition. However, since that time it has been overwhelming. Certainly the younger British painters have been swept off their feet by the discovery of what is really happening in the United States." The school of painting from which this influence comes is generally called Abstract Expressionism, and loosely encompasses such various painters as Pollock, de Kooning, Motherwell, Kline and Gottlieb, all of whom are considered *avant-garde*.

At the outset there are two factors which cast suspicion on the genuineness of the achievements claimed for this school of painting.

First: It is claimed that abstract expressionism cannot be judged by standards that would also apply to the art of the past. Thus it has become a not infrequent practice of museums to invite painters to submit their work to a jury of their own choosing, either a "traditional" jury or a "modern" jury. They do this on the assumption that there can be two systems of judgment with respect to art. But "modern" and "advanced" and "*avant-garde*" are comparative terms, and comparisons of things not seen within a single frame of reference are meaningless.

Second: Spontaneous generation as the explanation for a mature art form is suspect. The invention of a new form does not arise independently of a consideration of existing forms and techniques. The struggle to reshape the formal structure of an art so as to include a new concept in its entire pattern presages the full flowering of a truly new expression. No substantial, intervening body of work exists to show us the natural emergence of abstract expressionism from the formal character of painting. For the individual painters as well as for the school the change has tended to be abrupt.

It is painful to question the validity of our first success, but it is nevertheless the purpose of this essay to do so. For it is disconcertingly possible that our cleavage with the art of the past may be an expression not of an

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interest in art but of our disinterest in art, that we have therefore invented an art substitute which we have sold first to ourselves (well-packaged in the Museum of Modern Art and the Guggenheim) and then to the rest of the world. Our American indifference to art, our enthusiasm, our supersalesmanship could then easily account for such a development.

One type of art substitute with which we are all familiar is a form of illustration based on a blend of nineteenth-century naturalism and photography. Norman Rockwell is the prototype of this form. Jackson Pollock is as representative of abstract expressionism as Norman Rockwell is of popular illustration and by comparing these two men I would like to show certain similarities between the two schools of painting. It is my feeling that beneath their overt differences there are startling similarities of function in these two painters. This is the meaning of my title, "Return of Naturalism as the *Avant-Garde*."

I SHALL not use naturalism in the sense that it has been applied to certain excellent painters such as Chardin, but rather as the philosophers apply it today to a form of primitive phenomenology in which it is thought that by gathering a great deal of surface data nature may be rendered back to us in its own terms (Rockwell); or as in the doctrine of "*ding an sich*," discredited by Kant, in which it is thought possible to completely identify a construct with its subject matter (Pollock). In either case naturalism becomes a confusion of art with nature. We need not be surprised by the difference in appearance between a Rockwell and a Pollock for as our concepts of nature change, our imitations of nature change in appearance though not in essence. What remains constant is the role of decoy by which they lead us away from the world of constructs, in which painting belongs, and back to the world of unordered private experience.

Existence is the inexorable flow of experience, infinite in details, each of which is unique. It is in fact one thing after another, and we cannot stop it in order to classify, analyze or paraphrase. It is therefore incommunicable and what each of us is going through remains desperately private. It is true that we have invented marvelous constructs, such as language and mathematics, which are meant to represent reality, or rather a little piece of reality seen from a particular point of view, and through these constructs we come to share a measure of common under-

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standing. But it is the constructs themselves we understand, not the reality they represent. Euclid's geometry does not measure the earth as its name implies, but it does measure his hypothetical plane surface.

ART IS important because it is a special kind of abstraction. Whatever else a painter is looking at while painting a picture, he is also looking at the painting itself. The painting is an actual part of the larger experience of which it is itself an abstraction. The dual nature of an abstraction in painting corresponds to: what is looked at, and the way it is seen. The painter can influence *what* we see by merely applying paint to canvas. He influences the *way* we see through the relationship of his abstraction to the larger experience on which it is predicated.

Operating in this way a painter is saying in effect, "Look through my eyes and see not only what I am looking at but the way in which I see, which is the way I am." When this occurs we have achieved communication in the deepest sense. When we can truly look through the eyes of a stranger, the word stranger no longer has meaning, and we recognize one another as brothers.

That is what we have long considered to be the purpose of art and anything else is pseudo-art. Rockwell and Pollock, each in his own way, claim our attention in the name of art only to redirect it to a mundane or a sentimental experience. When this happens the painter is no longer a man who asks us to look through his eyes and share his sense of existence. Rather he is like a man who interrupts our flow of observation to point out some *thing* he has seen. It may be something conventionally beautiful or something quite strange that we have never seen before, but in each case the element of abstraction is of such a primitive order that we share only his vantage point; he does not communicate his personal vision.

Rockwell does this by rejecting his personal vision in favor of conventionally shared sentimental attitudes. In so doing he offers us no revelations of his own, but rather encourages us to share in already existing popular ways of seeing (and also of not seeing) our life around us. As we accept its illusions, the actual painting all but disappears and with it the possibility of an abstraction. After capturing our attention by graphic illusions which we are accustomed to equate with reality, he allows it to ricochet to a recollection of an anecdote or an event which he relies upon us to have shared with him, for example a Thanksgiving dinner.

POLLOCK on the other hand presents us with the turkey itself. "What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event," says Harold Rosenberg, a spokesman for the abstract expressionists. We see the event that Pollock produced for us, but do we see it through his eyes?

How does one create an event on a piece of canvas? The question must really be: how can one paint without creating an event? I have seen a Pollock which consists of one blob of blue paint thrown on to a white canvas, and this I take it satisfies the conditions of an event; that is, the event of paint being thrown on the canvas. When Rembrandt applies paint to canvas is it any less an event? According to the new critics it is not what they mean by an event because, in addition to being paint on canvas, it also resembles something else, a woman let us say. The desire of the abstract expressionist seems to be for the paint on the canvas to be the only event overtly contrived by the painter. It must have no purposeful coefficient in the world of larger experiences, but without coefficients relating across two systems there can be no abstraction. And without abstraction the painter cannot impose his personal vision. Ironically, abstract expressionism is the least abstract form of painting yet contrived. It is what it is. In the sense that we

Prism

a paperweight

Having lately taken up residence
In a suite of chambers
Windless, compact and bright, ideal
Lodging for the pituitary gland of Euclid
If not for a "single gentleman (references),"
You have grown used to the playful inconveniences,
The floors that slide from under you helter-skelter,
Invisible walls put up in mid-
Stride, leaving you warped for the rest of the day,
A spoon in water; also that pounce
Of wild color from corner to page,
Straightway consuming the latter
Down to your very signature,
After which there is nothing to do but retire,
Licking the burn, into—into—
Look: (Heretofore
One could have said where one was looking,
In or out. But now it almost—) Look:
You dreamed of this:
To fuse in borrowed fires, to drown
In depths that were not there. You meant
To rest your bones in a maroon plush box
And doze out the old play of mind and object,
Little foreseeing their effect on you,
Those dagger-eyed, insatiate performers
Who from the first false insight
To the most recent betrayal of outlook,
Crystal, hypnotic atom,
Have held you rapt, the proof, the child
Wanted by neither. Now and then
It is given to see clearly. There
Is what remains of you, a body
Unshaven, flung on the sofa. Stains of egg
Harden about the mouth, smoke still
Rises between fingers or from nostrils.
Your eyes deflect the stars through years of vacancy.
Your agitation at such moments
Is all too human. You and the stars
Seem both endangered, each
At the other's utter mercy. But the gem
Revolves in space, the vision shuttles off.
A toneless waltz glints through the pea-sized funhouse.
The day is breaking someone else's heart.

JAMES MERRILL

believe a painting to be realistic to the extent that it resembles its subject matter, both Rockwell and Pollock are realists. Rockwell, because he bridges the gap between his canvas and his subject by his consummate skill at making illusions; Pollock, because there is no gap. Paint on canvas *is* his subject matter. We see the painting not through his eyes but through our own, as we would look at any other individual datum, contrived or otherwise.

Oddly enough, critical supporters of abstract expressionism are willing to concede all this but claim it as a particular value of the form. Sir Herbert Read, an enthusiastic supporter, says, "One of the great virtues of abstract expressionism is the freedom of association it permits." I suspect the freedom he enjoys here is the freedom from the responsibility of sharing the vision of the painter; the freedom from abstraction. Abstraction is a difficult process. We are creatures of flesh and it is an act of asceticism to communicate in essences. We are tempted (in the pious name of art appreciation) to drop back into the easier reality of particulars where in any case we conduct the great bulk of our lives.

But it is only by sharing the *particular* vision of a painter that we are able to share his paintings with one another. It is only by virtue of what we are able to see in common that painting takes its place on the common ground of culture. Those paintings which we have been able to share and which we have agreed over a long period are meaningful to us constitute what T. S. Eliot calls, "an ideal order of existing monuments modified however slightly by the addition of a new (a truly new) work." A genuine *avant-garde* would extend this "ideal order" to allow for images pertinent to the particular revelations of its time.

"They are painting as though no one had ever painted before," is a remark of approbation quoted in a recent catalogue published by a major university and is an example of the spirit with which we neglect this responsibility.

FAILURE to accept the opportunity to earn a sense of the whole tradition means a loss of the common ground. Painting is losing its language-like social attributes and becoming a private challenge to each man to see how well or how long he can navigate in his own infinitesimal corner. The safety and certainty of the unique gesture are substitutes for the gamble on the *extra*-ordinary. The spirit in which Tintoretto could say, "I want to paint with the drawing of Michelangelo and the color of Titian," in which every man was free to walk the length and breadth of the common ground, has been replaced by a scuttling into private corners, each man defending his minuscule gesture. One paints only horizontal stripes, another only vertical. Turn one on end and they impinge on each other; put them together, they intrude on Mondrian.

In our present atmosphere painters are driven to romantic and infantile excesses, one might better say minimums, in a quest for uniqueness. They seek the inner voice in the area of elemental impulse and automatic action. They are embarrassingly personal without being distinctive because in our most primitive and automatic instincts we are all very much alike. Robert Motherwell, no doubt obeying his inner voice with scrupulous honesty, was moved to paint (or write) a series of canvases consisting principally of the written message, "*Je t'aime.*" (I wonder if some painter might apply for the translation rights and paint the English "I love you.") Critical response was favorable: "a cry to woman, to the wilderness, to France." Or Motherwell in a symposium, What Art Means To Me, at the Museum of Modern Art in 1951:

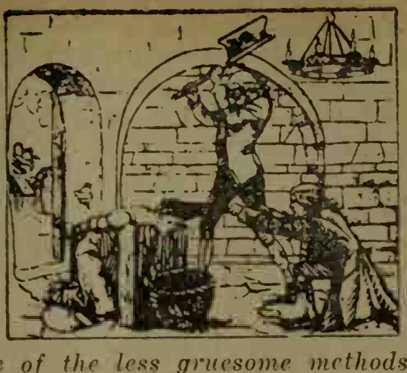
> . . . The feeling of being unwedded to the universe, a desire to reunite. The need is for a felt experience intense, immediate, direct, subtle, unified, warm, vivid, rhythmic—everything that might dilute the experience is stripped away. I love painting the way one loves the body of a woman. If painting must have an intellectual and social background it is only to enhance an essentially warm simple radiant act for which everyone has a need.

There is little doubt that there is something on his mind, but it is not painting. He is again confusing art with nature.

At times it seems that we are dealing with a recessive *avant-garde*. Consider this account of the painter Mathieu written by Michel Tapie (*Art News*, February, 1954):

> And so for more than two years (with long periods of abstinence from the creative act) Mathien, working directly with the paint tube and avoiding the facile modulations of the brush, drew signs in monochrome on absolutely unbroken backgrounds prepared by workmen in the shop where he buys his materials. Signs springing from gestures, which were in turn dictated by the urge to vehemence and violence.

With respect to the above it is interesting to turn to Camus. In his essay,



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"The Rebel," he compares rebellion, seen as a positive action against interference with his values, with a "completely negative concept like that of resentment" as defined by Scheler: "Auto-intoxication—the evil secretion in a sealed vessel of prolonged impotence."

In Selden Rodman's recent book, *Conversations with Artists*, Adolph Gottlieb is quoted:

> We are going to have perhaps a thousand years of non-representational painting. . . . Abstraction is not a limitation but a liberation. The social realist wants to charm you or win you over. But the abstract expressionist says to the public (more honestly): You're stupid. We despise you. We don't WANT you to like us—or our art. . . . What is the function of the art school today? To confuse the student. To make a living for the teacher.

At the time of the publication of this statement Mr. Gottlieb was teaching at the Pratt Institute. As there is Christ and anti-Christ, so there is art and anti-art. Just as devils, witches and the Black Mass are linked to the cathedral and church doctrine, so the anti-arts (as distinguished from the merely apathetic) seem irresistibly drawn to the schools and museums and to the rites, rights, and writing of art. This is particularly dangerous when the powers of promotion are so strong that they need assign no more than one idea to a given subject at a given time to monopolize the interest of their audience.

As painters have bit by bit relinquished their prerogatives, their common ground, the critics have inflated themselves to fill the vacant territory. Now it frequently seems that a painting is merely a kind of automatic starter for the critic whose actions prove essentially autotelic. They have become a group of virtuoso viewers.

Let me quote Sir Herbert Read in "Dialogue on Modern U.S. Painting" (*Art News*, May, 1960):

> The Sonia Getchtoff (*Friends and Lovers*, 1958) is very rich and very sensuous. It has almost a tropical exuberance, the richness of exotic plants. Here again I must pause and make one generalization. When I present my own associations to these paintings, I am always conscious of the fact that these may be utterly irrelevant to the artist's intent. However, these associations are still important to me in terms of my total reaction to the work of art. I think it is un-

The Path

I

To stand on common ground
here and there gritty with pebbles
yet elsewhere 'fine and mellow —
uncommon fine for ploughing'

there to labor
planting the vegetable words
diversely in their order
that they come to virtue!

To reach those shining pebbles
that soil where uncommon men
have labored in their virtue
and left a store

of seeds for planting!
To crunch on words
grown in grit or fine
crumbling earth, sweet

to eat and sweet
to be given, to be eaten
in common, by laborer
and hungry wanderer . . .

II

In time of blossoming —
of red
buds, of red
margins upon
white petals among the
new green, of coppery

leaf-buds still weakly
folded, fuzzed
with silver hairs

when on the grass verges
or elephant-hide rocks, the lunch-hour
expands, the girls
laugh at the sun, men
in business suits awkwardly
recline, the petals
float and fall into
crumpled wax-paper, cartons
of hot coffee —

to speak as the sun's
deep tone of May gold speaks
or the spring chill in the rock's shadow
a piercing minor scale running across the flesh
aslant — or petals
that dream their way
(speaking by being white
by being
curved, green-centered, falling
already while their tree
is half-red with buds) into

human lives! Poems stirred
in paper coffee-cups, eaten
with petals on rye in the
sun — the cold shadows in back,
and the traffic grinding the
borders of spring — entering
human lives forever,
unobserved, a spring element . . .

III

". . . everything in the world must excel itself to be itself."
Pasternak

Not 'common speech'
a dead level
but the uncommon speech of paradise,
tongue in which oracles
speak to beggars and pilgrims:

not illusion but what Whitman called
'the path
between reality and the soul',
a language
excelling itself to be itself

speech akin to the light
with which at day's end and day's
renewal, mountains
sing to each other across the cold valleys.

DENISE LEVERTOV

doubtedly true that the less a painting is representational, and the more it moves towards abstract forms, the more a spectator is able to find his own individual associations.

Carried to a logical conclusion the above remarks would obviate the purpose of art criticism, since a painting would be something quite different to each person seeing it. If the critic presents us with his own private associations, it must be only because he is particularly good at having them; that is a virtuoso viewer.

It is time to reconsider the role of art criticism and some of the concepts on which our "new" painting is based. Santayana says, "The man who cannot remember history is doomed to repeat it." A critical opinion, detached from the cumulative wisdom of the past, is susceptible to naive errors about the past as well as naive "discoveries" in the present. An error in judgment about the value of Franz Kline may arise from an error in judgment about Rembrandt.

I BELIEVE that a particularly revealing error of this sort was made by Harold Rosenberg in an influential article written for *Art News*, December, 1952, in which he introduced the term "action painting."

> Getting inside the canvas — at a certain moment the canvas began to appear to one American painter after another as an arena in which to act rather than a space in which to reproduce, redesign, analyze or "express" an object, actual or imagined. What was to go on the canvas was not a picture but an event.
>
> It is pointless to argue that Rembrandt or Michelangelo worked in the same way. You don't get Lucrece with a dagger out of staining a piece of cloth or spontaneously putting forms into motion upon it. She had to exist some place else before she appeared on the canvas — and the paint was Rembrandt's means for bringing her here. Now everything must have been in the tubes, in the painter's muscles, and in the cream colored sea into which he dives. If Lucrece should come out she will be among us for the first time — a surprise. To the painter she must be a surprise. In this mood there is no point in an act if you already know what it contains.

I do not believe Mr. Rosenberg is in error about the intentions and desires of his contemporaries whom he knows well. He is in error in not seeing the same aims and desires operating as part of the much more complex situation in which Rembrandt worked. He has detached perennial values of the art of painting and presents them in isolation from their natural context. Unable to read them in Rembrandt (it is far from "pointless to argue" this) he has a sense of discovering something new, which must inevitably lead to naive and oversimplified acts. Specifically, he is in error about the nature of subject matter. The error consists in believing that apples are the subject matter of certain paintings by Cezanne, or that a woman is the subject matter of the *Mona Lisa*, or that whatever the extra painting reference happens to be, it is the subject matter of the painting.

In fact, the subject matter of painting is the whole situation in which the painter works: the man, his vision, his act of painting, his materials, the room in which he works and everything in it, all these things in interaction comprise the subject matter of the painting. The subject matter is a process, which goes on while he is at work, rather than a static posed object. How much the painter is willing to allow to the situation in which he works is determined by the scope of the man, and this in turn determines the scope of his subject matter. The man himself entering his working situation may choose to admit only his instinctual automatic impulses, or he may elect to retain these impulses and in addition come to the job as an intelligent, remembering, social and cultured person. He may see his materials only as paint and canvas, or he may read into these inherited tools the history of what other men have done with them. He may exercise his vision only on the phenomena of the paint on the canvas, or he may choose to engage his eye with the figure of a woman holding a dagger in addition to the paint on canvas.

Kline's impulse to stain a cloth arises from his engagement with his working situation in quite the same way that Rembrandt's impulse to apply paint to his canvas arises from his engagement with his working situation. Once the stain appears, it becomes part of the subject matter to which the painter reacts in order to make his next move. As such it is quite as palpable a reality as a woman holding a dagger. The word nonobjective has taken on mystical overtones as though by being nonobjective we are able to deal with the magically nonexistent. Sir Herbert Read speaks of the power of abstract expressionism to make visible the invisible, but this is precisely what Rembrandt has done for us. When we see a paint-

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ing by Rembrandt we do not see a woman but rather a mode of vision and behavior revealed to us and to Rembrandt himself for the first time. His vision and his responses to it were invisible until they were made manifest in the sensuous analogue of the painting. When Rembrandt draws a woman, his refined, linear vision wanders across her terrain, passes through the verbal compartments of leg and shoulder, penetrates her volume and emerges on the other side while his hand does analogous things to the paper. His eye and his mind behind it are entirely caught up in the unpredictable dialogue going on between the changing events on the paper and his developing vision of the woman. He is acting with the urgency and responsibility of a whole man attempting to meet the emergency of a given moment of his experience. He is not only an action painter but in the fullest sense of the word he is acting like a man. Since we are committed without choice to the appalling tightrope walk of balancing between remote thinking and immediate sensation, no less complete an action than this will serve us as an encouraging example.

If we fail to understand this concept, if we imagine that the subject matter of Rembrandt's drawing is the woman (a naturalistic concept of Rosenberg's), we must either attempt to bring the woman here by means of paint or dismiss her. It would seem that the new critical apparatus, far from disengaging us from the past, offers us time-honored values which seem new and strange only because they appear in isolation, and are reduced to their minimum function. And this reduction effects a qualitative change.

FINALLY, we must consider the problem of the spectator of art in these confusing times, since we all, as spectators, have certain responsibilities.

Pictures serve many purposes. They may remind us or inform us about things. There is nothing wrong in a man who likes boats enjoying a picture of a boat. But he must try to discover whether or not he enjoys the whole picture, which includes the reference to the boat, or merely his own thoughts about boats. Similarly we may like to be incited to fancies, to be provoked to free associations derived from shapes, lines and colors. But again we must try to discover whether it is the whole picture we know or merely our own reveries.

Pictures may be decorative. They may provide pleasing sensations for our eyes. A contrived datum may be as pleasing sensuously as a tree or a mountain. Sensation, however, involves only sight, and painting at its best is concerned with vision. A great painter allows us to look through his eyes and for a moment to share his sense of existence. The way he looks at things may be at times frightening or baffling because he tries to see without the support of "meaning." If he thought that he already knew what something was he would be unable to see it. To share this vision with him is often an unsettling experience. We are reluctant. It is safer to know than to see. He challenges us as does Camus to accept the absurdity of the world and to bear the responsibility of imparting meaning to experience.

I have earlier suggested that Jackson Pollock and Norman Rockwell have in common "startling similarities of function" and that we use their work as a substitute for a more demanding engagement with painting. If, which I doubt, time should prove that Pollock is a master, the proof would have to take the form: that he had not "freed" us from tradition but is himself a part of it, susceptible of evaluation in the same field of reference with Michelangelo and Picasso; that his paintings are not merely the evidence of events; that they do impose his personal vision and therefore that they are not just provocative material for the practice of free association. In short he would be appreciated for entirely different reasons than those now advanced for him. It is these current reasons that concern me. The fine arts, in that they allow us to share profound experience, are a force for the integration of society. We are now being led by critical opinion which argues for the partitioning of the tradition and for the separateness of the spectator's experience.

Poetry in an Age of Expansion

Robert Bly

WE CAN SEE the tracks of iconoclasm today, but the animal itself is rarely seen. We live instead in a time of praise. Our situation is the result of *lack* of iconoclasm for forty years. No picture is more false than that of continual breaking of forms in American writing. The flaccid affirmation of *The New York Times Book Review* extends also into the fields of fiction and poetry.

Why should so many tracks of iconoclasts be seen, particularly nineteenth-century ones, and so few iconoclasts be caught today? I have tried to think of a few reasons. A feeling of constriction was habitual in the nineteenth century. Men felt this mood in the streets, inside poems and in drawing rooms. Jane Austen described the struggle inside young girls in England between the impulses of their nature and certain ideas imposed by society upon their class, such as the necessity for a rich husband. Rimbaud describes the thousand ways he felt constricted and bound in: he was suffocated by his town, the alexandrine line, the usual subject matter, the stanza; he rebels against his family, the Second Empire, "ideals," the literary society and Europe. Such rebellion was a political and also a magic act that took away the feeling of constriction. No division existed necessarily between politics and literature. A rebel against the upper class or against class forms in general might also rebel against certain forms in poetry. Whitman is a good example. He broke the old idea of the poem, and also announced the end of class in society. In my opinion, the whole iconoclastic tradition through Ibsen and LaForgue emerges from this feeling of constriction, felt every day in the consciousness.

Now our condition is the reverse. It is not a mood of constriction that troubles us, but its reverse—a mood of infinite expansion. By the "mood of expansion" I mean that we are half-conscious that too many babies are being born on earth, that cities are expanding, businesses are joining, publishers are merging, corporations growing bigger and bigger. Even ideas expand: industrialists become interested in Negroes and have liberal ideas, Continental Can supports Plato, old-time radicals believe in free enterprise—the living room of the thought expands to include everything. This expansion dominates morals, cool music, the mood of the country. It is the subject of all of Jack Kerouac's novels. An American picks up a car in Chicago and leaves it in New York, moving on to Mexico. Moral ideas ex-

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ROBERT BLY'S poems have been published in Botteghe Oscure, The London Magazine, New World Writing, Paris Review *and others. He is founder and editor of* The Sixties, *a magazine of "poetry and opinion."*

Sunday in Glastonbury

It is out in the flimsy suburbs,
Where the light seems to shine through
 the walls.

My black shoes stand on the floor
Like two open graves.

The curtains do not know what to hope
 for,
But they are obedient.

How strange to think of India!
Wealth is nothing but lack of people.

Charles Reynolds

pand: it is not wrong to steal; leaving women is good; the important thing is to keep moving. The novel is well titled *On the Road*. Everyone wants to be in a gaseous, not a solid, state. The young business executive is troubled, just as the Beat writer is, by the expansion of his own ego, which seems nearly ready to fill the whole universe. This mood of expansion, uncontrollable expansion, troubles us just as its opposite, a mood of constriction, troubled those in the nineteenth century.

The fact that constriction was felt daily in the nineteenth century, and expansion in the twentieth, makes these centuries two different worlds. Our view of ourselves, however, is still modeled on the contracting world of the nineteenth century. Kerouac, for instance, compares himself to Rimbaud, although Kerouac is actually well-adjusted and riding the tide, as Rimbaud was not. Consider Rimbaud: he attacked the constriction around him in all ways—by attacking the old form, the old content, and even the old life, refusing to live in the constriction of Europe, and going to Africa. His life has a power and unity. Our attitude toward "expansion" is more ambiguous. Ginsberg embodies the expansion around him in his form, attacks it in his content, calling it "Moloch," and lives happily with it in his life. His is the general American view.

The expansion troubles us, but we like the jazzy way of life and don't want to give it up. *Time* magazine praises expansion in business. What is most destructive in American life is praised the most.

A man who praises what destroys him can believe anything. We want to believe that American chaos is good—in fact, that it is some kind of order. All sides agree on this. Consequently, the most impossible thoughts on the subject of freedom and order are spoken and accepted. If you say to many people today that drug addiction is freedom, they will listen carefully. In the universities men say that only a poem which has submitted to the discipline of a set form is really free. Teachers say that rhyme is a form of freedom. Richard Wilbur has said that the strength of a genie comes from its being confined in a bottle. I have to say I don't believe any of this.

Recent statements about poetry tend to be a union of irreconcilable ideas, such as: Bad America is Good. For example, to build a line on *breath* is one thing, but to say that breath is meter is another. Intellectually, the Beat position is that spontaneity is the same thing as form, American expansiveness is Zen intensity, narcotic addiction is romantically struggling freedom. Ginsberg, for instance, said, "The junkie in America has the same position as the Jew in Nazi Germany." To say that chaos is order is again to praise what is destroying you, and to enter into real confusion.

THE university or scholastic poets experience the same expansiveness of American life. They react to it differently in their *work*, however: they attempt with fanatic fervor to reimpose old form on the material, as if that would somehow take away the sense of expansion. I am thinking of Richard Wilbur, John Hollander, Thom Gunn, Allen Tate, Robert Penn Warren, Howard Nemerov, Yvor Winters and others. The comparison may not be entirely fair, but this group arrives at a position seemingly opposite, though in reality similar, to that of the Beats. Their position might be roughly stated as the belief that form is the same thing as spontaneity, reason is wildness, Apollonianism is Dionysianism, meter is breath, and at last, order is chaos. Richard Wilbur is a fine poet, yet in the title poem of his volume *Ceremony*, he says in effect that ceremony is wildness:

> Ho-hum. I am for wit and wakeful-
> ness,
> And love this feigning lady of Bazille.
> What's lightly hid is deepest under-
> stood,
> And when with social smile and for-
> mal dress
> She teaches leaves to curtsey and
> quadrille,
> I think there are most tigers in the
> wood.

This is the same as his statement that the strength of the genie comes from his being confined in a bottle. In fact, the genie's strength is inborn in his nature and has no connection with his being in the bottle; moreover, while

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actually in the bottle he has no power at all. In the universities the tendency is to say that land is water.

This habit of gluing together contradictory ideas is also ingrained in the business community. During the recent anti-trust trial, the defense lawyers declared that General Electric had forbidden price-fixing, and the executives in question had disobeyed. Counsel defended these executives, therefore, as "non-conformists."

If it is true, then, that our prominent poets maintain that a spade is a hoe, we must admit that we are dealing not with iconoclasm, but with intellectual bankruptcy.

Iconoclasm was a powerful force in the nineteenth century. It was a way out of the thicket of constriction. The poem, after all, is a little society. The poet said, See, I have broken the forms in my poem, and the essence remains. Do the same, and the essence of society will remain. Rimbaud took this magic act, Ibsen also. That is why the iconoclastic artist was hated by the industrialist of the nineteenth century. Today the poem still remains a little society. When a university poet such as Richard Wilbur, however, takes this material and reimposes upon it the old form, that act hasn't the same importance. We know that modern society cannot be made livable by the imposition of form. That is why the university poet has lost the profound connection to society that the old iconoclastic poet had.

In short, nothing we can do today with *form* will suggest to the instincts a way to better society, or take away our own sense of infinite expansion.

It is with these ideas in mind that I say the emphasis on iconoclasm is out of place here. We are trying to describe a totally new situation with terms left over from the nineteenth century. The breaking of forms, in the poem and in society, has already taken place, and the reimposition of forms is a failure. No one has yet figured out how to approach what I have called "expansion."

IF AMERICA were truly iconoclastic in thought, the ideas suggested by the names Ransom, I. A. Richards, Eliot and Warren would long ago have been replaced by other ideas. Such supplanting is natural. Let me mention a few old ideas still current: the opinion that any idea is true if it results in great literature, associated with I. A. Richards; the "unpublic" nature of modern poetry, associated with Ransom; the concept that the poet's ideas are of no importance, associated with T. S. Eliot, as is the idea of the "necessary impersonality" of the poet. This last idea is utterly untenable when reading the great poetry written in this century by Neruda, Vallejo, Jiménez and other Spanish poets—and yet the idea still stands. The hollowness of Henry Miller is held up by Karl Shapiro. Men like John Crowe Ransom receive no criticism at all. Ransom is obviously a sensitive man, but the isolationism of the *Kenyon Review* under his editorship has weakened American poetry, and he cannot be praised forever for that. If we look at the prose of our finest poets, Lowell and Wilbur, for example, we find that they never criticize the ideas of a man older than themselves. An over-politeness paralyzes the country. If the first-rate writers do not criticize the long-standing ideas, the third-rate ones never will.

Harold Rosenberg and Kenneth Rexroth are both iconoclasts, and I respect them. Despite their influence, however, the old ideas are rarely examined; their work is strong but their mood does not penetrate far. None of the major schools of American verse are iconoclastic in ideas. Kenneth Rexroth has praised the Black Mountain school highly, and I think the Black Mountain poetry is of very high quality, but it can by no means be described as iconoclastic. The Black Mountain poets are not interested in overturning older ideas or men, but in carrying farther certain ideas of old men such as Pound and Williams. The academic poets carry out the ideas of still older men. The Beat poets are not seriously enough interested in any ideas to be iconoclastic. Their only idea is that we should hate the squares, but that is an idea their fathers had. Everyone in the thirties was called on to hate the industrialists. All the squares have now become industrialists. In *Tradition of the New*, Harold Rosenberg has said that there is no younger generation, but there is only one generation, beginning in the thirties. That is true. The Beat writers are the tail end of that generation, and their ideas are ideas of the thirties. The old ideas are allowed to stand; the old are praised; the middle-aged are praised; the young are praised—everyone is praised. Because everyone is taken, and valued, at his own valua-

The Brown Studio

Walking into the room
after having spent a night in the grove
by the river
its duskiness surprised me.

The dark hours I had spent under foliage,
the forms I had seen were all sombre,
even the music was distinctly shady, the water
had left me melancholy, my hands I had rinsed
were muddy. I had seen only one bird with a bright
wing, the rest were starlings,

the brownness alarmed me.

I saw the black stove, the black chair,
the black coat. I saw the easel, remembering it as
an ordinary wood tone, rather pale, I realized
it was inky, as were the drawings.

Of course you weren't there, but a photograph was.
Actually a negative. Your hair didn't show up at all.
Where that fairness had lit the open ground,

now there was an emptiness, beginning to darken.

I believed if I spoke,
if a word came from my throat
and entered this room whose walls had been turned,

it would be the color of the cape
we saw in Aix in the studio of Cézanne,
it hung near the death's head, the umbrella,
the palette cooled to grey,

if I spoke loudly enough,
knowing the arc from real to phantom,
the fall of my voice would be,
a dying brown.

BARBARA GUEST

tion, we have the illusion of having an advanced criticism when we really haven't one; of having rebels when we have none; of being iconoclastic when we are not; of being a wild, form-smashing nation when we are really very agreeable to all the old forms we can understand.

ICONOCLASM and Vandalism might be distinguished in that the "vandal" does not understand the "ideas" or "forms" that he takes pleasure in breaking. Vandalism also involves theft, such as stealing a chalice and breaking it down to use for an ashtray or an improvised horseshoe. The Beats frequently steal poets such as Artaud, Rimbaud, or Blake, and not understanding their ideas, use them for low purposes. I must say, however, that when an academic poet takes the form of a Shakespearean sonnet, for example, and steals it without understanding it, he is performing a comparable act of theft. In the absence of vigorous thought, everyone becomes a vandal.

MY THOUGHTS on iconoclasm and vandalism have come to an end. Serious problems remain. If the iconoclasm of the nineteenth century was the opposite of constriction by form—and an escape from it—what is the opposite of expansion?

In the nineteenth century, as the social mood became more and more constricted, the poem became longer and looser: Whitman's poetry is a good example. Today, as the mood becomes more and more expansive, the poem will grow shorter and more intense. I think one can also say that it is not the form of the poem that will be changed, but the poet's life. Iconoclasm as such means nothing. The presence of great work is what matters. Whitman, Lawrence and Rimbaud, for instance, did great work because they were able to imagine something different from what existed. The content of their work, therefore, was a vision of a way of life different from the constriction they saw around them. In the same way, the content of great work today will be a vision of a way of life different from the expansion we see around us. The presence of forms—or the breaking of forms—is not central. Free verse is being written once more today. Certain

Late

1.

Up late, ripping next day's calendar
with a drink, he pounds her
shopping bag with curses across
the room. He sees danger in its design,
a sack to contain his life;
his life, a weight he must carry
seven damned days a week.
He crushes the hands of the clock
with a business grip. This done
he arranges the parts on the carpet
and dances. He must find, he knows,
an agony of his own choice.
Cookbooks were not written
to please him. Darker covers
conceal the phrases of his needs.

2.

Conscripted by sleep, she feels the calendar
tear listlessly, making a scar on her
midnight. Darkness is only a ride across
the desert of days. Without design,
tomorrow she will walk on life
thinking herself a pivot to carry
the damp weight of each week.
On the bedside table she hears the clock
disrobe and give up time to what is done
each night on her sunbleached carpet.
In sleep, prowling her dreams, she knows
his approach. Nightly, he brings her choice
of him to bed; on her body are written
the angry bruises, locked beneath covers,
of the furtive destitution of his needs.

VERN RUTSALA

"... and scientists do work for something else, though they will not always quite admit it (because they are also supposed to be humble). They work for fame. They wish both to find truth, and to be the ones who found it."
—From "Solomon's House," by Charles C. Gillispie, in the spring issue of The Carleton Miscellany.
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THE SIXTIES

The Sixties is a magazine interested in the difference between poetry and prose. Prose is flooding American poetry. *The Sixties* 4 considers the work of W. S. Merwin from this point of view.

Most of the poetry published in the American literary journals is really prose. One reason is that American poets, led by the academic poets, depend more and more on rhetoric. There are other reasons. Editors of *Time* and *Saturday Review* combine with insensible readers to urge poets to write for a mass audience, and therefore to adopt language and metaphor congenial to the public. Moreover, no one considers the relationship between what a man writes and the way he lives.

In *The Sixties* 5 we have chosen a series of 33 French poems from Nerval to Bonnefoy. Not one of these poems is smothered by rhetoric. These poems emerge from ideas unrecognized by Eliot, Pound, Tate, and the academic critics.

An insulting citation is made to Robert Penn Warren and Cleanth Brooks for their book *Understanding Poetry*.

The Sixties 5 includes poems by James Wright in his new style, and by three American poets who have never published before: John Haines, Richard LaFuze, and Louis Hammer.

The subject of our main article this time is the work of John Logan. 75c

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poets and critics recently have described this free verse as being a reaction against fixed forms, as it actually was in 1915. On the contrary, free verse now is a movement into something new, and is impelled by a vision of something ahead. Strangely enough, even though the *thinking* we do about poetry seems to be caught in old ideas, American poetry among the younger poets is very vigorous. But it is an instinctive vigor, like a mouse among dark leaves, a worm that hardly ever leaves the ground, a fish glad to be in water.

The recent poetry of James Wright shows an astonishing ability to describe something that does not yet exist, something with dark wings, concerned also with privacy and solitude. Robert Creeley's poems have the intensity and compression I spoke of. Denise Levertov has fine poems, compact and dense, shading off into the instinctive. In John Logan's new book, *Ghost of the Heart,* there are strange kinds of agony, as of some long Egyptian bird. I thought Gary Snyder's meditations about cutting down the woods in Oregon, called *Myths and Texts,* published last year, infinitely superior to most hard-cover work. His work is new because it leads us to thoughts not yet thought. Robert Hazel's poetry, published so far only in magazines, moves into new areas, particularly in his political poems on Washington, D.C. There are many other poets whose work I admire tremendously. The instinctive quality that interests me in the poems is not restricted to any one school. Recent poems by Louis Simpson, particularly his strange poem, "There Is," the poems of John Haines in Alaska, "The Snow" and "The Long River" of Donald Hall, the poems of Benjamin Clemenson. It is not a matter of iconoclasm; poetry is beginning again.

Christianity's Lost Iconoclasm

Gabriel Vahanian

THE history of religion is the history of spiritual degeneration. Wherever evidence exists, it tends to support this view, despite the fact that one would not hesitate at all to agree with the anthropologist or the cultural historian that religious beliefs have on the whole become less and less barbaric and that religious practices and institutions have become more and more civilizing as well as civilized. Whatever one wishes to say about religion from any other angle, the least that can and must be done from this particular point of view is to define religion as man's attempt to cover up his sense of shame. The Swiss Pestalozzi and, today, the theologian Wilhelm Vischer have already said this. But what they have left unsaid is the direct relation between this shame, spiritual degeneration and iconoclasm.

Religion degenerates into a sense of shame as soon as it ceases to be iconoclastic. Whether this statement can be made about all religions is beyond our present scope. Certainly, it applies at least to the Christian tradition, and is relevant to an understanding of the failure of nerve characteristic of the contemporary religious climate. This failure is derived primarily from the fact that Christianity has forfeited its iconoclastic responsibility; and consequently other movements, other ideologies have assumed — one might say usurped — this essentially monotheistic function, to the extent that the very meaning of iconoclasm has been altered. It is this alteration of the term, as well as the human reality it reveals, which is deadly to the spiritual and cultural implications of faith in a transcendent God, as presented in Biblical thought. Christianity seems altogether unconcerned about this — which it would not be if it were still somewhat iconoclastic in the Biblical sense.

Indeed, the term in the Biblical sense differs greatly from its modern meaning. In common usage, iconoclasm refers today, according to the Oxford dictionary, to "the breaking or destroying of images; especially, of images and pictures set up as objects of veneration." This definition includes attitudes reflecting the whole range from the Mosaic prohibition of graven images to the anti-religious acts of totalitarianism and libertarianism alike, by way of the puritanical distrust of the senses common to Judaism and Islam as well as Christianity. Basically, however, the contemporary meaning of iconoclasm is related to two distinct attitudes: on the one hand, the anti-artistic drive of Catholic as well as Protestant puritanism; on the other hand, the Promethean or blasphemous revolts against the monotheism of the Christian tradition. The first of these attitudes is typified by André Gide when he remembered that, due to his puritan upbringing, for a long time he had represented "the Protestant, the anti-artist, the enemy." An example of the second attitude may be found in Baudelaire, who exclaimed: "Peter denied his Master? . . . He did right!" For Baudelaire considered that love is as "august" a religion as any, especially when it vindicates man. He wrote:

> Which of the gods will dare thy judge
> to be,
> And to condemn thy brow with
> labour pale,
> Not having balanced in his golden
> scale
> The flood of tears thy brooks poured
> in the sea?
> Which of the gods will dare thy
> judge to be?
>
> What boot the laws of just and
> unjust?

We cannot here establish whether there is a connection between the Puritan and the Promethean versions of iconoclasm. The subject is too technical, much too intricately theological. Likewise, we cannot trace the possible relations between either kind of iconoclasm and the radical iconoclasm of Biblical thought. We shall, instead, concern ourselves with the contention that the base itself of Biblical thought consists of an unadulterated iconoclasm and that by contrast Christianity is no longer or not sufficiently iconoclastic.

IT IS necessary, first, to clarify a fundamental divergence between the modern, i.e., Promethean, and the Biblical meanings of the term. Briefly, modern iconoclasm is an anti-divine ejaculation, whereas the Biblical form is a debunking of man's natural inclination to deify himself, or his society, or the state, or his culture. In this light, any reader of the Bible will be able to discern the relentless debunking of this manifold, constant proclivity to elevate the finite to the level of the infinite, to attribute to the transitory the status of the permanent, and to man qualities that will deceive him into denying his finitude. In short, Biblical iconoclasm is directed against any latent or overt self-deification and against ethnolatry in any one of its forms, racial, national, cultural. Biblical iconoclasm is directed against man's most subtle and degenerate idol — himself. Whenever this is overlooked, the particularity of Bibli-

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GABRIEL VAHANIAN teaches at Syracuse University, his field being religion, culture and art. Dr. Vahanian's The Death of God: The Culture of Our Post-Christian Era *will be published this spring (George Braziller).*

cal thought is by the same token grievously by-passed.

Indeed, this particularity can be seen from the first to the last book of the Bible. The myths of man's creation in the image of God and of the Last Judgment are misunderstood when they are not grasped as implying a conception of man which is the direct antithesis to all sorts of human apotheoses. Unlike common sense, pretension to deity is equally distributed among men. But the Biblical position is clear: man is not God and, especially, he may not pull divine rank on his fellow men. For the same reasons, neither nature nor history, which has a beginning and an end, is endowed with divinity.

Similarly, the rejection of ethnolatry is unambiguously stated throughout the Bible. Perhaps the most explicit statement is to be found in the Prophets' exposé of the mass religiosity of their day: from being a chosen people, Israel had now come to the point where it conceived itself as a nation *choosing* its own god, forgetting that it was God who chose Israel. The Prophets unmasked and condemned the ethnolatry which was paralyzing Israel, and will paralyze any nation. A similar condemnation of ethnolatry, though it may be implicit rather than explicit, is to be found in the New Testament myth of the incarnation and of the fulfillment of the messianic hope in Jesus. National messianism, of the type which, Christians claim, Jesus did not represent, is another variant of ethnolatry. Saint Paul himself was repudiating the last vestiges of ethnolatrous messianism when he contended that in his understanding of the incarnation "there is neither Greek nor Jew." And Paul implemented his opinion by arguing that pagan converts to Christianity need not be first circumcised, in accordance with Jewish law, to become full members of the Christian community.

IT WOULD be easy to show this same anti-idolatrous strain in the works of Saint Augustine and Saint Thomas, Luther and Calvin. Varied and even conflicting as their respective positions may be, they have one thing in common: a loyalty to the principle that Biblical faith is monotheistic and demands a correlatively radical opposition to all divinization of symbolic events or institutions as well as of man himself. "When the principle of being is God," writes Richard Niebuhr, "then He alone is holy and ultimate sacredness must be denied to any special being. No special places, times, persons, or communities are more representative of the One than any others are. No sacred groves or temples, no hallowed kings or priests, no festival days, no chosen communities are particularly representative of Him in whom all things live

Acclimation

After my cousin, the choir boy,
murdered his mother with bitter candy;
and after my brother, the air force hero,
ruined his wife with a linoleum cutter;
and after my neighbor ignited his house,
and my best friend took a child to his room,
their gentle faces hung like jerky
from the live ceiling my bed looked up to.

Facts seemed fatal, at the beginning,
as the raw world must have
when it was imagined
with all its teeth and dung and passion.

Time tranquilizes, and bedrooms are cozy.
I rest most nights in the fearless moonlight
as well as the choir boy or the major
in their deep cells, or the child (grown-up now)
or the empty mothers.

Each day the pound master records the dead.
Bones of kittens burn like ignorant trees.
Headlines blur after too much reading
and the patched-up ceiling turns to mist.
I am chilled by the cold blue lisp of mice
hunting for traps arranged in my closet.
One grows accustomed even to this.

ADRIEN STOUTENBURG

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and move and have their being." Iconoclasm is an essential ingredient of monotheism as understood in the Biblical tradition. Without this element, faith in God loses its indispensable character and can result neither in radical commitment to God nor in an equally radical and iconoclastic involvement in the world.

HAVING thus brought to light the iconoclastic nature of Christianity, we venture now the opinion that it was precisely this *sine qua non* of the incipient Christian movement which struck a different note in the religiously saturated atmosphere of the Graeco-Roman world and appealed to those who sought a new allegiance and a new self-understanding. As a matter of fact, the Roman authorities had at first declared that Christianity was an illicit religion, precisely because, from their point of view, Christianity meant atheism. And the reason why the Christians were charged with atheism was that they obstinately refused to make room for the emperor-worship in the order of their religious services, for on this basis alone could any religion be legally recognized. Christianity could not bow down to this decree of imperial deification which was universally applied, with one single exception: Judaism was exempted from honoring it.

Later on, Augustine was the iconoclast of religious isolationism, of Christian ethnolatry. Similarly, Thomas Aquinas' reliance on Aristotle was no less than a repudiation of the intellectual isolationism which the Christian tradition was being tempted by. The iconoclasm of the Reformation is better known, for it has been made notorious. But we would commit an error if we did not realize that the Reformers' iconoclasm was also and chiefly an instrument of combat against ecclesiastic pretension to deity or simply to sacredness. And we should not hesitate to apprehend in the same light the better side of the inconoclasm which marks the French Revolution. The latter is a monument to the iconoclastic rebellion against the claim of ecclesiastic sacredness, just as the American Revolution is a monument against the claim of theological sacredness. By the claim of ecclesiastical sacredness I refer to the subjugation of cultural and social institutions to the usurpative authority of another institution, the Christian Church. The claim of theological sacredness refers to the authoritarian subordination of all institutions to the letter of a dead body of doctrines. The former is the Catholic (not necessarily Roman), while the latter is the Protestant temptation of a religious absolutism which is fatal to the tradition of Christian iconoclasm.

What has happened to this iconoclastic tradition? Has it exhausted itself? At any rate, it does not make itself felt today. Its strength seems to have been drained, and with an exceptional voice heard now and then, here and there, the Christian churches seem on the whole incapable of being seized with any kind of iconoclastic witness to the monotheistic faith they claim to profess. How does one explain this lethargy? Let us take an example.

Whatever part of our democratic ideals we owe to ancient Greece, our modern understanding of democracy makes no sense if we do not take into account the marks that the Christian tradition has left upon it. Just think of Jefferson's words, which everyone knows by heart and which were recently given new meaning by Mr. Stevenson in the United Nations Security

The Absent-Minded Are Always to Blame

What do you look for down there
in the cracks of the pavement? Or up there
between the pineapple and the acanthus leaf
in that uninspired ornament? Odysseus
wading half-naked out of the shrubbery
like a god, dead serious among those at play
could hardly be more out of it. In school
we striped your back with chalk, you all oblivious,
your eyes harnessed by a transparent strand
reaching the other side of things, or down
like a wellchain to the center of earth.
Now with those same eyes you pull the
pavements up like old linoleum,
arches of triumph stagger and collapse
minutes after you slowly turn away.

Adrienne Rich

Council: "We hold these truths to be *self-evident*, that all men are *created* equal, that they are endowed by their *Creator* with certain inalienable Rights" [italics added]. I feel certain that practically no one today sees any connection between such a statement and the meaning of the Biblical notion according to which man is created in the image of God, as explained earlier in this article. On the contrary, the words "created" and "Creator" hardly shock us. They have lost their iconoclastic value.

Or consider democratic procedures in general. Reinhold Niebuhr, who suggests humility as the political cornerstone of democracy, defines the latter as "a method of finding proximate solution for insoluble problems," and bases this method on the acknowledgment that "man's capacity for justice makes democracy possible; but man's inclination to injustice makes democracy necessary." But, it was W. H. Auden, a poet and not a theologian, who brought to light the iconoclastic element around which Niebuhr's paradoxes revolved. In his "New Year Letter" for 1940, Auden wrote:

. . . all that we can say
Is: true democracy begins
With free confession of our sins.
In this alone are all the same,
All are so weak that none dare claim
"I have the right to govern," or
"Behold in me the Moral Law."

But "art is not life and cannot be/ A midwife to society." It is questionable whether theological paradoxes and the Christian tradition can again play the role of "a midwife to society" as they once did when they were impelled by the force of their iconoclastic insights. For these insights have now become commonplace notions, not to say platitudes. Besides, what man in the street would ever connect checks and balances with the confession of our sins? And while it may be true that no politician would point to himself as personifying the moral law, he would most probably not hesitate to confess the sins of his opponent. Our point is this: the iconoclastic faith of the Christian tradition has, as in the time of the Prophets, fallen into an ethnolatric complacency. And the present degeneration of the Christian tradition is to be attributed to this loss of its iconoclastic nerve.

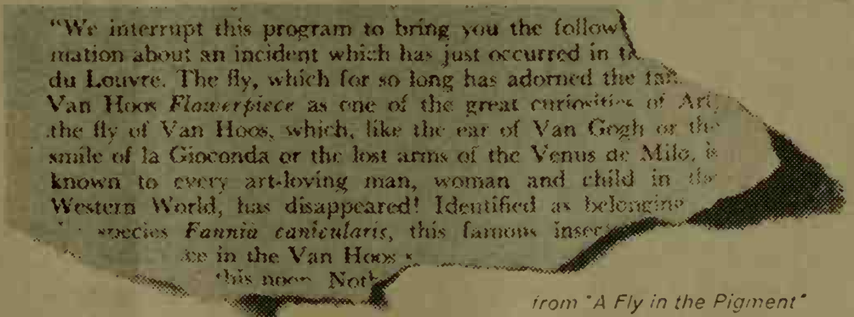
In this respect our situation is similar to that of the Graeco-Roman world at the time of the birth of Christianity, except for the fact that the position of Christianity vis-à-vis the non-Christian religions has been reversed. The Greek gods had been discredited when the Christian God was ushered into the Western world: every religion degenerates when it discredits its god. And now as then the mood is one of longing, such longing as is quenched only by an iconoclastic wind of the spirit. More and more evidently, Christianity is no longer moved by it; and our culture is expropriating Christianity. The Protestant churches — most of which owe their origins to social or ethnic differences — find it difficult to surmount the animosities of their ethnolatrous clanishness. And the Catholics still wait for the Protestants to return and submit to Rome. A truly iconoclastic move would consist in the Protestant Churches' abdicating their individual infallibilities and in the Catholic Church's abdicating its papal infallibility. But such an iconoclastic move would demand too much boldness from our comfortable, self-righteous and degenerate religiosities.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

SEVERAL weeks ago, Robert Moses posed beside a model of the enormous piece of hardware which will be the symbol of his World's Fair for 1964, to be built with hard-headed practicality out over the old sewer layout for the 1939 fair at Flushing Meadows, New York. Upon this occasion he was quoted in *The New York Times* as admitting that he never had understood, in 1939, what the trylon and perisphere had meant. A lot of people didn't, of course, but it is going to be very hard to mistake the new symbol, which he displayed so proudly. It is a large steel-frame globe, and on it at various places will be represented various parts of the world. The only thing missing in the picture is a battery of gas pumps at the bottom.

If this bit of roadside inspirational decoration, a trite cartoon in iron, is a symbol of the fair, may the Lord save us from the physical reality of the rest of it. I hope the board of directors is



"We interrupt this program to bring you the follow mation about an incident which has just occurred in th du Louvre. The fly, which for so long has adorned the fa Van Hoos *Flowerpiece* as one of the great curiosities of Art the fly of Van Hoos, which, like the ear of Van Gogh or the smile of la Gioconda or the lost arms of the Venus de Milo, is known to every art-loving man, woman and child in the Western World, has disappeared! Identified as belonging species *Fannia canicularis*, this famous insec ce in the Van Hoos this noon. Not

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getting alarmed about the fair they have Mr. Moses sitting on, but it will not surprise me if they wake up far too late. Moses is a marvelously large human being, a wit, a charmer, an artist at invective; but I can't think of anyone worse to guide a look into the physical future, to catch the spirit of things coming. At this he is lost and, worse, is contemptuous of intellectual quality. He is a symbol, in design and architecture, of things we hope past—of massiveness, of authoritarian arrogance, and smug scorn for contemporary visual lyricism. A day or two after the symbol appeared in the papers the story broke that many nations of the world — Britain, France, Italy and the Scandinavian countries are some of them — were not going to participate in this World's Fair, and there was a statement from Moses that he didn't need their participation. "We are not the least disturbed. . . ." Their stated reason was that the fair in the U.S. had not qualified according to the rules of the Bureau of International Expositions. But I wonder if, instead, they had not all received the usual Biblical edict of command from a man named Moses, postmarked Flushing Meadows, had looked into it, discovered he wasn't the real Moses, and decided not to play for a while. Their absence will make the fair's symbol even more of a joke. More recently New York City, having grumbled about helping to finance the fair, has accepted the unavoidable.

THE OTHER surprising rumor about the fair is that the entertainment side of it is being played down; the focus so far announced will be the old aquacade — which, like the water mains and storm sewers, is left over from the last fair. A headline in the *Herald Tribune* read "Moses Bars Crude, Cheap 'Fun' at Fair."

But I simply will not believe this. No board of directors could be so unsound as to avoid a bit of midway at a World's Fair; it would be indecently inhuman. No matter how virtuous the major exhibitions, an American World's Fair is an overgrown carnival as a part of its human draw, and it is mightily pompous to suppose otherwise. The midway area is the place where the visitor recognizes himself in his failings and follies. But the central section should not be silly, nor its architecture vulgar. There the challenge is positive, to lift the eyes, even hopes of the people who come from a distance to catch a look at tomorrow. Every World's Fair should have custard stands, but none should be one.

I'm not going through the customary polite paean as to what mighty public service this man Moses has rendered in the past, how wealthy and honest he is, etc. It is all true, and you can read it regularly in the Sunday *Times*. The present tragic truth — tragic for him, in a great career which has become clumsily destructive in the last several years, and tragic for his city, too — is that he may already be close to kicking another situation in the head. Unless he alters his sardonic suspicion of anything new, intellectual or graceful in architecture, he is a depressing man to have heading the fair program. If it is good architecturally, it will be in spite of him. And this is not unimportant; fairs begin with their buildings.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

I HAD a somewhat strange reaction to *The Happiest Girl in the World,* the musical comedy with "book" by Fred Saidy and Henry Myers (freely adapted from Aristophanes' *Lysistrata*), lyrics by E. Y. Harburg and music by Jacques Offenbach (Martin Beck Theatre). The first act struck me as faintly amateurish in a professional sort of way. I could not make out why, with so many gifted people on the stage, the performance imparted so little conviction. There was more than enough camping going on, coupled with sexy innuendos in a college-boy manner, which resulted in an effect of foolish innocence rather than Broadway bawdry: a general impression of "Hasty Pudding."

Wasn't it time for *Lysistrata* to be put to bed? The poor girl has been overworked beyond the capacity of Oedipus himself. I have seen her in at least five different guises. But perhaps that was not the true cause for my confusion. Something about the production smacked of calculated improvisation. By this I mean that every element for the making of a good musical had been thought out in advance and carefully prepared; yet the show seemed to have no root in anyone's spontaneous impulse. Expertise was evident in various features of the performance, but one had a suspicion that the construction crew had been wondering what gag it might be useful to conjure up next. Breakdown always appeared imminent.

Something happened in the second act:

Gog

I woke to a shout: "I am Alpha and Omega!"
Rocks and a few trees trembled
Deep in their own country.
I ran and an absence bounded beside me.

The dog's god is a scrap dropped from the table,
The mouse's saviour is a ripe wheat grain—
Hearing the messiah cry
My mouth widens in adoration.

How fat are the mosses!
They cushion themselves on the silence.
The dust, too, is replete.
The air wants for nothing.

What was my error? My skull has sealed it out.
My great bones are massed in me.
They beat on the earth, my song excites them.
I do not look at the rocks and trees, I am frightened of what they see.

I listen to the song jarring my mouth
Where the skull-rooted teeth are in possession.
I am massive on earth. My feetbones beat on the earth
Over the sounds of motherly weeping . . .

Afterwards, I drink at a pool quietly.
The horizons bear the rocks and trees away into twilight.
I lie down. I become darkness—
Darkness that all night sings and circles stamping.

TED HUGHES

I began to accept the show on its own terms and found it pleasant. There were at least two bright musical surprises (novel means of staging certain familiar Offenbach tunes); the music itself—including one of my favorite melodies from *La Belle Hélène* — began to exert its charm and I was ready to assert that the show had the best score since that of *Kismet* (which, you remember, had borrowed generously from Borodin). The lyrics improved, the byplay grew funnier. Cyril Ritchard had become cute without causing irritation. Janice Rule's lovely legs, slim figure, burnished visage and graceful movement began to win me, and the rest of the cast—including Dran Seitz, as a vocally and visually satisfactory Lysistrata, Lu Leonard as an eager and burly housewife, Joy Claussen, a pretty puss—all turned the evening into an agreeable romp.

IF the anthologists of the season's "Ten Best Plays" succeed this year—as by custom and contract they must—in naming so large a number, Henry Denker's *A Far Country* (Music Box) will have to be among them. It is about the first case in which Sigmund Freud successfully employed the redoubtable psychoanalytic method; he was then a comparatively young man of thirty-eight.

There is no question that the detailing of the patient's symptoms in *A Far Country* and the process by which Freud first arrives at the decision to try the new technique, and then goes about applying it, hold the audience's rapt attention. (Trials at law and medical problems involving diagnosis and therapy are among the sure-fire devices of the entertainment field.) There is also the purely biographical attraction of the play: Freud was a Jew who had to face the dual hostility of his colleagues. A pioneer like Pasteur, he was engaged in an uncharted and even dangerous medical enterprise — defying the prevailing science of his day — in his experiment with the pretty patient whose inability to walk no other doctor in Vienna had been able to cure or even explain.

A Far Country is a documentary which narrates its facts in the compressed and consolingly plausible manner of a television play — which it originally was. A lady who sat in front of me at the theatre kept nodding her head all through the performance in confirmation and approval of the play's every scene; her gesture was of real critical assistance to me. It made me understand the nature of the audience's absorption. It is as if everyone were murmuring, "Yes. It's all true. That's the way it works. That's psychoanalysis. The patient couldn't walk because she was suffering from a guilt complex. She was punishing herself. And because Dr. Freud made her discover this for herself and didn't blame her, she got well enough not only to walk but to dance. That Freud was a great man like Roosevelt in *Sunrise at Campobello*, great like Annie Sullivan who made Helen Keller talk in *The Miracle Worker*."

A Far Country is an educational melodrama which teaches the audience what it already has heard, read, seen, knows, or hopes for. Duly grateful as the revelation reaches its therapeutic climax, the audience is almost ready to shout a triumphal "Q.E.D."!

Kim Stanley, one of the finest actresses in our theatre, sumptuous if somewhat overweight, plays with commanding sensibility what for her is the comparatively easy role of the patient. One hangs on her every word, not only because of her native talent, but because one watches for minute traits of histrionic characterization in a part written —as is most of the play—without any real character. Steven Hill, with cutting voice, plays the young Freud with eyes piercingly concentrated on the patient. He is like an intellectual detective and one might suspect him of mental sadism if there were not an occasional flicker of sweetness in his smile. Sam Wanamaker as Dr. Breuer, Freud's physician friend and reluctant collaborator, is thoroughly direct and precise—adding further pressure to the production which Alfred Ryder has directed with spare dramatic drive, thrusting like a knife to assassinate all obstructive skepticism.

Last Song

(from the Spanish of Miguel Hernández)

Painted, but not empty:
this house of mine is painted
in the hues of giant
passions and despair.

It will be retrieved
from grief where it was borne
with one deserted table
and a shattered bed.

Kisses on the pillows
will plump them up again.
From our bodies in
the sheets will rise a dense
nocturnal vine's perfume.

Hatred will be scotched
behind the window pane.

Fists will open gently.

Let this be my hope.

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Letters

(Continued from inside cover)

American artists. Might I suggest that we Americans do a bit more thinking about why *we* fail to influence the policy of *our* government more towards reduction of world tensions when our hearts and our very lives, not to speak of our applauding hands, are clamoring for it?

JACQUELINE SHARPE
New York City

Progress Begins at Home

Dear Sirs: As the business agent of two union locals in marginal industries, I would like to comment on your editorial (April 1) in reference to President Kennedy's plans for Latin Americans.

Because they work in marginal industries in this country, Spanish-speaking people cannot even get a representation election through the National Labor Relations Board because of the interstate commerce requirements which many of these industries do not meet. Because of the time it takes to investigate wage-and-hour violations, as well as infractions of state laws regarding hours and wages for women, many of these Spanish-speaking people get fired, or quit because they are forced out, without any redress.

These same people visit or write to relatives and friends in their native countries, relating their experiences and how they are pushed around.

In view of the alleged effect of letter-writing in a recent Italian election, may I suggest that this alliance with progress start at home?

OSCAR R. FUSS
Los Angeles, Calif.

Nirvana

Dear Sirs: Someone should have written you before now to tell you that perhaps the most valuable feature of *The Nation* is the crossword puzzle. After learning all that is wrong with the world two months to two years before most of the public learns it, it is a relief to engage in what gives peace of mind, or at least detachment from the world without and within. About once a month I am able to break through the baffling definitions and get all the words, but the relaxation is in the striving. The tired intellectual is as entitled to his recreation as the tired tycoon, and I know no equivalent for your puzzles. Dr. Peale should try them himself.

CHARLES G. HAMILTON, D.D.
Booneville, Miss.

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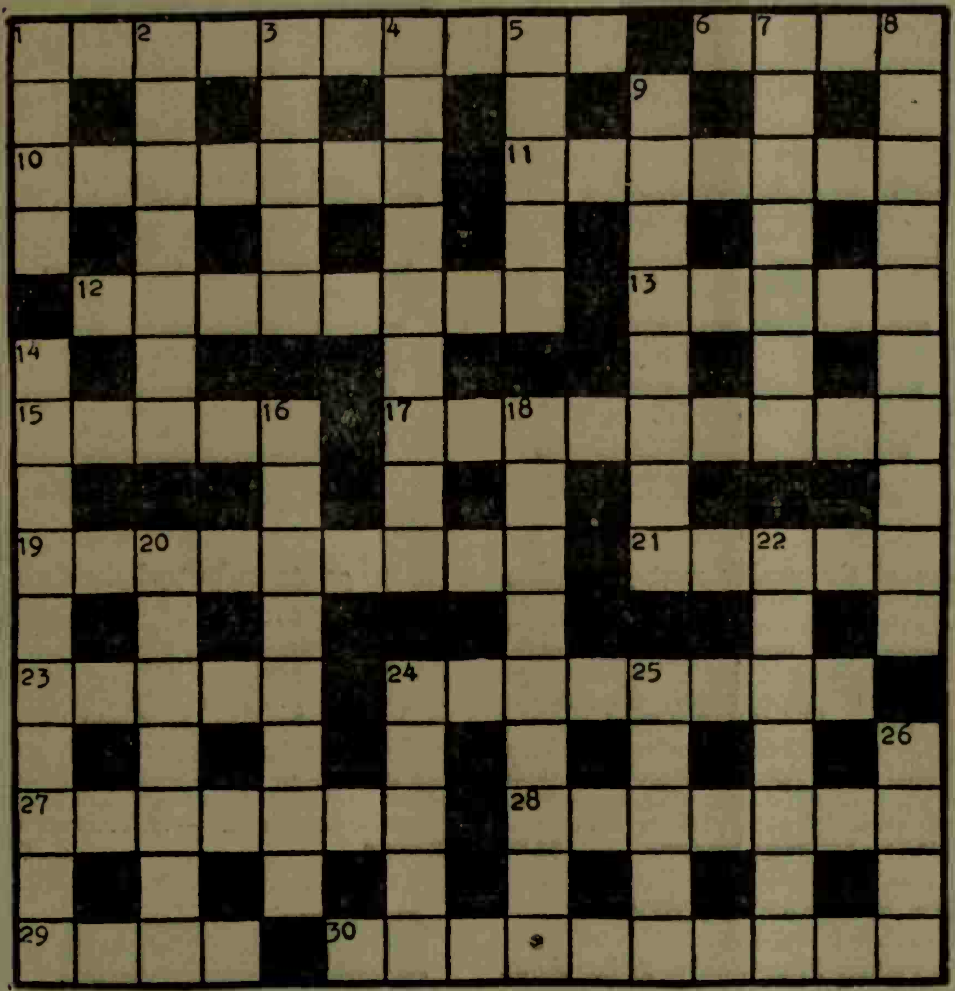
Crossword Puzzle No. 912

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 It's rather foolhardy to leave things around—bad boys might get them!
6 Some might make sport of it, but one way of looking at it is to give 1 across. (4)
10 Everything in the store is meant to float! (7)
11 One who acts is a funny fellow at heart, according to the old girl! (7)
12 and 18 down My net all tangled? Crazy, man! (8, 9)
13 Fliers who appeared in "Ah, Wilderness!" (5)
15 Downs half the saline remedy? (5)
17 Need icing badly? Need this, then! (9)
19 They shouldn't please those who like good actors, as chopped liver does! (9)
21 and 14 down Gets a bevel, as a matter of course? (5, 10)
23 Its turn sometimes comes during a trip. (5)
24 Sometimes knocked out in one across, as they say. (8)
27 Spotted potential danger to the hunter? (7)
28 Omaha and Utah, for example. (7)
29 Made an old-fashioned killing? (Quite a lot to twist, too!) (4)
30 "Put patches around—I can't!" they beg of you! (10)

DOWN:

1 No one was too steep for human wit, according to Horace. (4)
2 Where a person shows those who gather inside? (7)
3 What they said Lincoln did to bad liars? (5)
4 Without consideration. (9)
5 Revolutions sometimes make one.
7 A method of procedure for what a church musician might turn? (7)
8 Fast dreams of rural vistas. (10)
9 But sugar-coated chicle doesn't come from it. (5, 3)
14 See 21 across
16 Old, rather than middle-aged? (8)
18 See 12 across
20 Weary of the 1 down? You might find it this. (7)
22 It might be an unknown article, slender and yellow. (7)
24 Take the razor to this plant, for a novel result. (5)
25 Francis is missing some money, it seems. (5)
26 What one of the 30 does for money? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 911

ACROSS: 1 Ostrich feathers; 9 Greatness; 10 and 4 down Snowshoes; 11 Easter; 12 Manicure; 14 Diminish; 16 Grips; 17 Speak; 18 Clashing; 20 Giraffes; 21 Scorer; 24 Spahi; 25 Inhabited; 26 Preternaturally. DOWN: 1 Orgies; 2 Tiers; 3 In the nick of time; 5 Eustachian; 6 Tossing the caber; 7 Elocution; 8 Systems; 13 Discretion; 15 Inebriate; 17 Signs up; 19 Friday; 22 Ratel; 23 Whet.

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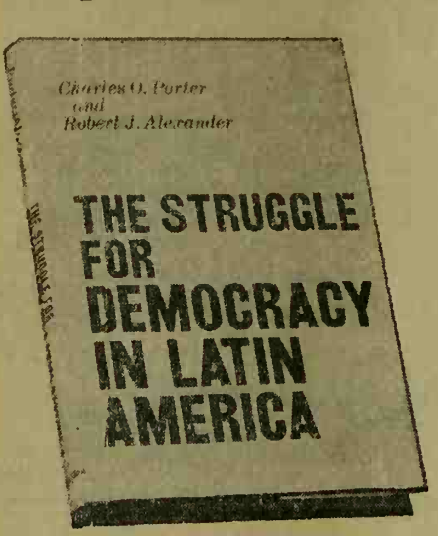

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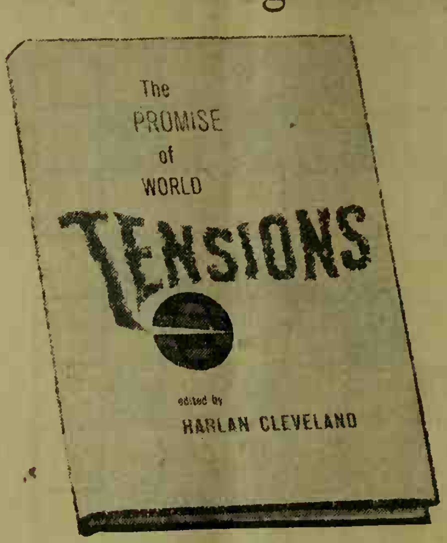

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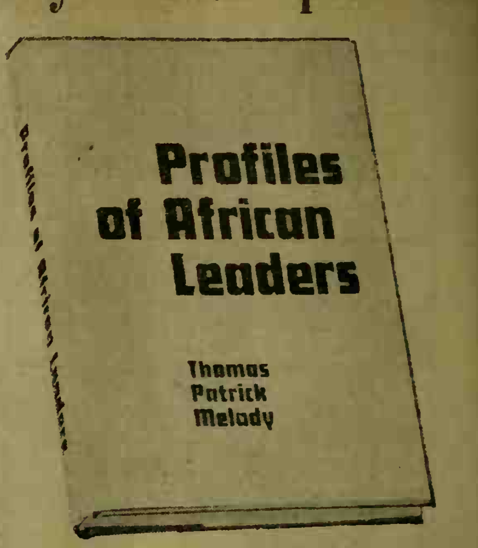

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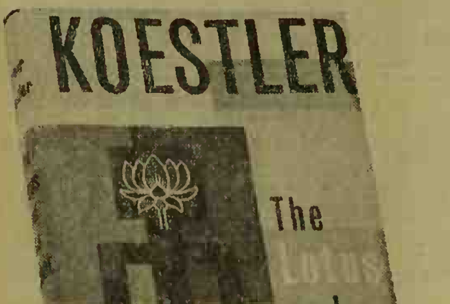

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THE
NATION

APRIL 29, 1961 . . 25c

THE CUBA TRAP

Ronald Hilton

Project Mercury

Is This Trip Necessary?

John Kay Adams

Peace Walks are Good for You

Wade Thompson

LETTERS

Doctor Shortage

Dear Sirs: May I add two footnotes to Dr. George Silver's excellent article of March 18 on the doctor shortage?

First, it's worth pondering that Sweden, whose morbidity statistics are much better than ours, has *fewer* doctors per population than we have. The basic reason is that Swedish medical care has been stabilized on a *preventive* basis. People go to the doctor not when they're sick, but when they're well, just as Americans visit their dentist routinely. In face of the high cost of medical care in Sweden as here, this orientation for medical care is possible only under a system of socialized medicine.

Second, behind all Dr. Silver's interesting figures on the doctor shortage lies a fundamental question as to the validity of such measurements. The trouble is that we are obliged to measure the doctor shortage in terms of how many people in fact go to doctors. That is, we are measuring supply and demand in a situation where personal finances are an unknown factor. We are most certainly not measuring actual need.

The gap between need and demand can be seen in the British experience where, in the first year of the National Health Service, eight and one-quarter million pairs of eyeglasses were prescribed. Glasses are pre-eminently something one postpones for financial reasons. . . . R. W. TUCKER
New York City

Almena Lomax

Dear Sirs: Let me express my love and respect for Almena Lomax (*The Nation*, March 25) and her decision to migrate to the South; and let me tell of my pride in being a Negro when I read of such responsible and unselfish behavior.

Here is a talented, sensitive and articulate woman who chooses not to join the swelling ranks of the Negro middle class. (I refer not merely to the economic group which comprises this class, but to the attitude of mind which it fosters, an attitude which finds a solution to all mortal ills in the possession of two cars, two television sets, radios and a good home.)

Is life in the enlightened North essentially different from that in the South? I say, No! Oh yes, superficially we may enjoy greater freedom (shades of Greenwich Village), but no self-respecting, sensitive Negro is fooled by the subtleties of Northern segregation.

But all is not lost. For daily we perceive an uneasiness in these middle-class ranks that perhaps "all's not right with the world" after all. One of the immediate reasons for this has been the unrest on the African continent.

I place Almena Lomax among those human beings whose continual presence in every generation is necessary if life is to be worth living. SHIRLEE EVELYN
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: It is not easy to object to Mrs. Lomax's article. There can be no argument about the justice of her cause. I have serious doubts, however, about the way she uses her ideas. . . . The world has always been made richer by idealists; I cannot believe, however, that such people have the right to impose their self-sacrifice on others. I am thinking not only of the many Negroes in the North who either lack the strength or egotism to do what Mrs. Lomax has done, or simply prefer to enjoy somewhat more of what they have been denied in the past. I am thinking also of her six children, who have been deprived of a father and forced into a situation which can only hamper their development. She would impose a sense of guilt on every Negro who lacks her dedication to ideas and unconcern for a family's needs. Self-sacrifice is only noble when it is self-imposed.
Chicago, Ill. PETER MILES

FBI Accuracy

Dear Sirs: In "Better Not to Think of It" (editorial in the April 15 issue), *The Nation* finds some comfort in reassurances by the FBI's Richard D. Auerbach and William C. Sullivan that American universities are not overrun with Communists. Actions speak louder than words. . . . Both Auerbach and Sullivan bear a major part of the responsibility for one of the most factually inaccurate documents ever printed and distributed by the United States Government: "Communist Target—Youth, a Report of J. Edgar Hoover." Much of the false information for that part of the report dealing with the student demonstrations against the House Un-American Activities Committee in San Francisco emanated from Auerbach's office and passed through his hands. Sullivan, as head of the FBI's report-writing division, bears major responsibility for the falsifications.

In the April issue of *The Californian*, ten major errors of fact in the "Hoover Report," as it is generally known, are documented. Since this was a mere sampling, I am quite confident that triple that number of major errors can be documented. . . . When Sullivan is man enough to admit the errors and stop the use of the falsified report, I will take more comfort in his statements than you do. BURTON H. WOLFE,
San Francisco, Calif. "The Californian"

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The Nation, Apr. 29, 1961. Vol. 192, No. 17

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EW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1961
OLUME 192, No. 17

THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

Operation Cuba

I. The Phantom Invasion

Spirit has triumphed over flesh, and mind over matter: 5,000 men can launch an invasion of Cuba without bases, without transport, without arms and without money. Or so one would assume from the headlines based on the steady stream of manifestoes, releases, proclamations and ultimatums that issued from the office of Lem Jones Associates, Inc., of Madison Avenue, in the name of the Cuban Revolutionary Council. If the headlines were taken at face value, Operation Cuba would be the most marvelous military achievement of the century, one which promised to revolutionize the art of war more radically than the atom bomb.

Readers of the headlines not addicted to a belief in pure magic might wonder, in view of the statements of Secretary Rusk in Washington and Adlai Stevenson at the United Nations, just how the invaders could get where the headlines said they were without substantial assistance from someone. For example, many Americans go to a bank or a loan company when they need money. Is this necessary? *Newsweek*, April 24, p. 62, says that in the Cuban Army of Liberation single men receive $175 a month, married men $225 plus $25 for each child. This does not make them mercenaries, as the crude-minded Castro broadcasters allege, but they are certainly the best-paid freedom fighters in recent history. Where did the money come from? Did the Revolutionary Council, operating out of the Lexington Hotel in New York, collect it in nickels and dimes from the passers-by? Or did the United Fruit Company, American & Foreign Power, Freeport Sulphur, American Sugar Refining and other American concerns which have suffered in Cuba lend a helping hand? There is no evidence that generosity thus overcame them, but, under the free enterprise system, it is conceivable. Then there is the remarkable Central Intelligence Agency, a darling of the Congress, rich in appropriations, with an elastic budget and practically no accounting procedures.

Accepting the headlines at face value, it would seem that the statements of Messrs. Rusk and Stevenson would be believed by everybody up to the third grade of elementary school, but not beyond.

And yet there may be more to the denials of these gentlemen than a first reaction would indicate. A story in *The Wall Street Journal* of April 20 is suggestive. Perhaps there was no invasion in any meaningful sense of the term. For it appeared as of last week's closing that the invading army of 5,000 may have been no more than a few hundred — "pitifully small" — so that what we have been presented with, if not a hoax, may well have been the next thing to one. But if so, then the great press build-up, "the carefully fostered popular impression" (*The Wall Street Journal's* phrase), of a large-scale invasion was scarcely more than a Madison Avenue gimmick designed to frighten the wits out of the bearded Castro and his cohorts. From the outset the whole affair has had an air of wild improvisation about it, as though the Revolutionary Council and its advisers were trying to force President Kennedy's hand in some way not apparent from the published accounts. Conjecturing, the host nation (Guatemala?) may have fixed a deadline for the launching of Operation Cuba; or the President's statement of April 13, disclaiming any intention of direct intervention, may have alarmed the Council; or the CIA and Pentagon briefings may have grown more insistent. In any case, it is clear that the invasion, so-called, must have been based on faulty intelligence, namely, on the expectation that the Cubans would "rise" in response; or it must have been launched in an effort to create a situation which would force direct American intervention despite the President's statement.

For example, *The Wall Street Journal* points out that "There is convincing evidence that the U.S. did its best to discourage" the view that the Revolutionary Council could force our hand by any invasion. "There's reason to believe," to quote from the story, "that the President's flat renunciation of armed intervention, 'under any circumstances,' may have been aimed mostly at rebel leaders' ears; for the sake of appearances in the world at large, nothing so final need have been said."

There had, of course, been previous, circumstantially convincing stories of a sharp division within the Administration on Operation Cuba. It is difficult to break off operations that have been plotted and planned for a long time and which continue to receive insistent support from entrenched military and intelligence bureaucracies and when commitments have been made to exiles and refugees. So, for the sake of appearances, and for "honor's" sake, an effort was made to tidy up Operation Cuba: the bases in Florida, Louisiana and Texas were closed out some weeks ago, and on April 10 reports appeared that the last of the anti-Castro pilots had taken off for their secret training camp "to heed a call by the Cuban Revolutionary Council for a second war of liberation." It was on the heels of these events that the President issued his April 13 statement.

If some such conjecture proves sound — i.e., that the Revolutionary Council or some combination of events as yet undisclosed forced the Administration's hand — the surrealistic quality of the shameful operation is to some extent dispelled. Otherwise, one can only conclude that Messrs. Rusk and Stevenson, and even the President, had trespassed flagrantly on our credulity. In any case, the phantom invasion remains a grotesque blunder, and not less so even if it turns out to be true that the President had resolved from the outset not to permit direct intervention. And if he had indeed made this decision, his firmness and good faith will be tested by what he now does.

II. The Role of the Press

The American press, including TV and radio, is strongly cold-war-minded. Yet, if it were not for the press, the American people would know substantially nothing of the role of their government in manning, financing and organizing Operation Cuba. Government, at all levels, has been less than frank. But in general, and after a slow start, a good job was done not only by the respected newspapers, but by some that are little esteemed in liberal and intellectual circles. *The Nation*, thanks to Dr. Ronald Hilton (p. 364), led the disclosures with its account of the mysterious air base in Guatemala in its issue of November 19, 1960. The CIA, we have no doubt, was embarrassed, but the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Los Angeles Mirror* verified the story within a few weeks and *The New York Times* did so on January 10. Since the first of the year, the *Miami Herald, The New York Times* and other dailies, as well as the news weeklies, have provided detailed accounts of the preparations for invasion. The New York *Daily News* ran a series of five articles under the title "Countdown for Castro," rejoicing in the impending fall of the detested dictator, but also providing considerable information on how he was to be brought down and by whom. CBS was best among the networks.

All this publicity displeased not only the CIA, but also some luminaries of the press. Walter Winchell, in his April 9 column in the New York *Mirror*, asked, "Should the press observe voluntary security? Yes. Everyone knew that Cuban patriots were training in Florida. But it took *The New York Times* to put it on the front page where it can be used against our country." Winchell's scouts were not earning their pay; they should have warned him that the *Mirror* itself, on April 12, would run an "exclusive" across five columns atop page 2: "Anti-Castro Army Raised Here." The story described in detail a recruiting center run at 341 West 45th Street in open defiance of federal statutes.

Nevertheless, Winchell cannot be alone in his feeling that the press should suppress news in the interest of the government (which is assumed to be identified with the national interest). Nor is he the first; rather, he comes of a long, if not distinguished, line. In 1851, by what would now be known as a "Guatemala-type operation," Louis Napoleon upset the French constitution and made himself Emperor in fact if not in name. Palmerston quickly approved the coup. The London *Times* denounced it and denounced Palmerston for approving it, and a great cry went up that something should be done about the press, which, said Lord Derby, "in these days . . . aspires to share the influence of statesmen." The rejoinder of the *Times* still stands as a classic. It denied that the purpose of a newspaper is

> . . . to share the labors of statesmanship, or that it is bound by the same duties, the same liabilities as Ministers of the Crown. The purposes and duties of the two powers are constantly separate, generally independent, sometimes diametrically opposite. The dignity and freedom of the Press are trammelled from the moment it accepts an ancillary position. . . . The press can enter into no close or binding alliances with the statesmen of the day, nor can it surrender its permanent interests to the convenience of the ephemeral power of any Government. The first duty of the press is to obtain the earliest and most correct intelligence of the events of the time, and instantly, by disclosing them, to make them the common property of the nation. The statesman collects his information secretly and by secret means; he keeps back even the current intelligence of the day with ludicrous precautions. . . . The Press lives by disclosures.

The American press did not do all that it might have done in briefing the American people about Operation Cuba, but its disclosures, limited and tardy as they were, have been of vital importance. Will the press now help the President to extricate himself, and us, from a perilous and compromising position by disclosing even more? Or will it attempt to whip up public sentiment for direct intervention? Never before have the people stood in greater need of a free, critical and inquiring press. "I owe it to my conscience," wrote Sir Compton MacKenzie in *The Nation* of December 5, 1959, "to declare that the effect of Intelligence work on international understanding is perhaps the greatest threat facing peace today." The danger can be minimized if the press will focus a great deal more attention han it has on the incredible misadventures of the Central Intelligence Agency. First Laos, then the U-2, and now Cuba. This is the baseball season and three such strikes should put out Allen Dulles and the CIA.

III. A Question of Ethics

In the March 31 issue of *Science*, Peter H. Odegard concludes a review of John W. Spanier's *American Foreign Policy Since World War II* with two questions and an answer: "Must we abandon the liberal and humane values which have been our heritage to achieve security against Communist infiltration, subversion and conquest? Must we, in a word, lose our souls to save our skins? I think not." This sums up the objections to the American machinations in Cuba. The fact that these are ethical in nature does not detract from their practicality; the dichotomy is an illusion. The United States purports to be a democracy. It must, then, behave like one. It cannot act in the fashion of an autocracy and expect to get away with it. It cannot excuse its own misbehavior because of the misdeeds of others. The nations expect more of a democracy: It must live up to its pretensions, on pain of losing whatever credit it has gained in the past.

In the Cuban situation, the behavior of the Castro Cubans has been far from impeccable, the Soviets have taken advantage of the opportunity our own mistakes gave them — mistakes admitted in the Schlesinger indictment but quickly forgotten — while our CIA began conspiring even before 1960 to overthrow Castro by the maneuvers which have now reached a climax. There is, indeed, guilt enough for everyone. The world, and Latin America in particular, will not overlook the gap between our preachments and our actions. Nor can we excuse ourselves on the ground of military necessity. American power is supreme in the Caribbean. If communism has a foothold ninety miles from our shores, we have air bases and rocket sites ninety miles from theirs; in fact, we have a naval base and air strips *on* their shore. If Castro attacked another Latin American country, we could soon stop him, and no one would blame us. But we shall be blamed for waging, by proxy, a preventive war, the timing of which was determined by the notion that this was the last chance to bring Castro down easily and quickly.

Secretary Rusk said, "What happens in Cuba is for the Cuban people to decide," but he has arrogated to himself, or on behalf of Allen W. Dulles, the role of the Cuban people's guardian. Suppose they do not behave as docile wards? Will we accept their verdict, or will we throw in more arms and men and money, still by proxy at first, and finally, when the farce becomes too obvious, will we wield the big stick in American uniforms? Even if a large number of Cubans had "risen" to join the invaders, would the problem have been solved to our credit? Wouldn't the blood of the winners then flow as Castro defectors fought it out with the conservatives who never wanted any part of Castro? And what would the victors have done to the vanquished in the eighteen months before the promised elections? No love would have accrued to us under these circumstances, and no respect from either side. Our traditional values remain the best guide to a successful policy.

The Power over the Power Elite

Five years ago, C. Wright Mills charged that the power elite — a combine of industrial and military brass — constituted an urgent threat to democracy. Last week a fair-sized contingent of this power elite convened at Chicago's Sherman Hotel for three days. But there was little to indicate that the 1,500 industrialists, military men and educators present were undermining the democratic process. On the contrary, it could be argued that the democratic process was undermining them.

The conference was sponsored by an earnest anti-Communist outfit known as the Institute for American Strategy which, since its founding in 1955, has been operating on the thesis that we are in a war unto death with the Communist world with no possibility of a *détente*. The institute fits admirably into Mr. Mills's definition of the power elite. Its activities are always endorsed by a government agency (for instance, it has held two "Strategy Seminars" at the National War Academy under the auspices of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Secretary of Defense; its conference last week was held in cooperation with the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare). Its directors constitute almost a Who's Who in corporate and military brass: Robert E. Wood, retired chairman of Sears Roebuck; Rear Admiral Rawson Bennett, Chief of Naval Research; John M. Fisher, chairman of the board of the American Security Council; Lt.-Gen. George W. Munday, commandant of the Industrial College of the Armed Forces, etc., etc.

Subject of the conference was "Education and Freedom in a World of Conflict." The sole outcome, after three days of debate featured by a half-hundred speakers and a dozen panel discussions, was a vague resolution calling on the nation's educators to alert students to the insidious nature of Marxism. A faltering tune, indeed, to emerge from so much brass. Why the inhibition? A spokesman for the institute furnished an explanation to a newsman: "This isn't one of those witch-hunting organizations. Maybe we get a few daffy ones occasionally, but in an organization this big, you can't be sure of everybody. For all I know, we have one or two peace walkers, too." In other words, in recognition of the changing temper of the times, the institute has moved Left to make room for the John Birch Society and the lunatic fringe. There is a power even over the power elite.

THE CUBA TRAP . . *by Ronald Hilton*

The author of this article, who is director of the Institute of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies at Stanford University, can rightfully lay claim, on his own behalf and that of his institute, to having repeatedly scooped the world on developments in Castro's Cuba and American policies towards it. It was on information supplied by Mr. Hilton that The Nation *was able to inform the American public last Nov. 19 of the existence in Guatemala of a training base for anti-Castro guerrillas.*

Mr. Hilton wrote this article three days after the landing — or landings — in Cuba, and while the military situation there was still obscured by conflicting reports.

EDITORS

THE HEADLINES scream, "D-Day for Cuba," and the accompanying articles detail the preparations which have been made with the connivance of the United States. No one now attempts seriously to deny the facts of the enterprise and the degree of U. S. involvement. Yet only in October of last year, when the *Hispanic American Report* staff gave the details of these preparations while the U. S. daily press and the news agencies said nothing, a discordant chorus of denials was heard. The explanations given were conflicting and utterly unconvincing. In retrospect, it appears that the various governments and agencies involved in the plans were lying, with an abundance of contradictory prevarications such as this writer has very seldom witnessed.

Why were we kept uninformed, and why did an academic journal like the *Hispanic American Report* have to perform tasks which should have been carried out by the daily press and by the news agencies? The first explanation is that newspaper publishers belong to the power elite, and encourage the suppression of news dangerous to that elite. In this they are abetted by the government, which lets it be known what stories should not be published. It is therefore not surprising, although it is deeply disturbing, that for the first time the International Press Institute in Switzerland has described the U. S. press as not being free, since official suppression of the news keeps the American public in partial darkness.

Finally, in a handful of critical cases, foreign correspondents of American news agencies have been proven to be in the pay of some local governments and have learned how to keep their eyes closed. Despite all this, be it said in fairness that the American press is possibly the least bad in the world. [See editorial on the press, page 362. — ED.]

Be all this as it may, we are suddenly in a position where the chorus of denials has died down except for U. S. official statements which convince no serious observer. An invasion of Cuba was undertaken with little realization among the public of the implications of any given course of action. There are basically three possibilities.

1: Direct Intervention

The first would be for direct U. S. intervention in support of the invasion. Although it was frequently said that direct intervention would occur in certain circumstances, such as the establishment of Communist rocket bases in the island, President Kennedy recently affirmed that in no circumstances would the United States follow such a course. His advisers have calculated that there is little chance of the USSR's or Communist China's trying to use Cuba as a military base, since it would present for them difficulties comparable to those Laos presents for the United States. However, in the highly unlikely case that they should do so, it would be difficult for the United States to raise objections of principle when we have similar bases close to Russia.

The U. S.-sponsored anti-Communist resolution approved at the Caracas conference of American states in 1954 was used as a pretext for indirect action, as in Guatemala, but not for direct intervention. Should it occur, whatever the pretext, a shudder would run down the spine of Latin America, and the United States would appear not as a savior, but as an aggressor. Fear of the Big Stick is just below the surface throughout Latin America, and a Hungary-style move would lose for us the sympathy of the Latin American and Afro-Asian nations and thereby their precious votes in the United Nations and the Organization of American States. A cynic might argue that if circumstances suggested that direct intervention by the United States was desirable, President Kennedy's statement would be forgotten. Be that as it may, it is significant that he should have made it.

2: Indirect Intervention

The second course, which at this writing is being followed by the United States, is to confine our efforts to promoting an invasion by groups which have received our stamp of approval. This is in direct defiance of the Charter of the Organization of American States, and there is a sharp contradiction in the way we happily break the charter and U. S. law for our chosen instruments, while we arrest as lawbreakers Rolando Masferrer and others who have not received our stamp of approval. (The United States Government has shown little concern for the legalities of this situation, even though at times it can become very legalistic indeed.)

Since we have aroused little sympathy by promoting an invasion by exiles, we would do well to ask the pragmatic question, "Will it work?" Certainly such an invasion will not be a walk-over, as was the Guatemalan campaign of Castillo Armas. The people of Cuba are not the peaceful Indians of Guatemala, who in politics simply follow their *caciques*. The Cuban people are given to political violence inconceivable in Guatemala. Anyone who has seen a Cuban mob shouting *"Patria o muerte!"* must realize that it would be a stroke of luck or an indication of a surprising change if opposition simply collapsed the moment the invasion began.

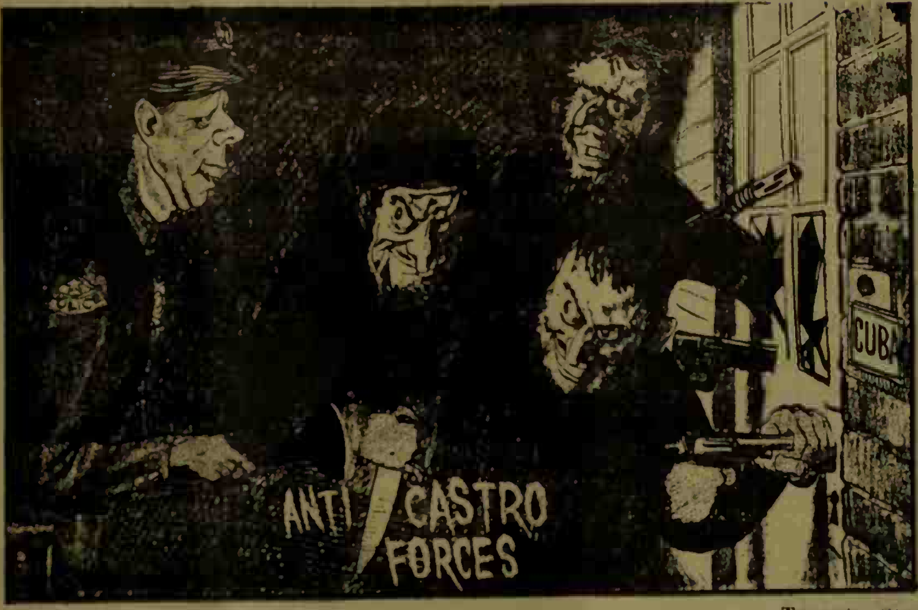
There is little doubt that an invasion of Cuba was planned for the nd of last year. It was postponed, owever, for three reasons. The first was that the analysis prepared by the staff of the *Hispanic American Report* had a repercussion on informed opinion throughout the world. The second was that the Central Intelligence Agency was a victim of the dollar shortage which developed at the end of the Eisenhower administration. The third was that there was such disunity among the exile groups that effective united action seemed impossible.

The U. S. counselors of the exile groups may be congratulated because they have hammered out a unity of aims and even of structure among the moderate groups willing to establish in Cuba the kind of American-style democracy we would like to have in the island. However, we are compelled to ask how strong is the weapon forged on the American anvil.

While only time and an opportunity to govern Cuba could provide the necessary test, two considerations should be borne in mind. The first is that the unity of aims is not very real. Leaving aside the small number of exiles who wish to return to a Batista-style regime, we are faced with everything from the conservative capitalism, of which Carlos Todd is the most vocal spokesman, to what might be called the "*Fidelismo sin Fidel*" of Manuel Ray, just as some *peronistas* in Argentina want *peronismo* without Perón. (The comparison may be odious, since the *peronistas* are scalawags, while Manuel Ray, whether one likes his ideas or not, is a noble spokesman for the Cuban revolution.)

THE SECOND consideration is that the downfall of Batista was brought about by an alliance among conflicting factions not unlike the unity movement which has just been established among the anti-Castro groups in exile. Out of this alliance, Castro rose somewhat unexpectedly to take over Cuba. History might well repeat itself, i.e., the leadership could well be seized by the most daring and successful captain in disregard of the politicians' planning in Miami. Fresh conflict, similar to the present one, might then emerge. In any case, Cuba will be lucky if it escapes another blood bath, and it would be unfortunate if the United States were held responsible.

A Canadian View Of the United States Role in Cuba



Toronto Star

"Need Any Help?"

Recollections of the Mexican Revolution constantly come to mind. One of the ingredients of anti-American nationalism in Mexico is the belief that the United States, whose relations with Porfirio Díaz had been similar to our relations with Batista, was responsible for the attempt to restore the old order with Huerta and was the *agent provocateur* in the assassination of Madero. From all this, Madero has emerged as a national martyr and a symbol of the revolution. If he had lived, he might well have become a pathetic and forgotten figure; he was, like Fidel, not a very good politician; like Fidel, he was slightly unbalanced.

In his predictions of things to come, Drew Pearson has announced that Fidel Castro will be assassinated. Lacking Pearson's deep insight into Latin American affairs, we suspect that this announcement really exposed the wishful thinking of large sectors of the American public. Would Castro's death at the hands of groups regarded as instruments of U. S. imperialism really help our cause? If the new regime failed, as the Huerta regime failed in Mexico, Castro would appear as a martyr, and for generations he would focus anti-American sentiments with a posthumous charismatic power similar to that of the national hero Martí, who died in the fight against Spanish imperialism.

NOTHING succeeds like success, and if a U. S.-sponsored regime, provided with all the assistance we could give it, brought the millennium to Cuba, Castro might well be forgotten as a brief nightmare in Cuban history. There are, however, three other possible outcomes. The first would be the renewal of the blood bath, with the United States generally held responsible. The second would be the establishment of a shabby regime which would arouse the derision of the hemisphere (after all, the "hero" Castillo Armas has been followed by the clown, Ydígoras Fuentes). A third eventuality which cannot be overlooked is the failure of the filibusters.

Cuban history is full of filibustering expeditions from the United States which have failed. Even though we may arm the anti-Castro groups to the teeth, we have no guarantee that they will succeed militarily. If they fail, the United States will lose face in an almost irreparable way.

We are told that it is now or never. The Castro regime has reportedly been training jet pilots behind the iron curtain and will soon be so strong militarily that it will be hard to dislodge it. Certain of Kennedy's advisers hold this viewpoint, and it seems certain that the White Paper on Cuba was issued at this time to provide the necessary ideological justification for a military venture, should it occur. Kennedy himself said in a television interview on April 12 that Castro would become an even greater danger unless the United States acts now.

No one knows at this juncture what decision Kennedy will take regarding intervention in Cuba. It is not known how far he is prepared to go in supporting the invasion. The possibility of any *collective* action against Castro can be disregarded, since this proposal has met with a cold reception throughout Latin America.

3: The Waiting Game

If the invasion "succeeds," we are faced with the possible outcomes listed above. If it fails, and we do not wish to intervene directly, we shall be reduced to waiting, while the United States stands indicted before the world of lying. Stevenson has lied in the United Nations; and for me, henceforth, he is just another politician (unless we revert to the classic definition of a diplomat as a man prepared to lie for his country). Perhaps waiting will be the best policy. I think of the Argentine and the Bolivian revolutions; we tried a head-on diplomatic attack, and succeeded only in arousing antagonism. Circumstances forced us to wait, and we have seen the most vehement Yankeephobes, namely Perón and Juan Lechín, turn to the United States for assistance. Incredible though it may seem, Fidel Castro may some day turn to the United States to receive assistance, or at least to reach a *modus vivendi*. In either case, the United States would have achieved its aim without building up for this country a historic legacy of hatred. Whether such a course will now be possible depends on the outcome of the invasion that started last week.

There is another reason why it behooves the United States to exercise patience. Let us revert to the earlier question about the American press. I was in Cuba after the U. S. press began its concerted attack on Fidel Castro, an inevitable outcome of Castro's attacks on U. S. business interests. Like many other uncommitted observers, I was struck by the contrast between what the American press reported and the Cuban situation as I observed it myself. At this juncture, I learned to be skeptical of what the U. S. press told me about Cuba. The chief of the propaganda department of the Cuban Foreign Office had the stubs of checks to prove that the representatives of American news services were in the pay of Batista. This was hard to believe, but on a recent trip through Central America I found that in several countries the representative of an American news agency received about $100 a month in regular salary—and almost ten times as much as an honorarium from the local government. Little wonder then that our reporting has not been all that we might have wished.

The doubt assails me: is the American press reporting accurately now on developments in Cuba? Certainly a year ago it was not; it was full of sins of omission. Little was said of the constructive efforts of the Castro regime. Could the same be true today? Certainly many Latin Americans, indeed many Europeans, Asians and Africans, believe that in order to defend U. S. economic interests, which may in themselves have been in many cases quite respectable, our press has mounted a propaganda barrage which is intended to provide a smoke screen for a U.S.-sponsored invasion of Cuba. Suppose these all-too-numerous critics of our foreign policy are correct. Would it not be wise to avoid giving them a justification for their skepticism?

A FEW general considerations may be derived from this exposition. The first is that the United States will almost certainly emerge from the current situation with a tarnished reputation. Our equivocations have unquestionably reduced our prestige throughout the world. For this we must thank the power elite in New York and Washington which really runs the affairs of this country. The fact that this power elite now has one small foot in Harvard does not really change the situation; there is less understanding of Latin America in Harvard than there is in Southern Illinois University. It is amazing that President Kennedy should think that a three weeks' tour of Latin America makes Professor Schlesinger an expert.

Our universities in general are scarcely better equipped than Wall Street to understand Latin America. They are built up around a series of competing departments whose heads are usually less well informed and responsible in international affairs than are the semi-literate captains of U.S. industry. In consequence, our universities are as well prepared to meet the international challenge of the contemporary age as were the universities of the late Middle Ages to face the implications of the Renaissance. If something fits within the present structure of American universities, as for example nuclear physics does, our university system is more or less equal to the occasion. In the field of U.S. relations with other countries, the problems do not fit neatly into our university departmental structures. Be it noted that our vast and complicated educational machinery has not produced one single competent specialist in Cuban affairs except for the Stanford Institute of Hispanic American and Luso-Brazilian Studies.

Our relations with Cuba, indeed with all of Latin America, will be soured for a generation. Having failed now, we must think of the next generation. Our universities, by reforming their archaic structure, must make it possible for us to develop an intelligent interest in the other peoples of the world, including Latin America. Unfortunately, even if we succeed in this endeavor, it seems unlikely that Latin American universities will make the necessary effort and undergo the changes required to allow them to develop an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the United States. Much as we like to blame the business community and governments for our misunderstanding, the universities of the world must bear their full share of responsibility for today's turmoil.

S THIS TRIP NECESSARY? . . *by John Kay Adams*

URI GAGARIN'S orbital junket ok him around the earth in eighty-ne minutes and brought him back live hero. Russians went wild with y. The world compared Gagarin Columbus, Magellan and Lind-ergh—a sweeping glorification which verlooks the fact that Columbus, agellan and Lindbergh had to steer heir ships.

Sir Bernard Lovell, director of ritain's Jodrell Bank Observatory, poke more accurately when he said: 'This is the greatest scientific chievement in the history of man." (Sir Bernard might have substituted the word "engineering" for "scientific," but this is a minor discrepancy.)

What counts is that the Russian rocket men put the first man in space —and not only in space, but in orbit, a performance the United States simply cannot duplicate until we have a bigger rocket.

The significance of the development for us is that our own Project Mercury, as now constituted, can be abandoned forthwith. There is no reason to fire an American on a short ballistics flight. We can, if we will, withdraw from this part of the man-into-space race, a game we have been playing under Communist rules corresponding to Russian roulette.

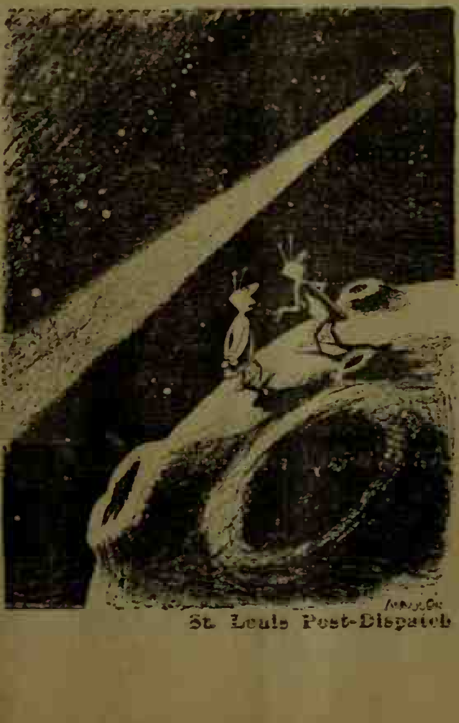
Project Mercury started a long time ago, as the space age is measured. The contention originally was that launching an astronaut into space, and eventually into orbit, would contribute substantially to man's knowledge of the universe. But gradually the project turned from the scientific to the sensational, and took on characteristics of horse opera. The emotional drama had good-guy Americans and bad-guy Russians thundering through Indian country way out there. True to the formula, the good guys were behind and in terrible trouble. The villains tricked them into an ambush, and the savages were about to burn the good guys at the stake. It was time for the hero to ride up.

Too bad real life isn't more like television. In reality, it is possible that the noble hero will keep trying until he, too, burns at the stake, or in this case, on the launching pad of a space vehicle.

IN OUR excitement over rocketry, we have lost sight of our primary objective. Americans have a significant heritage. Our shot heard 'round the world was fired at Concord Bridge and not at Cape Canaveral. We are people who believe in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. We are people who stand for the divine dignity of man. We value, above all, the life of a human being. This is what we have to say to others.

Project Mercury would force us to amend our message. After blast-off, we could continue to argue that Americans are humanitarians, but we would have to concede that we make exceptions for astronauts. Even if our man returns alive, we would have allowed a young American to take part in a weird launching-pad ritual sacrifice to propitiate the god of materialism.

This is a big price to pay to cut the Russian lead in space. It would represent a tremendous moral set-back, and morality is our greatest strength. How odd that this point has been overlooked in the multi-million-dollar hoopla over Redstones, Atlases, space capsules and space chimps!



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

The tragedy is that we built our own trap by accident. Since Project Mercury was conceived, we have sent up dozens of satellites. Advances in electronic miniaturization have helped us acquire much information about space. These facts were collected with unique new instrument packages. The scientific purpose of shooting up a man at this time is certainly open to challenge, especially when we see that an anthropoid can handle the job.

SOME OF THE nation's most distinguished scientists have spoken against launching a man at this time. One of them was Dr. Vannevar Bush, Chairman of the Board of Governors of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, who headed the office of Scientific Research and Development in World War II. A year ago, Dr. Bush warned that space was overemphasized and that there was too much "hullabaloo" over propaganda aspects of the space program.

Russian achievements have "hurt our pride," he said,

> . . . but I do not think it has done us a great deal of injury in our relations with the hesitant nations of the world.
>
> Putting a man in space is a stunt. The man can do no more than an instrument, in fact can do less. The days when men will be in space for long periods and for varied purposes are so far off that we need not hurry on one aspect of their reactions and potential operations. . . .
>
> Let us by all means look forward in every way and not neglect the fact that man may some day even cease to be entirely dependent for his continued existence upon this earth of ours. But let us not go crazy about it.

A similar view was expressed this month on a National Educational Television network program by Dr. James A. Van Allen, head of the Department of Physics at the University of Iowa, and discoverer of the Van Allen band of cosmic ray radiation. Van Allen said a "man is fairly useless in space at present" and the

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JOHN KAY ADAMS, assistant city editor of The Chicago Sun-Times, *has done considerable free-lance writing.*

astronauts are currently "premature."

If, as these experts believe, putting a man in space is "premature" and a "stunt," what about the propaganda aspects? The most charitable thing to say about the public relations work is that it has been poorly managed. Never have so few promised so much and delivered so little.

Unavoidable delays in Project Mercury have produced an unforeseen situation far more serious than any deficiency in mechanical aptitude. Two years ago, seven military test pilots began training to be astronauts. Immediately and inevitably, they became public figures. They and their families have been subject to a public exposure far beyond anything imagined by a Hollywood press agent.

The focus was further sharpened in February when three of the seven were chosen. We are told that these three are superbly qualified by long and arduous training, emotional stability and athletic prowess. Undoubtedly this is true. A man should be in excellent physical condition when he has given his muscles his undivided attention for two years. He also should be grounded thoroughly in the art of pulling levers. There is no question about his emotional stability. Having contemplated a rocket ride every day for two years, by this time he is probably emotionally inert.

There is a false note, of course, in the widely heralded selective process by which the three were chosen: one turns out to be from the Air Force, another from the Navy and the third from the Marines. But then, Pentagon politics never were subtle.

These men are no longer anonymous test pilots. They are famous personalities with loving wives and lovely children. Each is handsome and obviously heroic. Each is eager for a rocket ride. While this test-pilot courage is admirable, is it pertinent? Why should the opinions of these candidates for immortality carry any particular weight in a matter of such great importance to us all?

AS SPONSORS of the production, we also need courage to ask now: "Is this trip necessary?"

The prestige value of the trip has been demolished by Yuri Gagarin and associates. We should demand solid answers to some hard questions about the purpose of the ride and the reliability of the equipment. We have not been told, nor are we likely to learn, exactly what an astronaut will do aloft. The procedures may be military secrets, or they may be too insignificant to mention.

There is semantic confusion in calling an astronaut a space "pilot." The word pilot implies that he will control the capsule; actually, he can hardly be more than a passive passenger. All critical controls obviously will be automatic. Surely the engineers could not be so careless as to leave vital flight decisions to a man squeezed rigid by multiplied gravitational force—a man fighting desperately to remain conscious.

BY READING beyond the picture captions, we can discover a little bit about the reliability of the machinery. The news is not encouraging. Ham, the chimpanzee, survived his trip last January 31, but there were hairbreadth escapes.

Before the thing got off the ground, there was a hitch. The countdown stopped and Ham lay in his space couch on top of the rocket for six hours. Sub-zero gas was released into the capsule to cool equipment and Ham almost froze.

Ten minutes before blast-off, the electric shocks began. Ham remembered his training and obediently began his lever routine. By pushing levers attached to blue and red lights flashing intermittently, he could cut off the current and avoid the small shocks. The chimp stayed awake and, during the flight, kept right on pushing those familiar levers, except for short intervals during maximum acceleration and deceleration.

He went up on a Redstone, which is an improved but basically old-fashioned rocket designed by the Germans at the end of World War II. It's a good intermediate range rocket, and Wernher Von Braun is justifiably proud of it. Yet Ham's fiery chariot was a smidgen out of whack. The power cut off four-tenths of a second ahead of schedule. This split-second accident set off the rocket escape-tower which held the capsule. Away went Ham, forty miles higher and 1,000 miles an hour faster than he was supposed to go.

As the capsule plunged back into the atmosphere, the temperature on the outside shot up to 3,000 degrees and the temperature inside hit 90 degrees. The slightest mishap at that point would have produced fried chimp. When he splashed down, sixteen and one-half minutes after departure, he was 130 miles farther out at sea than expected.

There is a lot of cold water in 130 miles of open ocean, but the Navy poured the fuel to every available floating or flying machine. A Marine helicopter fished out the capsule after Ham had been bobbing around for three hours in a leaking tin can. It wasn't announced right away, but the National Aeronautics and Space Administration later acknowledged that there was a foot and a half of water inside the capsule.

Compared to an astronaut, Ham is quite stupid. But he is not dumb enough to get back into one of those things. After the ride, he appeared at a television press conference where two veterinarians tried in vain to put him in a space chimp couch. Ham screeched frantically and hugged his handler around the neck.

THE CHIMP'S ride, when reviewed in detail, was hardly an unqualified success. Yet there seems to be no more talk of dispatching another ten or twenty chimps. This differs from previous announcements. In the comparatively sweetly reasonable atmosphere of January 11, 1961, the director of Project Mercury's Space Task Group called a press conference at Langley Field, Va. He said engineers would run a series of test flights with fully instrumented capsules both empty and with *chimpanzees* (note the plural). The tests were supposed to make sure that the life-support, escape and other mechanisms would operate in space.

The press conference was a little strained, because the project director, Robert R. Gilruth, called it to contradict the report of a special study committee delivered to the then President-elect John F. Kennedy. The committee had come up with a suggestion, unpalatable to Gilruth, that Project Mercury should be re-evaluated. The report indicated that the Atlas rocket intended to place an astronaut in orbit was a marginal launcher which might not do the job. The committee suggested it might be necessary to turn to alternate launching rockets such as the Titan intercontinental ballistics missile.

Gilruth's answer was that the Atlas could be patched up by reinforcing the adapter ring which fixes the capsule to the missile and by strengthening the upper part of the rocket. His argument was weakened by the fact that an Atlas with a space capsule attached had an accident on July 29, 1960. In the official language of an NASA information officer, "A system malfunction prevented attainment of flight objectives." Translation: It blew up sixty-five seconds off the launching pad and the capsule was lost.

One Atlas successfully lifted an empty capsule on February 21, but in other tests the rocket has displayed a mysterious tendency to blow itself to pieces at about 37,000 feet.

The Russians seem to have skipped the Redstone ballistics-missile step. Their big rockets are powerful enough to send a man into space straight up.

The Russians' propaganda advantage is that all their mistakes are private, while ours are public. Since the Russians can shoot up people in secret, they can announce success when it suits their convenience. As far as the world knows, Yuri was the first man ever to attempt a rocket ride.

Suppose we succeed in duplicating the chimp's ride with a man aboard a Redstone. The achievement would be in no way comparable to the Russian orbital feat, and there is no substantial prestige to be gained. Whether we like it or not, we must wait for a better rocket—possibly the Saturn, which is still in the shops at Huntsville, Ala. There is no chance of matching the Russian thrust until our big booster becomes available about 1964.

Surely it is better to wait and be prepared rather than to stumble into trouble under pressure. What's the rush now? Caution is not cowardice. In any dangerous undertaking, it is only reasonable to weigh probable gains against possible losses. In this post-Yuri situation, any technical or propaganda gains from a successful Redstone flight would be slight and transitory, while our loss of moral stature might be great and enduring.

Space explorers are optimists and they think big, magnifying the possible gains and ignoring the probable losses. We so discount the possibility of failure that we fail to see its disastrous implications. If our hero is killed, we will be lucky if he meets his end by drowning in the Atlantic; we would still have to photograph and interview the widow and orphans, of course, but in time the nightmare might fade. But suppose the escape mechanism fails and the rocket explodes on the pad? Then our handsome, heroic celebrity and father would burn to cinders on television. What a spectacular that would be!

The world would say: "We suspected those Americans were second-rate rocket shooters, but we did not know, until now, that they have a bestial disregard for humanity."

AS underwriters of this project, taxpayers have a right to interfere. The Redstone stage of Project Mercury should be canceled or postponed indefinitely. All seven astronauts should be disqualified at once for the perfectly sound reason that they have become too famous to burn in public. We should order the generals and engineers to forget the whole thing until they can produce and test—with chimpanzee passengers—a reliable heavyweight rocket suited to the task.

We can solve our technological problems through a common-sense approach. There is no need to be booby-trapped by Russian pressure or to become entangled in an idiotic publicity production. The man-in-space enterprise always will be dangerous, but it need not be morally suicidal.

PEACE WALKS ARE GOOD for YOU . . *Wade Thompson*

Providence, R. I.

NOW THAT the huge Easter peace marches have been duly reported on and mulled over, I would like to submit a report on a very, very tiny one that took place here.

First, a few words about this city generally. It is a community of approximately 800,000 people, with a high proportion of Catholics. It is, I think, less politically aware than most major cities, but relatively sane in its attitude towards off-beats and left-wingers. That is, you can still be a Democrat and maybe even a pacifist in Providence without being a Communist (though, of course, you're probably a dupe). The *Providence Journal* is an astonishingly liberal paper. For purely formal purposes, it is, as you would expect, Republican — but nobody pays any attention to the formalities. (We all assume that every four years some poor editorial writer has to pull a dirty pillow-case over his head, bolt down a burning shot of booze, and advise the citizenry to vote for Nixon. But that's the only time our paper makes any concession to Moronity. On every other occasion it takes at least a comprehensible position, and sometimes a downright intelligent one — e.g., it came out strongly for the abolition of HUAC.

With a huge population to draw from, and a relatively sane political climate, you might think that a peace march would stand some chance of collecting quite a crowd — particularly since peace is still a fashionable commodity. Likewise, almost every-

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WADE THOMPSON, the author of "My Crusade Against Football" and other irreverencies which have appeared in The Nation, *teaches at Brown University in Providence, R.I.*

body loves to march — it's a fine old American custom. Logically, therefore, a peace march would be right up the general alley. But no! Peace and marching simply don't mix — at least not in Providence. Despite a week of continuous telephoning, despite newspaper announcements, church announcements, radio announcements and all kinds of other announcements, we could find only forty people who were willing to march — including a jailbird named Chandler Davis (who once laughingly thought his political opinions were his own business and not the business of the HUAC), and a young man only seven months old, named Michael Warner, who had to be assisted most of the way.

Well, the crowd was not impressive in size, but certainly impressive in other ways. Peace marchers are extraordinarily mild and tolerant people. Some of them are deeply religious, others are almost anti-religious (my own pacifism is purely mathematical: one world minus one world leaves no world); but they all seem to feel that violence must be met by non-violence, and that our enemies are practically as human as we are. Before we started our walk, I had planned to give a little speech on the propriety of passivity, but I found it totally unnecessary. "We'll take our licking and go on," said one powerful young man (not the seven-month-old) — and that ended that.

Moreover, peace marchers are surprisingly various. If you think all Americans look alike, you should have seen the motley crew that I managed to collect: one lawyer on crutches, one baby carriage, I don't know how many Quaker bonnets, a couple of college professors, one jailbird, a minister from Rockville, a sexy young thing from New York, one advertiser who figured he would lose his machine-gun account, two painters who had just sold paintings, a juggler and a slew of Democrats.

The Ivan Birchkov Society

In Russia today, one of the most exciting developments, we are told,
Is the Ivan Birchkov Society.
It is dedicated to rooting out by whatever route,
As its founder states in the Red Book, the Bible (figuratively) of the organization:
"Capitalists in our midst, who subversively
Have infiltrated our government and our schools
And may even be found on the staffs of our institutes of higher atheism."
It is the personal opinion of the founder,
Privately expressed to a mere handful of a hundred thousand personal friends,
That Lenin was a card-carrying capitalist
And Stalin, the weakling, was a tool of Roosevelt, Stettinius, and Stassen.
As for Khrushchev, he was so dazzled at Camp David
By Eisenhower's personality
That ever since then he has been giving away secrets of the Russian space program
Through coded messages sent to America via Mikoyan and Gromyko,
And these, without doubt, are responsible for the current lag
In the Soviet missile program.
Khrushchev, in fact, has become so dangerous to the State
That he is even now,
Behind drawn blinds in the Kremlin,
Perfecting his putting, against the day of the Capitalist Revolution.
Indeed, he is said to be thinking of doing away with Mrs. Khrushchev
And marrying into the Kennedy family.

There are those in Russia who deplore the irresponsible statements
And questionable methods of the Ivan Birchkov Society,
But, after all, it *is* anti-capitalist.

RICHARD ARMOUR

WELL, why weren't there more? The most obvious reason is the most terrifying. People have faith in armaments. If we keep arming and Russia keeps arming, we can both strike an idyllic balance of terror and everybody will be safe. Collectively, we have the equivalent of at least twenty tons of TNT for every man, woman and child on earth — so who's going to use them? We've lived together in terror for fifteen years, so let's keep going this way. Peace lies in Power.

Now there are lots and lots of people who don't buy this particular brand of baloney, but who still won't march for peace. Why not? They're afraid. Somebody, somewhere is going to put them on a list which the FBI will hand over to the HUAC, and from then on perdition is certain. I do not exaggerate in the least. I've talked to dozens of my colleagues — men of intellect, men with tenure and security, even men with money — who agree with me completely, but who simply refuse to incur the displeasure of the FBI, or to risk being called a Communist. To my knowledge there aren't any Communists in Providence, but apparently the place is crawling with G-men. They're even listed in the phone book — brazen as all hell.

Very well, where do you get peace marchers, however rare they may be? Certainly not from the respectable clergy. The Catholic fathers that I talked to obviously did not want to be associated with a non-Catholic enterprise, although they tried very gingerly not to admit it. (Sometimes their circumlocutions were so intricate that I couldn't tell whether they were rejecting the peace march on principles or on practicalities. Most admitted, however, that a Catholic could be obliterated almost as fast as anyone else.) The Protestant divines were every bit as understanding. Some of them bought the peace-by-power theory quite without shame. "You've got to have Power," said one Christ-like Apostle of Eminent Standing. "I've got to have power even to run my home. The police must have power to enforce the law. If you talk to Communists, you've got to bring a loaded gun to the bargaining table. You'll never get anywhere without Power."

"But if the Power is ever used, it might easily mean the end of the human race."

"All right. So the world *is* blown apart — God is still God."

Among the more meek and unworthy divines, many argued that they would be making a public spectacle of themselves, and hence would lose the respect of their parishioners. I pointed out that Jesus Christ had once made a fairly obvious public spectacle of Himself. . . . Yes, but that was another country and another age, and there's no time now for tomfoolery.

In fairness to the clergy, I will say that if a clergyman has no Standing at all, if his church is an old, two-by-four barn out in nowhere, he's likely to be a peace marcher. One minister of this order drove thirty-five miles to join us.

College faculties are a poor source. I collected only two professors besides myself, one of whom was a Quaker. (The Quakers of course are push-overs. All you have to do to make the Quakers happy is to yell "peace march." They'll come running.) The students would have been far more responsive — at least they indicated so — but most of them were gone on vacation.

The day of the Great March came and all of twelve people showed up for the commencement. (The march swelled and unswelled like an accordian as we wended our way through town.) The police were polite and most cooperative. The citizenry was most baffled. A few people, but very few, heckled us. Nobody offered violence. A couple of nincompoops asked us what kind of nuts we were, but we weren't sure ourselves, so we didn't say anything. I don't know whether or not the FBI was on our trail, but I didn't see any silk-hatted sleuths lurking around corners of buildings or taking furtive pictures of us. Maybe the FBI has finally decided to chase the Syndicate instead of us desperadoes.

I'LL CONCLUDE with three pieces of incidental information which come in handy to anyone who is thinking of organizing a peace march. In the first place, peace marchers walk faster than you might expect. I had charted a course of seven miles, thinking to take at least four hours at a leisurely pace in deference to cripples and elderly ladies. But during the march, I found that the cripples and elderly ladies didn't need much deference, so I added at least another half-mile to the journey, and we still completed the course in less than three hours.

Secondly, the popular myth that anyone who undertakes to organize a peace walk will be heckled to death, may be exaggerated. I personally have initiated other public exhibitions of a faintly unpopular nature, and I have frequently been heckled — especially by phone. But this time I did not receive a single phone call, even though the newspaper gave us front-page headlines.

Finally, peace marches are bracing. They purify the blood, cleanse the spleen. They make you feel like a human being. Moreover, they remind you what lousy condition you're in. If you're too fat — and who isn't? — what better way to get rid of the fat? Let's have sit-ups for peace, push-ups for peace, hundred-yard dashes for peace. That way we can get our bodies into almost as good condition as we hope our souls are in.

But above all, let's have peace.

EXPERIMENT FOR ADDICTS . .

by Walker Winslow

Santa Monica, Calif.

ABOUT two and a half years ago, a group of drug addicts banded together under the leadership of ex-alcoholic Charles E. "Chuck" Dederich, rented an old store building in the least desirable section of Santa Monica's beach front, close to the beatnik pads of Venice West, and became Synanon, Inc., a California corporation for the business of rehabilitating former drug addicts. This they did, with dubious success at the beginning, but with the initial approval of the police, who dropped in to have coffee and dance with the girls. Santa Monica's only daily paper, *The Evening Outlook*, then wrote favorably of "these people who have hit bottom; and want to start climbing the ladder back to normal society—back to the world of 'squares'."

In the meantime, Synanon was climbing, but not very fast. Dope peddlers abounded in its neighborhood and on a historic evening, now known as "The night of the big cop-out," about half of Synanon's guests admitted to Dederich, their host, that they were still using drugs occasionally. Obviously, the environment was wrong; but the police, when called upon, didn't seem inclined to do much about it. There were also the health and housing violations, with twenty-five or more men sleeping and eating in a room not designed for the purpose (the women slept in a separate apartment). The building was condemned and Synanon had to find a new home. Then some members of a prominent theatrical club agreed to pay two years' rent on whatever quarters could be found.

Jutting toward the Pacific Ocean, as a virtual prow for the city of Santa Monica, was an old, three-story beach club of Bedlam Gothic built during one of the booms. Chuck Dederich grabbed it. Just up the beach lived the quality folk of the film and TV world. Overnight, the

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WALKER WINSLOW, author of The Menninger Story *and* If a Man Be Mad *(Doubleday), is now writing a book about the Synanon experiment.*

lost souls who were "fighting their way back to normal society," to quote the *Outlook*, had arrived. But Santa Monica's Chief of Police, Otto Faulkner, made a sudden and amazingly acute discovery. "We don't like the type of people it [Synanon] attracts here," he told the *Outlook*. "The place attracts felons and narco's." (Chief Faulkner admits, however, he has never had cause to arrest anyone from the Synanon House.)

A "Beach Front Property Owners Association" had been organized for the general welfare of the beach. The property owners trembled when they heard of this invasion by dangerous "felons." To startle the citizens further, Louise Randall Pierson, an *Outlook* columnist, got out her dictionary and edited the definition of "felony" to read: "usually of greater enormity [in crime], as treason, murder, rape, robbery, arson, etc."

Citizens who had been thoughtfully, and perhaps rightfully, alarmed by drug addicts became genuinely frightened; especially Brian Aherne, a large property holder, and the women, mostly wives of actors, directors, producers and the like. As the property owners circulated a petition for the removal of Synanon, the stories of its potential atrocities developed apace. Synanon has eighteen Negro members, but all petitioners deny that this had anything to do with the issue.

A CITY COUNCIL meeting was swiftly called. The wife of a movie star ran hysterically through the Synanon building, thus becoming an eyewitness. "People were necking," she reported to the City Council. "It looked like a cocktail party." Citizens broke into tears as they asked that Synanon be removed to protect their children, their homes, lives, and property values from addicts who had already been "menacing" the beach a mile south for over a year without causing alarm. City Attorney Robert Cockins, deeply moved, said, "I intend to file criminal complaints for violations of the Health and Safety Code, the Santa Monica Municipal Code, The Welfare and Institutions Code, and Santa Monica Ordinances."

The only thing the officials and the citizens hadn't reckoned with was that there is no one so contentious as former addicts when anyone challenges their right to cure themselves in their own way and in a place of their own choosing. Slumbering in Attorney Vincent Cavanaugh, a former addict and a member of both Synanon and the California Bar in good standing, was the stealthiness of a righteous sidewinder. The battle was joined, as they say.

Both before and after moving from the old store-front building, Synanon had made marked changes for the better in its methods and procedures as a community of ex-drug addicts. This is borne out by the word of reliable observers and by its present status. Even the openly hostile Chief of Police stated to me on January 12, this year, that he had no doubt that "all seventy of the former drug addicts now connected with Synanon are 'clean' "—free of drugs.

Aside from Narcotics Anonymous, which could not supply a live-in situation for addicts, there was no precedent for Synanon; it had to advance by trial and error. Dederich, when he moved his clan up among the "squares" whose society he was sure they were now fit for, ordered that new members could not leave the building unless escorted by older members. Good taste was enforced within and without the walls. The old building was repainted inside and outside and redecorated. Dormitories for the girls were arranged on the lower floor; those for the men two floors above. The living room, dining room, a legal office, rest room and kitchen were on the floor between. But since *sex* and *dope fiends* have emerged in press-fed folklore with a twinship more binding than *initiative* and *free enterprise*, the neuter second floor ceased to have any existence for rumor mongers.

In the meantime Dederich had developed seemingly workable methods for helping dope fiends abstain from dope: (1) Synanon House was a real home for people who were dedicated to staying off drugs and finding themselves; (2) at daily seminars, they whetted their appetite for learning; (3) in small, leaderless groups they met three evenings each week to "release hostilities" and expose and discuss dangerous thinking and tendencies as they saw them in themselves and others at Synanon.

Dederich made no extravagant claims, but he wanted the addicts of Synanon House to pride themselves on the fact that they comprised the largest group of abstaining addicts living behind open doors anywhere on the planet. This seems to have been continually true.

Synanon took dope fiends as they came. It required that they kick their habit "cold turkey"—without drugs or medical help. Twenty-four-hour-a-day sympathy was available, as were massage, eggnogs and observation. Even after the organization acquired Bernard W. Casselman, M.D., as a family doctor, he treated only the illnesses and injuries that might occur in any family and he did this without charge. Had an addict become dangerously ill during withdrawal, he would have been taken to the emergency hospital. The total stock of drugs at Synanon was some vitamins and aspirin. A visitor to Synanon might have thought it to be anything but a hospital.

AND YET, on August 28, 1959, Synanon was cited with five misdemeanor counts of violations of codes having to do with operating a hospital: (1) operating an establishment for the care and treatment of the insane; (2) operating a hospital without a license; (3) treating an addict for addiction; (4) violating fire regulations pertaining to hospitals; (5) operating a hospital in an R-4 zone.

The members of the famous theatrical club withdrew their offer of rent for Synanon as soon as the charges were filed. More people from Synanon simply went out to work and made up the deficit.

The trial dragged along for two months. It took place in the Court of Municipal Judge Hector P. Baida. The proceedings were casual in the extreme. Sex was at once introduced, although it had no bearing on the matters at hand. When an objection was made, the judge said disarmingly, "It may not be pertinent, but it's interesting." After that he often remarked that where "women are living on one floor and men on another, something is bound to be going on."

Dr. Jerome M. Kummer, a psychiatrist, at once denounced the "cold turkey" treatment of addicts as unscientific and dangerous. As it happens, "cold turkey" withdrawal is routine in state hospitals, jails and other penal institutions. Dr. Casselman, appearing for the defense, encountered innuendos about his being addicted to narcotics because he admitted to having a shot of Demerol once when he had sprained his back. Clearing that hurdle, he seemed to prove that the "cold turkey" method was the most widely accepted by the medical profession and that he had never seen Synanon members practicing medicine or psychiatry.

The judge was now remarking amiably, from time to time, "I know they [Synanon] are not operating a hospital and that the work they are doing is commendable, but something is wrong." As Dederich and the Synanon board members appeared in their own defense, he was overtly friendly. He also seemed pleased when State Hospital Inspector, Charles Feldman, testified that Synanon was not a hospital in any sense of the word.

In the middle of the trial, the Santa Monica City Council called another meeting to zone Synanon out of existence. But as member after member of Synanon got up, after the manner of Salvation Army "testifiers," and told his or her story, tears began to flow on both sides. Even the *Outlook* editorial writer was softened. The council decided against creating an ordinance against narcotic rehabilitation as had been planned, and decided to license Synanon as a boarding house for five dollars a year. For once, the City of Santa Monica and Synanon embraced and mingled their tears. The beach set was absent from this meeting.

As the trial drew to a close, the arguments for both sides having been heard, Judge Baida turned to Vince Cavanaugh, the ex-addict who had taken over Synanon's defense, and asked, "What shall I do?"

"Find us not guilty on the basis of the evidence, of course, Your Honor," Cavanaugh replied genially.

"There is something wrong somewhere," the judge said. "I have to find you guilty of something."

"In that case I'll appeal, Your Honor," said Cavanaugh.

"Then what charge shall I find you guilty of?"

"Of the third count, if it pleases Your Honor," replied Cavanaugh, deeming that the third count, that of illegally treating an addict, offered the best grounds for an appeal.

The judge thereupon found the defendants, Dederich and two Synanon board members, guilty of counts three and five, the latter having to do with a zoning ordinance that would enable the court to order vacation of the premises. Later, the defendants were sentenced to vacate the building by May 10, 1960.

AS OF early 1961, Synanon was still operating at the controversial location, and while some of the petitioners with big homes on the beach have softened and even visit Synanon for social evenings, the majority are still strongly against it. One reason it continues to operate is that Robert W. Kenny, former Superior Court Judge and Attorney General for the State of California, came to Vincent Cavanaugh's assistance in appealing the case. The Appellate Division of the California Superior Court denied the appeal without prejudice, thus allowing the defendants to apply to the United States Supreme Court for *certiorari,* granting a stay of execution until the appeal was heard, which should be shortly.

A citizen's committee to investigate Synanon, that had been suggested by Dederich in early 1960, finally got down to its job in December of 1960. The five committee members spent a total of two hours on the Synanon premises, one staying thirteen minutes and another appearing not at all. Their report had to do with statistics showing that crime in Santa Monica had gone up 150 per cent in the first 10 months of 1960; that there had been seventeen arrests in the block where Synanon was located (by record, none from Synanon); but they didn't state that some of these arrests were made upon the complaint of Synanon, regarding some addicts who had moved in nearby. If there was any truth in the implications of the report, then the police were being derelict in their duty for not raiding Synanon at once.

This document set off the *Outlook:* "The evidence is now conclusive that Synanon should not be allowed to operate in any respectable community."

Fortunately, the *Outlook* and the dwellers on the better part of the beach don't represent Santa Monica as a whole or, perhaps, even a very big part. Today, most service clubs in the area have Synanon speakers at their luncheon meetings and respond with help of one sort and another. Synanon also sends speakers to schools and churches, with a uniformly enthusiastic reception. The pastor of a large church became so impressed with Synanon's group methods that he asked if he and some members of his congregation could receive instruction in their use. Local merchants contribute nearly $5,000 in goods and services to Synanon each month. Five firms that have employed Synanon workers have been so satisfied that they have asked for others.

Jed Harris, the producer, exclaimed during a recent evening at Synanon, "I had no idea what I was coming to, but these people, whoever they are and whatever they are, reach right into my heart. They want to give, not take." On the same evening Steve Allen said to me: "Visiting the Synanon House has been an inspiring experience."

BOOKS and the ARTS

Banditry and the Reverse Strike

OUTLAWS. By Danilo Dolci. The Orion Press. 296 pp. $4.95.

Norman Thomas di Giovanni

JUST OVER a hundred years ago insurrections against occupying Bourbon troops broke out in Palermo, Messina and Catania; and Garibaldi, in support of these outbreaks, landed with his red-shirted Thousand in the west of Sicily. Ten months later, in March of 1861, a parliament gathered in Turin and proclaimed the Kingdom of Italy. These events—links of one chain—mark neither the beginning nor the end of the long, long movement for political unity on the Italian peninsula. But they happened a century ago, and last month the anniversary of the Turin proclamation was observed in official acts even on this side of the Atlantic. ("Italian Unity" is what the alchemists call the celebration now, perhaps because nobody wants to be reminded of the ignominious end the monarchy came to in Italy.) Massachusetts, for one, declared an "Italian Week," and ambassadors and high officials of both governments got together for addresses at the Library of Congress. Writing a guest editorial for an issue of *The Saturday Review* that was devoted entirely to the commemoration, James D. Zellerbach, our recent ambassador to Italy, used phrases typical of the nice things that get said on such occasions: "With the creative energies of Italy fully utilized in freedom, there are no limits to what the Italian nation and people can accomplish. The United States has joined with Italians and other free peoples to protect their right to have this great opportunity."

BUT in the midst of these glossy praises, Danilo Dolci arrived in the United States armed with realities and with greater truths. Had anybody been really interested in celebrating the spirit of Italian unity, last month would have been Danilo Dolci Month. Because the true spirit of what Garibaldi fought for in Sicily a century ago is being carried forward by Danilo Dolci in the same corner of the island today, and among a people who by no means have lost the capacity for rebellion.

Outlaws contains the realities and the truths-with-an-edge. Using interviews and accounts written in their own language by the victims themselves—the same rich documentary technique that made his earlier *Report from Palermo* a masterpiece of social protest—Dolci holds inquest this time into conditions in the hill towns beyond Palermo, which after World War II became the scene of a major outbreak of banditry. In 1944 flour was rationed and many persons became sick from an endless diet of locust-beans; but the rich hoarded grain. A revolt broke out in the town of Partinico for an increase in the bread ration. It was an unorganized and chaotic affair that was not really suppressed so much as it simply ran down from the rebels' own lassitude. There followed a period of general starvation during which armed bands sprang up and engaged in cattle-thieving and kidnapings. Eventually these outlaws had to ally themselves with the Mafia or suffer murder or betrayal.

"Without unemployment," says Dolci, "there would have been no banditry." Yet, characteristically, the only action the government took was to send in police reinforcements. The following brief history, told by a bandit's wife, classically illustrates how men fell into this outlawry:

> There was no work and one day he fell off an olive tree and broke his spine at the base of the neck. He walked with a limp afterwards and couldn't move one hand well. They gave him a pension, but it wasn't much, just 6,000 lire a month. We had two children. To earn more money he joined his brother smuggling [wheat]. . . . Then the police began to look for him as a smuggler and one day they found him and, so as not to be arrested, he ran away. . . . [And] joined up with five other bandits in the countryside.

It is significant that of a group of 147 outlaws in one town, 108 never went to school; that a laborer's wage for a ten-hour day is a dollar or less (it was half this amount until 1950); that, whatever the wage, there is work for only six months of the year; that one town's 25,000 arable acres are pulverized into 43,324 holdings, yielding the majority of proprietors each 12 or 15 cents a day; that the ballot is not secret and electors often vote against their conscience so as not to ruin a chance of one day emigrating to America. If you add to this the utter violence of daily existence—the murders, insanity, prison tortures and mysterious deaths—is it any wonder that "many, who are unwilling to be suffocated and die, rise in revolt," turning in desperation to banditry?

THERE is a second theme in *Outlaws* that goes far beyond describing the lives of the overwhelmingly oppressed—the story of individual initiative in conflict with governmental authority. It is this aspect of *Outlaws* that makes the book a necessary companion to *Report from Palermo*.

In the town where he built an orphans' home, Dolci noticed a small river running wasted to the sea, while the area's parched land not only resulted in unemployment and starvation, but drove men to seek criminal solutions. All that was needed was a dam and an irrigation project. In demanding that the authorities support such a project, Dolci announced that he would fast until something was done. He had already witnessed an infant's death by starvation and now in the same house where that child died Dolci decided to begin his hunger strike.

"Before anything'll be done," he told officials, "someone's got to die." "Him first and us afterwards," said Dolci's local followers, who were determined to lie down in Dolci's place as soon as he expired. After about ten days of fasting and when Dolci was near death from an ensuing stroke, officials came to tell him they would help get emergency funds from Palermo. Dolci, however, would not make the decision to accept—this action is typical of his method and reveals the man's profound courage—but left it to his people to decide whether the offer was fair. They thought so, and only then did Dolci take food.

That was the beginning. Later, still seeking support for damming the river and for other measures, such as securing state assistance for the families of convicts, Dolci sent out appeals to the press and leading authorities throughout Italy, announcing a so-called reverse strike. In order to demonstrate that there was work to be done and men

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NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI has contributed several articles, as well as translations of Italian poetry, to The Nation.

willing to do it, Dolci was going to lead a group to repair a neglected stretch of road. But the police were having no unauthorized demonstrations and, dispersing the workers, arrested Dolci and others. Their trial — presented in *Outlaws* by letters, documents and court transcripts — became the trial of Article IV of the Italian Constitution, which begins, "The Republic recognizes the right of all citizens to work and insures the conditions necessary to render this right effective." The public prosecutor upheld the right of workingmen to strike, but a reverse strike, he said,

> could be used by unprincipled individuals for illicit ends. The Constitution guarantees to the citizen the right to work but does not, and could never, admit of the interpretation that the citizen has the right to obtain work by arbitrary action. If this were the case, public order would be undermined.

And so Dolci was found guilty of most of the seven charges against him and served fifty days in prison. But by then the hypocrisy of democratic government in Italy, even the new Republican Italy, was badly exposed and the eyes of the world were on that western corner of Sicily.

Dolci's is a new and unorthodox movement, part reform and part revolution, that is clear of the interference of either church or party. It has a good smell because it shuns fanaticism, dogmatism and ready-made systems and may yet prove the beginning of the great untried revolution, the one that takes shape from the bottom up. For in Dolci's view the people must "move of their own volition towards freedom." Last month everyone was praising Italian democracy and, like the statement of the ex-ambassador quoted above, all the words fell into that vast limbo between truth and lies which can only be called obscurity. The words were part of our tendency nowadays to worship nations and social organizations as ends in themselves. But Dolci and the movement he generates make us aware that a democratic government is, or should be, only a means of bringing a good life to its members and bringing it *now*. In a world that is in danger of acquiring more and more government and less and less democracy, Dolci's decision to build a dam on a remote stream in Sicily becomes an unambiguous universal issue.

Jig into Eternity

SEAN O'CASEY: The Man and His Work. By David Krause. The Macmillan Company. 340 pp. $4.50.
THE EXPERIMENTS OF SEAN O'CASEY. By Robert Hogan. St. Martin's Press. 215 pp. $5.

Kevin Sullivan

"To praise O'Casey is like praising the lakes of Killarney."—Brendan Behan.

WHATEVER the value of that as criticism, it is beyond doubt the kindest word spoken by one Irishman about another in the twentieth century. For the cardinal sin of the Irish is not, as some have suspected, chastity; it is, as Joyce knew, envy. A people of lost causes, the Irish were long ago hardened and heartened to endure all things but success, especially their neighbors' success. So it is that the Irish writer — in all else no more perverse than the next fellow — is most unrealiable precisely when he is talking about that which he knows best: himself and his fellow-writer. Brendan Behan is an exemplary exception, but only because he had — a fact well publicized in *Borstal Boy* — the benefit of an English education. In any event, he is more than kind, he is accurate about O'Casey who, like the lakes of Killarney, is himself beyond envy.

This eminence is not due to longevity alone — though, as in the case of Somerset Maugham, the public mind tends after a time to confuse a simple refusal to die with the more profound affirmations of literature. Nor is it due to any combination of qualities which the critical mind may arrange for the apotheosis, or rearrange for the anathematization, of any one of O'Casey's great contemporaries — Joyce, Yeats, or Shaw. It is a quality of the man more than of the writer. Yeats exploited himself, Joyce any number of selves, and Shaw just about everybody; but O'Casey was no exploiter. He was and is always and only himself, which was — and is — a good deal. He was a city child, a child from the slums, but one whose recurrent dream was of the country. And, like a modern Piers Plowman, he accepted this dream as vision, and to it he committed himself without reserve, without dismay, without a second thought. Without, some say, any thought at all.

O'Casey's audiences may be dismayed at some of his wilder "experiments"; his readers may — good-naturedly — reserve judgment on his "politics"; and the critic may give a second thought, but no more, to his "ideas." But all this is beside the point, for the value of the man lies elsewhere — in the mountain lakes and emerald isles that as a child he never knew and as a man so passionately remembered. For O'Casey is the last of the great romantics for whom nature is still an unspoiled Eden, and man not a salvageable beast but a joyous, if badgered, angel. Free from the fetters of priest, politician and policeman, his destiny is to jig his way into eternity which, O'Casey insists, lies everywhere around us if only we had the sense to open our eyes and the courage to keep them open. And — who is to say? — he may be right.

IN the early plays *(Gunman, Juno, Plough and Stars)* O'Casey's proletariat is really a peasantry transplanted, to theatrical advantage, from the West of Ireland to the slums of Dublin. The clue to this is in the talk of the displaced *personae*: the idiom is Dublin, sure enough; but the rhythm is of the West — the comic West of the *Playboy* and the tragic West of *Riders to the Sea.* It is a language spoken by no mortal man — least of all by Dubliners — a literary language invented by John Millington Synge years before O'Casey had found himself a stage. But it is also a language eminently suited to O'Casey's purpose, for the ultimate West is *Tirnanog*, Celtic Ireland's dreamy anticipation of the Eden of the romantics. In the later plays — rustic gambols like *Cock-a-Doodle Dandy* and *Purple Dust* — the setting as well as the language is countrified, and what in the Dublin cycle had been an intense fusion of high tragedy and low comedy is dissipated now in barnyard farce — damned funny at times — full of cardboard cows and symbolic roosters.

For the plays in between — *Tassie*, *Red Roses* and the rest — Robert Hogan's book is a good enough guide for anyone with courage enough to traverse those ideological hells. First written apparently as a Ph.D. thesis, it still bears the scars of uphill battle — honorable, or at least interesting, wounds to those who have been to the same kind of war, but to the ordinary peaceful reader no more than distracting blemishes. Yet despite its slapdash pedantry, it serves a useful purpose in its extended analysis of O'Casey's plays. At its best it is informative, even illuminating, about O'Casey as "theatre"; at its worst it can

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be downright silly as when, for example, Hogan equates the style of O'Casey with that of Jonathan Swift. But between best and worst, this is a good book, especially for producers, directors, actors perhaps, and other candidates for the Ph.D.

David Krause's study of O'Casey is the most solid and satisfactory to date — a comprehensive, carefully weighed, conscientiously documented evaluation of the whole body of O'Casey's work right down to the last installment of his lyrical autobiography. Believing that criticism, no more than art, can exist in a vacuum, Krause starts his analyses from the historical realities of the moment at which each work appeared. Since these realities in Ireland had often a nightmarish quality, this task is as difficult as it is necessary, and Krause performs it with earnest good sense. He wavers only when, in his admiration for O'Casey, he is drawn too closely into the thick of a fight — the squabble with Yeats over the *Tassie* is an example in point—and judgment yields to partisanship. He is more judicious (and most determined) in his defense of the controversial experiments of O'Casey's "middle" period; though even here the defense may strike many as academic. For however convincing Krause may be about O'Casey's intention, integrity and technical skill in these plays, history is still unconvinced of their success.

There are two reasons for this. The ideas O'Casey attempts to manipulate are constantly going into solution, dissolving into pools of feeling; and those feelings, bred in the brain instead of the blood, and finding no adequate correlative in language, emerge in the plays as rhetoric, not poetry. To handle emotion adequately a writer must be, or have been, "involved"; to handle ideas adequately he must always be "detached." In all his long career O'Casey — now over eighty — has spurned detachment and held to his vision. In the last volume of his autobiography he tells us:

> Sean had no learning, no knowledge — what he set down were but his feelings moulded with words; there they were and there they'd stay.

True and honest enough. And for this we praise the man, whatever our final judgment of the writer.

"It's about time we had a book of this kind! Wonderful! Fascinating!" – *Zero Mostel*

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The Art of Aping

PARODIES: An Anthology from Chaucer to Beerbohm—and After. Edited by Dwight MacDonald. Random House. 574 pp. $7.50.

Joseph Carroll

DWIGHT MacDONALD has taken parody in its broadest sense in order to accommodate his own intelligent but far-ranging taste in comic writing. In an entertaining preface he indicates that he will be held to no strict definition, but will make room for almost anything that makes him laugh. The laugh, of course, must be at the expense of literature—of particular writers or of modes of writing. He considers the distinctions between parody and burlesque, travesty and lampoon, in a conscientious appendix, but mainly to get them out of the way as discrete forms or techniques. They are all, he believes, elements of a mocking spirit whose mission is to police letters, lest they get above themselves with solemnity or beside themselves with self-admiration. A habit of words or even the surfaces of a style are, according to him, comparatively easy to deride by imitation. It is harder, and worthier, to expose absurdities that lie deeper—in attitudes toward life itself, superstitious ones, or bigoted, vainglorious and greedy.

It might be argued that satire is the word he wants here. But it is Mr. MacDonald's book and he is entitled to

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JOSEPH CARROLL, editor and critic, contributes short stories regularly to a wide variety of magazines.

the idiom that suits him, for his anthology is an achievement of lighthearted scholarship. The extensive notes are full of gossipy information and sometimes criticism, sensitive and liberal about matters that go well beyond parody, though in the end he always has a relevant point to make. What can they know of parody, he seems to ask, who only parody know? It is a bookish game, best played by literary insiders like Mr. MacDonald; and it takes some ferreting in the notes to find the point of the joke in some of his selections. But the notes are amusing in their own right, parodying a more academic kind of annotation. Even the title is a little waggish, suggesting one of those alarming textbooks which undertake to survey literature, as the actual name of one has it, *From Beowulf to Hardy*.

MR. MacDONALD deals fairly enough with the promise of his title: he makes a plausible case for Chaucer as an occasional parodist, and for Shakespeare and others. But it isn't until he comes up to the deliberate parodists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries that he is on comfortable ground. It's one thing to caricature a writer or a school as an incidental device in a play or a novel, as Shakespeare did with John Lyly and the Euphuists in his comedies, or as Jane Austen lampooned spooky romance in *Northanger Abbey*. But it is another to mimic scrupulously the language and thought of a great eccentric like Robert Browning, as J. K. Stephen did in his classic verses about the idolatries of the Browning Society ("There's a Me Society down at Cambridge."); or to catch Henry James inching up on an idea, clause by devious clause, until, when the last qualification is entered, the idea appears to have made itself wonderfully scarce, frightened away by the commas—as Max Beerbohm caught him in *The Christmas Garland*.

With Beerbohm, Mr. MacDonald points out, parody came close to the stature of high art, and there has been no one since to match him in sustained achievement. He gave the treatment—not to say the business—to every major writer of his time. It is Mr. MacDonald's sound notion that parody is as much tribute as it is criticism. G. K. Chesterton, one of Beerbohm's victims, learned from him how gently the lamb may be brought to sacrifice, and imagined William Butler Yeats changing the first lines of "Old King Cole" to read:

Of an old king in a story
From the gray sea folk I have heard
Whose heart was no more broken
Than a bird.

It's very pretty — and excellent parody of the early Yeats. In E. B. White's take-off of Ernest Hemingway, "Across the Street and into the Grill," there is affection as well as rebuke: "I'm fleshed up a little around the crook of the elbow but I commute good."

BUT parody can also be cold with contempt, as in Edmund Wilson's verses in the Archibald MacLeish manner, as amusing as they are unjust. It can be savage, as in a remarkable play review by Kenneth Tynan, who parodies the idiot squalor of a William Faulkner plot in the empty whimsies of which Thornton Wilder is sometimes capable. Mr. Tynan also contrives to work off some rage against racial discrimination and the debasement of culture in the service of imperialist diplomacy. That's getting around.

Mr. MacDonald's inclusion of James Joyce does something toward rescuing him from critical stuffiness. Some of the excerpts from *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake* are among the funniest in the book. But the implications of Joyce's kind of parody are alarming and—some people might think—past a joke. Like Lewis Carroll before him, but more recklessly, he parodied the very nature of language. The worship of words, in the dogmas of politics no less than religion, made history the nightmare from which Joyce was trying to awake. Words are versatile in workaday uses, exquisite in imaginative ones. But dearly as he loved them, Joyce may have held with A. N. Whitehead that they are almost useless as instruments of thought; and thought, after all, is what will have to save us if we're ever to be saved. But to chase hares like these would need a more spacious context than I am given here.

War

(from the Spanish of Miguel Hernández)

The aged in the villages.
The heart, ownerless.
Love has no object.
Grass, dust, crow.
And youth?

In the coffin.

A tree, withered and apart.
A woman like a log
widowed in her bed.
Hatred has no end.
And youth?

In the coffin.

Edwin Honig

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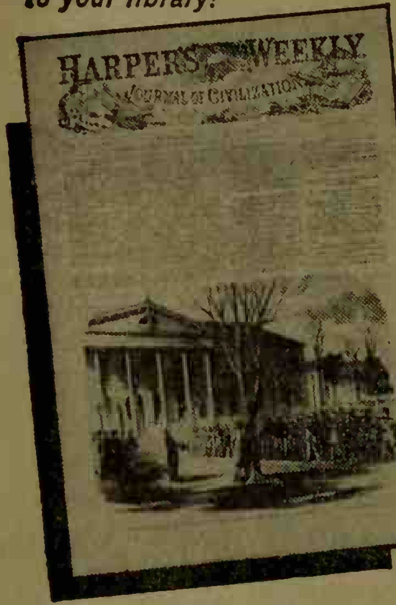

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

JEROME KERN and Oscar Hammerstein's *Show Boat* (City Center) was first produced in 1927. I saw it then in the company of Lee Strasberg (I cannot help reminiscing in connection with this show) and though we were sitting a long distance from the stage we were both so deeply impressed with Helen Morgan as Julie that most other aspects of the production have faded from my memory. Since then I must have seen this musical on at least five different occasions. I have enjoyed it every time. I doubt whether any other American musical is quite as enduring.

The main reason for this is the nostalgic charm of Kern's score. Almost every song was a hit. To this day the songs retain all the pervasive fragrance and tenderness they had in the old days. I suspect that even in 1927 the score was meltingly redolent of those same good old days—situated not so much in time or place but in some astral area of our national conscience. The music of *Show Boat* seems to create fraternity in its audience.

More surprising is the fact that the sentimental story still brings a lump to our throat and tears to our eyes. The plot includes such ingredients as the abiding love of a white actor for Julie his part-Negro wife (in the Mississippi of the eighties), the epic stoicism of the Negro laborer who slaves on the levee, the romance of Magnolia, the sweet young thing who begins as a rank amateur on the show boat, falls in love with a gentleman gambler deliciously named Gay Ravenal and ends up as a Broadway star in the most sparkling epoch of our theatre. In this span of years Magnolia bears a child (to be convent-educated), enjoys the hazardous good fortune of her husband's game, suffers stretches of rooming-house poverty, is abandoned by Gay (whose act is one of deep consideration and gallant sentiment) and is rejoined by him back on the old show boat when their little girl has grown to be a dewy cutie.

All this is terribly trite, one says to oneself after the fact, but the judgment is mostly self-conscious and hypocritical. The story works: it is basic theatre fable, and he is indeed a cold turnip who can resist it.

CARNIVAL! is a grand *show* (Imperial). "Show" is the exact word, for it succeeds only through its showmanship. Of melodies that might be memorable there are practically none and the nice story about Lili the little waif from the (French) provinces who joins the itinerant circus — which I am told made a nice MGM movie some years ago — fails to be genuinely touching precisely because the talent of this production has been lavished entirely on externals.

Anna Maria Alberghetti as Lili is an unconventional type with her thin body, her pale face, her wide slit of a mouth, her large dark eyes and her admirably delicate singing. (If only she had some real music to sing.) She is dramatically right: her whole being proclaims a true and most sympathetic person. Whatever effectiveness the story achieves — and several ladies near me did weep — is largely her creation.

The wounded hero of the story is the carnival's puppeteer. His puppets are thoroughly disarming and their various voices and words are winning as well as funny. Jerry Orbach is in top form when he speaks through them. He is a handsome young man but he has been directed to be rather monotonously aggrieved or — more accurately — sore. Kaye Ballard as the carnival's Incomparable Rosalie is a robust trouper who brings an old-fashioned comic gusto to the first act number in which she threatens her magician boy friend with the prospect of marriage to a Zurich doctor. There is also a captivating performance by the French actor Pierre Olaf whose mask is that of a philosophic clown — nimble, intelligent, warm — with an oddly querulous expression that reminds one of a Daumier drawing.

THE most notable feature of the evening, however, is Gower Champion's staging. He keeps the performance lively and theatrically glamorous throughout. The movement is always fluid, colorful and continuous. He has been given remarkable assistance by Will Steven Armstrong's mobile and atmospheric settings (in addition to very fine lighting) and by the best costumes of the season (far superior to the much vaunted clothes in *Camelot*) contributed by Freddy Wittop. These costumes are admirable because they have character and are organic to the play instead of being "plates" or display goods for actors to put on their bodies.

Since the girls in the production numbers do not have to be great dancers, they have been chosen with an eye to their looks. Most of them — thank God and Gower Champion — are even sexy, a rather rare quality in our recent musicals. (Flo Ziegfeld would turn over in his grave if he could behold some of the chorus lines recently exposed to view.) The same is true of the men, who are not only attractive but appear virile as well as strong. I told you it was a good show.

ART

Fairfield Porter

TRADITION is not ideal, nor an idea, but incarnate. It is the form of art and culture; a traditionalist is on the side of civilization. Artistic traditionalists are, for instance, Poussin, who transmitted Italian form to France; Arshile Gorki, who transmitted French form to America; and Picasso, who transmits forms from all the civilizations revealed by archaeology. He is the white counterpart of the cannibal in the silk hat, displacing forms into new contexts. He has skill of hand, transmitting through his nerves and fingers. Form is the stroke, and the forms of civilizations are manners. A stroke of Picasso echoes the stroke of an African sculptor or a Roman painter, or Ingres, Cézanne or Matisse.

THE American artist most like this, except that he does not displace forms into new contexts, is Robert Motherwell, now showing at the Janis Gallery. He transmits the art of his contemporaries, through his fingers, not his mind. But his is not action painting like that of Pollock, who was a beginner, nor like Clyfford Still, who searches for something new. Motherwell's art is traditional the way Japanese art has been, transmitting productions of a Chinese-derived civilization. It has conservative grace, and Motherwell is the conservator of modernism. His least touch has a formality distilled from the habits of modern painters.

Motherwell believes in the formality of his own time, which is called informality. He completely accepts his era. Even his belief in novelty (which he has stated) is conservative. His is the conservatism of the soft shirt, the open collar, the modern chair — a decorous liberalism. He has no awkwardness at all: everything is in the right place.

But this is only the outside of his painting. His acceptance of his era is so uncritical as to be liberating. The collages with only a few torn pieces of paper, torn in only a few places, only one wrapper (gressins Labouchede in the collage entitled *The French Line*), the few stripes, the mat colors, the splatter that is free and elegant, the civilized humor, a sense of proportion that avoids the heavy and is never thin, the black, white, maroon-brown, buff, plus stripes of a pink, baby blue or orange which are at once opaque and radiant — all these formalities contain something animate. There are, of course, the *Monster (For Charles Ives)*, the many figures in black or colored silhouettes with polite sexual connotations such as one might expect to result from a successful psychoanalysis. But the animate content is not just where Motherwell points to it in his titles: it is equally in *Painting*, in *Black and White* (which is like Kline, with none of Kline's trouble over color), and in *Striped Above* (two horizontals above a splatter). This last one makes mess into an organism. It is as if a lively pet animal, with an accepted place in the family, neither over- nor under-trained, sought to prove that it is truly housebroken because it is freely incontinent. His paintings are organisms in which nature and civilization are in harmony. The animation is an inner light. I can imagine a Quaker producing art like Motherwell's. Motherwell is of his time and very much in it.

ANOTHER painter of this time, but not in it, is Elaine de Kooning, whose non-objective paintings seem motivated by intelligence and will. She had another exhibition earlier this season at the Graham Gallery, where she now shows again with Norman Blum, in an exhibition of murals for modern architecture. Both she and Blum are non-objective. They answer the challenge of modern architecture, in which the wall is a screen hanging from a structural skeleton; therefore there is no need to "establish" the wall, for the architect himself has just got through disestablishing it. Blum's paintings are for the wall. The largest, approximately twenty feet by ten feet high, has the naturalistic subject matter of non-objective painting, so that combined with architecture, it does what the tangle of trees seems to do on the fourth floor terrace of the Lever building. But Miss de Kooning's paintings, curled around columns, disestablish the supporting skeleton. Her abstractions, for all their dashing contemporaneity, do not seem to liberate her talent, which is a very great one. They simulate a life not her own. It is as though she were making conversation. She admires what the forms of non-objective painting stand for, but that fails to put her in the movement, any more than admiration for the vitality of the Church makes one a Christian. Intelligence and will are not enough.

Miss de Kooning is of this time, but not in it. She is not traditional, she is an original. She is also exhibiting, at the Roland de Aenlle Gallery, the kind of thing that liberates her talent, what she uniquely can do. The show is a series of most extraordinary drawings, especially those of people, for example several of Harold Rosenberg, which are among the more penetrating portraits made today. There is also one huge painting of two young men, about one and a half as large as life. This painting alone is worth a trip to any gallery.

One is immediately sure that these young men look exactly the way she has abstracted them, so strong is the impact. It is the first time that I have seen her handle, in a portrait, her abstract color so that is integrates with the drawing and the likeness. They stand casually in ordinary and apparently very characteristic clothes, one in a striped green windbreaker and red scarf, the other in a charcoal gray suit; and the wrinkles of the clothes, or lack of them, grow out from inside. The contour, appearing and disappearing, has an inspired looseness. The shape of the heads and bodies have inspired specificity. The features are barely indicated, except for two pairs of intensely shining eyes, one pair gray under dark smooth hair, the other brown under a blonde flourish, looking out from under the brows. The stripes of the clothes continue and counter the pink, violet, apple green, white and heavy yellow of the background and the orange of the faces and hair.

FILMS

Robert Hatch

FELLINI'S *La Dolce Vita* has been the most-eagerly-awaited picture in recent show business history. You may recall that audiences in Italy were outraged to the point where patriotic old gentlemen were moved to spit in the direction of Signor Fellini, and we have been feverishly assured that an exposé so naked has rarely been committed to print and certainly never to film. In view of this heady build-up, I regret to report that Roman depravity has suffered a sad loss of verve and inventiveness since the days of the late Caesars.

Perhaps the exposé would be more shocking if one knew who all these sloppy drinkers and nuzzlers were sup-

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posed to be, or how they happened to have staggered within range of Fellini's cameras. But except for the hero, a gossip columnist whose charm, perhaps, is that he looks like a good many American movie actors (Marcello Mastroianni), we don't get in with the crowd enough to care who sleeps with whom. There is also the point that several of the bit players bear such names in real life as Prince don Eugenio Ruspoli di Poggio Suasa and donna Doris Pignatelli principessa di Monterodoni: members of the audience who specialize in that sort of bird-watching may be transfixed to discover these fancy specimens with their ties loosened and their garter belts exposed. They looked to me like the country club bunch at a "come as the most dreadful person you know" party.

I've rarely seen so many actors on a busman's holiday. Everyone in Europe with a make-up kit must have rushed to Rome that summer to do something outrageous for Signor Fellini; but few of them could stay around long enough for us to get really acquainted. It was great, for example, to see Anita Ekberg again, but I'd hardly become adjusted anew to her measurements before the scene changed and we were looking in on another crowd of naughty children kicking the dawn around. Sordid behavior is shocking only if something worth saving is destroyed; in itself it is only boring, like a noisy party next door.

Anouk Aimee is billed as a nymphomaniac, which is a painful disease. I might have worked up some sympathy for the plight of the character Miss Aimee plays, for she also seemed to be a nice, intelligent girl.

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Fellini pretends to be ripping the Venetian blinds off Italian society, but he doesn't bother with the hard work that would make such a project effective. What do these people represent, where do they fit in, how did they get this way, what do they think of one another? It's not enough to say "some people are idle and rich and promiscuous and drunken." Of course, but who cares? The picture has the animation that can be imposed by lavish use of powerful automobiles, strident music and abrupt cutting. But it sadly lacks activity from within all these busy bodies.

When Fellini does try to get beneath the surface—as in the case of one Steiner, a misanthropic "intellectual" with a terrible gift for sophomoric gab; or in the episode where the hero's dear papa comes to Rome for an outing—the film plunges into an unbecoming German sentimentality. There is a fine mob scene involving the commercial exploitation of a fake miracle; during that episode, real evil and real pain are the issues. And the film's chorus — young "free-lance" news cameramen who swarm around sensation like dispassionate flies around tainted meat—is an authentic symbol of debasement. But with these exceptions, *La Dolce Vita* is a great crowd of actors behaving with listless impropriety and no attempt at a sustained idea. When it comes to debauchery, this picture isn't in the same class with *Rain*.

PEOPLE with appetite for the salt of real life are advised to take a look at *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, made from Alan Sillitoe's excellent novel of the same name. Arthur Seaton, a young and expert Nottingham factory worker, is a rough and roisterous boy who hurts a good many people, particularly the married woman on whom he trespasses. Arthur's problem is that he is a romantic in a mill town; he's bright and strong and imaginative, and he tries to get more out of his weekends than Nottingham can really provide. He is not one of the rebels who pre-empt so much of English fiction at present—he wants to be just what he is; only he feels there should be more zest to it. Trouble is the only answer he can find.

At the end, Arthur is going to marry a girl who is strong enough to match him, and who will tame him with sweet domesticity. It's the only way out—breaking up other men's homes and outraging all the old biddies in town is no way out at all—still, it seems a pity.

The film is directed by Karel Reisz, a Czech who came to England before the war, with an edged clarity that makes the mundane scene and the ordinary happenings as exciting as cut crystal. Albert Finney and the two women who play opposite him, Shirley Ann Field and Rachel Roberts, are authentic in a way that our celebrated Hollywood fidelity seldom achieves. Fitness is not just a matter of wearing clothes and lighting cigarettes with a proper regard for type; it comes from far beneath the skin, a matter of conviction, not dress. The actors in *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* give off the right scent.

The Hitch-Hiker

He ran or,
as he drew near, hobbled.
As I helped him into the truck-bin
he was old;

what seemed at distance a white suit
was flapping underwear,
beard and hair spread like a kind
Medusa. Charlie

how I thought of you when this old one
revealed the contents
of his paper sack: black
rags swirled out

like death's own trappings. Braced
in the wind
he began to dress, the spits
of his legs jerking

in the gale, head thrown back, his
dust-smudged rump skidding
across hot steel. When he was tangled
to his knees he grinned at me:

I saw clenched between his teeth a peso,
a hummingbird, the arm
of a child caught between joists
of a caved in house. How

could I stop him?
I lurched forward snatching
dust I cursed every spirit
it was I who was destined to ride

with the most humble man
. . . he evaded me, he danced
against the cockpit and in a flourish
knotted his bow-tie

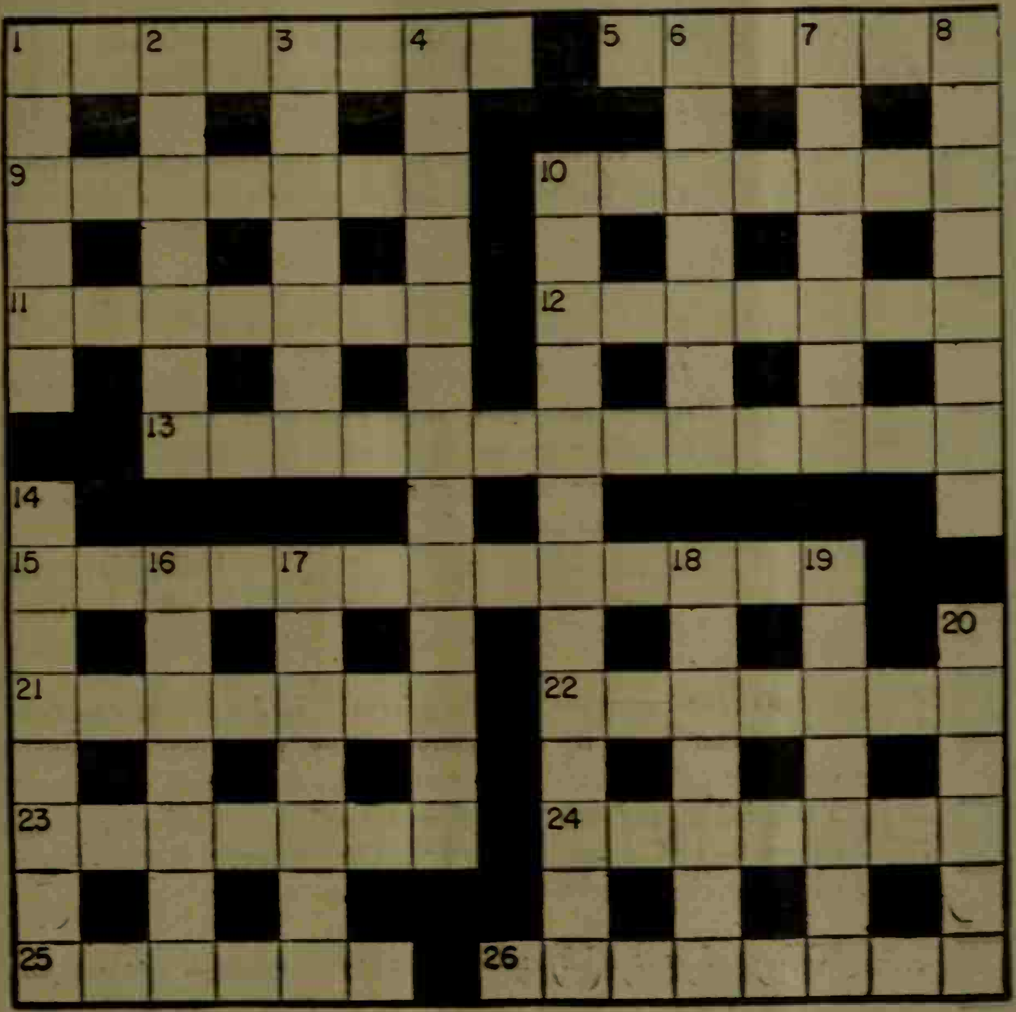
to stand erect, eyes made of clay,
arms crossed like the legs
of some children I have seen
babbling on curb-stones,

knees caked with blood,
sparrows pecking at grain
they have loosed from
their fingers.

CLAYTON ESHLEMAN

Crossword Puzzle No. 913

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Felt something forbidden at certain junctures? (4, 4)
5 Ornament on the dress, as something given for services to one's favorite? (6)
9 Being Al, he wouldn't be an American Indian. (7)
10 Pointers? (7)
11 Doesn't go on torn-up side streets, in short. (7)
12 The right-minded such should not make 1 across. (7)
13 What our wives seem to want to indulge in, the dear things! (X-averages can't produce it.) (13)
15 Secret sin is no way to promote mediations! (13)
21 Would boarders have used an iron to do so? (7)
22 Proceeding by steps in part of the service? (7)
23 Does one possibly decline to do so? (7)
24 One might make even it a form of great simplicity. (7)
25 The sort of 20 which was searched for. (6)
26 Witty remarks involving a partridge roost? (8)

DOWN:

1 Look around the same place for the motive force. (6)
2 What secures stability to the existence of a stratagem? (7)
3 Used in surveying a passage. (7)
4 Talk about a check! This will get you back in. (13)
6 Where to find an equivalent of Artemis? (7)
7 Irenical. (7)
8 Refine the lower type, perhaps, in court. (4, 4)
10 Uncompromising quality of the training scene. (13)
14 The way a bell goes without a middling sensation. (8)
16 A doubtful carpenter became it. (7)
17 Meaning-full? (7)
18 It's nothing to put on your auto in a combination that can be played. (7)
19 Romberg's Prince. (7)
20 Wool coat to take to the cleaners? (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 912

ACROSS: 1 Thrashings; 6 Golf; 10 Shallop; 11 Dowager; 12 and 18 Mentally disturbed; 13 Ernes; 15 Epsom; 17 Indigence; 19 Evildoers; 21 and 14 Mixed vegetables; 23 Ankle; 24 Stuffing; 27 Leopard; 28 Beaches; 29 Slew; 30 Mendicants. DOWN: 1 Task; 2 Reapers; 3 Split; 4 Impulsive; 5 Giddy; 7 Organon; 8 Farmsteads; 9 Sweet gum; 16 Medieval; 20 Irksome; 22 Xanthin; 24 Sedge; 25 Franc; 26 Asks.

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A BLUFF THAT WORKED

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CUBA

The Disaster We Earned

Editorials

Typewriter Commandos

Richard Seaver

AMERICA'S BLACK SUPREMACISTS

Herbert Krosney

LETTERS

Right Goal, Wrong Means

Dear Sirs: Your editorial "Young Man in a Hurry" (April 22) was obviously written just before the worst of the Cuban mess. If you had waited a few days, you might have added that President Kennedy is in a hurry to involve us in a real shooting war.

A host of so-called "liberals"—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., is a case in point—are trying to make liberals believe that they should embark upon an all-out anti-Castro crusade. In my opinion, liberals should oppose Castro because he uses the wrong methods, although his goals have much to recommend them. But opposition to the violence of Castro should, in no sense, be used to justify the intervention advocated by your "young man in a hurry."

Las Vegas, N.M. William H. Fisher

Hospital Shortage?

Dear Sirs: I commend you for the moderation of Dr. George Silver's article on "The Doctor Shortage and Medical Standards" in your March 18 issue. It avoids the usual phony hysteria. I wonder, though, if the picture, as presented, is still not too dark.

The productivity of the physician has been tremendously increased by the automobile, antibiotics and the custom of practicing practically all major medicine in hospitals. Dr. Silver's recommendation that hospitals should be used *less* seems to me to be the reverse of what is needed. A physician can care for a given number of people in a hospital with far greater ease and efficiency than in their homes. (I am not speaking necessarily of big full-fledged hospitals. America needs a great number of so-called "satellite" hospitals which care for the bulk of medical cases and perhaps some simple surgery, but which feed their major cases and practically all surgery into the large, central hospitals.)

The Hawaiian plantations have shown that starting with some of the worst health statistics, they have been able to produce some of the best health statistics in the world with doctor-patient ratios up to 5,000 people per doctor. It has simply been a matter of efficient arrangement. . . .

Medical standards should be kept high. Lower-grade applicants should not be accepted. Even free tuition won't help. The obvious cure is to re-establish the financial prestige of medicine. In Honolulu, the Kaiser Medical Center has been hiring physicians for approximately $1,000 per month, which is about twice the wage of a stevedore here. Without disparaging a stevedore, it seems to me that the ratio should be 10 to 1 rather than 2 to 1. In the meantime, Kaiser's low medical wage is enabling him to sell prepaid insurance for a very low figure. To compete, Hawaii's equivalent to Blue Shield is severely depressing physicians' fees.

Under these financial circumstances, what intelligent, ambitious youngster is going to be attracted to medicine? The fact that the closed panel plans can hire physicians so cheaply suggests that there is no real shortage of physicians.

No future shortage need develop if this present bitter medical competition can be replaced with sensible doctor compensation, combined with decent working hours.

P. H. Liljestrand, M.D.
Aiea, Oahu, Hawaii

'Perverse Festival'

Dear Sirs: "How did this 'perverse festival' come about?" asks L. Jesse Lemisch in his article, "Who Won the Civil War Anyway?" in your April 8 issue.

As one teacher of American history (twentieth-century "abolitionist" opposed to the enslavement of American history teachers), do I dare suggest that it may have come about while the HUAC was asleep on the job?

Whatever the reason, there is one quotation Mr. Lemisch needed to fortify his point. According to the latest announcement from John S. Mickey, business manager of the Sumter Centennial Committee, this is for South Carolina a very real and unmistakable celebration of the Southern "victory." He said: "We regard the war as the beginning of the modern United States. Had it not been for the war, the United States would not be the great and powerful country it is today."

Mrs. Frances Frost Lustig
Charleston, S.C.

Dear Sirs: I will assume that the statement that the Civil War "was fought because the South would not allow the Negro freedom" is the thesis of Mr. Lemisch's article. Unfortunately, while the North does not discriminate against the Negro by law, there is widespread hostility toward him (as, indeed, there is against all minorities). . . . Slavery was related to Southern economics and the Negro became a political tool. . . . Seeing the North as the victor of a great moral battle doesn't help the Negro gain equality now any more than it did a century ago. Hilma Cohn
North Hollywood, Calif.

Pedestrians' Voice

Dear Sirs: "Super-Graft on Superhighways," in your April 1 issue, was most informative. This highway graft is part of the vast corruption brought by the motor vehicle and the auto industry. Detroit wants the taxpayer and motorist to subsidize the vast space needed for roads and road facilities regardless of social consequences or costs.

You have rendered a real service in spotlighting this problem for the American public. Leo Wilensky,
Pedestrian League of America
New York City

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

What System, Please?

"Let me then make clear," said Mr. Kennedy to the American Society of Newspaper Editors, "as the President of the United States that I am determined upon our system's survival and success, regardless of the cost and regardless of the peril." When he utters such portentous words, it is well for a head of state to know precisely what he purposes to defend and to be sure that he does not lose it in the process of defending it. Mr. Kennedy has already gone some distance in that direction. What is the system on whose behalf he is prepared to stake all? It is, first, a government of laws, not of men. Yet, in organizing the invasion of Cuba, the Central Intelligence Agency has broken international conventions and domestic statutes without hindrance and without compunction. Then, we are a democracy, in which the elected representatives of the people supposedly disburse public funds, oversee the operations of government bodies and, in extremity, declare war. The Central Intelligence Agency has usurped the functions of the Congress in waging a preventive war with Mr. Kennedy's approval, and so far, with the exception of Senators Wayne Morse and Eugene McCarthy, the Congress has sat mute. We are said to be an open society, in which the press reports the news and is free to praise, criticize or condemn. In this open society, by this mechanism, the government is to be responsible to public opinion. Actually, public opinion has ceased to function, for the government proceeded in secrecy, most of the press abetted it, and the public was faced with a *fait accompli* and invited to rally around the flag.

All this bears but scant resemblance to the American system as understood by the Founding Fathers and their descendants, all the way down to Mr. Kennedy himself. What it does resemble closely is the theory and practice of communism, save in one respect — it isn't as effective. Except for this rather crucial difference, the proverbial visitor from Mars could scarcely distinguish between the performance of the CIA in the Cuban fiasco and the tactics of infiltration, subversion and insurrection laid at the door of "international communism." He would behold the CIA, a body responsible only to the executive arm of the government, carrying on intelligence operations all over the world, many of them involving espionage, sabotage and violence. In the past few years it has overthrown governments (Guatemala, Iran), shored up dictatorships (South Vietnam, Thailand, etc.) and now it has gone so far as to make war by proxy under its almost unlimited powers. It doles out some bits of information, at its own discretion, to selected members of Congress, but in a government of checks and balances it goes unchecked and unquestioned.

And all this, judging by the examples that have come to light, is done badly. This agency, so trusted by the President that he reappointed its director as his first act after being elected to the office, made so many mistakes in the Cuban operation that one can only conclude that its highest officials are addicted to pathologically wishful thinking. But perhaps there is an underlying reason for their blunders which is less to their discredit. Perhaps the entire concept is so alien to the system which the President is sworn to defend that malfunctions are the expression of an irrepressible conflict between democracy and an egregiously undemocratic institution. How can we expect to plot surreptitious warfare in a country in which not all the press can be stifled, in which dissidents cannot be thrown in jail *en masse*, in which absolute unanimity of opinion cannot be enforced, and in which fear can be induced in only a minor part of the population? Mr. Kennedy may be thankful that the conditions have proved so unpropitious for the adventure on which he was persuaded to embark; it is an indication that the American ethos remains more than a tissue of catchwords. Ours is a way of life which, God knows, has at times been practiced imperfectly enough; let the President enumerate for himself those times and avoid those errors. Let him ponder on the essentials of the system he says he holds dear. Arms and armaments will not avail him, but only the application of the principles which guided the Republic in the times of Washington, of Jefferson, of Lincoln and, not least, and not long ago, of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The Disaster Button

Long-continued national frustration is dangerous, and the more powerful the nation, the greater the danger. The United States has had its share of distasteful and humiliating experiences since the close of

World War II — the Stalin advance in Europe, the Soviet acquisition of the hydrogen bomb before we developed ours, the first Sputnik, the first Soviet planetary shots, the U-2 incident, the first Russian man in space, Laos, and now the Cuban fiasco. Nerves are rasped and tempers are getting short, and at this juncture we have a President who, as the conservative *Figaro* of Paris pointed out, is stronger in dynamism than in wisdom or experience. It is all-important, then, to acknowledge that our misfortunes have been our own doing, and are not the unmerited blows of fate. In the Cuban debacle, particularly, we asked for exactly what we got. Equally important, all of us — and the President in particular — must control the impulse to act through force. Belligerence, as such, will only enmesh us more deeply in a situation that is already bad enough.

There are signs that the President does not appreciate this, and further, that he has been less than candid. On April 13 he promised that there would be no direct American intervention in Cuba under any circumstances. We now know that this statement had an operational purpose — it was a cover for the commando raid by Cuban counterrevolutionaries under the maladroit direction of the CIA. The disaster which engulfed the invasion and, ironically, the fantastic overpublicizing of its magnitude, now increases the likelihood of a far rasher venture. Stung by the defeat of "our" Cubans (whom the CIA had carefully screened to eliminate left-wing elements), our pride injured, our humiliation compounded by the incredible mismanagement displayed for all the world to see, we now stand in danger of doing what the President assured us we would not do "under any circumstances," i.e., regress to the level of the Marine or Dollar Diplomacy of the Harding-Coolidge era. Verbally, the regression has already occurred. In one of the most belligerent and reckless speeches ever made by an American President, Mr. Kennedy openly threatened our uneasy Latin American allies:

> . . . if the nations of this Hemisphere should fail to meet their commitments against outside Communist penetration, then I want it clearly understood that this Government will not hesitate in meeting its primary obligations, which are the security of our nation.

In short, and unmistakably, we will go it alone. The only glimmer of prudence in this arm-twisting oration was that it did not set a time limit.

Mr. Kennedy might avail himself of Senator Wayne Morse's speech on "The Situation in Cuba" (*Congressional Record,* April 24, pp. 6179-6187) for purposes of tranquilization and political guidance. Speaking as chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Latin American Affairs, Mr. Morse quoted a telegram he had sent to the Secretary of State, protesting the Administration's failure to advise with the subcommittee before plunging into the Cuban embroilment. Expressing his own "hatred and detestation of what Castro stands for," Senator Morse pointed out that this did not alter the fact that Castro heads the sovereign government of Cuba, and that it is entitled to all the rights under existing law of signatories to the Charter of the Organization of American States. He rejected the argument that we must meet fire with fire, that we must beat the Communists at their own game. He ridiculed the argument that Cuba constitutes a military threat to the United States; this is of a piece with Hitler's assertion that Czechoslovakia was a dagger pointed at the heart of Germany. And then Mr. Morse issued this warning:

> I say to Senators today that it is my judgment that if the United States seeks to settle its differences with Cuba through the use of military might, either direct or indirect, we shall be at least a half century recovering, if we ever recover, the prestige, the understanding, the sympathy, and the confidence of one Latin American neighbor after another.

The American press buried the speech; few papers gave it any notice whatsoever. Mr. Kennedy would be well advised to read it.

History Will Not Absolve Him

President Kennedy might well consider why President Eisenhower was so popular that, in his wake, he nearly ensconced Richard M. Nixon as his successor. Popularity is not the final test of a President but, in a democracy, it contributes to his success and cannot be thrown out with a pitchfork. If Mr. Kennedy finds himself as popular after his four years (or eight), he may account himself fortunate indeed. How, then, did General Eisenhower gain such a secure place in the hearts of his countrymen? Psychoanalytic "images" aside, it was largely because he was unmistakably a man of peace.

Mr. Kennedy has given some signs of wishing to follow General Eisenhower's footsteps along this path; in fact, in some respects he has improved on his predecessor. He shut up the blow-hard generals and admirals and elevated diplomatic intercourse to a higher plane, without the pointless abuse of some of the Eisenhower ambassadors. In a spirit of tentative reconnoitering, he began an exploration of the possibilities of a *modus vivendi* with the Soviets. Although all this could be regarded as consistent with a resolution to prosecute the cold war as before, only more efficiently and resolutely, it was also consistent with a creative peace effort and, as such, welcome.

This hope was disrupted by the Cuban adventure and its aftermath. Now, many thoughtful Americans will deduce that if Kennedy had had any real heart for in alleviation of cold-war tensions, he would have held off on his preventive war until his exploratory efforts had had a fair chance. The two courses were clearly inconsistent. Instead, he gave the CIA, and Messrs. Adolf A. Berle, Jr., and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., a free hand to topple Castro. The result we know. It was first reported, later denied (but it is almost certainly true), that Messrs. Rusk and Bowles were in opposition. Now, as loyal members of the team, they are as compromised as their colleagues. It is a bad setback for an Administration that began with better manners and more erudition than the preceding one.

If this does not chasten Mr. Kennedy, another factor merits his consideration. He is a progressive politician, more in the tradition of, say, Franklin D. Roosevelt, than, say, Herbert Hoover. The last thing he wants is to unleash the forces of the frenetic Right, always latent in the American setup and now inflamed by American reverses. He has spoken out against the John Birch Society and set in motion proceedings against General Edwin A. Walker who, if not a member of the organization, apparently propagandized along similar lines. If any of the reports of impending American action against Castro prove accurate — if we attack him directly, or prepare another assault by proxy, or try to strangle him economically by blockade or further economic sanctions — it will be a godsend to the lunatic fringe exemplified by the John Birch fanatics. The President may not welcome them as allies, but he will be in bed with them just the same.

What, then, would we have the President do? *The Nation* does not hesitate to offer Mr. Kennedy advice, since its articles have accurately predicted the course of events in Cuba since Castro set foot in the Sierra Maestra. *The Nation* urges Mr. Kennedy to stay out of Cuba, to cease intervention of any kind whatsoever. Let the "commando" groups be disbanded. Instruct the Attorney General to enforce the neutrality laws. Padlock the cloak-and-dagger "spooks" at the CIA. Avoid a blockade. Heed carefully the well-considered advice of Senators Morse, Fulbright and McCarthy. Let the dust settle. Any further violence on the part of the American government, whether by subornation or directly, will be a disaster for the United States and, before history, for Mr. Kennedy himself.

The Phantom MIGS

It must by now be clear that the Cuban fiasco may be laid at the door of any number of villains — and not least at the door of an irresponsible American press that repeatedly rushed into print with the irresponsible statements of irresponsible officials and statesmen. For months, the newspapers have been telling us that Castro had Soviet MIG fighters at his disposal; and, during the invasion and afterward, MIGS were described as playing a major role in the defeat of the invading rebels. As late as Tuesday, April 25, Governor Rockefeller, emerging from his conference with the President, told newsmen: "Those were not Cuban jets that shot down troops last week. They were Communist MIGS."

But U.S. Navy spokesmen at Guantanamo Bay, who were a lot nearer to what happened than New York's Governor, reported differently in a story which appeared in *The New York Times* of April 20, three days after the dawn landing of the Cuban rebels. After noting that Rear Admiral Edward J. O'Donnell, base commander, had stated that Navy ships and planes had not been molested in their operations at any time during the fighting, the *Times* correspondent added:

> The sensitive radar on Navy ships here have picked up no trace of high speed Cuban or Communist aircraft. Officials, therefore, are confident that there have been no MIG fighters in this area of Cuba at least. Nor has the Navy sighted any submarines.

If Governor Rockefeller wants to challenge the accuracy of Navy radar, that's all right with us.

Woman of Valor

Mrs. J. Thacher Sears of Glens Falls, N.Y., was the only delegate to the 70th Continental Congress of the Daughters of the American Revolution in Washington who supported President Kennedy's Peace Corps. A resolution condemning it as too costly and too idealistic was passed by a vote of 2,082 to one.

Not only did Mrs. Sears vote against the resolution — she stood up and *spoke* against it. She pointed out to her sister delegates that the Peace Corps was not really a new idea — church missionaries had been doing similar work for years. She was just warming to her subject when the chairman announced, "Your two minutes are up."

We heard a lot of brave talk during last year's Presidential campaign about "standing up to Khrushchev," but we can recall no one entertaining the really preposterous notion of standing up to the DAR. Yet Mrs. Sears has done it, with precision and dignity. She is a woman of valor, a true Daughter of the American Revolution.

The Tactic of 'Anti-Communism'

For good sense and shrewd political insight, we recommend an article on "Anti-Communism and Freedom" by Father John F. Cronin in the April 22 issue of *America*. Father Cronin is assistant director of the Department of Social Action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. "It has become increasingly clear," he writes, "that anti-Communist activities are producing sharp divisions within our nation." The objective is equally clear. The radical Right in American politics can never come to power as long as the conservatives bar the way. For the Right extremists to succeed they must divide the conservatives, as by discrediting those conservatives who will not truckle to them or acknowledge their leadership. An example of the way this is done is the current charge that Chief Justice Warren and General Eisenhower are agents of the Communist conspiracy and that, even if they are not, Robert Welch of Belmont, Mass., is much tougher on communism. Fortunately, many conservatives sense the danger on their Right flank and have taken a strong stand against the current attempt of the John Birch Society to polarize the Right. Others are less astute, and these latter should listen to Father Cronin. As he says, the fact that communism "is conspiratorial does not justify general public adoption of its tactics to cope with the problem. . . . If we become a nation of hate and distrust, then spiritually we are like the Communists. In fighting for the faith, we have lost charity. In defending our freedoms, we have ceased to be free men."

The Wind Is from the West

Since May, 1959, Dr. James E. McDonald, senior physicist of the Institute of Atmospheric Physics at the University of Arizona, has been waging an uphill fight to compel the Air Force to acknowledge the "nearly unbelievable"—his phrase—folly of its siting policy for missile bases (see "Cities Into Targets," *The Nation,* May 21, 1960). The deadline for revision has not yet passed, but it is rapidly approaching. In a recent paper presented at the opening joint session of the American Geophysical Union and the American Meteorological Society, Dr. McDonald made a final effort to force a hearing on the merits of the issue.

So far, the Air Force has brushed off a mounting barrage of protest and currently is going forward with plans to ring the city of Tucson, Arizona, with eighteen Titan missile pads without regard to the serious civil-defense hazards implicit in the choice of sites. Since the Atlas and Titan ICBMs are necessarily fired from fixed bases which cannot possibly be concealed, the bases are certain targets for nuclear attacks in case of war. Hence to locate these sites upwind of cities as large as Omaha, Los Angeles, Topeka, Kansas City, Memphis, Spokane and Tucson—given the fact that the prevailing winds during most of the year over the United States blow in a generally west-to-east direction—is to increase the potential hazard by an estimated three or four million casualties. The fact that the bases are hardened (reinforced) to withstand 100 pounds per square inch blast pressure from near-misses, will force an attacker to direct about twenty megatons against each launching site. In cities such as Tucson, Wichita and Little Rock, this would total about 400 megatons; in other words, these cities would be turned into targets whose megatonnage rating would be about a hundred times the total of all explosives used in World War II.

But the ultimate irony of the situation is that Russian ICBM accuracies are expected to be so improved in the near future that fixed-base ICBMs of the Atlas or Titan type will be virtually obsolete almost before they are completed. With the margin of error expected to diminish to one mile or less by 1963-1964—the estimated completion date for the bulk of the sites—the bases may then be abandoned. It is as though the Air Force were determined to get the missile-construction program under way before the obsolescence of the missiles can be demonstrated. So the Air Force races against its deadline, while Dr. McDonald races against one that imperils us all.

THE BLUFF THAT WORKED . . *Alexander Werth*

Paris, April 26

GENERAL CHALLE'S putsch, carried out with "supreme mastery" — as some newspapers admiringly put it —at dawn on Saturday, April 22, ended in complete fiasco four days later. Today the General is in a Paris jail, facing a possible death sentence. The same fate may be reserved for several other members of the Algiers junta, for de Gaulle is taking an extremely grave view of this putsch which, unlike that of the civilians of January, 1960, was led by top-ranking generals and colonels against the Fifth Republic and de Gaulle personally.

It will take months before we know exactly what happened both before, and since, April 22 in Paris and in Algiers. But it may already be said — despite de Gaulle's "splendid triumph" — that the whole episode points to some terrible weakness in the President's handling of his Army leaders. Generals Challe and Salan, Colonel Lacheroy, etc., had of course, been removed by de Gaulle from their former Algerian posts on various pretexts, but they all had had honors and decorations piled upon them. And, except for Salan (who had exiled himself to Spain), none had been watched as suspects, despite weeks of highly suspect activities that had been going on both in Algiers and Paris — including bomb outrages perpetrated by one or another of the *ultra* organizations.

ALEXANDER WERTH is The Nation's *European correspondent.*

Take, for example, Colonel Lacheroy. At the time of the 1958 putsch, he was head of the Army's psychological services in Algeria. He openly regretted that the coming to power of de Gaulle had prevented the occupation of Paris by paratroops. "In three days, and with only a few hundred dead, a military dictatorship could have been established," he said at the time. *On April 20, this year — two days before last week's putsch — he and Colonels Godard, Argoud and Broizat were still at large in Paris, preparing for coming events.* All four colonels left together for Algiers on a military aircraft from the military airfield at Villacoublay — obviously with the complicity of the military authorities. Their arrival at Algiers was the signal for the starting of the putsch.

Similarly, nothing was done to prevent General Challe and other extremists from going to Paris. (Challe had been arrested as an extremist by the Pflimlin government in May, 1958, but was later appointed to the highest military post in Algeria by de Gaulle.)

WHAT DID this Algiers junta, relying primarily on the Foreign Legion and the French paratroopers (the world's toughest and most brutal troops), hope to achieve? Clearly they hoped to rally widespread support from other Army units inside Algeria and, having secured this backing, to land paratroops in Paris. There they hoped to find countless accomplices among the French soldiery and the police. Another part of the plan consisted in an invasion of Tunisia and Morocco to destroy the Nationalist bases there. The drive on Algeria's allies was General Challe's plan for ending the Algerian war in 1959-1960. De Gaulle rejected it.

Now we come to a question which will require a great deal more investigation before the answer is apparent. In his public announcements, Challe had been laying the greatest possible stress on the necessity for saving Algeria from communism, in the same way that the United States has been stressing the need to save Cuba. Indeed, Challe has been paying florid public compliments to President Kennedy. It is now openly asserted in Paris that Challe has been in close contact not only with the Belgians in Katanga, but also with the American Central Intelligence Agency (CIA), to whom he represented himself as the French Cardona. Today even the serious *Le Monde* clearly suggests that Kennedy's overwhelming offer of aid to de Gaulle is perhaps explainable by the awkward fact that the CIA has been hobnobbing with Challe, who has been promising not only to stamp out communism in North Africa, but to be an obedient NATO member. It is asserted here that the CIA, in turn, assured Challe that the international repercussions of any French incursion into Tunisia and Morocco would be kept to a minimum.

ALTHOUGH strange things had been happening for weeks, Paris was taken completely by surprise by the events of April 22. Only two days before, Army Minister Messmer was assuring American correspondents in the capital that the Army was absolutely loyal to de Gaulle. De Gaulle himself was relaxing, on the preceding evening, at the *Comédie Française,* watching Racine's *Britannicus.* Then on Saturday, April 22, and especially on Sunday, the wind of panic seemed to sweep Paris and the government. De Gaulle's Sunday broadcast sounded both tough and pathetic, with its "Frenchwomen, Frenchmen, help me!" conclusion. Premier Debré added immensely to the general sense of alarm, but also to the country's determination to turn to de Gaulle as France's best — indeed, only — rallying point. His lurid announcement that paratroopers from Algiers were likely to land at any moment, and his plea to the people of Paris to walk or drive to airfields "to argue with them" proved extraordinarily effective.

General de Gaulle

Doubtless Debré's appeal was ridiculous, but it is just possible that the government did fear paratroop landings, and a variety of precautions were taken at all airfields. Nobody was at all certain what would happen if some paratroopers actually did drop out of the sky. How would the Army and the police react? Would they fight?

My own impression, in retrospect, is that there was an element of bluff in the government's alarmist talk. Nevertheless, immense importance should be attached to the token one-hour general strike, which was intended as a warning to the Algiers conspirators and which the government press — even though the twelve million strikers included several million Communists — hailed as the unanimous upsurge of the French people for de Gaulle. It was partly that; it was even more an anti-Fascist demonstration. There is no question that de Gaulle's personal appeal, combined with the anti-Fascist, anti-militarist outpouring of

Parisian workers must have made an enormous impression on the Army in Algiers.

Practically the whole French Air Force, and certainly the entire Navy, proved loyal to de Gaulle, or at any rate wholly unwilling to support Challe's adventure, which might indeed have plunged France into a civil war. Moreover, de Gaulle's threats of reprisal — of a kind which Coty or Pflimlin had never dared to utter in May, 1958 — made any participation in the venture highly dangerous even on purely personal and professional grounds.

So if, as seems probable, there was a strong element of bluff in the week-end alarmism, it worked remarkably well. The French working class, including the Communists, rendered de Gaulle an immense service despite the bitterness and disillusionment it harbored toward him. The great question now is whether de Gaulle will realize that he was saved by the French people, and that henceforth his regime should seek a broad democratic base, revive democratic traditions, and proceed to a settlement of the Algerian war in a way that will receive popular support throughout France.

TYPEWRITER COMMANDOS . .

by Richard Seaver

IN READING the press columnists on Cuba, two things stand out: the cloddish uniformity of the commentaries, and the frightening attempts to rationalize an act that no amount of theorizing or explaining can ever justify. To prove the point it would be possible to quote papers from coast to coast during the week of April 17-24. But let's take only one, the New York *Herald Tribune*—not renowned for its liberalism, but certainly as good as most of our dailies—for one day, April 24. Besides the regular news dispatches on the Cuban situation, four of the *Herald Tribune's* leading columnists that day devoted themselves to the subject: Stewart Alsop, Roscoe Drummond, Marguerite Higgins and David Lawrence. Each, independently, and we must assume without coercion, concluded that our fault, if fault there was, lay not in plotting an anti-Castro invasion, but in bungling the job.

Headlining his article with "If You Strike at a King"—from an old adage "If you strike at a King, you must strike to kill"—Stewart Alsop first predicates that "the prestige and even the honor of the United States are now obviously wholly committed to Castro's ultimate downfall." Does the statement make sense? Admittedly our prestige suffered severely as a result of the ill-planned, ill-advised, ill-fated expedition. But the one fact that our press seems wholly to have forgotten, or consciously ignored, is that our prestige would have suffered even if the expedition had succeeded; for, to quote Mr. Alsop again, "the obvious American complicity in the Cuban operation" did not pass unperceived throughout the world. And "honor"? If by honor we mean our adherence to action or principles considered right, then I fail to follow Mr. Alsop's logic. Perhaps what he means is that if one wrong does not make a right, then two wrongs must surely do it. That is about the level of the moral assessments being made by our free press these days.

Mr. Drummond sets out to explain just when interference is really non-interference and intervention is non-intervention; or, to make it simpler, when internal affairs are actually external affairs: He writes:

> The point I want to make [he hadn't been making it very well in the first half of his column, so, taking a deep breath, he tries again] is that non-interference in "internal affairs" does not bind us to non-interference in the spread of Communist dictatorship to the Western Hemisphere or in building a Soviet military and political base in Cuba. These two things are not just the "internal affairs" of Cuba: they are the external affairs of every democratic Western Hemisphere country.

To Mr. Alsop's axiom that two wrongs must surely make a right, we must add Mr. Drummond's corollary: what is external is internal, and what is internal is external, *but only under certain conditions.*

Mr. Lawrence takes another tack: first he recognizes the problem, then he proceeds to demonstrate how our action in Cuba is indeed justified, both under international law and by the U.N. Charter. The problem: "Inside the United States—indeed, inside the Americas as a whole—there still is doubt, skepticism and uncertainty over the policy of the United States toward Cuba." In that he is indeed correct. Then he continues:

> The justification for such a step [as the Cuban intervention] is to be found not only in this [the Monroe] Doctrine . . . but in basic international law. American lives and property have been endangered. It is up to the United States to furnish protection not only for the lives and property of its own citizens but for those of other foreign citizens.

And if there is any lingering doubt as to what is meant by the "protection of American lives and property," Mr. Lawrence soon dispels it: "Active protection of American lives and properties in Cuba means an air and sea blockade of all Cuban ports and airfields. But it also means cleaning out Havana and other places in Cuba." (Cleaning it out, no doubt, so that the gangsters, gamblers, pimps and prostitutes who thrived under Sr. Batista can thrive again.) Mr. Lawrence feels that such a "cleaning" would "be a lesson to other countries in Latin America where several demonstrations have been launched, including last week an attack on American newspaper men's offices in Caracas, Venezuela, and the destruction of their property." And after Cuba, Mr. Lawrence,

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shall we move on to Caracas and clean it out, too? Then on to Montevideo? And what about Rio? And don't forget Mexico, right next door. Tomorrow the world. . . .

Perhaps I am being unjust to Mr. Lawrence, for I have thus far failed to present his second legal buttress, the U.N. Charter:

> The charter of the United Nations, moreover, under Articles 51 and 52, gives to any member "the right of individual self-defense." Hence [the *ergo* of Lawrence's *cogito*] an action taken in Cuba by the United States alone in defense of the rights of its citizens is in accord with the basic principles of the U.N. Charter. The only legal requirement is that the move be formally reported to the Security Council, which can later take steps of its own to restore the peace—subject of course, to a United States veto.

Mr. Lawrence, you really figure all the angles.

What about Miss Higgins? In an otherwise dull column, the lady suddenly comes to life in the last paragraph and reveals *her* morality: "The quelling of the anti-Castro 'invasion' . . . was a setback—not because [the invasion] was morally wrong, but because it did not succeed." Thus to Alsop's axiom and Drummond's corollary, we are bound to add Lawrence's law: Any aggression, properly prepared and perversely executed, can *always* be justified by *some* law, and Higgins' hypothesis: Sufficient might makes right; insufficient might makes wrong. *Ergo*, right and wrong are merely degrees of the same thing.

IT IS interesting to note that on page 2 of this same paper, same date—a fact which proves irrefutably that ours is a free press—the following appears:

> Estimates by Sen. Frank Church, D., Idaho, of the Foreign Relations Committee, and Norman W. Manley, Prime Minister of Jamaica, British West Indies, now visiting Washington, [are] that a majority of Cubans probably support Castro. . . . Mr. Manley, during a television interview, said he "wouldn't be surprised" if Castro had 90 per cent of the Cuban people behind him.

If these estimates are true, then in the light of the axioms and laws already granted to the journalists quoted herein, I should humbly like to advance another, which I trust history will remember as Seaver's Third Theorem: If a government has the support of a majority of its citizens, it is obviously non-representative; if it enjoys the support of as much as 90 per cent of the people, then obviously it is corrupt, intolerable, and must be toppled, by any and every means, so that the remaining 10 per cent—as well as foreign investors in the country—may enjoy the pursuit of their inherent and inalienable rights.

NEW INITIATIVE on GERMANY . . *by Geoffrey Barraclough*

London

THE VISIT to Washington of Dr. Adenauer confronted the Kennedy Administration with its first real challenge in the field of foreign policy outside the American continent. In Laos and Vietnam, even in Cuba, stubborn defense of existing positions and a clear warning to the Kremlin that Kennedy means business, may be enough. This formula is not adequate for the German problem: and, whatever importance is currently attached to China, Southeast Asia or resurgent Africa, Germany is still the key to international politics and to East-West relations. There is little hope of moving away from the cold-war postures of the Dulles era without new thinking on the German question; and so far, it must be said, evidence of new thinking is not superabundant. In spite of new men and new policies, the risk is considerable that we may settle down, as the year proceeds, to the old, sterile stalemate.

The difficulty of the German question is, of course, its complexity. At this stage there is probably nothing new to be said about Germany; the need, rather, is for clarity of thought, keen analysis and, above all, for disentangling the different problems which are involved. Many of the difficulties stem directly from confusion among the different aspects of the question. For qualified observers today there are four aspects: Berlin, West Germany's place in NATO and in an integrated Europe, the "two Germanys" and the Oder-Neisse frontier, and the internal political situation. One of the major difficulties is that strength in one of these is thought to necessitate strength in the others, and that any attempt to consider a particular aspect on its merits is held to denote weakening along the whole line. The candid observer who looks back over Dr. Adenauer's visits to Washington beginning in 1955 will probably conclude that their main purpose has always been to maintain this view or (as Bonn would put it) to provide "stiffening" whenever United States policy showed signs of taking a more dispassionate view of the German problem. There is no reason to think that his purpose in 1961 has been different.

Of the four problems I have picked out, some are shorter term and some are longer term, but all are cardinal. Essentially long-term is the internal political situation in Germany, about which only two things need to be said: first, that the surface calm, as most thoughtful Germans admit, is deceptive, and the situation by no means so stable as it looks; and secondly, that the Chancellor is rapidly aging and in the process is losing his grip, with the result that dissident right-wing groups (an example is the so-called *Bremer Kreis*) are more assertive. About this there is nothing to be done immediately, but it is a warn-

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ing to go slow on such issues as an independent NATO (which really means an independent German) deterrent. The short-term issue is Berlin, where it is widely expected that Khrushchev may make a move at any time, and here also there is nothing further to be done, for the new Administration has already made it plain that it does not intend to budge.

Far more complicated and controversial are the other two questions, and it is here that emotional entanglement is apt to interfere with clear analysis. Washington has already indicated in unmistakable terms that it intends to back the European plans of the Six, in which West Germany will necessarily play a leading part; and whatever reservations may or may not be held in London, it will be wise for the British to accept the intention as a fact. There is also no doubt about Washington's intention to strengthen NATO militarily, particularly in the field of conventional forces; and here again the twelve West German divisions are a factor of major importance.

THREE months after the Kennedy Administration entered the saddle, we have therefore considerable clarity in three important fields; but what is lacking so far, at any rate so far as public knowledge extends, is a reappraisal of the political aspects of the German problem. Critics of Mr. Kennedy (and criticism is beginning to raise its head) have some justification on the present record for saying that all the major decisions in foreign affairs so far have been stone-walling in character, that the bulk have been military, and that the program to date looks suspiciously like Mr. Dulles' old one of building up a "position of strength." The answer to this criticism—perhaps the only reasonable answer—is that, so far, we have seen only half the program, coupled with a reminder that the first objective announced in January was to get together with Khrushchev. The confrontation, first optimistically expected in May, has now been put off until the autumn; but it is still high up on the agenda, both in Moscow and in Washington, and when it occurs there will be no avoiding the basic political questions.

What we have to grasp, in the first place, is that a *détente* can be reached without compromising the basic Western position. This position demands absolute clarity that existing Western rights in Berlin will not be surrendered (at any rate, without corresponding concessions from the East); it demands unqualified resolution to keep NATO intact and effective, and no possible shadow of doubt that the territorial integrity and political independence of West Germany is and will remain an unalterable commitment of the Western alliance. What it does not demand is the underwriting of West German claims and aspirations extending beyond these basic requirements of Western security. Specifically, it does not require a refusal by Washington and London to recognize the finality of the Oder-Neisse frontier—particularly as Paris has already taken this step, and the result has not been any noticeable cooling in the relations between de Gaulle and Adenauer. And secondly, it does not mean that we must underwrite the policy of reunification which Bonn has strained all its efforts to present as a rigid Western dogma. Only those Americans—happily a growing number in the last four or five years—who have actually seen things for themselves in Eastern Europe can fully appreciate the disastrous effects of our apparent support of German reunification; but the Polish community of some six million in the United States can testify that there is nothing more calculated to prevent relaxation of tension, for on this the Poles of every persuasion, from the extreme Right to the Communist Left, are of one mind.

THE German case for reunification rests on two hypotheses: first, that the West German state is the legal successor of Bismarck's Reich and of the Weimar Republic, and secondly that the East German government is a puppet regime, without popular backing, which would collapse without Soviet military support. We may argue about the second hypothesis (and wonder also where the Federal Republic would be without American military backing), but the first hypothesis is simply false. The unified German state, as it had existed from 1871 to the fall of Hitler, collapsed in 1945. It would have been possible for the victorious Allies, had they so wished, to have re-established a unitary German state, as they did in 1919. Instead, they decided to leave the decision to a future peace conference which, as we all know, has never met. Whether it ever will meet is an open question. Even if it does—and not many people would wager many dollars on the likelihood—it will have to take account of the fact that, in the meantime, two German states have come into existence which, though we may technically call them "provisional," have been provisional for so long that they can now only be qualified as facts.

THE FIRST question is whether we are going to recognize these facts; the second, what, if we do not recognize them, we are going to do about it. It is perfectly true that we can simply go on as at present, without making any decision; but far from contributing to German reunification, such a policy makes it increasingly unlikely, for with every month that passes the East German republic becomes more firmly anchored. On the other hand, if we do not mean to do anything—and it is not easy to see what specific steps we can take, short of war which no one contemplates—we are certainly doing the German people a disservice by holding out false hopes.

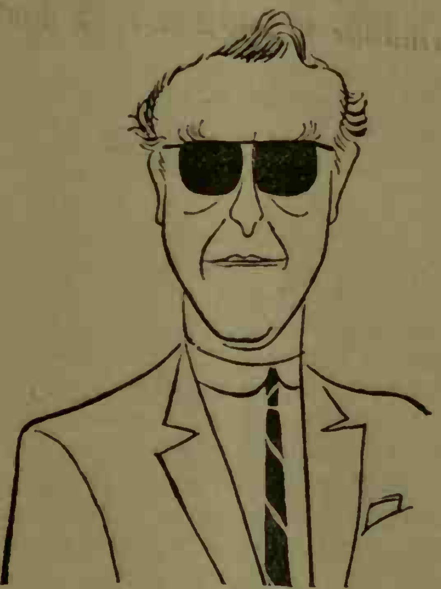
It is often argued in Germany that to recognize East Germany and the Oder-Neisse frontier is to run contrary to the principle of self-determination to which the West is committed. There is no more mischievous or misleading argument. Self-determination is not, and never has been, an abstract principle to be applied without any consideration of other factors and circumstances. In the case of Germany it is simply a matter of historical fact to state that, except under Hitler and by the exercise of Nazi tyranny, there has never been any possibility of bringing all Germans within the boundaries of a single German state. German minorities—many of them expelled in the pre-convention maneuvering. Although Republicans were conceding as early as January, 1960, that a Kennedy nomination would cost them important losses in the state, regardless of the national outcome, Prendergast steadfastly followed the De Sapio line of trying to keep New York uncommitted.

This was a grievous error. Upstate county leaders, who had to get out and fight for the Kennedy ticket, are still resentful that the State Committee kept them under wraps until it was too late to mount successful offensives on the local level for the all-important local offices. And they are further outraged that when New York finally plumped for Kennedy, the State Committee provided them with little or no help. (This is proved by the election statistics. North of the city line, the Kennedy ticket won only where the local organizations, backed in most cases by labor, put on their own shows. In fact, there wasn't a single county upstate that owed a thing to the state organization after the election was over.)

On these grounds, the Kennedy demand for Prendergast's head is inevitable. There are clear indications that the Administration is willing to find a job for Prendergast, an impecunious man who has never managed to set himself up in business; and the odds are that, after appropriate formal refusals, he will accommodate himself to the political realities.

THE CASE of De Sapio is far more complex. As Tammany leaders go, he is clearly one of the best. It would be necessary to go back to the late James J. Dooling, a true but short-lived heir of the great Charlie Murphy, to find a Tammany leader who has been as successful in welding the Democrats into a party.

But De Sapio has serious political drawbacks. In the first place, his early associations are suspect. He was put in office by ex-Mayor O'Dwyer, who left City Hall something less than a hero, and both the Kefauver Committee and the State Crime Commission brought out unsavory associations in the early stages of his career. (Incidentally, given the time and the circumstances, almost every Tammany district leader had to accept such connections to stay alive politically.) Additionally, there are several open political blunders charged against him. On the national scene, he has proved himself something less than adequate. In his two national campaigns — 1956 and 1960 — he deprived New York of its political leverage by indecision: in '56 by sticking to Mayor Wagner for Vice President long after it was apparent that the choice was between Senators Estes Kefauver and John F. Kennedy; and in 1960 by holding out against Kennedy until his arm was twisted to the breaking point.



Carmine De Sapio

But the blackest mark against De Sapio is that he blundered in the 1958 state convention by openly fighting a Governor (Harriman) he was supposed to "own," thus opening the door to the totally unexpected victory of Nelson A. Rockefeller. (At the August Republican convention in that year, such an astute GOP boss as J. Russel Sprague of Nassau County refused to let his star boy, Joseph F. Carlino, now Speaker of the Assembly, run on the state ticket because he feared defeat.)

For that blunder and because he failed to deliver the expected Democratic plurality in New York City last year, De Sapio is now about to pay. And the price has got to be exile from the political scene. De Sapio, who has always craved high public office, could not be tucked away in a federal job without starting the "bossism" fight all over again, with the Kennedy Administration cast in the unsavory role of appeasers.

GIVEN these factors, it is apparent that Prendergast and De Sapio are living on borrowed time. But what gives the matter urgency is the coming mayoralty election in New York City. Mayor Wagner hasn't yet said he is ready to go, but he has pinned his political future on getting rid of De Sapio and that means, almost inevitably, that the Mayor will have to seek a third term before he can hope for political preferment from the national Administration.

This is what is behind Wagner's call for De Sapio's resignation. And Wagner has no doubt of his ability to command renomination, despite hints by De Sapio that another candidate might be entered in the primary. The bald fact is that De Sapio couldn't recruit the other county leaders to fight Wagner for the nomination and, single-handed, he has no chance. Furthermore, De Sapio must know that a primary fight could lead only to disaster. The last time Tammany tried to buck the White House, the city got F. H. La Guardia and the Tiger is still suffering from the wounds. To fight Wagner in the primary would only open the way for another fusion mayor.

Moreover, after you've mentioned Wagner, whom else have the Democrats got for mayor? Controller Lawrence E. Gerosa couldn't even get the support of his own county leader, Rep. Charles Buckley, a Kennedy man from away back. The Controller could, of course, try to run as an independent. He has the money to make the try and claims substantial backing in the contracting industry. But his appeal, if any, is largely to fringe taxpayers' groups and the consensus is that he would suffer the fate of most independents in New York City: oblivion.

So, on balance, it would appear that Wagner is almost certain to come out on top in the Democratic row, with De Sapio and Prendergast retiring to the sidelines.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Toward a Human Order

THE LONG REVOLUTION. By Raymond Williams. Columbia University Press. 370 pp. $5.

Loren Baritz

RAYMOND WILLIAMS has written a book that could not have been written by an American. *The Long Revolution* is alive with a sense of the effectiveness of the individual, of hope, of the relevance of reason to the social process. He is overwhelmed neither by the weight of The Establishment nor by the shortsighted pleasure seeking of The Masses. When American social critics think about the problems of their contemporary society, despair is increasingly the representative result; with us, the individual is often pictured as a creature of his witless and omnipotent society. To an American — or at least this one — the most striking assumption Mr. Williams makes is that there is a social urgency to improved understanding, that tools of social analysis actually will make a difference in real life. For him, accurate perception and reasoned conclusions are not their own rewards; England and the world, he argues, are involved in a revolutionary situation whose outcome depends on understanding. All of which is probably saying nothing more than that he is a Socialist, a member of what is now called in England "the New Left."

AMONG the ingredients that make up the newness of this Left is an abandonment of the revisionist notion that capitalism can be salvaged — altered significantly, but salvaged. Coupled with this is a serious attempt to move beyond political economy, beyond orthodox Socialist liturgics. Mr. Williams argues that "it has been the gravest error of socialism, in revolt against class societies, to limit itself, so often, to the terms of its opponents: to propose a political and economic order, rather than a human order." If socialism continues to be "limited in these ways, it is simply a late form of capitalist politics, or just the more efficient organization of human beings around a system of industrial production." It is with this idea of "a human order" that *The Long Revolution* is concerned.

Mr. Williams shows that the modern mind easily assumes many ideas of conflict that are disabling. His major effort is directed to an exploration of the characteristic relationships of modern English society, relationships which allow him to move beyond such false antagonisms as, for instance, the individual *versus* society, or art *versus* society, or freedom *versus* planning. He means by "the long revolution" the unfolding of democratic, industrial and cultural processes, and the complex interactions among them. In order to consider the enormous range of material demanded by such an approach he was fortunately forced to move, as he said, "beyond the limits of any kind of academic prudence."

It was predictable that he would reject the idea of individualism that is still central to America's understanding of itself. The entire concept of the individual is archaic: "man is born into relationships." It was necessary for Williams to wrestle with the Existentialists' notion of individual authenticity which, he says, was predicated on the idea that man was either a servant or a subject of society; viewed as a participating *member* of a satisfying community, however, man as a social creature may achieve a genuine authenticity. Then, displaying what one learns to expect from him, he corrects for an overextension in the other direction: "If the old individualism artificially isolated the 'bare human being,' there is equal danger in certain trends in the new sociology which isolates the group, the society or the culture as an absolute point of reference." The individual remains unique and sufficiently powerful to shape the society which continues to shape him. The proper point of analysis is precisely on the relationship and, in time, we may learn enough even to dispense with the two distinct abstractions.

It is characteristic of modern individualism, he says, to define itself in negative terms. "There has been a very widespread retreat from social thinking, rationalized by the formula that almost all good things are done by individuals, almost all bad things by societies." Such a position must lead the individual to protect himself from the grinding force of the inhuman and dehumanizing machine. Mr. Williams is tough enough to admit that this position has "great strength and emotional substance," that the very existence of such an idea is proof of "major social failure." Withdrawal and apathy, however, must leave society unreformed. The assumed reality of the self coupled with the assumed unreality of society, the masses, or power, creates the mood which further assumes that "things" can either resist serious change or else can only deteriorate even further. This mood is most congenial to the elites who profit from "things" as they are; power may then be more quietly perpetuated.

TO MOVE from the individual to art is easy enough (though Mr. Williams does it in reverse order), since art is widely held to be the most individual activity left to men. Again it is the relationship that counts: "To succeed in art is to convey an experience to others in such a form that the experience is actively re-created — not 'contemplated,' not 'examined,' not passively received, but . . . actually lived through, by those to whom it is offered." Aesthetic theory characteristically excludes communication "as a social fact." And, for him, communication "is the crux of art." (How one would love to show him through the Whitney.)

Art, like the individual, is a social creature, yet, like the individual, it is unique and powerful. It cannot be understood apart from its social setting but that setting is not determining. "It is then not a question of relating the art to the society, but of studying all the activities and the interrelations, without any concession of priority to any one of them we may choose to abstract." Art and society are not polar terms; both must be grasped if either is to be.

The problem of the assumed bad taste of the Great Unwashed is also unreal. The state of formal culture in England is a direct result of capitalism. To say — and how often have Americans heard this? — that people get or buy or consume what they want misses the essential point. No competition is allowed between good and bad, because quick profits can be had from a massive distribution of the bad. "Most of our cultural institutions are in the hands of speculators, interested not in the

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health and growth of the society, but in the quick profits that can be made by exploiting inexperience." He knows "of no better reason for capitalism to be ended."

Mr. Williams is a man of great faith. *The Long Revolution* is a serious, intelligent and original book. One wishes that the literary style was less club-footed. One could not wish for more penetration or less cant. Should this book occasion as much serious and informed discussion here as it seems to be doing in England, that fact alone might justify his faith.

His conviction that what he calls the Americanization of England can be prevented through the efforts of men of good will and good sense leads me to wonder whether England is actually so much simpler than the United States. Perhaps Americans have been trained to cynicism for so long that any positive policy automatically produces an amused and very sophisticated yawn. Mr. Williams deserves better of us.

The Art in Art

ART AND ILLUSION. By E. H. Gombrich. Pantheon Books (Bollinger Series). 466 pp. $10.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF THE GODS. By André Malraux. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Doubleday & Co. 394 pp. $20.

Harold Clurman

THOUGH these two books are altogether dissimilar in writing, approach and purpose they have something in common. Both lead toward an acceptance of the principles of contemporary art. In effect, both deny that representation is the aim of art. The only period in which illusionism appeared to be the artist's goal was that between 1400 and 1860. Again and again Malraux rings changes on Aristotle's dictum that art seeks "to depict the hidden meaning of things not in their appearance: for in this profounder truth lies their true reality, which is not apparent in their outward forms.... Poetic creation is truer than methodological investigation of that which is." In language closer to Aristotle's than to Malraux's, Gombrich agrees.

For a long time it was supposed that the whole history of art might be summed up as the gradual discovery of appearances. Both Gombrich and Malraux reject this assumption. In other words, if primitive peoples did not make images which more or less accurately mirrored what men and things look like, it was not simply because they did not have the technical knowledge to do so.

Gombrich's thesis, to begin with, is that it is virtually impossible to copy nature in the so-called photographic sense of the word. His book, subtitled "A Study in the Psychology of Pictorial Representation," instructs us that the makers of images always worked from schemata—technical formulas which supply the means whereby an object may be represented. In different periods ever new schemata were adopted as traps to snare reality—though none, as Gombrich shows, is ever to be regarded as identical with it. "Before the artist wanted to match the sights of the visible world he wanted to create things in their own right." Artists are makers rather than matchers.

Gombrich adduces examples from olden times down to our ads and the cartoons of our humorous magazines. The key emphasis of his book is that "all paintings owe more to other paintings than they do to direct observation." The reader is impressed in going through *Art and Illusion* with the vast array of documentation — copiously and handsomely illustrated—which proves that even those works we think of as strictly representational "distort" actuality.

Gombrich's book is not an essay in aesthetics. Its main purpose is to point out how various artists have labored in the technical sense and in what manner the different schemata (or conventions) they employed developed and became useful. Though it is true, as Gombrich suggests, that for many generations the craft goal in art has been the solution of problems in illusion, he does not try to explain why a particular artist or group of artists at a given moment of history will concentrate on a special problem and why a people at a certain time will be most cordial to a particular solution. These are the questions of style and aesthetics.

Malraux's book, which traces a line of development from the ancient Egyptians and Greeks down through to Giotto, Van Eyck and Botticelli, does not specifically seek to answer those crucial questions either. But the way Malraux writes, his flair rather than his doctrine, brings us near the heart of the matter. Malraux is critic-poet rather than an analyst or historian. (Nevertheless his book overflows with historical allusions—too many of them tossed off as if the reader were already acquainted with the antecedent data, and some, we suspect, more akin to feats of imagination than to sober information.)

Malraux refers to art images as forms of Truth. But Truth here does not signify the scrupulous recording of objective reality. In Egypt Truth was the sacred, in Greece it was the divine, in Giotto the essence of the Christian saga, etc. Malraux finds inspired generalizations to describe these terms, and the somewhat metaphysical descriptions are exciting even when they are not inescapably lucid. When he arrives at Van Eyck and Fouquet (who, compared to the ancients, might be classed as representational artists), Malraux again stresses that while we admire their skill for the lifelikeness of their paintings, we revere their genius for creating "that uncharted world toward which all great painters are forever groping their way."

"A sense of the divine, like that of the sacred," Malraux says "is innate in mankind," and he finds it quite easy to present us with the graphic proof of this in the past. But "the aim of this book," he adds, "is to reveal the significance of the fact that man has always sought an answer to the problem set by the spark of eternity implicit in him...."

THAT almost all ancient art had a religious character is something we knew before reading Malraux; so we assume as we peruse "*The Metamorphosis of the Gods* that he will end by telling us that contemporary art has a very different nature. But, on the contrary, he speaks of "all religious art (like ours). ..." His emphasis on the relative unimportance of "the evidence of the senses" as an artistic criterion—the motive of his book in fact—is not intended to support the claims of abstract art practice today but to justify himself, an agnostic, in what is fundamentally a religious quest. Malraux is a doubter in search of a faith.

Is that faith to be art itself? For does not art, through the pains it takes to trace not only a silhouette of our sensory life, but of our dreams and moral inclinations, testify to the immanence of some great superrational truth? Painting in this light might be said to become its own subject and object. This is where Malraux's aesthetic seems to lead. Yet before he settles for this as his ultimate conclusion he would no doubt prefer to revert to the religious premises of his book to find some resolution there for his present impasse.

Gombrich points out that since the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries art has become "the struggle against the schema." In this way he not only explains the gradual breakdown of the notion of a "scientifically" representational art but his own reservations in regard to the most recent non-objective art movements. Art, he believes, aims at expression, but "we cannot judge expression without an awareness of the choice situation" or context. "Where we have no matrix, no keyboard, we cannot assess the meaning of an individual feature. Where everything is possible and nothing unexpected, communication must break down."

Gombrich's systematic exposition comes to a point where it finds its complement in Malraux's dilemma. The absence of a generally accepted graphic schema in contemporary art parallels Malraux's loss of the "sacred and the divine," terms more specific for him than the generalized concept of "religious" yearning. We are nowhere at the moment except for a fanatic conviction that art is art, just as life itself is its own justification. This is a credo that makes little logical sense — only "sensible" or existential sense.

BOTH Gombrich and Malraux's books affirm the proposition that even in such paintings as those of Vermeer, Chardin and Courbet "a picture's value becomes independent of its theme." But to say that a picture's theme is unimportant is not the same as saying that a picture has no content. It is silly to assert that Cézanne was not interested in his apples, but in his *picture*. This not only fails to explain the presence of the apples but the value of the picture. To elucidate a painting solely in terms of tensions, balance, spatial rhythm or color relationship, etc., is in the final account begging the question. It is like discussing literature solely in terms of vocabulary.

The value in art, the *art* in art, lies in its content. In action painting and other non-figurative works some of the content may be found in the very lack of an immediately identifiable subject matter. (Art, we must always remember, cannot be anything but "abstract" just as it is also always "real"; for not even a realistically painted cow gives milk and a pot of paint flung at a canvas has substance.) The enjoyment we experience in looking at a painting, whatever its theme and subject matter or any apparent lack of them, comes from some intimation of its content. The critic's task is to define that content and, if possible, to weigh it in some scale of values of his own creation or choice.

The content of an art work, it is important to add, is not entirely inherent within itself. It is not nor can it possibly be independent of everything else. Even the "abstract" or most subjective painting is to some degree an "imitation"—a reflection of something in the world.

Most art books have very little to do with art as I understand it. They are usually descriptions of surface phenomena or historical exegeses. They do for the graphic arts what certain textual explanations do for literature. Such art books aid us in observing detail, sharpen our perceptions and thus may quicken appreciation. Gombrich's book is a classic in this category. Malraux's book which belongs to that peculiarly French tradition of Baudelaire's poem *The Beacons* (*Les Phares*) that goes: "Rubens, river of forgetfulness, garden of indolence. . . . Leonardo da Vinci, deep dark mirror," etc., etc., is like an ecstatic exclamation through which we decipher an interpretation of what certain works of art mean to one highly sensitized person. Gombrich in his calm gravity may occasionally make us drowsy. The feverish Malraux in his strangely long-winded breathlessness spurting inflamed apothegms becomes irritating at times as well as taxing. His impressionism combines a faculty for rapid Cartesian formulations with an almost delirious mysticism — indicative of the struggle in the man between his brilliant intellect and his spirit hungry for some soul-sustaining (or holy) nourishment.

Stuart Gilbert's translation of *The Metamorphosis of the Gods*, in view of the special nature of Malraux's prose, is an extraordinary performance. The book is wondrously illustrated, but it may be said of the text itself that one must read it several times or not at all.

Poetry To Tell a Story

THE ANNALS OF LOGAN. By Robert Graham. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 216 pp. $4.95.
HORATIO. By Hyam Plutzik. Atheneum. 89 pp. $4.
KO, OR A SEASON ON EARTH. By Kenneth Koch. Grove Press. 115 pp. $1.75.
MADONNA OF THE CELLO. By Robert Bagg. Wesleyan University Press. 88 pp. $1.25.

Walker Gibson

SOME RECENT publications of narrative poetry invite some old questions. Why write a story in verse rather than in good straightforward prose? What advantage does verse offer to the writer with a tale to tell—and what difficulties does it involve? What, after all, is the difference between prose and verse?

To this last, consider a simple, or simple-minded, response. It is a matter of typography. Prose, you see, moves from the left-hand margin to the right-hand margin, and when it gets there it starts again on the next line. These lines are organized by the designer or printer, not the author, and the entire page is decently filled with solid print. Not so, of course, with poetry, where the poet himself makes the decisions: my line shall begin here, and end there. What I have to say, the poet implies, is *special*: it can't just start at the left and end anywhere, according to a printer's ruler — it must go *my* way. And so the page of poetry, as we look at it, contains a large amount of wasted, or anyway empty, white space.

There is inevitable pretension, then, in everything the poet utters. I am a singer, he cries, and I care not for the wastage of white paper. That is all very well for the lyric poet, and all very well for the satirist, who can operate only by echoing the forms of his more solemn brethren. But for the writer of a long poetic narrative — especially a serious one — the peculiar pretensions of the form do pose some serious obstacles. How is one to keep it up, being special? How can one *sing* all the time, when there are all those other fairly mundane matters to deal with, like moving characters from place to place, introducing new scenes, describing people, and all the various chores of the novelist? This double responsibility places a considerable burden on the skill of the narrative poet.

When the skill is lacking, the collapse is far more dismal than in any bad novel. For if the words are flat and familiar, they seem all the more so when placed in lines of verse, surrounded by all that ostentatious white paper. And the shorter the lines, the larger the white space, the greater the collapse. A new book called *The Annals of Logan*, a long and bitter narrative about business life, provides plenty of examples. The prosiest conversation is expressed in dramatically terse lines that exaggerate the flatness:

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He is fortunate
to have sufficient
remaining
talent
to be kept here,

or:

It
is most
disturbing:
That man, Gordon
for the past month, now . . .

It is easy, of course, to pluck from any long poem a few lines that look silly in isolation, but the point is that in *The Annals of Logan* there is no other language against which to measure the triteness of the quoted samples. No narrator intrudes, who knows better. All that hocus-pocus with varied line length cannot disguise the triteness, and in fact accentuates it. The author, Robert Graham, is an ex-executive of several corporations, we are told, now apparently licking his wounds in Mexico; presumably this is his first published attempt at poetry, and it looks it.

WHEN the skill is there, the long poem is considerably more palatable, though problems remain. Hyam Plutzik, whose *Horatio* has just been published, has plenty of skill; he uses a long, loose blank-verse line with a good deal of variety, and he knows what he is doing. In this narrative Mr. Plutzik carries out the somewhat curious desire to speculate how Horatio fulfilled Hamlet's dying command:

> Absent thee from felicity awhile,
> And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
> To tell my story.

So poor Horatio wanders about getting older and queerer, while a lot of people misunderstand his dead hero, some of them quite amusingly. After several adventures, too many of them inside Horatio's own rambling head, he finally figures out that Hamlet meant something else altogether:

> Meaning "Live!" when saying "Live for me!";
> Meaning "Horatio, live and be yourself!"

Mr. Plutzik has some wild and savage Northern drama in this poem, occasionally reminiscent of the tough Norse materials of Winfield Townley Scott's much-admired *The Dark Sister* a few years ago. He also invites comparison with Auden's more philosophical mode in *The Sea and the Mirror*, based on *The Tempest*. But most of all, Mr. Plutzik reminds me of Browning — pretty good Browning too, and there's the rub. *The Ring and the Book* is a wonderful poem, but how many have read it through lately? *Horatio's* 89 pages are a few too many to be supported by what its author has to say to us.

Some of the difficulties inherent in the long narrative poem are avoided by the out-and-out comedian, the satirist on the *Don Juan* model. When the narrator acknowledges with every syllable that he is kidding us, we do not accuse him of pretension, and the lines and rhymes become integral parts of the fun. Of course we can then accuse him of monotony, failing to amuse, an easy hyperbole, and all the other pitfalls of the funny man. Kenneth Koch's recent *Ko, or a Season on Earth* is an enormous *jeu d'esprit* of five cantos and 115 pages that bounces along balancing half a dozen zany plots simultaneously. The plots are world-wide and uniformly incredible, though it does not follow that they are uniformly funny. The best one is about the titular hero, Ko, a young Japanese who becomes a pitcher for the Dodgers and whose fast ball is so fast that it wrecks the grandstands, not to mention the catchers. A pleasant sub-plot concerns some high-school girls in Kansas who decide to go about henceforth without any clothes, to the unalloyed delight of the citizenry of Kansas. Some of the other plots, perhaps inevitably, are harmed by an exaggeration and whimsy utterly unbridled. The ingenuity of the rhymes, for example, is often plain irritating and distracting.

> "I have
> No pitchers left!" he cries, while on Rizitznikov's
> Left shoulder, a canary lands who's rav-
> Ished by the true-life sturdiness and hits it off, 's
> Contented, and he sings. Ko sees a dav-
> Enport inside the cottage with some bits hit off, 's
> Confused, with that and the canary . . .

The canary in this passage seems to me a fine stroke, but the technical obstacles placed before the reader are formidable. Mr. Koch uses the Byronic stanza, and Lord knows Byron handed his readers plenty of obstacles too, and knew, even less than Mr. Koch does, when to call a halt. At the same time, Mr. Koch is a poet and stays one throughout: no one could possibly wish that he had written *Ko* as a novel.

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Robert Graham and the rococo frivolities of a Kenneth Koch, there may be a third way of composing narrative verse for our time that can avoid both these extremes. In *Madonna of the Cello* the young poet Robert Bagg has achieved a number of shorter narratives that are most exciting. They are youthful, romantic poems, and their subject is the violence and sexuality of childhood and young manhood. But their combinations of exuberant wit, parody, literary high jinks on the one hand, with serious feeling on the other, are what give them their special promise.

> Beside the ballads from my radio,
> Heartbroken, but not telling the half of it,
> Angelfish making love in a wobbly bowl
> Reminded me of white hands caressing . . .

or:

> "This *is* May Eve!" What a brilliant thrill that was!
> Tom Gould, for all his whimsy, was out cold,
> And I limped trembling for my brazen glass.

The useful perception of Terry Southern in a *Nation* article last year (April 23, 1960), pointing out the essential comic quality in "serious" novels like *As I Lay Dying*, may bear some implications for the writer of narrative poetry. One way, at least, of *using* the verse form and justifying all that white space is to speak through a narrator's voice that mocks its own singing and jokes at its own pretentiousness. As the novelists have certainly shown us, this does not at all prevent such a voice from speaking finally for a serious and genuine work of art.

The Limited View

BURKE, DISRAELI, AND CHURCHILL: The Politics of Perseverance. By Stephen R. Graubard. Harvard University Press. 262 pp. $5.

B. R. Jerman

IN VIEW OF recent interest in "Conservatism," it is not surprising that a book appears dealing with the three major figures who are thought to have contributed to its development: Burke its father, Disraeli its chief hero and Churchill its latest great proponent in the arena of practical politics. By his own introductory statement, Mr. Graubard's book rescues these three men from their "disciples," shows that the Conservative label applied to them is not wrong but insufficient, discusses the "creative" aspects of their careers, compares their minds and the careers "which developed from them," examines their views "against the background of a rapidly changing political and social order," reveals the changes that occurred in the "popular mood," adds "a new dimension" to the history of Great Britain since the middle of the eighteenth century, etc., etc., etc.

In an intrepid and ponderous fifteen-page introduction, a young historian at Harvard sets forth his grand project: a seventy-page "essay" on Burke, eighty-two pages on Disraeli (the index alone in the unpretentious six-volume life of Disraeli by Monypenny and Buckle runs beyond seventy pages) and seventy-two on Churchill. (The rest is made up of end-papers, acknowledgments, a bibliographical note and an index.) It is not probable that the destiny of Burke or Disraeli or Churchill — or, indeed, Conservativism — is dependent in posterity upon this 262-page digest of their lives and times.

WHEN Graubard speaks of "ideas" and "background" and "dimension," he does not mean in the realm of the history of ideas, a discipline by no means new to historians. He sees Burke as the hireling of Rockingham, Disraeli as motivated by revenge for having been overlooked by Peel in 1841 and Churchill as "a restless adventurer." Nor is he apparently more profoundly acquainted with the workings of the "creative" process. He supposes that poets are victims of the imagination. He sees ambition only in the simplest terms, as personal advancement, which is precisely the way it was seen by the formidable mid-Victorian middle class.

Graubard might not be expected to turn up any new information about his subjects (although a good many historians still manage to work with manuscripts), but it is reasonable to assume that he might be conversant with the old information, conservative though this suggestion may be. He should know, for example, that Burke was in the main stream when in 1756 he attempted to "ridicule arguments which asserted the superiority of natural over political society." This, Graubard says, "was an unorthodox position in the eighteenth century—a time when worship of *nature* and *natural* seemed almost an article of religious faith for those who thought themselves enlightened." Any literary history shows that Rousseau was as yet a small voice, that "primitivism"was a tendency rather than a trend this early, that classical tradition continued to be the mode well into the third quarter of the century.

Graubard is more interested in summarizing the plots of Disraeli's novels and showing that they are "improbable" than in searching into the possible relevancy to Conservatism of *The Voyage of Captain Popanilla,* Disraeli's early speeches on the hustings, his High Radical connection, his association with Lyndhurst, his "Runnymede" letters, or *The Spirit of Whiggism.* It is odd that Graubard can talk about Disraeli's "revolutionary mind" and not his *Revolutionary Epick.*

As to Churchill, the suggestion that he broke with the Tories early in his career because "he much preferred the company of people like himself" needs little comment. Churchill's greatness, not to mention his contribution to Conservatism, lies in the simple fact that he was no ordinary party hack. As A. L. Rowse, the ablest commentator on the Churchills in recent years, points out, he always transcended the narrow limitations of party politics.

It is disheartening that a book on so important a topic should display only a minimum of research and a limited visibility. Even in this age of lobbying, whenever an exciting political figure is again presented for our observation, we are inclined to sit up and take notice, no matter what his politics may have been. A goodly percentage of our politicians have been a dull lot. Burke, Disraeli and Churchill — even "Conservatism" — have already earned our attention, and it seems likely that they will survive.

B. R. JERMAN, author of The Young Disraeli *(Princeton Univ. Press) teaches English at the University of Maryland.*

A Life

for L. K.

Turning aside into the dark
to make a country,
a closed discourse of familiar
sounds, shapes on the
grey windows when it's raining,
enough names to sit watching a
wet street, pointing out men
walking, and to say There,
that is John, come in at last.

ROBERT KELLY

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

JACK RICHARDSON'S *Gallows Humor* (Gramercy Arts Theatre) is a two-faced coin minted from the metal of conformity. Last year Mr. Richardson gave us *The Prodigal* about which the least that might be said is that it showed promise. *Gallows Humor* still promises.

In Part I of the new play the warden of a prison introduces Lucy, a prostitute, to Walter who is to be hung for a capital crime. This is a special service of the particular prison Richardson has imagined for us. The condemned are to be offered the solace of sex before their execution.

Walter rejects Lucy's favor, not out of any ordinary squeamishness but from a sense of protocol. The prisoner was a lawyer who believed in a society and a world run according to fixed rules. These rules, he thought, were inviolate, especially the ones governing the administration of justice. When one day he lost a case in which his client was suing for damages that were clearly due her—lost it only because she was seized with an epic fit of hiccups just before the jury retired for its verdict—the lawyer became unhinged. He was plunged into a state of spiritual anarchy attended by thoroughly irrational behavior and reaching a climax in the brutal murder of his wife. But when Walter was sentenced, order seemed to him to have been restored; life had once again been put back on its proper track. He was thus enabled to contemplate the prospect of his hanging with equanimity. The offer of pleasure with Lucy brings on a renewed fear of disorder: he is on the verge of committing another murder.

The wily and perceptive Lucy is not to be put off: in what amounts to a lightning analysis of Walter's case—his phobia masks a bent toward the enjoyment of chaos which he has gone to extreme limits to quell—she induces him to take her. As he is about to do so he becomes human, humorous and wryly "optimistic."

The moral of this is that the turmoil and distress of existence are preferable by far to the antiseptic perfection of any external law. It is more creative to face the "nausea" of life's anxiety—to borrow the Sartrian vocabulary—than to accept the falsity or "bad faith" of received ritual.

In Part II, which takes place in the executioner's kitchen, the executioner startles his wife and the warden by asking to wear a hood—medieval fashion—in the future practice of his function. This is a symptom, the executioner's wife explains, of her husband's recent rash of restlessness. The man who has for so long been a model of regularity has developed eccentric tendencies toward playfulness, waywardness and carefreeness. Indeed, when the executioner finds the warden making a pass at his wife, he rejoices instead of being outraged. For now he has been delivered of his tightest bond with conformity: he will leave his wife as well as his job—and roam. But he has been bound so long that his bondage has become a habit he cannot break. He is forever its and his wife's slave.

THE related playlets are fluently written (perhaps they suffer from logorrhea) in a manner that suggests—as does the general complexion of the dramatic thinking — strong French influence (Anouilh is evident here, as was Giraudoux in *The Prodigal*). The verbiage and the paradox of the plotting are not without their fun and are certainly not conventional. In this respect *Gallows Humor* is most welcome.

Yet as the words pour out one feels a certain forcing, a willful deliberateness of the mind rather than a spontaneous expression of the spirit. Intelligence is present rather than personality; one feels a studied fabrication of what might be said and what might be deemed a clever way of saying it rather than true originality. But Mr. Richardson is young and may in time develop a content and a speech altogether his own.

The play's performance by three sympathetic actors — Gerald Hiken (condemned man and executioner), Julie Bovasso (prostitute and executioner's wife), Vincent Gardenia (warden) — is entirely proficient, though one is not entirely sure that they are to the manner born.

IF THREE YEARS AGO you missed the Moiseyev Ballet of folk dancers from Moscow you should see them now at the Metropolitan (and from May 16 at Madison Square Garden). They combine youthful good nature, vigor, fabulous strength, technique and discipline with enormous gusto. Their show is joyous entertainment. The number entitled "Partisans" is a masterpiece. The "surprise encore" at the end is a take-off on American rock and roll; it is delicious satire, for the dance is performed with a zest whose significance is quite different from that of our native product.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

SAMUEL BARBER, who is already one of the most extensively recorded of American composers, has been further represented in the catalogues by recent issues from Composers Recordings, Inc. and Vanguard. On the CRI label, Barber's *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* is played by violinist Wolfgang Stavonhagen and the Imperial Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra of Japan. On the reverse side of the record is the *First Symphony*, performed by the Japan Philharmonic Symphony. Both works are led by the young American conductor, William Strickland (CRI-137).

LESTER TRIMBLE was this month awarded a $2,000 grant by The National Institute of Arts and Letters in recognition of his work as a composer.

The Vanguard disc presents five works: the *Second Essay for Orchestra; Music for a Scene from Shelley; A Stop Watch and an Ordnance Map; Serenade*

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for Strings, and the chamber opera, *A Hand of Bridge*. These are conducted by Vladimir Golschmann. The performers are the Symphony of the Air; the Robert DeCormier Chorale; and vocal soloists Patricia Neway, soprano, Eunice Alberts, contralto, William Lewis, tenor, and Philip Maero, baritone (VRS-1065). On both discs, performances are exceedingly good, and so are all technical recording aspects.

Samuel Barber's music presents no barrier to immediate comprehension. It is beautifully crafted, elegant, and obviously intended to win over the listener and to communicate on first hearing. Though Barber is a conservative composer, he usually finds ways to express his individuality without putting aside the palette of generic ideas which are familiar from music of the Romantic and Post-Romantic periods. How he manages to do this is difficult to define: a fragment of harmony here; an unexpected turn of phrase there. It should follow that such music, being essentially backward-looking, is uninteresting and derivative; but that is not the case. Though you may recognize perfectly well that a given technique or texture comes from Brahms or some other Romantic composer, Barber usually employs it to make a statement of his own. He is not an eclectic. Some of the works in his catalogue, such as the opera *Vanessa*, betray an atmosphere of elegant aesthetic fatigue that disturbs me greatly. The chamber opera, *A Hand of Bridge*, suffers slightly from this malaise. (Could it be that the librettos by Gian-Carlo Menotti condition Barber's thinking?) But the main body of his work is possessed of considerable strength, deceptively underplayed.

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The compositions offered on these two discs are convincing testimony of Barber's right to pre-eminence among conservative American composers. The *Violin Concerto* is immaculately written and conceived. It carries almost the exact aesthetic weight of Prokofieff's neo-Romantic *Second Violin Concerto;* indeed, violinists and conductors who are enamored of the Russian work might take a second look at this one as a handsome alternate. It is graceful, high-minded and exceedingly effective. The *First Symphony*, though technically secure in all respects, is less distinctive. Here one sometimes senses too strongly the backlog of Romantic ideas — rather like a cross-breeding of Sibelius, Strauss, Puccini and Rachmaninoff. At a certain point, about half way through the symphony, however, Barber's own personality takes over, and the work suddenly gains authority.

This quality is maintained in the *Second Essay for Orchestra*. In this somewhat later work the ideas are more sharply outlined, and the rhythmic structure exudes more energy. The *Music for a Scene by Shelley* is appropriately elegiac, sensitive and Romantic. It ripples. The *Serenade for Strings*, written when Barber was only nineteen, is naturally less definitive in style than the other works on this disc, but the craftsmanship is just as clean as in the composer's later music. *A Stop Watch and an Ordnance Map*, a work for male chorus with percussion and brass, was set to a poem by Stephen Spender, inspired by the Spanish Civil War. It is a bit too conventional in choral and harmonic style for my taste, but none the less effective.

RCA VICTOR has come out recently with a number of recordings of operatic excerpts. One of these is taken from a 1941 broadcast by the NBC Symphony Orchestra with Toscanini conducting, and Helen Traubel and Lauritz Melchior as soloists. They are heard in excerpts from *Die Walküre* (Act I, Scene 3) and *Die Götterdämmerung* (Daybreak; Brünnhilde and Siegfried Duet; Siegfried's Rhine Journey). There is only one word for these performances: magnificent! I have heard few recordings which compare in musicianship and sheer vocal splendor (RCA Victor LM-2452).

Leonard Bernstein's performance of the Mahler *Symphony No. 4* with the the New York Philharmonic is rather disappointing. Though superficially accurate, it sounds hard-driven. The subtly correct tempi which good Viennese conductors seem to find by instinct, were not apparently available to Bernstein when he made this recording, and the result is a performance which often sounds self-conscious, arbitrary, or forced (Columbia ML-5485).

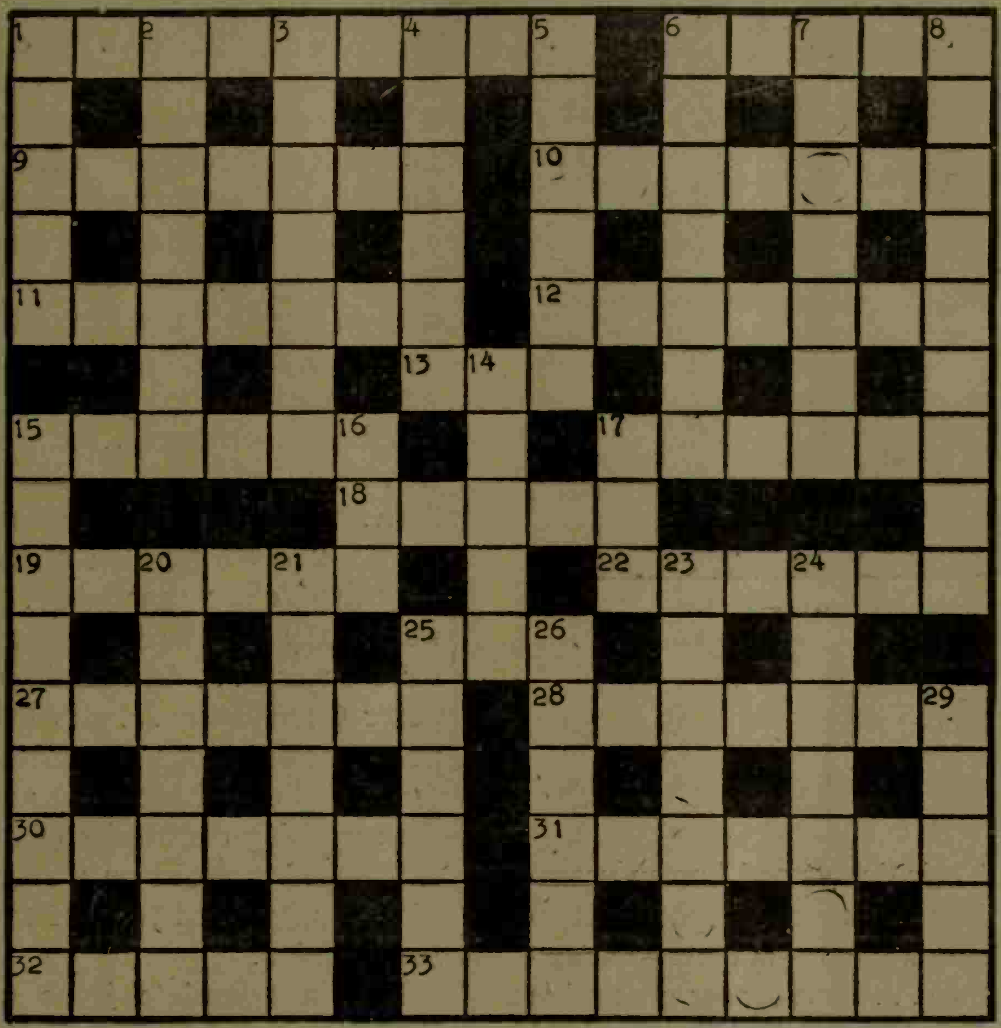
The Grand Canyon

It is still early, yet
Clear waves of heat,
Eye-watering, dilute
What powers drive
The warped pine to the brink.
You, too, must conquer
Involuntary nausea
Before you look. Far under-
foot are your wept-over
Sunsets, your every year
Deepened perspectives, layer
On monstrous layer of mouse,
Marigold, madder—
All petrifying, not
To be approached without
Propitiatory oohs.
By all means undertake
A descent on gargoyle-faced ass-back
To the degrading yellow
River. This first mistake
Made by your country is also
The most sublime.
Just let its convulsions
Mimic your heart's
And you will guess the source.
Be strong then. Find no fault
With the white-wigged, the quartz-
Pated up there, wrapped
In whipping vestments, neither
Man can corrupt
Nor heaven wholly melt.
They have sat a long time
In one of our highest courts.

JAMES MERRILL

Crossword Puzzle No. 914

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Worship, he found, was applied to the old miscreant. (9)
9 and 6 across Evidently speech, for the present. (3, 4, 2, 3)
10 The bad part of "maybe", "yes", or even "no". (7)
11 Allow a sort of comforter after the shock? (3-4)
12 His glen is close to the Scottish sort. (7)
13 and 18 Card gang of old works for light effects. (3, 5)
15 Fashions sound like the things one got over at one time. (6)
17 Great's the word for the old actor!
19 This orchard plot might be familiar to a 17 across. (6)
22 Some say girls who are don't get the sound of it. (6)
25 Franklin said he never would an office. (3)
27 This might tally with a good place for notions. (7)
28 How other Barons lie sometime, in addition to Munchausen. (2, 5)
30 Like a form of silica, you might find a battered pail in one. (7)
31 No kinds of stoppers are, to be sure. (7)
32 Is inclined to be a collection of scoundrels. (5)
33 Is a false story about to create Santa and his helpers? (9)

DOWN:

1 Vicki Baum's was grand. (5)
2 A down-to-earth problem. (7)
3 A particular order of pie is given to me in the abstract. (7)
4 A thing of abomination? (6)
5 and 6 Might they be accidently hit, e.g., with subterranean deposits of flint, properly speaking? (6, 2, 5)
7 It's certainly not to lose in the weakened spirit of childhood's pains!
8 It sounds as though it should grow in strands! (5, 4)
14 Touches but the heart, as outside.
15 Gunny? (9)
16 What the bashful may be missing?
17 Dry? (Soak the end and it will be hidden.) (3)
20 Is the bird not early enough to follow as an example? (7)
21 Inter, as for keeps! (7)
23 Is Hanson a praiseworthy sort? (7)
24 Fetter. (7)
25 Displays a trend which might be hot. (6)
26 The temperament to fool a Marshal? (6)
29 The Elder (poetic) and the Younger (prose). (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 913

ACROSS: 1 Left turn; 5 Tippet; 9 Bengali; 10 Indices; 11 Desists; 12 Traffic; 13 Extravagances; 15 Intercessions; 21 Grapple; 22 Gradual; 23 Inflect; 24 Naivete; 25 Golden; 26 Repartee. DOWN: 1 Libido; 2 Finesse; 3 Transit; 4 Reinstatement; 6 Indiana; 7 Pacific; 8 Test case; 10 Intransigence; 14 Tingling; 16 Tearful; 17 Replete; 18 Ocarina; 19 Student; 20 Fleece.

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AN UNPRECEDENTED REPORT

THE MOOD OF THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

"Returning to Russia after an absence of two or three years, a foreigner is struck at once by the improvement in living standards . . . there is less poverty . . . people are better and more stylishly dressed...on streets, in restaurants and shops, where an abnormal, frightening silence prevailed a few years ago, one now hears loud talk and laughter . . . but the overwhelming majority of Russians would gladly trade whatever glory is theirs . . . for the comfort of a quiet, normal life . . . Their doubts and human yearnings create an atmosphere of tension which is—at times—unbearable . . . The younger generation feels less emotionally committed to the system and better able to evaluate it without illusions . . . Most of the nation is willing to suffer anything—even a tyrannical government—to avoid the nightmare of war, civil or foreign . . . The U-2 incident was not a major shock to the Russian public . . . because spying is such a commonplace of their daily lives."

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LETTERS

Protests on Cuba

Dear Sirs: The Boatrockers Democratic Club of Berkeley has sent a letter to President Kennedy which says in part:

> . . . Your policy of aid to Cuban insurgents . . . strengthens charges of U.S. aggression, gives the Castro government precedent to invite Russian assistance and gives Russia justification to accept.
>
> Only deeds can show that the U.S. wants to be a Good Neighbor. Our deeds should begin with the immediate abandonment of aid to efforts to overthrow the Castro regime. We should also lift our trade embargo . . . and accept the offers of other OAS nations to mediate our differences with Cuba.

John V. McElheney
Berkeley, Calif. President

[*The above is typical of many letters sent by individuals and organizations to President Kennedy, Secretary Rusk, Ambassador Stevenson, Senator Morse, et al., copies of which have been received at* The Nation.—Ed.]

Dear Sirs: Thanks to his shocking measures against Cuba, President Kennedy may have created his own army of revolutionary opponents in exile here at Oxford out of his most enthusiastic former friends and supporters. . . . Our democracy has come to such a pass that the most leftist vote a man can cast turns out to have been in favor of violators of the U.N. Charter, cold-war demagogues and sponsors of a counterrevolutionary invasion of a sovereign state.

John McNees
New College, Oxford, England

Dear Sirs: Which way will U.S. intellectuals jump now? Will the daring "Night Letter Committee" which signed a letter backing the French intellectuals' stand on Algeria (a safe thing to do from afar) take a similar stand in America (an unsafe thing to do) in regard to Cuba?

Gerald Knight
San Francisco, Calif.

The Graft Isn't 'Super'

Dear Sirs: I read with interest the article entitled, "The Federal Highway Program—Super-Graft on Superhighways" in your April 1 issue. Mr. Stanley Meisler has pointed up some of the troubles of the highway program. However, he has tended to overemphasize the actual problems. . . . Since passage of the 1956 Highway Act, there have been over 50,000 contracts awarded on federal-aid road projects and more than 1.5 million people have been directly involved in the operations. Wrongdoings have involved not more than about fifty people. . . . The article does a great injustice to the thousands of dedicated people working for the state and federal governments and for contractors all across the nation. The program is good, and it is sound, and it is being competently administered.

Ellis L. Armstrong
President, Better Highways
Washington, D.C. Information Service

If You See It on TV—

Dear Sirs: By threat of suit, I have compelled two television stations showing *Operation Abolition* to carry the testimony I gave before the House Un-American Activities Committee hearing in San Francisco as to my reasons for refusal to answer certain questions; and to carry the statement that no witness before the committee so much as mentioned my name, no testimony was offered against me, and no charges were made by committee counsel.

As this serves not only to protect me, but to discredit the film and the committee, I hope *The Nation* readers will inform me immediately of any showings of the film scheduled by their local TV stations. As this requires advance notice, perhaps interested persons will glance at the week's listings in their Sunday papers or publicity in TV columns. My address is 233 Lake Drive, Berkeley 8, California.

William Mandel
Berkeley, Calif.

Style Is Not All

Dear Sirs: Kenneth Rexroth's many points about *The New English Bible* [issue of April 8] converge on one point: He doesn't like the way *The New English Bible* says what it says. Its style is bad. Its committee could not write. It is pedestrian. . . . [But] style is no substitute for accuracy and intelligibility. Only the most careful examination of the Greek texts will bring this to the front, and I hope Mr. Rexroth is not going to maintain he knows the Greek texts better than the committee for *The New English Bible.*

Mr. Rexroth's review will go well on the market, for there are always many

(*Continued on page 411*)

Maurice Grosser, now in Europe, has asked us to state that, in preparation for his column on the Barnes Foundation (*The Nation,* March 4), he read *Art and Argyrol* by William Schack, and wishes to give credit to that source for a number of background facts contained in his essay.
—Editors.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

So the People May Know

That there has been a failure of intelligence of all types about Cuba—of the press, of government intelligence services, of the diplomatic variety—is a conclusion that will now be generally conceded. Until almost the last hour, we misjudged the strengths and weaknesses of the Batista regime. The failure of official intelligence dramatized in the recent invasion fiasco merely highlights our continued ignorance of what is going on ninety miles from our shore. No doubt specific reasons could be assigned for the Administration's failure to be properly informed: too much reliance may have been placed by both the Eisenhower and the Kennedy Administrations on the information and counsel of refugees (notoriously lacking in objectivity), or on the insights of executives and board members of corporations recently divested of their Cuban holdings. Whatever the explanation, the fact is that the problem of obtaining accurate intelligence about Cuba is now more acute than ever. If the President wants to build support for the measures his Administration may take in the future, he should act promptly to restore confidence in the intelligence upon which he intends to base his actions.

The President has honorably accepted full responsibility for the ill-fated, ill-advised, invasion fiasco; but he should go one step further and accept the challenge of a test of the reliability of his intelligence sources. To this end, let him send a commission of distinguished Americans to Cuba. Let the members examine Cuba from tip to tip. Let them report their findings not only to the President (whose primary reliance must still be on official sources), but directly to the public. The individuals selected should be well known; they should be open-minded; above all, they should not be fettered by ideological blinkers of the kind that obscure social, economic and political realities. ("To a far greater extent than they would like to admit," said the London *Observer* recently in an editorial, "our American friends are the prisoners of an ideology almost as narrow as that of the Communists and just as fervently believed.")

Merely to indicate the kind of individuals that might be selected, we would mention such educators as Dr. Clark Kerr (president of the University of California), Dr. Barnaby C. Keeney (president of Brown University), Dr. Ethan A. G. Shepley (chancellor, Washington University), Dr. Millicent McIntosh (president of Barnard College), Dr. Wallace Sterling (president of Stanford University); publishers like Palmer Hoyt of the Denver *Post*, Barry Bingham of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Alicia Patterson of *Newsday* and Eleanor McClatchy, president of the McClatchy Newspapers; farm leaders such as James Patton, Roswell Garst and Murray Lincoln; labor leaders such as Al Hays, president of the Machinists, and Ralph Helstein, president of the Packinghouse Workers; independent industrialists such as Thomas J. Watson, Jr., of IBM, George Romney of American Motors and James F. Lincoln of Lincoln Electric; civic leaders of the caliber of Judge William Hastie (Third Circuit Court of Appeals), Stanley Mosk (Attorney General of California), Father John F. Cronin (National Catholic Welfare Conference), Judge David Bazelon, Judge Curtis Bok, Agnes Meyer; financiers of the type of Eugene S. Williams (president, St. Louis County National Bank) and David Rockefeller; editors of the standing of Vermont Royster of *The Wall Street Journal*, Lindsay Hoben of the Milwaukee *Journal*, Larry Fanning of the Chicago *Sun-Times*; some authentic Latin American experts (Dr. George Sanchez of the University of Texas is a name that comes to mind). There are no end of good names.

That the appointment of such a commission would be unorthodox, perhaps even unprecedented, would simply add, we believe, to its potential for restoring world confidence in American intentions.

Single Standard for Dictators

The Nation has never supported Fidel Castro unreservedly or gazed on him with starry eyes. It has merely opposed the idiotically conceived and stupidly managed effort to overthrow him by force. Amid the howls of the frustrated and belligerent, such a position is certain to be identified with one of love and admiration. It is nothing of the kind. Castro has to his credit some great and lasting accomplishments in Cuba and these *The Nation* will never forget; but neither will it condone his follies. After his victory, he added to the count of the latter with a sentiment which was as bad as its timing. He said to his followers, as one commentator paraphrased it, "You don't need elections—you've got me." He was handing his enemies abroad a stick and inviting them to beat him. Of course they did, and this time he deserved what he got.

But before we cast Fidel, the leftist dictator, into outer darkness, let us review our own relations with dictators and see whether our ardor may not be somewhat dampened. In Nicaragua, as we have seen, we have kept Somoza in power. In Cuba we supported Batista almost until he took off for Ciudad Trujillo, and it was only then that we began to look askance at the Dominican dictator who was temporarily Batista's host. And how about Saudi Arabia, South Korea, South Vietnam, Guatemala, Haiti, Portugal, Spain? The roster of *our* dictators is long, the money we have spent in shoring them up runs into the tens of billions. Who are we to talk about dictators?

As for elections, *The Nation* is all for honest elections, but phony elections do not warm its heart. Recently the State Department rejoiced at the election victory of Ngo Dinh Diem in South Vietnam. If anyone believed that this was an election, he can believe anything. In Laos, there was a fairly honest election which did not go to our liking: a neutralist government was installed. We intervened with military advisers, arms and an inexhaustible treasury, overthrew the legally constituted government and put in a Western-oriented regime. When our puppets proved shaky, we became sweetly amenable; now we are willing to settle for a neutralist government, which in all likelihood will be headed by the same Premier we went to such lengths to overthrow.

We may, for a time, bemuse ourselves with the notion that between two kinds of dictators, the White or counterrevolutionary, and the Red, there is a great moral gulf. The good dictators are those who are with us, the bad dictators are against us. To much of the rest of the world, unfortunately, this will look like a double standard established primarily for our military convenience. If we believe in democracy and support its adherents everywhere, if we abhor dictatorship and oppose it everywhere, we may not triumph, but no one will despise us. All that is certain is that our present course of expediency will only convict us of hypocrisy and, as Cuba shows, will not even prevail militarily.

The Great Illusion

Norman Angell wrote a book by this name; his great illusion was war itself. Mankind has not yet learned that war is a most unsuitable instrument for settling disputes between nations, but one kind of war is rapidly becoming obsolete—the assault of a great power on a small one, whether directly or by means of a disaffected minority. The great power may indeed be victorious, as the Soviet Union was in Hungary, but the obloquy incurred is a high price to pay for victory; it may be that if the Russians had it to do over again, they would send in negotiators rather than tanks. When the great power not only foments an invasion, but must stand by while its agents are defeated, there is no comfort at all in the outcome, but there is a moral. Senator Frank Church (D.-Idaho), a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, after listening to four hours of testimony by Allen Dulles, Director of the CIA, and Richard Bissell, Deputy Director for Plans, summed up the lesson succinctly. "The Cuban briefings during the last few days," said Senator Church, "led me to conclude that a dual mistake was made. Communism can't be shot down in Latin America. It must be shown up—and this should be the object of our policy."

Fine; propaganda is everyone's privilege, and sheds no blood. But the other part of it—"Communism can't be shot down in Latin America"—is irrefutable. It is even an understatement. Latin America seethes with people who, for reasons of the not too distant past, love to see Uncle Sam take a pratfall. George Southworth of the *Miami Herald,* in a dispatch from Managua, Nicaragua, in *The Washington Post,* writes, "If people here were not afraid to talk, a great many of them would tell you they are glad that Fidel Castro beat the Cuban invaders. They are glad—not because they want a Fidel Castro to run their own country—they are glad because Fidel showed that Uncle Sam doesn't run Latin America." Some Nicaraguans were not afraid to talk. Julio Vivas, a leading radio announcer, told Southworth: "The only reason the United States didn't lose any prestige here because of the Cuban fiasco is because the U.S. didn't have any prestige in Nicaragua to lose." Others interviewed told why. It was because they blame the United States for keeping the Somoza dictators in power for the past twenty-five years.

The most important practical lesson, however, is that by trying to shoot its way back into Cuba by proxy, the United States has immeasurably enhanced Castro's prestige, put ideas into the heads of restless Latin Americans, and vastly increased the chances of what it fears most—the spread of Castroism to other Latin American countries. "Just wait," said a Nicaraguan attorney, "until the day that a Fidel Castro comes along here with some social reforms." By using Nicaraguan bases in its CIA-managed invasion, the United States has brought that day nearer. If our leaders are wise, they will accept defeat—and not make the same mistake in some other form.

Nothing to Negotiate?

When the victorious Castro announced that he was ready to sit down with President Kennedy and talk peacefully about future U.S.-Cuban relations, he was quickly slapped down with a typical Lincoln White aphorism: "Communism in this hemisphere is not negotiable." Either as diplomacy or as propaganda, his rejoinder left something, in fact everything, to be desired. Our relations with Cuba are anomalous, but when we broke off direct diplomatic intercourse we did not move Castro to Betelgeuse while we remained on this planet. His country and ours are still only ninety miles apart, as we are daily reminded by those who view the proximity of "communism" with such horror. A certain amount of passenger traffic continues by sea and air; those great statesmen, the Longshoremen of New York, recently recognized the fact by refusing to load a ship bound for Cuba. There are still several hundred Americans in Cuba, and they are in no more physical jeopardy than, say, a New Yorker walking in Central Park after nightfall. The best-known industry of Tampa, Florida, remains the manufacture of Havana cigars, made from huge quantities of tobacco leaf imported from Cuba. American corporations have claims against Cuba aggregating about a billion dollars; if it is not feasible to get back their property by sending in the Marines, someone must try to make the best deal possible—or does Mr. White prefer to write the whole thing off? Then there is the naval base at Guantanamo. We occupy it under a lease, we pay rent, several thousand Cubans work there, and American surface ships and aircraft come and go freely.

There are certainly numerous topics for serious discussion. Lincoln White, normally a talkative man, may find Castro's Cubans so offensive that his vocal cords fail him, but Frank Kowalski (D.-Conn.), one of our most intelligent Congressmen and a former Regular Army colonel, is not so squeamish. "Historically," he acknowledges, "the United States has always feared the presence of an alien force on Cuba." Indeed, this was one of the nightmares of the Founding Fathers. But we must face the realities of the situation today, however unpleasant they may be. "The last invasion failed to communicate its objectives to the people of Cuba," Mr. Kowalski continues, "and future invasions . . . will have the same difficulties. . . . There must be an alternative. . . . If we could have negotiated in the past, why not now? How will we know whether some acceptable *rapprochement* is not possible unless we try? I am inclined to think that this country might well exercise a little restraint and patience with Cuba. . . . Castro may be an unpleasant irritant, a thorn in our side, but I certainly hope no one believes Cuba is a serious challenge to the United States."

If Mr. White would stop issuing statements and listen to Mr. Kowalski instead, and then pass on to Messrs. Rusk and Bowles what he has learned by this simple and inexpensive expedient, the State Department might be able to advise the President to better effect, and the United States might present a far more seemly diplomatic posture before the world.

Perfidious Albion

In the trade press of the advertising industry, hands are being wrung and anguished cries rise to heaven. A hideous crime is being plotted in England and may spread to the United States. The nature of the crime is such, however, that its existence, or even its premeditation, is best kept from the general public; thus not a line appears in any American newspaper, not a word is heard on radio-TV. Britain's Conservative government has slapped a 10 per cent tax on television advertising. The *Conservative* government has done this! Labor, of course, approves: Laborite Harold Wilson, speaking on government finance, declared that his only criticism was that the tax didn't go far enough; he would like to see it applied over a wider field. Both British and American advertising men see the TV-advertising tax as the thin edge of a wedge which may ultimately be applied to the entire output of the $10 billion advertising industry of the United States (see article by Peter Dorner on page 404), as well as the smaller British industry, which cowers like a virgin awakening to see a gorilla leaning over her bed.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Selwyn Lloyd announced the new tax on April 17 in his budget message. It is expected to produce revenue of £8,500,000 ($23,800,000) a year. In the United States this would hardly suffice to launch a campaign for a breakthrough in cigarette filters, but in Britain it is real money. More important in the long run (and more money in the long run, too) is the principle of the thing. R. A. Bevan, president of the Institute of Practitioners in Advertising, as the British trade association is quaintly called, declared, "Advertising is an essential link between the mass production and mass consumption necessary to keep our economy vigorous and expanding. No one therefore can welcome any tax which discriminates against advertising."

An added difficulty is the question of who will pay. The Tory government has served official notice on TV program companies, making them responsible for the collection of the tax, but these creators would prefer to pass the buck to the advertisers, to whom the idea borders on the repulsive. Thus the impost will, in the words of the London correspondent of *Advertising Age*, constitute "a severe test of client-media . . . relations." Both sides are ready to give their all in the cause of mass consumption, but neither is eager to put its tithe into the collection plate.

In the United States, the television industry is about to increase station breaks from thirty to forty seconds and, if the FCC does not raise a bureaucratic hand, to slide in a third spot announcement. It is perhaps just as well that the British offense against free enterprise has not been publicized among the TV viewers. They might approve.

LET'S TAX ADVERTISING . . *by Peter Dorner*

THE IDEA of a tax on advertising has never suffered from lack of enthusiastic proponents. Recent literature indicates that its advocates are growing in number. The call has been heard across the land — from Baltimore to San Francisco, from Maine to Texas. Proposals have been made by such diverse interests as state and municipal legislative bodies, economists, journalists and others.

Nor is the idea restricted to the United States. In March, 1961, the Fabian Society of London recommended it in a pamphlet entitled, "A Tax on Advertising?", in which the author discusses a variety of such taxes presently imposed by some European countries.

Similar measures have been enacted in the United States; some have been declared unconstitutional, others upheld, by the Supreme Court.

What is behind this increased interest in a tax on advertising?

In the last decade, U.S. business firms have doubled their advertising expenditures. In recent years these outlays have totaled between $10- and $11 billion annually and have been growing at a more rapid rate than either gross national product, personal income or personal-consumption expenditures. Throughout the 1950s, more money was spent on advertising than on research and development by government, industry and all universities combined. [According to Senator Howard W. Cannon (D., Nev.), the defense industry alone spends $500 million yearly on institutional advertising. —EDITORS.]

Not only have dollar magnitudes grown, but advertising expenditures as a *per cent of total sales* have been increasing. Advertising expenditures of manufacturers of food and kindred products increased from $337 million in 1947 (1.11 per cent of total sales) to $808.1 million in 1957 (2.03 per cent of total sales). In the same ten-year period, advertising expenditures of food retailers increased from $49.4 million (.48 per cent of total sales) to $233.5 million (.92 per cent of total sales). In 1957, tobacco manufacturers spent more than 5 per cent of total sales on advertising; beverages 4.9 per cent; chemical and allied products 3.6 per cent; motion pictures 3.6 per cent; household furnishing (retail) 3.3 per cent; etc.

THE INCREASINGLY large outlays for advertising raise the question: Is this the best use we can make of our resources at a time of national crisis? If not, so proponents of an advertising tax argue, the least we can do is to impose a levy which will generate some needed public revenues.

Excessive advertising outlays are in part responsible for draining resources into channels irrelevant for meeting the challenge imposed by our leadership of the free world. We can neither impress nor lead the hungry, ideologically "uncommitted" millions by increasing our advertising budget. We can win their confidence only as we produce items and services important to social welfare, both at home and abroad.

It is difficult, to say the least, to raise funds for such vital public purposes as education, foreign economic aid, medical care and research, urban reconstruction, pollution control and the like. At the same time, judging by their rapid growth, increasingly large advertising outlays are generated within the private sector with much less effort. The expenditure of public funds for the public good is constantly under attack, while advertising expenditures are defended as "costs" necessary to the survival of our system. This is one of the paradoxes of modern-day capitalism.

We are indeed a wealthy society. It is only in a wealthy society that excessive advertising is possible. But the issue is not how much we have, but the uses to which we put it. To re-establish what Professor Galbraith has called "social balance," we *must* devote more resources to the provision of public services and less to the provision of privately produced consumer goods. The present magnitude of advertising expenditures impedes this kind of reallocation.

BUT THE consequences of excessive advertising are not confined to the imbalance between the public and the private sectors of the economy. The investment pattern *within* the private sector is also distorted.

As a society grows more affluent, the demand for an increasing number of consumer goods reaches a state of extreme inelasticity. That is to say, consumers become relatively insensitive to changes in price. Most food items (and certainly food in the aggregate) are characterized by an inelastic demand. While advertising expenditures by food processors and retailers over the 1947-1957 decade increased by 270 per cent, the index of per capita consumption of food remained almost constant (1947-49=100 and 1957=102). Thus, much of this advertising is not only socially barren, but it becomes fruitless even to the firms involved since, in the aggregate, its effects tend to cancel out.

It will be argued that food is an exceptional case, since the human stomach is itself inelastic. But there are limits to the consumption of durables as well. The psychological status of goods changes as people grow wealthier. Prestige and luxury items are gradually transformed into everyday necessities. As this occurs, consumers evaluate the goods in terms of their utilitarian qualities. This is accompanied by intensification of manufacturers' efforts at planned obsolescence, an enormously wasteful process.

There is an additional point for concern in that the largest and most powerful firms are also the ones with the largest advertising budgets. In 1957, over 30 per cent of the $10.3 billion total outlay on advertising was spent by 383 firms. One of the largest firms, with an advertising budget of more than $104 million, accounted for a little over 1 per cent of all advertising in the nation. Thus the industrial giants can use their

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PETER DORNER is an economics teacher and researcher at the University of Wisconsin in the field of resource-use and economic development.

advertising budgets for maintaining and exploiting a position of economic power. This leads, in turn, to the increasing domination of many industries by a few large firms that can effectively bar the entry of new firms and new competition.

ADVERTISING expenditures tend to support inflation. Many of our largest firms dominate the markets in which they sell their goods. They set prices and maintain profit levels by passing on higher costs to the consumer. This is achieved by product differentiation and large advertising expenditures. Cost increases, in turn, are accompanied by increased advertising in order to maintain sales.

Aside from its inflationary effect, heavy advertising tends to divert industrial research into irrelevant projects — making one toothpaste "different" from another, for instance. (Since price competition has been abandoned in monopolistic markets, the differentiated product is today the main vehicle of competition in most consumer-goods industries.) Such product differentiation can, of course, be meaningful, and sometimes it is — but most often it is nonfunctional and therefore wasteful. Placing a tax on advertising would reduce the effectiveness of this medium as a competitive weapon by increasing its cost. More funds could then be devoted to *useful* research — i.e., research concentrated on basic problems and new products, rather than on minor, nonfunctional changes in old products. Here is a form of competition from which the consumer could derive genuine benefit, and one which will become increasingly important if we are to remain competitive with the thriving economies of Western Europe.

It is popularly assumed that increased advertising outlays help to maintain full employment. But employment levels and the rate of economic growth in the 1950s refute the assumption. The fact is that the advertising race reflects merely the attempt of various firms to maintain their *relative* shares of the market; in the aggregate, the advertising outlays of close competitors cancel out.

Each of the recession years, 1949, 1954 and 1958, shows a slower rate of growth in advertising expenditures than do the non-recession years of the past decade. There is ground for arguing that advertising accentuates, rather than diminishes, the cyclical fluctuations in business activity.

The argument of the potency of advertising to keep the economy in high gear rests on the false assumption that government could not, and should not, take up any slack that might be created by a reduction in advertising. But some of our greatest investment needs today are in the public sector and can be met *only* by government.

THE CASE for a tax on advertising is not unimpressive. Yet, relative to the frequency with which the idea has been advanced, why has it so infrequently been put into practice?

In this country, recent taxes on advertising have been levied against the advertising agencies and/or the communications media rather than against the manufacturer. To be consistent with the case made in favor of a tax on advertising, the tax *should* be levied against the manufacturing firm. It is the manufacturer who administers prices, allocates funds between advertising and research, and institutes policies designed to raise the barriers against new competition. If it is to affect the policy, in these fields, of business firms, the tax should increase as the firms' advertising outlays increase.

There is an additional weakness in taxing the agencies and/or communications media. It raises, inevitably, the Constitutional questions of freedom of speech and press.

The question of which governmental unit should levy the tax is also important. In all recent cases, it has been levied by states and municipalities. This fact explains why the tax is not levied against the manufacturer. A firm outside the political boundaries cannot be reached by the tax, even though its products are marketed within it. Furthermore, states and municipalities are eager to retain their industries and are forever attempting to solicit new ones; even where the tax is levied on the media, opponents will play up the idea that it is a tax on "business growth." In practice, local governments have found it extremely difficult to enact such a tax in view of the intense local opposition. Even where imposed, it has commonly been so mild as to be ineffective.

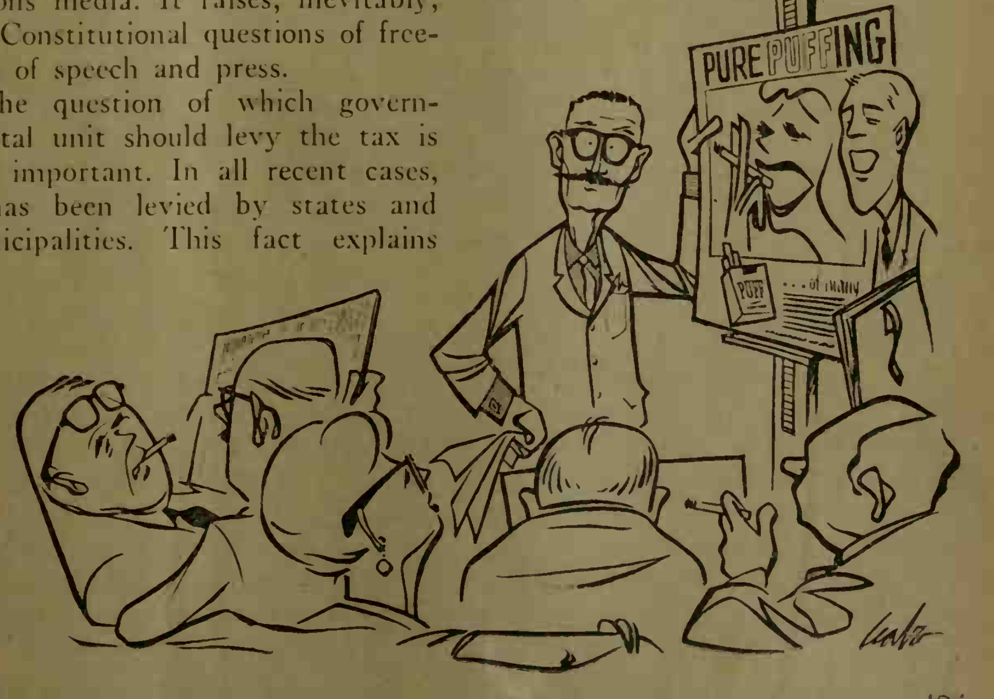
If a tax on advertising is to yield substantial amounts of revenue and affect the decisions of business management, *it must be levied by the federal government against the manufacturing firm whose product is being advertised.*

The simplest way to accomplish this would be to place limits on the amount of advertising expenditures permitted as cost deductions by business firms. Since these deductions are largely a matter of Congressional permission, Congress has the necessary power and authority to change them. This is the essence of tax-loophole-plugging.

The following provisions might be incorporated in such legislation:

1. The tax should be introduced gradually over a period of years.

2. Only advertising expenditures exceeding a certain limit would be



taxed (the limit to be defined as a percentage of sales).

3. Expenditures in excess of the limit could not be deducted as costs and would consequently be taxed at the going tax rate.

4. The tax should be graduated in order to give a relatively small new entrant into an industry an advantage (the limit as a percentage of sales could be varied according to dollar volume of sales).

5. A floor to dollar-sales volume should be fixed below which firms would not be subject to the tax.

6. Because of the diversity in market structure, the legislation would have to be specially adapted to each industry.

A proposal to disallow tax deductions for certain advertising expenditures may appear radical. But this is only because of our historical conceptions of cost. Economic theory was developed at a time when firms were small and economic activity less concentrated. Furthermore, the existence of widespread poverty, and scarcities in all the basic necessities of life, focused attention on costs and efficiency of production. There was little need for advertising in such an economy. Thus, there was no reason to differentiate between production and selling costs.

The criteria in our present income-tax laws are based on the definitions of cost appropriate to this earlier period. Given the present market structure and the magnitude of selling expenditures, the distinction between production and selling costs is now well recognized in economic theory. It should also be recognized in the income-tax laws.

EYEWITNESS IN HAVANA . . *by Leo Huberman*

I ARRIVED in Havana on the evening of Friday, April 14. At about 6 A.M., the next morning, three airbases on the island, one of them in Havana, were bombed by B-26 airplanes. The State Department announcement that the pilots were Cuban Air Force men who had defected that morning was as accurate as later dispatches by the American press associations on what happened in Cuba following the attempted invasion at 2 A.M. on Monday, April 17. Of some twenty-five completely false dispatches by the AP and UPI that I have seen, I select two to prove the point:

> MIAMI, April 17. (AP)—There is information that there is fighting in the streets of Havana.
>
> MEXICO, April 18. (UPI)—The luxurious Hotel Havana Libre in the Cuban capital has been totally destroyed after an air attack on Havana.

I rode and walked through the streets of Havana from the evening of April 14 when I arrived, until the afternoon of April 26 when I left. There was no fighting anywhere, any time. I lived in the Havana Libre that entire period — quite a trick, isn't it, to eat and sleep in a hotel that has been "totally destroyed"?

LEO HUBERMAN is co-editor with Paul M. Sweezy of the magazine Monthly Review. *In their book,* Cuba—Anatomy of a Revolution, *they predicted that an invasion of Cuba would be attempted — and would fail.*

Let me tell you what really happened, what I saw with my own eyes.

Following the bombing of the three air bases, government leaders guessed correctly that an invasion attempt would soon take place. They quickly alerted the army and the militia. On the rooftops of nearby high buildings, from the terrace of my hotel room on the sixteenth floor, I saw anti-aircraft guns readied for action with their crews standing by on a round-the-clock basis.

The weather was delightful during my stay, unusually cool and crisp. Outwardly, life in the city went on as usual. If there had been no sandbags in front of important buildings, and if the radios had not been blaring the latest battlefront news, the casual observer would never have known the country was in a state of war. You rode the buses and taxis, ate in the pleasant INIT restaurants in the parks, went to the movies, swam at the new public beaches, visited friends and, in general, carried on business in the ordinary way. The giant newspaper headlines, the radio, and the militiamen who stopped and searched you as you entered a hotel or government office building or apartment house—these were the daytime reminders that these were unusual days.

At night there was tension in the air. You saw many more armed men and women in militia uniform; behind the sandbags there were more crouching figures; if you rode in a private car, you were occasionally halted by militiamen and asked for identification; and, in the big apartment houses, teen-age girls and boys, with guns, were running the elevators and looking you over with their accustomed courtesy—but a little more carefully than usual.

Always, of course, behind the seeming calmness, there was the continuing fear that "tonight we may be bombed." The notion of bombs falling in bright daylight seemed somehow incongruous, but sundown always brought apprehension. Our most frightening experience came on Tuesday night, the day after the invasion began. I was just sitting down to dinner at the home of Cedric Belfrage, correspondent for the *National Guardian*, when his wife, Mary, said, "Isn't that a plane?" We rushed to the window of his seventh-floor apartment, and there it was—a big unknown plane about a mile away. In a few minutes there was a knock at the door and we were advised to put out all the lights. We did so, pulled shut the curtains, and watched the plane until it disappeared. Then we sat down to eat by candlelight.

Occasionally we went to the window and looked at the city. Most of the apartments in our building were dark, but nearby buildings were all lit up. A friend came and suggested that we have a look at the garage below the building which was to be the shelter if bombing began. We had our look and returned to the Belfrage apartment. I was relieved when a Chilean journalist friend turned up at midnight in his militia uniform and drove me home through streets darker, and patrolled more heavily by militiamen, than usual.

WEDNESDAY night we learned that the fighting was about over and the invasion army had been defeated. The next morning, a large group of journalists, including Belfrage and myself, were taken to the battlefields where we saw the piles of captured U.S.-made rockets, bazookas, machine guns, grenades, ammunition, food. We interviewed the prisoners (every so often a truckload of newly captured prisoners was brought in) and learned that their reception was not at all what they had anticipated. They had been led by the CIA to believe that once they landed on the beach, they would be greeted with open arms by the people, and that Castro's militia would prove sympathetic. Instead, the Cuban Air Force had attacked them almost immediately; the Cuban artillery fire, when it reached the scene, was deadly accurate, and the militiamen had fought like devils. One of the prisoners said, "When we met the first bunch of *milicianos*, we told them you must surrender. They shouted '*Patria o Muerte*' and started shooting."

At the battle front we were introduced to a kid with a mud-covered round face who, we were told, had been in the battle for several days. He was thirteen years old. I asked him how he happened to be in the fighting at so young an age. He replied that he was a student at the anti-aircraft school where the age limit was thirteen to twenty-one.

One was struck everywhere, on the battlefront and in the cities, by the youth of the girls and boys in the militia. The Revolution was made by young people; it has been administered, in the main, by men and women in their twenties and thirties; and now it is being defended by youngsters reaching down to adolescent age. Everywhere you go, the people carry arms and they carry them with such seeming carelessness that you're always a bit nervous that you may be shot by accident. I remember one anxious moment while talking to a sub-minister of education in his office, when he took off his holster and put it on the desk with the revolver pointing straight at me. I could pay no further heed to what he was saying until I reached over and pointed the gun in another direction.

The most exciting event of the invasion season was the nightly TV program of interrogation of the prisoners by the editors of the leading newspapers — a spectacle unlikely to have been put on anywhere else in the world. Cubans love to talk; now they had the opportunity, and they took advantage of it. The parade of witnesses was fascinating: here were the sons of the well-born and the rich come back to retrieve their fortunes—their names and faces familiar to the millions who sat breathlessly before the screen; the adventurers, the Foreign Legion type who fight anywhere for pay; the former Batista policemen and Army men (one of them, piously denying that he had ever tortured anyone, being confronted with several of his victims: "Don't you remember me," shouted an enraged woman. "Don't you remember when you kicked me with your boot and crushed my breast-bone?"); two Spanish priests in the now familiar spotted dark and light green camouflage uniform of the invaders (one of whom behaved like a man and the other a cowardly caricature who pleaded that he be allowed to live so he could "cut cane and atone for my sins"); the voluble, penitent, bitter Cuban who spilled his guts in an engrossing recital — how he had lived in the United States for several years, gotten into some trouble, and had thereafter been visited by FBI and CIA men (he gave the names, dates and places) who had forced him into military intelligence and into the invasion army.

Most of the Cuban people, the CIA to the contrary notwithstanding, are behind the Revolutionary Government with a fervor that makes the words "*Patria o Muerte*" not just an empty slogan, but a reality. The drama unfolded on the TV screen each night was, for them, brass-bound and copper-riveted testimony of the validity of their position.

ON SUNDAY, April 23, Fidel gave another one of those four-hour TV speeches which serve to convince Americans that he is a raving psychopath and Cubans that he is one of the greatest men in history. He alternated between sitting behind a desk and standing, pointer in hand, before a blackboard. He recited calmly, and in great detail, the events leading to the invasion, the course of the battle, the dangers ahead. He told of mistakes made, lessons learned, the bravery of the troops. "We found it necessary to round up a lot of people to prevent sabotage," he said. "Among them, unfortunately were some innocent people. We are sorry for the injustice done them, but we had no choice. We are processing the cases as fast as possible and releasing those unjustly picked up."

On the way to the airport, my Cuban friend was discussing the attitude of the United States Government toward Cuba. "Why don't they leave us alone? he asked, wistfully. "If they left us alone this country could become a paradise. They don't want to buy our sugar? Okay. They don't want to do business with us? Okay. But why don't they leave us alone?"

A good question.

WHY OUR MISSILES LAG . . *by Carl Dreher*

IT IS standard operating practice in the armed services and the press to bathe new weapons in an aura of infallibility, which at some point is rudely dissipated by the facts. A current instance is a front-page Washington story by Jack Raymond in *The New York Times* (April 15) headlined, "Undersea Firings of Polaris Missile Beset by Troubles." This is the first inkling the public has had that the development of the Polaris submarines, "the glamour weapons of the armed forces," has not been a long, blissful honeymoon, during which nuclear security was conceived. Actually, the Navy now reveals, Polaris missiles have been launched successfully from submerged submarines only ten times in eighteen known attempts, and the missiles aboard the *George Washington,* which is in operational-duty status, and the *Robert E. Lee,* which has been commissioned, "might not be considered wholly reliable." The Navy is confident that the faults will be corrected; the public might be more confident if the Navy had not laid it on quite so thick in earlier publicity.

This process of systematic illusionment, followed by recurring disillusionment, is short-circuited by books like *The Crisis We Face: Automation and the Cold War,* by George Steele and Paul Kircher*, which unfortunately are rare. The authors write from knowledge, not vocational optimism. Paul Kircher is an associate professor at the School of Business Administration of the University of California at Los Angeles. Mr. Steele, the technical member of the team, is billed only as "private computer consultant," but he holds degrees from the University of Colorado and California Institute of Technology, was engaged in operations research and Navy radar work in World War II, was technical head of computer development on the Snark missile, founded and was the first president of Computer Research Corporation (now the West Coast Branch of National Cash Register Corporation), founded and was engineering vice president of Digital Control Systems (later merged with Litton Industries) where he directed the computer-research laboratory. He has done studies and design work on air-breathing and ballistic missiles, early-warning radar systems, Air Force and Navy bombers, Navy interceptors, Army artillery, radar countermeasures systems and commercial and industrial data-processing systems. He has been a consultant for numerous military contractors and the Air Force.

IN A WORK critical of U.S. performance in the cold war, the political views of the authors are also relevant, but these emerge forcefully from the book itself. The introduction predicts that "in the battle of robots, fought out at lightning speed, victory will go to the best instruments, actuators and electronic brains. The men who direct such weapons must show their daring and resolution when the system is built, in peacetime." The writers are clearly uninfluenced by unmanly qualms or misguided humanitarianism. They are prepared to live indefinitely in a "semi-war" environment, to burrow underground and to fight either small wars or the big one. As for their attitude toward the Soviet Union (which they always call "Russia"), they estimate that if our cities were to be subjected to nuclear attack 100 million of our people might die, but if we surrender the result would be the same, by "Ukrainian, Hungarian, or Chinese type of *bourgeoisie* genocide," since Communists "normally exterminate the entire middle class, which in America constitutes more than half the people."

Obviously the authors' credentials are of the best. They are both expert and fervently anti-Communist. So their estimate of the value of America's preparations for nuclear war contains no element of disaffection and must be taken at face value. They contend that the instrumentalities—both the aircraft of the Strategic Air Command and the Atlas and Titan liquid-fueled ballistic missiles—are poorly engineered, unnecessarily complex and incapable of reliable performance under combat conditions. They are scarcely more sanguine about the solid-fueled Polaris and Minuteman. Even if the missiles are improved, we shall not be much better off. The present bottleneck is in hardened launching sites. "It's easy to make a bigger warhead," Steele and Kircher say, "difficult to make a harder site. As fast as we get hard sites they will make bigger war heads, and we're always behind."

IN GENERAL, reliability varies inversely with complexity. The index of reliability is the percentage of missiles that will fly in a predetermined trajectory from the launching platform to the target. By all indications, a large percentage of ours will not fly at all. The Titan is not in the combat picture yet, but it retains most of the faults of the Atlas. The latter is a poor risk on the basis of the guidance system alone. The earlier Atlases are radio-guided: the missile is tracked and kept on course by command signals from the ground. According to Steele and Kircher, this Atlas has about 6,000

CARL DREHER, an engineer turned writer, has long been observing, for The Nation, *the social and political implications of the technological-arms race.*

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*McGraw-Hill; $4.95.

transistors in the missile and about 60,000 on the ground. Many of these semi-conductors occupy crucial positions, and a few failures could abort the missile or send it far off course. The latter might also be accomplished by enemy radio jamming.

In an effort to overcome these objections, the inertial-guidance system was developed to enable the missile to sense its own deviations and correct them. All the guidance equipment is in the missile itself. As yet, this system is less accurate than radio guidance, nor is it necessarily less subject to failure, since 15,000 to 20,000 transistors are still in circuit and vulnerability is greater in flight. Then, to make the gamble still greater, with both types there are the hazards of launching.

Steele and Kircher also criticize our missiles on the ground of susceptibility to shock. Assume that all our Atlases and Titans are installed in hardened underground bases, as eventually they will be. The Soviet Union, unfortunately, has very large rockets which can put seven tons into orbit or thirty-five-megaton war heads into intercontinental trajectories.

A thirty-five-megaton burst on the ground will make a crater over a mile in diameter and 300-400 feet deep. No installations within two miles of the center are likely to survive. Earth may be thrown up around the lip of the crater to a height of a hundred feet and may bury the entrances to missile sites a mile or two beyond the crater periphery. Air-blast pressure, plus the ground shock wave, would destroy one of our present semi-hard sites at a distance of over seven miles. Electronic equipment would be wrecked over even greater distances. The ground shock would be so severe that it would kill a man in contact with the concrete wall of the underground control room, even if the wall did not collapse. An air burst would be less destructive to hardened bases, but against open installations, such as airfields, it would be effective at very great ranges.

Vulnerability is compounded by our practice of grouping missiles, ten to a unit. We cannot decentralize because our ground equipment is also hypercomplex and installations must be shared for mutual use and maintenance. But grouping losses promise to be very severe. Kircher and Steele conclude that "almost all our ground forces can now be destroyed by a properly directed attack."

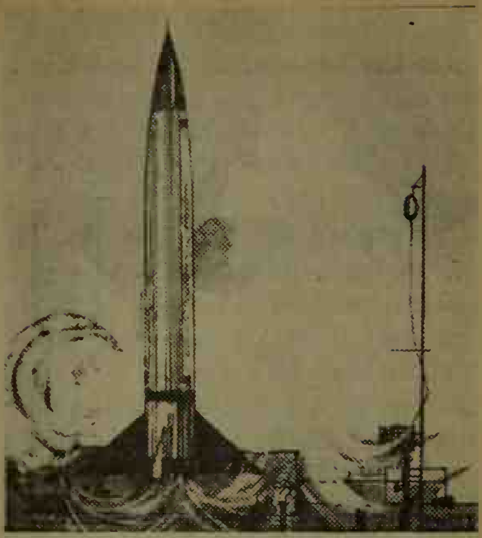
THEY SEEM to have little doubt that the attack would be well directed. In his 1960 State of the Union message, President Eisenhower stated that Atlas was accurate to 2.0 miles in 5,500. The press was jubilant. Steele and Kircher are not. "This is very bad news," they comment. Soviet Pacific tests and satellite-guidance feats indicate that their accuracies are as good as ours. The average distance from Siberian bases to our ten planned Atlas-Titan bases is less than 3,300 miles, so the Russians should be able to strike within 1.2 miles. They don't need thirty-five-megaton war heads, it would seem.

But what about Minuteman and Polaris, which have been even more highly touted than Atlas and Titan? Steele and Kircher are unimpressed. The Polaris submarine carries seven separate digital computers and some 20,000 transistors. The missiles themselves cannot be maintained while the vessel is at sea. "A missile that is not maintained is not a weapon," they say. "A Polaris that has been at sea for months without maintenance may be of less use than a firecracker as a means of deterring the enemy."

Minuteman, as contemplated, they regard as a "lost cause." They quote reports that present avionics (aviation electronics) reliability would have to be improved by a factor of 100 in order to make the weapon a military success.

But only one-third of the failures in military electronic equipment are due to components: another third are ascribed to inadequate engineering, a final third to poor operation and maintenance. Purchasing, engineering, assembly, inspection, transportation, installation, service and maintenance would all have to undergo major revolutions. They won't.

Maintenance is the weakest link in the missile chain. Personnel is inadequate; the traditional officer-enlisted man dichotomy has been carried over into a situation where it has no relevance, and the primacy of maintenance functions is not recognized. "Did you ever hear of a ranking officer that came up through maintenance?" Kircher and Steele ask. Run-of-the-mill maintenance men must be replaced by maintenance officers with training in mathematics, electronics, management and "getting their fingers on operating systems."



All this makes good technological sense, but runs counter to the American ethos, which calls for a bright young man to become first a junior, then a senior, executive and, if possible, to die as chairman of the board. If the maintenance officer is to crawl inside the missile, he will have to be offered commensurate rewards, both in the service and as a corporation officer thereafter.

THE AUTHORS are caustically skeptical of performance in combat not only of our missiles, but also of our aircraft, in the development of which we have a much better background and history. Most of our military planning, they say, has been for "an officers' club atmosphere rather than a thermonuclear environment . . . our postwar [naval] carriers are . . . loaded with peacetime equipment. So are planes and missiles." The SAC aircraft suffer the same hypertrophy. The heavy bomber of 1940 had 180 vacuum tubes. The heavy bomber of 1945 had 700. By 1950, the number had increased to 1,750, by 1955 to about 4,600. Today's heavy bomber flies and bombs with an appalling agglomeration of 20,000 transistors, and of course other components go up more or less proportionately.

On the basis of Steele and Kircher's calculations, the Soviet AA gunners won't need to shoot down our bombers. Most of them will never reach Soviet air space, or won't be in very good shape if they do. The writers figure the chances of one of our jet bombers reaching the Soviet Union without an electronic failure is about one in seven. "This," they comment, "is a polite way of saying that the complete electronic equipment cannot be counted upon for the success of the mission, which must come largely from the ability of the flight crews to get there anyway and drop the bomb without all electronic aids." But in that case, are all these sub-systems worth the weight they add to the aircraft?

As for the "invulnerable" Skybolt, or air-launched IRBM, the Air Force talks as if it were already here, but Kircher and Steele suggest that we cannot count on it till 1965. In the meantime, the aircraft which are to carry the weapon are becoming steadily more vulnerable. The B-70, the Great White Hope of the Air Force, cannot accommodate the Skybolt, which is probably one reason for the Kennedy Administration's cutback of the B-70.

To make aircraft a still weaker reed, there is the "Argus effect"—the blackout of radio communications by nuclear explosions in space, which would probably cut off SAC bombers from SAC headquarters at the inception of an attack. The bombers on the ground would be destroyed and the bombers on air alert could not receive instructions.

BUT DOESN'T the Soviet Union have similar troubles? Some, no doubt, but not in any such desperate degree as ours. A wealthy country like the United States is peculiarly prone to hypercomplexity, both managerial and technical, and in almost all activities. Steele and Kircher show that business computer systems are just as oversize as those of the military. On the other hand, *arriviste* nations like the Soviet Union (and Nazi Germany before it) are more apt to try for simpler, less expensive and less troublesome solutions. The Germans, who originated the modern ballistic-missile weapon system, strove for simplicity and achieved it in the V-2. Design was begun in 1940, the weapon was flight-tested and put into production in 1942—a lead time which in the United States would not have sufficed for the initial conferences on parameters and design. By the end of 1944, the authors say, more than 1,000 V-2s had been fired on London alone, with well over 50 per cent on target. The Atlas is merely a V-2 with a booster added and a more elaborate guidance system. Kircher and Steele maintain that the original V-2 guidance, with slight modification, would have a range deviation of no more than 0.5 per cent, which they consider good enough, at intercontinental ranges and with five-megaton war heads, for use against cities.

The Soviet Union is launching its heavy missiles and space vehicles with relatively simple ground and in-flight equipment. The writers cite reports that the Soviet satellite which lifted the first dog into orbit was fired from an open platform with the aid of a telegraph pole to hold the umbilical cord. It was monitored and checked out from a truck, and fired by one man in a foxhole. Cape Canaveral was never like this! But then the Soviet managers, scientists and engineers are expected to produce equipment that will work reliably under combat conditions, and not to cut too deeply into the gross national product while doing it.

HOW reliable are these jeremiads? I do not presume to judge, since my only knowledge of missiles comes from the trade press. However, the very considerable amount of data which any experienced engineer can obtain from this source fully supports the Steele and Kircher conclusions. I suspect that their indictment has been neglected because its conclusions are so unpleasant that they cannot be faced, and so sound that they cannot be refuted.

On one minor point the authors are too pessimistic, in my estimation. They ask, "How does the President tell a submarine on the floor of the Red Sea that we are at war?" With VFL (Very Low Frequency) stations like the Navy's new NAA at Cutler, Maine (2,000 kw in an enormous antenna strung on 1,000-foot towers), the President probably can get a message to a submarine submerged at a moderate depth. This "brute force" method of communication may be immune from the Argus effect. But of course the transmitting stations can be knocked out by nuclear bombing: they are among the most vulnerable of installations.

The authors ascribe the discovery of the Argus effect to a nuclear high-altitude test off Johnson's Island in the Pacific in 1957, which caused a radio blackout for sixteen hours in Hawaii, 700 miles away. The test called Argus actually involved the firing of a small atomic bomb 300 miles above the South Atlantic on September 6, 1958.

All the major conclusions, however, seem to stand up.

THERE are corroborative mutterings within the services. Rear Admiral Paul Stroop, chief of the Bureau of Naval Operations, is the father of Project Kiss — "*K*eep *i*t *s*imple, *s*tupid" (or "*s*ir"). Also, though nothing approaching the scale of this book has appeared, there has been some authoritative muckraking in the past. Dr. Eberhardt Rechtin of the Jet Propulsion Laboratory of the California Institute of Technology argued in 1958 that a missile was not a weapon until it had undergone two or three years of firing by military personnel. On this basis, Atlas (if it ever becomes a weapon in fact as well as in name) would not attain that status till 1962, and the statements which began to emanate from Vandenberg AFB early in 1960 that it was "combat-ready" and capable of dealing out terrible punishment to the Russians, were so much bombast. Steele and Kircher say the same thing: "Experience has shown that major weapons developments have had to be in military hands over two or three years before they are fully usable. Three years after the B-52 (the backbone of SAC) was first declared operational, defects were still being uncovered which would have kept it from working in a wartime environment."

Then, as this article was being written, Dr. F. J. Krieger of the RAND Corporation, speaking before the Institute of Aerospace Sciences, confirmed the Steele-Kircher observation (*The New York Times*, April 9, 1961). The Soviet Union, said Dr. Krieger, "is streamlining its way to a greater lead over the United States in space exploration." (Which means in missilry as well.) The streamlining, Dr. Krieger said, is evident in both engineering and absence of red tape. "The tendency to over-engineer a system and the consequent increase in its unreliability," said Dr. Krieger, "have plagued and embarrassed American rocket and missile experts again and again." The Soviets, on the contrary, have been stressing fundamental principles and simplicity in design, and they have coupled these with "the happy faculty of making proper decisions" in the use of computer-based automatic control systems.

Part of the explanation lies in mediocre engineering, of which there is always more available than good engineering. But this is the case in all countries, including the Soviet Union. The relatively few brilliant engineers cannot be everywhere and do everything at once. I do not think that our general level of engineering is inferior to the Russians'. Their management seems to be better, but why? Steele and Kircher approach the answer at one point when they say of our setup: "There is little advantage in developing a simple system—quite the opposite. The larger the contract, the bigger the empire and the bigger the fee." And complexity breeds complexity. The more complex you make one part of a system, the more complex other parts must be, the more spare parts must be kept on hand, the more maintenance personnel you need and the stiffer the requirements of education and intelligence, and so on. The spare-parts problem alone becomes appalling. In 1959, the Department of Defense inventory of spare parts was valued at $21 billion and was increasing at the rate of $2 billion a year. The computers could scarcely keep up with it. *Aviation Week* (March 13, 1961) carried a lugubrious account of the spare-parts labyrinth of the Atlas which, up to the E-model, required 76,000 line items. A committee was struggling to reduce this total by throwing away recoverable parts and components with a value of less than $100, instead of repairing them.

Yet, according to Steele and Kircher, the military pay five times as much per electronic part as does industry. They add that ground-based military equipment of the same size as a home TV set is about one-half as reliable. Clearly, somebody is being taken for a ride.

IN THIS matter of the responsibility of the profit motive for hypercomplexity and hypo-reliability, I feel that Kircher and Steele do not probe far enough beneath the surface. At one point, they complain of technological buck-passing and covering up; at another, of conflicts in which organization men triumph over scientists. But what else can we expect? Since profit is the primary objective (as under the system of free enterprise it must be), naturally it is put ahead of simplicity and excellence in the product. This applies to weapons as to other merchandise. Production-for-use, an expression no longer heard in the land, was proposed at one time in place of production-for-profit, in the name of the general welfare. The argument may apply with greater force to production-for-warfare. If we are going to be honest about these things, or merely practical, we must consider whether production of weapons for profit is, or ever can be, capable of producing weapons as serviceable as those the Russians can produce under their system, whatever its real or alleged iniquities. Is it inconceivable that we might take advantage of some of their experience without adopting the iniquities?

My own feeling is that for all its spectacular features and a great deal of genuine creativity, in its "defense" aspect the missile and space program is a gigantic fraud. The American people have been sold a bill of goods. Waste, hack engineering, and hypercomplexity will continue to be tolerated because they provide employment and, what is even more persuasive, profits for the great corporations engaged in their patriotic labors, the sincerity of which is attested by the price-fixing which was going on and will recur as soon as the cop is around the corner. These latter-day Goliaths and their good friends in the services will not be brought down by slingshots, however well aimed.

AMONG other revolutionary developments, Steele and Kircher forecast in the 1965-1970 period "begaton" war heads with the energy of 1,000 H-bombs, to usher in—or out—the brave new world. Burst in space, such bombs could "burn North America black from coast to coast." The reader may be comforted by the added information that this will be purely a thermal effect, not due to blast or radiation, and fallout will be minimized. They can kill you only once.

Steele and Kircher comfort themselves in a more spiritual way. This is their peroration: "If we lose [the nuclear war] and die, we are still much better off than the Communists. Forlorn atheists, the world is all they have. We have eternity."

Not all will share their confidence. A species capable of thought (and believing in God) that can contemplate the extermination of millions of its members over differences as trivial as those which exist between communism and capitalism as currently practiced, deserves only the oblivion for which it appears to be headed.

Letters

(Continued from inside cover)

who want to praise as great writing, and therefore presumably good reading, something which they in fact almost never read, and defend as the rock of the Church's faith something upon which they themselves should consider it absurd to stand personally. It's all like saying, "If you're going to say something laughable and foolish, at least have the decency to say it well." To which it ought be replied, "If we say what we say accurately, it may be that what is said will reveal your stylistic considerations laughable and foolish."

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A REVOLT AGAINST SHELTERS . . by *Mary M. Grooms*

WHEN THE Board of Education of the Greece Central School District, in a suburb of conservative Rochester, New York, decided to include an equipped fallout shelter in its plans for a new high school, it had the best of intentions. According to the board president, Edward Shaughnessy, the members felt "there is a threat [of nuclear war] to our children; we feel we can do something about this at a small cost."

They were encouraged in the plan by state Civil Defense authorities; and, after writing to President Kennedy, they received a letter from the national headquarters of Civil Defense complimenting them for their foresight.

But Mr. Wilho M. Salminen, a fellow board member who had worked at Oak Ridge as a scientist, opposed the project from the beginning. In deference to his opposition, the budget item for the proposed shelter was separated from the $5,960,000 school-construction bond issue, thus enabling the voters to decide upon the shelter separately.

NO arrangements were made for public debate on the issue, however. As Mr. Shaughnessy said, "We knew the shelter program was controversial. We didn't make a big thing of it because of its relation to the bond issue." It almost seemed that, while the Greece school board had too much faith in democracy to "sneak the bomb shelter in" — as, according to one member, had been done in four other schools in New York State — it did not have enough faith to let the voters get in on the argument. Members were afraid the voters could not explore the philosophy of fallout shelters without precipitating dissension on the school-construction program.

Five days before the vote, the board held a public information meeting about the building program; it was planned that, at the end of the meeting, questions about the shelter could be asked. The morning newspaper reported that officials from Civil Defense had been invited, as well as members from the "Radiation Group" — the latter an informally organized group of nuclear scientists from the University of Rochester. The scientists volunteered to answer factual questions about radiation, carefully making it clear that they took no sides in the matter.

ON THE morning of the information meeting another organization, which had been concerned about the shelter for weeks, formally moved into the fray. The Independent Political Forum, formed eight months previously by a group of fourteen veterans of the Stevenson-for-President campaign, asked permission to present its side of the shelter issue. To the credit of Mr. Shaughnessy, the permission was granted, even though the board chairman knew that the forum intended to oppose him and that, legally, he had the power to deny it a voice.

The Independent Political Forum, unconnected with any national organization, is strictly a home-grown phenomenon. From its original fourteen members, it grew rapidly until its mailing list reached nearly 600. As one member said, "It seems as though all the liberals in this conservative town suddenly found each other." Students, ministers, housewives, college professors, industrial workers, teachers, engineers, labor unionists — all kinds of people joined.

The purpose of the organization is "to stimulate meaningful discussion of world, national and local problems and participate in appropriate political action." In practice, this has included the sponsorship of meetings with such speakers as Dr. Linus Pauling and Norman Thomas on problems in disarmament and other speakers on the Cuban revolution; collecting signatures on petitions urging that disarmament negotiations be continued until agreement is reached; successfully supporting a Negro physicist when he ran into opposition in moving into a previously all-white suburb; distributing article reprints, books and pamphlets on disarmament, fallout and Cuba; and keeping a steady stream of letters going to editors, the President, Senators and Congressmen.

As co-chairman of the forum, I was selected to write and present our statement at the meeting. After the building program had been thoroughly discussed, Mr. Shaughnessy read the board's statement advocating the fallout shelter and presenting an impressive list of sources of support, starting with President Kennedy and working down. He then called for questions. It soon became apparent, from the short answers people were getting, that he hoped to keep discussion to a minimum. At that point, I asked and received permission to read the statement from the Independent Political Forum.

WE first thanked Mr. Shaughnessy for allowing us to speak and I noted that, as the mother of four young children, I appreciated the feelings which had led to the inclusion of the shelter in plans for the new school. But, our statement continued, we had come to the conclusion, after considerable study of the issue, that shelters are a "form of false security and represent a real danger to our children. Shelters encourage a war psychology, intensify the arms race and promote the idea that nuclear war is necessary or inevitable." We went on to point out that the thinking of Civil Defense is obsolete, since the shelter plans were predicated on the notion that the nearest bomb would fall at the Niagara Frontier and that it would take an hour for the radiation to reach Rochester. Today, however, upstate New York is the site of a number of "hard bases" — that is, underground launching pads for 9,000-mile ICBMs — and our community has become a prime target. We suggested, further, that building

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MARY M. GROOMS describes herself as a "suburban housewife and mother interested, as all mothers should be, in politics, civil rights and all matters which affect the future of our children."

shelters would merely lead to the production of bigger and deadlier bombs or to the use of chemical and biological warfare, in which case the shelter ventilation system would become an oversized spray gun loaded with lethal chemicals that would kill the children inside.

We went on to object to the fact that the shelter had not been publicly discussed and suggested that "this is not the way the citizens of a free democratic society should approach such a vital issue. To vote on any issue without full information is not living up to our obligations as responsible members of a free society." We urged that the Greece citizens vote against the proposal and perhaps hold another vote on it after the issue had been discussed.

We ended with the statement: "If there is $45,000 in Greece that you do not know what to do with, it is our hope that you will spend it, not on a useless shelter, but on books and other equipment for your children the better to teach them to solve the problems the shelter seeks to hide from."

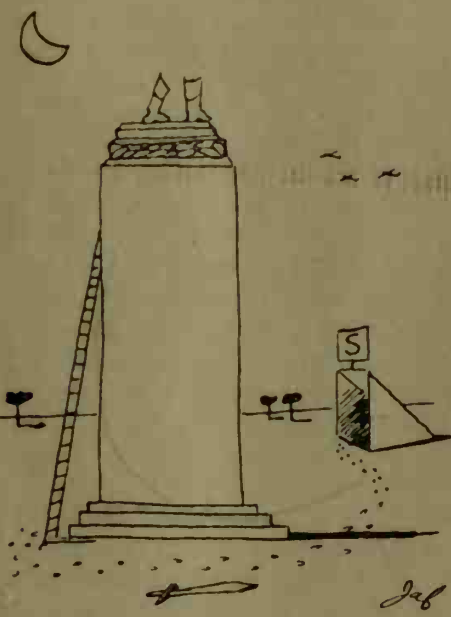
After I sat down, the board called upon Warner Weber, New York State engineer for the design of bomb shelters. Making no attempt to refute the forum's statement, he merely said: "Mrs. Grooms has valid policies, but I think they are in favor of Mr. Khrushchev."

Surprised, I snapped back, "I resent that!"

Then a young minister seated in the audience rose and said, "We're told this issue should be discussed, but the first time someone tries to, they are accused of being a traitor or something!"

At that point, board member Wilho Salminen seized the microphone and, shaking with rage, he attacked both the shelter project and Mr. Weber: "I came here tonight determined not to say anything about the shelter, although I have been opposed to it from the start — perhaps because I know something about it. However, even courts give dissenting opinions, and I guess Boards of Education can, too. I will have nothing to do with a man who comes here and bandies words with us as Mr. Weber has done."

He then cited a number of radiation accidents, from the death of one of the crew of the *Lucky Dragon* to the recent accident at an experimental atomic pile in Iowa. He told how the bodies were removed by teams of men — one team running in, putting down the stretcher and running out; another team running in, putting the bodies on the stretcher, and running out; another team running in, bringing the bodies to the door; etc. We in his audience could picture a shelter-full of high school students coming out into a world filled with hundreds of thousands of irradiated bodies. He ended by saying: "I object to this shelter because it is inadequate philosophically, inadequate psychologically and inadequate because it is not sufficient unto itself."



At that, Mr. Weber got up and apologized to the meeting for having been so "emotional."

THE REMAINDER of the meeting was relatively calm, with the radiation scientists and the Civil Defense representatives taking turns to answer such questions as, "What would happen here if a ten-megaton bomb fell on Buffalo?"; "Is it likely the Russians would launch a saturation attack?" It appeared, from the answers, that the worth of the fallout shelters depended very largely upon the cooperation of the Russians with the plans of Civil Defense. If Russia would only be reasonable and drop no more than one bomb on Buffalo, fallout shelters in Rochester would be a definite help.

The next morning, one of the board members called me to express his concern at my attitude and that of the forum. He said that the board had encountered no opposition to the shelter elsewhere. We discussed the philosophy of the shelters and related topics for nearly three hours and parted with much good will, though still on opposite sides. He predicted that the shelter would be approved by a two-to-one majority. Actually, in spite of the fact that we were receiving a number of calls supporting our position, we forum members also thought it probably would be approved. So it was as much a surprise to us as to everyone else when the Greece Central School District approved the $5,960,000 building program by a vote of 1,511 to 673, but turned down the $45,000 shelter project by 1,457 to 698.

AT THIS point everyone, on both sides, is trying to figure out why the vote went as it did. In the period between the information meeting and the vote, local newspaper columns blossomed with letters from forum members opposing the shelter; forum members in the school district distributed reprints of Gov. Meyner's article in *Coronet*, "Bomb Shelters Will Not Save Us," and contacted several Protestant ministers; a Presbyterian minister of a large Greece church strongly opposed the project from the pulpit the Sunday preceding the vote; there were long reports in the newspapers of the heated information meeting.

Perhaps these last-minute efforts were successful. Perhaps people are just more opposed to Civil Defense and fallout shelters than we had suspected. Perhaps there was resentment against Mr. Weber's attempt to "McCarthyize" me (even members of the board who were pushing the shelter disapproved of Weber's tactic).

At any rate, the parents in Greece drew a line on the arms race and said, "No further. You can't make us vote for our own children's burial vaults." Those who believe the American people can be herded like cattle should take note.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Mathematics of War

ARMS AND INSECURITY. A Mathematical Study of the Causes and Origins of War. By Lewis F. Richardson. Edited by Nicolas Rashevsky and Ernest Trucco. The Boxwood Press and Quadrangle Books. 307 pp. $10.

STATISTICS OF DEADLY QUARRELS. By Lewis F. Richardson. Edited by Quincy Wright and C. C. Lienau. The Boxwood Press and Quadrangle Books. 373 pp. $12.50.

Anatol Rapoport

THE AUTHOR of these two books was a physicist who spent a large part of his career developing meteorology as a mathematical science; he was also a Quaker. These two circumstances, at first sight unrelated, provide a key to the *raison d'être* and character of the above-listed volumes, which represent more than thirty years of work and which were posthumously published.

If anyone is justified in believing that nature, at least inanimate nature, is subject to strict determinist laws, it is the physicist. It is common knowledge, however, that weather prediction is difficult and, at times, frustrating. Nevertheless the physicist does not cease to believe that weather is governed by deterministic laws. He attributes his failures to insufficient data and to a lack of mathematical prowess. Indeed his faith is strengthened when he learns to predict the weather better as his observations become more extensive and his mathematical tools are sharpened. He may even ask whether the range of determinism extends beyond physics, perhaps even to human behavior. Detailed prediction of an individual's behavior may be hopeless because of its complexity, but may not the behavior of men in masses, particularly in large-scale historical events, be subject to discoverable laws and hence predictable? A systematic development of a mathematical science of large-scale human behavior thus becomes an enticing challenge to the physicist, especially one who has grappled and made some progress with other intractable problems, such as those of meteorology.

Richardson's pacifist convictions are no less relevant to the methods he chose in conducting his long and arduous investigation of war. The pacifist has little concern for the political rationalizations of war, for strategic intricacies, or for the mystique of heroism. He thus tends to turn away from views in which war appears motivated by pursuit of glory or calculated aims, in short, a product of human volition. Nor is he concerned with attributing praise or blame to belligerents. To the Christian pacifist, war is a calamity that afflicts man, because of man's tragic predilection for countering force with force.

RICHARDSON devoted more than half his adult life to a theoretical and empirical study of war as a quasi-deterministic phenomenon. The qualification "quasi" bespeaks the fact that Richardson's outlook never passed into fatalism. "The equations," he wrote, "are merely descriptions of what people would do if they did not stop to think." He believed that man did have the power to rid himself of the affliction of war, but only if he understood the nature of its dynamics. This belief is in harmony with any scientist's belief in the power conferred by science. Nature can be controlled only if her laws are understood.

Richardson used two approaches in his study of war. One, embodied in *Arms and Insecurity*, placed a mathematical model at the center of attention. The other, represented in *Statistics of Deadly Quarrels*, is a statistical analysis of an overwhelmingly large mass of data, aimed at uncovering the etiology and the epidemiology of war.

The principal mathematical model treated in *Arms and Insecurity* is a translation into the language of mathematics of the following three hypotheses. (1) Fear and hostility among nations are mutually stimulating; increased "preparedness" of one instigates more rapid military preparations of the other. This is the basic mechanism of arms races. (2) There are also limiting factors in arms races, for example, the increasing burdens of military expenditures. (3) There are underlying grievances or reservoirs of good will, which contribute positively or negatively to the growth of hostility (as reflected in military expenditures) independently of the other factors.

It is important to note that for the mathematical physicist the hypotheses are not points of arrival (proffered explanations) but points of departure. *Starting* with the model, the mathematical physicist deduces a course of events as a consequence. If the deductions agree with the observations, the hypotheses can be considered corroborated (to a degree). From his model Richardson deduces two possible outcomes of an arms race: either a stabilization of armament expenditures or an unstable situation, which, depending on how it starts, may lead to a runaway arms race (presumably igniting into a war) or to disarmament.

The "classical" arms race, to which this model has been applied most successfully, is that preceding World War I (1908-1914). The actual growth of armament expenditures follows exactly the predicted course, and the constants of the equations are such that the situation appears to have been unstable. But *because* it was unstable, Richardson is forced to the theoretical conclusion that a slight shift in conditions, say a deliberate reduction of armaments or an increase of "good will" (which Richardson considers reflected in international trade volumes), would have thrown the race into reverse, i.e., toward disarmament.

The application of the theory to the arms race preceding World War II (1933-39) is beset with formidable difficulties: the disappearance of the gold standard, the practice of camouflaging war expenditures, the perturbing effects of the Great Depression, etc. To overcome these difficulties, Richardson is forced to make rough guesses and approximations. The results are spotty, but with some modifications, the theory still holds up. Richardson died in 1953, while working on the analysis of the present arms race. He had not ventured a prediction of its outcome.

No competent appraiser of mathematical theories will assert that the specific theory of arms races and war proposed by Richardson is convincing. Nevertheless the work of this supremely dedicated man should be judged to be of paramount importance for reasons that will be stated below. For the present, let us turn to the other volume.

Statistics of Deadly Quarrels offers no theoretical model. The emphasis here is on making some order out of a vast

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ANATOL RAPOPORT, a mathematical biologist, is now on the faculty of the Mental Health Research Institute, the University of Michigan. His latest book, Fights, Games, and Debates (*University of Michigan Press*), *was reviewed here in the issue of February 18.*

amount of quantitative data related to conflicts in which fatalities have occurred. Here again, not only the natural scientist's but also the pacifist's predisposition is apparent. For no matter how the soldier, the statesman, or the political historian may view war, to a pacifist war is first and foremost an outbreak of violence. For Richardson, wars differ from other outbursts — riots, punitive expeditions, raids, murders and executions — mainly in size.

Accordingly, Richardson classifies "deadly quarrels" by magnitude (the logarithm of the number of dead), ranging from 0 for murders to over 7 for the two World Wars. His first task is to describe the distribution of deadly quarrels by magnitudes. It turns out that the equation of the distribution follows a well-known mathematical form, which crops up in many similar investigations where sizes of objects are compared with the frequencies of their occurrence.

This result corroborates the determinist's conviction: even though individual events are unpredictable, large masses of events are subject to discoverable statistical laws. Richardson's graphs do not tell us whether or when a deadly quarrel will occur, but they suggest the existence of *gross* laws governing the occurrence of deadly quarrels.

In this spirit, Richardson undertakes to examine various factors said to be important in the occurrence of wars. He does this by calculating statistical correlations. An established positive correlation does not indicate a causal connection but it *suggests* a possible one. A negative correlation between a factor and the incidence of war suggests (but again does not establish) the factor as a pacifying influence. On the other hand, the absence of a correlation is strong evidence for the absence of a causal connection. The result of Richardson's meticulous and, at times, ingenious handling of the data is a list of factors possibly contributing to wars, a list of possible pacifiers, and a list of other factors for which no evidence exists that they are either contributory or inhibitory.

In the list of wars examined (more than 300 from 1820 to 1949), some of the possible contributory factors appear to have been multiple common frontiers, desire for revenge, the number of other states already at war, differences in religion, and the Spanish language. Among the possible pacifiers appear to have been the existence of a like government, intermarriage, common culture, and the Chinese language.

These correlations are not exciting. Some seem obvious; others, like the language spoken, are almost certainly spurious. Yet the method used by Richardson has a distinct value in that the results came out of an investigation devoid of preconceived notions. This is seen more clearly in the list of factors which, upon examination, give little or no evidence of being correlated with war one way or another, e.g.: common religion, class conflict, similarity or difference in language, or inherent "aggressiveness." Economic causes can be discerned in only 29 per cent of the wars since 1820 and seem more important in small than in large wars. Many of these factors have on occasion been proposed as primary ones in promoting or inhibiting wars.

THIS brings us to the chief merit of Richardson's contribution. The work should not be judged as a scientific investigation which has led to important discoveries or has established definitive results. Nothing has been proved, not even Richardson's original hypothesis that wars are results of arms races (only a small minority of the wars examined were preceded by arms races). At most, verdicts of "not proven" were returned on some widely held convictions, such as that preparedness is an effective deterrent or an insurance of victory or that some nations are characteristically aggressive or that mankind has become more warlike or less warlike since 1820. The chief value of Richardson's work is in the proposed method: the study of war as a large-scale social phenomenon subject to laws of social dynamics. This outlook is akin to Marxism in that it has a determinist flavor. However, it avoids the main pitfall of Marxism in that it is not bound by preconceived notions of what the laws of social dynamics are. Richardson's method can therefore serve as a framework of scientific investigation in no danger of being encrusted with dogma. The limitations of Richardson's investigations are the limitations of a lone man who had undertaken a Herculean task. He gives evidence of being entirely aware of these limitations in a series of dialogues with an alter ego, who at times, to be sure, is only a straight man to the socratic "Author," but at other times serves as a competent "Critic" or "Mentor." Given the resources of talent, funds and mathematical technology at the disposal of those who presently promote war research, investigations of the sort attempted by Richardson could yield a rich and beneficial harvest.

Modern developments in the scientific investigation of conflicts center around ideas very different from those of Richardson, namely the ideas of game theory. In this theory, conflict is pictured as a battle of wits among two or more completely "rational" opponents. There is no denying that game theory has brilliantly illuminated the strategic aspects of conflict. However, the relevance of this theory to the role of war in human affairs is problematical. The question can be seriously raised whether all the intricacies of strategy and diplomacy, as well as all the ideologies and na-

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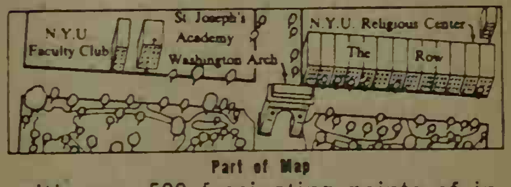

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tional goals, are not simply rationalizations, which propel masses of people to behave in ways determined by large historical forces.

Inadvertently. Richardson's approach brings to mind Tolstoy's speculations in the last chapter of *War and Peace* on the illusory nature of leadership, rationality and strategy in large-scale conflicts. Richardson echoes this idea in the remark, "Leaders lead peoples where they are willing to be led." Tolstoy wrote at a time when military and much of political thinking was dominated by Clausewitz's book *On War.** It is opportune that Richardson's work appeared in book form simultaneously with Herman Kahn's *On Thermonuclear War.* If Richardson's books were read as widely as Kahn's, they might serve as a good antidote.

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*Incidentally while serving in the Russian army against Napoleon in 1812 young Clausewitz was adjutant to General Phull, whose "military science" is described with withering sarcasm in *War and Peace.*

The Plays of Johnston

THE OLD LADY SAYS "NO!" AND OTHER PLAYS. By Denis Johnston. Little, Brown & Co. 479 pp. $7.50.

Vivian Mercier

IT'S GRAND to see *The Old Lady Says "No!"* back in print. I can say this with conviction because I tried very hard to include it in an anthology nine years ago, but the length of the play defeated me. Denis Johnston was willing to have it reprinted, though he says in his new preface that it is "by no means my favourite play." The Irish consider this first play his masterpiece and, the more plays he writes, the more stubborn their verdict becomes. "It was inevitable," he modestly insists, "that such a play would be written in Ireland by someone or other at about that time." In a way, this odd statement is true, but the play needn't have been a half or a quarter so good as *The Old Lady.*

The basic idea of this brilliant satire is simple enough: an actor taking the part of Robert Emmet in a sentimental, patriotic melodrama is accidentally knocked cold; while unconscious, he imagines himself to be Emmet reincarnate in the post-revolution Dublin of 1926. Once the opening melodrama (made up almost entirely of quotations from nineteenth-century Anglo-Irish literature) has been interrupted, the play soon drops naturally into an expressionistic idiom which was less hackneyed thirty-five years ago than it is now. Johnston acknowledges a debt to George Kaufman and Marc Connelly's *Beggar on Horseback* and to one other expressionist play, but it is clear that the "Circe" episode in *Ulysses* also supplied him with a number of hints.

Like Joyce's juxtaposition of Edwardian Dublin with the world of *The Odyssey,* Johnston's confrontation of Tim Healy's Dublin with Robert Emmet creates a marvelous ambiguity. Is it Emmet's idealism or present-day realism that is being ridiculed? One is forced to conclude that the play mocks at *everything,* which may be the secret of its success in Ireland.

THE remaining five plays in the volume, each with its own provocative preface, seem to have been chosen to contrast as sharply as possible with *The Old Lady* and with one another. I was familiar with only one, *The Moon in the Yellow River,* which nearly became a Broadway hit in the thirties and has recently been revived off-Broadway. This loquacious play of flickering civil war in Ireland is imbued with too much nihilistic Irish humor for most American or British tastes. Far from being smirking, self-conscious stage Paddies, the characters are furiously in earnest; but is their author? Does the play consist of a slow fuse of meaningless chatter which explodes a meaningful action, or is the action meaningless and the talk meaningful? This helping of Chekhov *à l'irlandaise* reminds one more of Shaw's *Heartbreak House* than of the Russian master.

Three of the plays seem to me not in the same league with the others. *A Fourth for Bridge* is a one-act anti-war farce in which a bunch of stray World War II soldiers from both sides vie with one another in making fun of their own leaders and ideologies. While the war was still on, it would have been subversive to the point of blasphemy—and therefore wonderful, cathartic fun. But when it was performed in peacetime over British television, it just naturally fell flat on its face; the pressure toward blind, unthinking loyalty had already been relaxed. Blasphemy is no fun unless you're afraid you might be struck dead. *Strange Occurrence on Ireland's Eye,* "A Play About a Murder Trial" (and a competent one), could have been written by almost anybody, could be acted by almost anybody, and should produce enough royalties from amateur performances to send at least one of its author's numerous children through college. *The Scythe and the Sunset* strikes me as a strangely incompetent piece of playwriting. About the 1916 Rising in Dublin, it obviously challenges O'Casey's *The Plough and the Stars* by its title. The *raisonneur* and "hero" of the play is Captain Palliser, a British officer of Irish upbringing whose sympathies are divided, though they lie mainly on the side of the British Empire. He could have been an interesting, rather tragic figure in the *Cherry Orchard* tradition, but instead he reminds me more of the khaki-clad heroes in the trashy novels of Johnston's and my youth. The name of Ian Hay will mean little or nothing to American readers, but Palliser is an Ian Hay hero, sowing his wild oats before turning into a Colonel Blimp. In his war autobiography, *Nine Rivers from Jordan,* Johnston, a BBC correspondent, unconsciously reveals his hankering to be just such a hero, a British-musical-comedy version of Parsifal.

Luckily, Johnston is also a countryman of Shaw and Swift. At his best, he gets mighty close to one or the other. The third fine play in this collection, *The Dreaming Dust,* is a series of tableaux from the life of Swift, arranged in the form of a medieval moral-

---

VIVIAN MERCIER is on the faculty of the City College of New York. He has recently completed The Irish Comic Tradition.

Cézanne

No pretense no more than the
French painters of
the early years of the nineteenth century

to scant the truth
of the light itself as
it was reflected from

a ballerina's thigh this Ginsberg
of *Kaddish* falls apart
violently to a peal of laughter or to

wrenched imprecation from a
man's head nothing can
stop the truth of it art is all we

can say to reverse
the chain of events and make a pileup
of passion to match the stars

No choice but between
a certain variation
hard to perceive in a shade of blue

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

ity play, with characters representing the Seven Deadly Sins. The share each of these had in the life of Swift is examined scene by scene and sin by sin. Naturally, the facts and theories recently expounded by Johnston in *In Search of Swift* [see *The Nation*, April 2, 1960] form an important part of the play but, quite apart from the originality of these, *The Dreaming Dust* is a dramatic tour de force. Johnston fears that he will never see his ideal production in its natural setting—St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin. One of the organizations here in New York which have tried to bring drama back into the churches might well consider a production.

The present volume contains neither all the plays Johnston has written nor all, I hope, he will write. His publishers should consider bringing out a further volume. Any man who, in these hard times, has written three plays which belong to literature as well as to the theatre deserves the honor of a collected edition.

An Order that Will Sing

SAY PARDON. By David Ignatow. Wesleyan University Press. 76 pp. Cloth $3.50; paper $1.25.
ADAM BEFORE HIS MIRROR. By Ned O'Gorman. Harcourt, Brace & World. 48 pp. $3.75.
POEMS. By Alan Dugan. Yale University Press. 62 pp. Cloth $3; paper $1.25.

Denise Levertov

DAVID IGNATOW has for years been refining and strengthening his modest, muted style until one is not aware of it as technique — it is a transparent medium. He deals almost always with deeply personal concerns. Especially in the poems which I take to be the most recent, those toward the end of the book, he reveals himself as essentially a religious poet, one whose dominant underlying preoccupation is with the relations of God and man. The skeptic and pragmatist in him are inextricably linked with the longing for God in a way that is typically (though not, of course, exclusively) Jewish. God is questioned, berated, pleaded with here as in the Bible, although in rhythms and in a vocabulary in no way Biblical. For example, "The Rightful One":

> I heard my son burst out of his room
> and shout, He is here, dad. He is here.
> I understood and I managed to stand
>   up,
> melting within, and walk the hall
> between our rooms to meet Him
> whom I had neglected in my
>   thoughts;
> but not my son who was ill
> and had searched for Him.
> He had come. I saw Him standing,
> his hair long, face exhausted, eyes sad
> and knowing, and I bent my knee,
> terrified at the reality,
> but he restrained me with a hand
> and said, I am a sufferer like yourself.
> I have come to let you know.
> And I rose, my heart swelling, and
>   said,
> I have failed and bitterness is in me.
> And he replied, And forgiveness too.
> Bless your son. And I blessed him
> and his face brightened. And the
>   Rightful One
> was gone and left a power to feel free.

And here is part of another, called "Sunday at the State Hospital":

> I am sitting across the table
> eating my visit sandwich.
> The one I brought him stays
>   suspended
> near his mouth. . . .
>
> My past is sitting in front of me
> filled with itself
> and trying with almost no success
> to bring the present to its mouth.

Ignatow's poems grow right out of the American concrete like ginkgo and ailanthus trees. They are beautifully localized, not by applied touches of local color (and very few of them are even "about" New York — but they are *of* New York) but because they are written with a proud, simple refusal of whatever is not "proven on his pulses." One sees that he took up the challenge of an "ordinary," a somewhat drab, life and resolved to make his poetry out of that or not at all: from its exigencies, from an ordinary job, from ordinary grief, ordinary worry, ordinary deep, sad, difficult love. There is an excitement that grows on one in his sober truthfulness and the beautiful simplicity of his language and its rhythms. One may apply to his work these words of Cid Corman's, which I cherish (they are taken from an unpublished radio talk on poetry): "Not experience thrown as a personal problem on others but ex-

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DENISE LEVERTOV'S most recent collections of verse are Overland to the Islands *(Jargon) and* With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads *(New Directions).*

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perience as an order that will sing to others."

It is interesting to compare Ignatow's "How Come?" and Ned O'Gorman's "The Day the Steuben Glass Building Breaks." Both are city fantasies. In "How Come?" New York is enveloped in an inexplicable cloud of soap foam — and not only New York, it stretches from coast to coast, the radio says:

> "We'll have to start climbing for air,
> a crowd forming around the Empire
> State Building
> says the portable. God help the many
> who will die of soap foam."

It is funny and it is frightening and one believes it from the word go. Reading O'Gorman's poem, one is conscious of making an effort to suspend disbelief. There are beautiful images but they don't seem rooted in life. O'Gorman's poems are flamboyant; at times the word *bejeweled* comes to mind. Nevertheless, he is a natural poet of very considerable gifts: it is evident that in him image immediately follows perception.

His work is externally baroque — not in the total structure of the poems, which is usually not elaborate, but in the extravagance of the verbal gestures. Yet the spirit that informs it is innocent, even naive. The vocabulary is larger, the mode much further from common speech than Ignatow's. Sometimes it is too literary, but on the whole it is redeemed from being merely literary by the great intensity of O'Gorman's responses. Among definitions of enthusiasm my dictionary gives, "Enkindled and enkindling fervor of soul." O'Gorman is an enthusiast. He lives in wonder. He praises Creation. And this fervor penetrates what is literary in his work and convinces one in spite of it, in most of his poems. But it was not for being an enthusiast that I said he has a naive spirit; the praise of Creation doesn't imply naïveté. What I mean is that he has a somewhat restricted conception of beauty. I have the feeling that for him there is as clear a division between beauty and ugliness as there is for him, a Catholic, between good and evil — so clear that he can barely comprehend that for most of his contemporaries these distinctions are ambiguous. So he leaves out what he thinks is ugly and puts in what he thinks is beautiful; because it seems that, in a rather nineteenth-century spirit, he believes only The Beautiful, in that restricted sense, to be appropriate to poetry. The worst example of where this can lead him is in a fanciful, and to me trivial, departure from a grim subject, "The Death of a Racing-Car Driver." However, most of his poems are much better than that; and what saves him most frequently is that he has the instinct to pull himself away from the dull expected iambic beat, and from softly mellifluous word-clusters. There is often an over-richness of metaphor but the sound-texture is not bland, not flaccid. This is an important virtue.

His book, then, is uneven, but what I feel is best in it gave me great pleasure: "On Silence," "I Am A Falcon, Hooded, On God's Wrist," "God Creates Water," and "Johanna, the Big Cow." I quote from this last:

> Johanna stands intact
> as the tug of the electric cups
> draws out her white honey
> her blanch ichor
> into bright steel pails.
> Heu! What passion in stanchions,
> what procession in cows coming down
> the road
> to be milked . . .

I find most of Alan Dugan's work depressing. It is *clever.* Two good poems, — "Philodendron" (and its gloss, which is also a poem) and "Love Song: I and Thou" — and some lines in other poems, make one aware that Dugan does experience genuine and strong feelings, perceptions, sufferings; but like a person who does not trust himself to really open his mouth when he speaks, who keeps his lips rigid, he impedes the emergence of what there is of force and truth in his poems. Almost every time he begins to say something moving, something of real interest, he unsays it with a slickness. I imagine this book will be acclaimed by academic critics. I would like to think Dugan might not be misled by this acclaim, might not be content to believe himself "brilliant," but instead would learn to throw off all that is modish, false, contrived in his work and start over along the way to which his better poems point; a way where his rhythms would develop an organic vitality, and the imagination's depths, not the competent intellect, acting on its own, would supply the images.

Pure Success

THE S-MAN: A Grammar of Success. By Mark Caine. Houghton Mifflin Co. 174 pp. $3.

Stephen Potter

THE AUTHOR or authors of this book (Mark Caine is a pseudonym) call it "a grammar of success." The critic should begin by pointing out, as heavily as possible, that success has many mansions, and that this particular book is a guide to only one of them.

It is the business mansion, and this S is a business executive success. This does not mean anything so gross or ordinary as the smart manipulator or money-making adept.

The S-Man is neither. S is a career in itself. The getting-onishness is all. There are no outside hobbies, no watching-the-clock. Spare time is more work than work. "Only the S-Man appreciates that the best business is being done when business is not being done."

This is certainly truth in jest, if indeed there is often not much jest about it. What is the best way of getting on a Christian name basis? "Try and meet your man at a party, or, if possible abroad." "Don't splash money about, but be ready to lend possessions—car, flat, typewriter." Mini-recorder? I myself teach young men, if I ask them to lend me a pound, to say "are you sure one's enough?" If you want to get your own way, "always appear to be seduced by those you are seducing." With the ladies, the S-Man "affects a cheeky courtliness."

This last phrase is apt and true: and the subjugation and manipulation of sex to the greater priorities of S are dealt with very fully. . . . When do you appear with what sort of woman on what kind of occasion? I am sure the answer is "when in doubt, don't." Yet the theme can be made to seem fascinatingly complex. My own footnote suggestion would be this. It is *not* a good idea for S to introduce to his boss or boss's wife a girl friend who is of the same type as boss's, *only more so.* She must be less so.

The general S type is described with satisfactory thoroughness. The type phrases are a model. S does Y a favor. He introduces him to Boss. But he never says, "could you spare a moment to see Y?" It is: "The man you want to see is Y. I don't know when he'll next be in New York, but I think I could fix it."

My criticism of the book is that it is too Type. There is only one kind

---

STEPHEN POTTER, inventor of the ploy and the world's leading expert on the situation of being one up, is the author of a series of books whose progenitor was Gamesmanship.

of S-Man. The modest, dumbish, man-at-your-elbow S, often with a slight stammer, is not described. The non-social, over-smoking, midnight oil, working-on-graphs-in-a-garret S is only hinted at. Nor is there mention of the bluff, professional man-in-the-street man. Also let it be admitted that the book is all hero and no villain. The hidden possibilities of subversion, of Counter S, spring to mind, based on the "I hear you're doing frightfully well" opening.

The intention of the book is satirical. "We are not joking" is the author's last line. Still, Never trust the author, trust the tale, as Lawrence said. The intention is satirical. But the result is a kind of truth, a picture of a kind of life of which the author must be part. And the truth for him is that it's a world of dust and ashes: which is only one side of the story.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

THE OTHER NIGHT at the Key Theatre, a tiny, new playhouse at 4 St. Mark's Place, while attending a program of three one-act plays advertised as *Evenings with Chekhov*, I overheard a lady asking, "Who is Hedda Gabler? What show has she been in?"

I take it that what we ordinarily call "revivals" are actually new plays to a far greater number of people than we suppose. Let us suppose then that Chekhov is a new writer and that the production of the three short plays at the Key Theatre represents three extremely promising examples of a greatly gifted young dramatist's work.

The Anniversary is a "vaudeville" skit with a plot which might be set down as madly improbable were it not wholly relevant to the Russia of 1891. The peculiar combination of crude provincialism, essentially of peasant stamp, overlaid with a cheap patina of equally crude lower middle-class "modernity," is so characteristic of that epoch that it seems now to have been an invention of Chekhov's: it is so remote from our present day environment.

The scene is the private office of the chairman of a bank whose fifteenth anniversary in that position is about to be celebrated. The unshaven office clerk is dressed in peasant attire (felt boots, a rough skullcap, etc.) and uses an abacus. He is crotchety and rude to his superiors. A woman intrudes. Her husband, employed in a civil service bureau, has been fired, and his wife claims that some twenty rubles—for doctor's bills—are still due him. She can get no satisfaction from his former employers. She asks the bank chairman—who as such has not the slightest connection with the civil service—to do something about obtaining the money. He tries to explain that she is making her request in the wrong place, but to no avail. She expostulates, pleads, cajoles, clamors, harangues, takes incessant oaths of honesty and worthiness, until finally to get rid of her the harassed chairman—who has been previously inundated by his own wife's torrential flood of gossip—gives the overwhelmingly insistent woman twenty-five rubles out of his own pocket. She then begs to have her husband's job restored and the same round of voluble persecution begins anew. At this point the misogynist clerk flies into a rage and picks up a stick to beat the pest out of the place. By the time the delegation from the bank board arrives to tender its respects to the chairman all the main characters have passed out from excitement and exhaustion.

Crazy! Yet the basic characterizations are so deeply rooted in Chekhov's time, place, milieu—that is, in reality—that the little playlet not only succeeds in being hilarious as farce but also comes alive as "fact."

THE second play, *On the High Road* (written when Chekhov was twenty-five), takes place in the gloomiest and grimiest sort of "bar," where on a stormy night several "pilgrims," a laborer, an alcoholic gentleman in rags and a fierce looking tramp seek shelter for the night. The proprietor of the bar (or "inn") brutally refuses credit to the tortured and penniless alcoholic; the general atmosphere is one of desolation, suffering, cruelty. Slowly we learn that the alcoholic, once a wealthy landowner, was abandoned by his newly married wife with whom he is still desperately in love. When the tramp and the others discover these facts they are so affected that each in his own way tries to be helpful. The tramp offers the ruined man his bench to sleep on, the barman treats him to a drink, the laborer offers to pay for more. The tramp has also had a tragic history with a woman, and when, by chance, the landowner's runaway wife turns up at the inn, the tramp is ready to kill her. The curtain falls on the tramp's "unexplained" and uncontrollable sobbing.

This play manages to be moving with a kind of simplicity which transcends both the danger of a tear-jerking pathos and the fallacy of a grim objectivity.

The masterpiece of the evening—and the best acted of the three plays—is *The Wedding*. Here the cupidity, narrowness, folly, ignorance and horror of lower middle-class life is compressed in universal terms into a half hour's playing time. The play is howlingly funny yet, despite the caricature, also very sad. When one thinks of what some of the modern French playwrights and their imitators do with similar material one realizes how poverty-stricken after all is their theory and practice compared to Chekhov's rich humanity.

These three playlets have been admirably directed by Amnon Kabatchnik who has a distinct flair for Chekhov's comedy, of which his production last season of *A Country Scandal* also gave evidence. The cast is generally well chosen; the settings and lighting by Fred Sammut, the costumes by Dina Harris, are also — considering off-Broadway's limited means — to be commended.

Special mention must be given to Sorrell Booke, a youngish character actor whose instinct for the stage is most striking. He seems to have been born for (or in!) the theatre—as if he had inherited his knowledge of and feeling for the Thespian mask. He sometimes lacks measure. He needs a surer sense of relation with his fellow players and more command of true emotion (so necessary for the final moment of *On the High Road*). Yet one must be impressed by his facility, inventiveness, unfailing nose for effect and humor.

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FILMS

Robert Hatch

THE STATE of the world being what it so obviously is, there is more than passing interest in the memories our former foes and Allies retain of the great war we experienced together. A movie is not conclusive evidence of national sentiment (though it may be as reliable as the intelligence on which our leaders base their fateful gestures), but if we can't be sure how the message was received, we at least know what persuasion was attempted.

DEFEATED nations have a way of snatching instants of glory out of their ruined pride (our Southerners continue to fight at Chickamauga with undiminished valor); still, it is not surprising that the West Germans recall World War II with something less than relish. What is worth noting about *The Bridge*, made from Manfred Gregor's novel of that name, is its almost hysterical vehemence. The picture grossly overkills to reach its objective, and that in fact produces a central implausibility.

Seven teen-age boys, members for twenty-four hours of the dying *Wehrmacht*, have been assigned to what their officer expects will be the relatively safe job of guarding a bridge until it is blown up to slow the charging Americans. But the plan goes awry when the sergeant appointed to mother the little group is killed by military police; the boys know nothing of the demolition plans and they are nice children whose heads have been filled with such words of horror as "honor," "courage," "native soil." They determine to defend their post and, in a nightmare of blood and madness, they destroy two Yankee tanks, kill a parcel of seasoned assault troops, contribute to the major destruction of the town, turn their guns on German soldiers who attempt to reason with them and die (all but one) in a cause already dead.

The pitched battle at the bridgehead is what strikes me as exaggerated—this handful of untrained children accomplishes an improbable chaos in its misguided bid for glory. But the film-makers apparently needed the holocaust to ram their point home—it is not enough that the boys should die; they must die in frenzied agony, in the old and terrible (and never to be repeated?) German way. The paroxysm of revulsion disturbs me, for I have noticed that a man who is really determined to sober up takes his stand rather quietly—the ones who bang their heads against the wall and call upon heaven as witness often need a drink to recover from their raptures. It may also be so of nations.

But it is only fair to agree that these Germans at this moment mean what they say. They make a very plain statement about the ugliness and futility of war. They have not tried for much originality of characterization or subtlety of motive—it is a rigorously black and white picture—and have concentrated on underlining as heavily as they can the old adage that war is hell. I am ashamed that the reminder seems as pertinent in New York as it possibly could in Frankfurt.

IN SHARP contrast to this brutal memory is the lyric melancholy of the Russian *Ballad of a Soldier*. A young signalman, who performs an act of almost involuntary heroism, is rewarded with six days' leave so that he may go home and embrace his mother. The battle scene is preamble; the picture itself becomes a race against time, the boy being impeded by the irregularities of travel and the human demands made on him. At the end, he literally has time only to embrace his mother before leaping into the truck that will start him back to the war from which he will not again return.

Technically, the picture is made according to an almost foolproof chase formula; but it is most excellently done, with a delicate sense of timing, rich variety of characterization and beautiful photography. In tone, *Ballad of a Soldier* is tender, deeply aware of the importance of individual life. It sees tragedy in terms of simple experience (a wife, reunited with her husband who has lost a leg, cannot take his arm as they walk along because the crutches are in the way), and though it never intimates that war is futile, or indeed avoidable, it sums up what war means in terms of one life that is so promising and so early cut off. This is a film of happy springtime, in a world that will permit no summer.

The innocence and virtue of the picture can be matched only by some of our nineteenth-century Civil War romances. The boy and girl who meet and fall in love on the long journey are like children in Eden; a wicked soldier turns into a rather endearing clown; comradeship and fidelity are universal and when the couple does come upon a faithless wife, they react with copybook severity. We have made pictures in this key (though I cannot remember one so skillful) and Richard Barthelmess starred in the most famous of them. Bursting into the kitchen of his next-door playmate, now become a lovely maiden, Alyosha gasps in confusion: "How you have grown!" and she ducks her head and hides her hands in her apron. The scene evokes, not one picture, but a whole Hollywood era. How happy we were!

But of course we really weren't, and Booth Tarkington never became a major American writer. What frightens me about *Ballad of a Soldier* is that the Soviet Government has sent it to us (part of an exchange arrangement) as a demonstration of Russian idealism. This turns out to be the idealism of green maidens and schoolroom knights-errant. The picture is not so much an inadequate view of the USSR as it is an inadequate view of the human race. If the Russians can see themselves in *Ballad of a Soldier*, they are trapped in childhood; and a nation of children ruled by that row of felt hats along the balustrade of Lenin's tomb is a spectacle of unalloyed terror.

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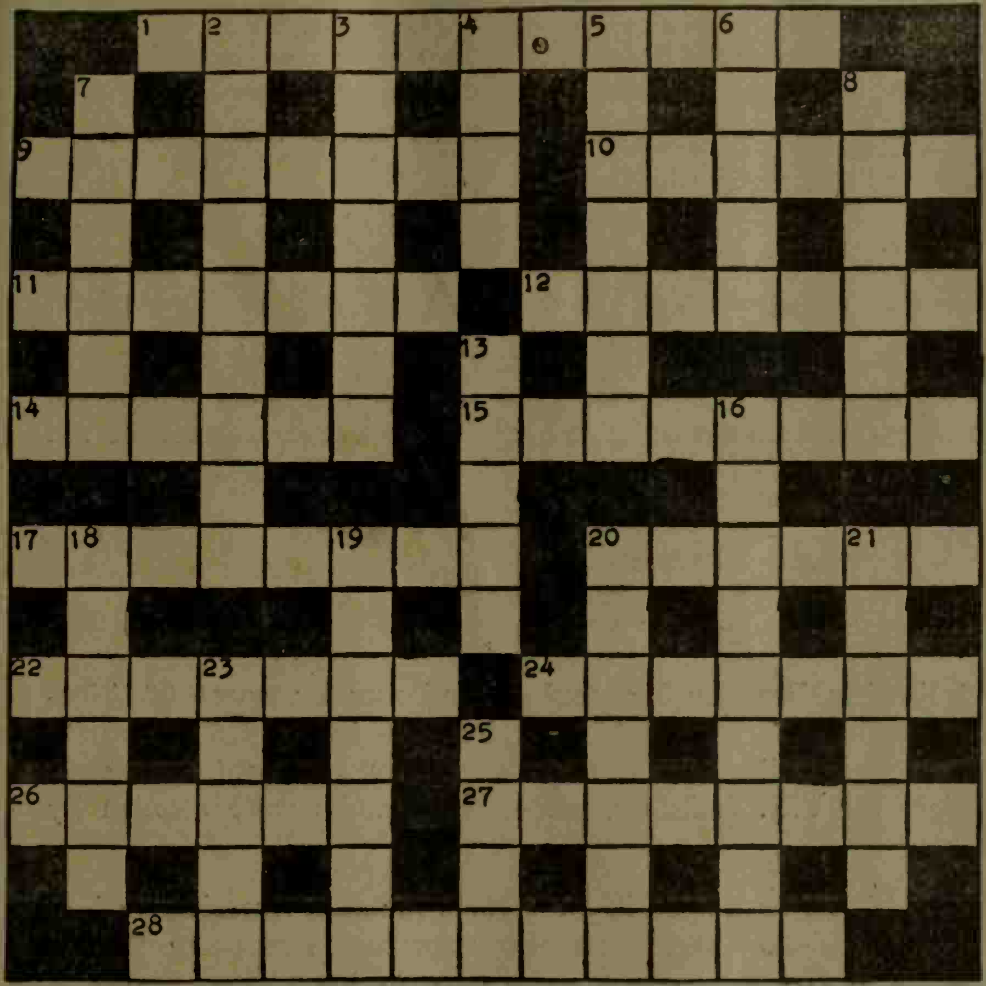
Crossword Puzzle No. 915

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Deep strains, in a way. (11)
9 No rating for those who don't know! (8)
10 See 4 down
11 Obtain young cattle around it, being without much sense. (7)
12 It has an 11 quality, with the pegs hit back. (7)
14 Cervantes said there is strange charm in the hopes of one. (6)
15 Not a new part of the motor for Grandpa, perhaps. (3,5)
17 The unusual do, before you get to have inner conviction. (8)
20 Look out here, perhaps, for the drink is about up! (6)
22 As a guess, a version of this would be a way to get satisfaction. (7)
24 He might come in to something. (7)
26 To be left about the ocean? (6)
27 Notice it comes after the end? (8)
28 Deep strains, in a way. (3,8)

DOWN:

2 Formerly a single price, it's clear. (9)
3 Come out with a variety of sea cow? (7)
4 and 10 When better viewpoints are presented, these might show them. (4,6)
5 The sort of motor found on a bird, perhaps? (7)
6 What might listen in two directions makes a close approach. (5)
7 Out-going people sometimes have it. (6)
8 Like the mud slung by Madison Avenue? (6)
13 and 25 Solid figures with old clothes on, making up the wagon. (9)
16 Urge a combination of spirit or air. (9)
18 Sure to cause dispossession. (6)
19 Affecting the structure of cargo in the making? (7)
20 One might be in the middle of a sentence. (7)
21 Floaters and flies, perhaps. (6)
23 Give us time for practice! (5)
25 See 13 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 911

ACROSS: 1 Horsewhip; 9 and 6 across The gift of gab; 10 Eyesore; 11 Letdown; 12 English; 13 and 18 Gas house; 15 Styles; 17 Stager; 19 Cherry; 22 Chaste; 25 Ask; 27 Counter; 28 In state; 30 Opaline; 31 Nonskid; 32 Heels; 33 Toymakers. DOWN: 1 Hotel; 2 Reentry; 3 Epitome; 4 Hating; 5 and 6 Pieces of eight; 7 Growing; 8 Beech tree; 14 Abuts; 15 Sackcloth; 16 Shy; 17 Sec; 20 Emulate; 21 Retains; 23 Hosanna; 24 Shackle; 25 Ardent; 26 Kidney; 29 Eddas.

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MORAL RE-ARMAMENT

Dr. Buchman's Holy War

Richard Harris

* * *

The Report That Won't Die

THE CIA IN ALGERIA

Alexander Werth

LETTERS

Blow at the Kremlin

Dear Sirs: While conservatives such as Robert Welch merely sit and talk about impeaching Justice Warren, liberals such as Nelson Rockefeller go out and act to meet the Russian challenge by giving us a really hard-hitting law to revoke the driver's permit of anyone convicted of advocating overthrow of the federal government. Boy, will this set the Soviets back on their heels.

STEPHEN H. PATTERSON, JR.
Princeton, N.J.

Naming Names

Dear Sirs: Ed Cray's article, "Enemies of Mental Health," in your April 8 issue, is another of your publication's fine efforts to point out the various aspects of a multi-dimensional, though fundamentally homogeneous, phenomenon which, for lack of a better name, might be called extreme rightism. However, it would be useful if the articles could relate some of the activities of specific organizations and/or individuals. Mr. Cray's article gives us only one name (Congressman Hiestand's), while none of the other "Enemies of Mental Health" are mentioned by name.

C. H. NICHOLS
Sudbury, Mass.

Dear Sirs: With reference to Mr. Nichols' questions, many of the antis are ephemeral, one-shot organizations; others have dabbled once or twice in the subject, then turned to anti-fluoridation, or abolition of income tax, or anti-Semitic or anti-urban-renewal activities.

In the "scientific" group of mental-health opponents, one man stands out: Lewis Albert Alesen, M.D., Freedom Clubs, 535 S. Hoover, Los Angeles. He is the author of *Mental Robots* (Caxton, 1960). Thomas Sullivan, Free Enterprise Bureau, 855 S. Hill St., Los Angeles 14, looks at the legal side of things, concerned with possible violations of "Constitutional rights."

Other organizations involved—all in California—are the Committee for the Preservation of the Constitution, Box 27103, Hollywood 27; The American Public Relations Forum, Inc., Mrs. Stephanie Williams, president, Box 587, Burbank; Americans for Mental Freedom, Inc., Box 318, North Hollywood and the California State Division, Minutewomen of the United States of America, Box 26243, Los Angeles. They serve more or less as research/resource agencies.

I don't doubt that there are twenty-five other "agencies" in the country grinding out anti-mental-health tracts. I haven't bumped into them.

Los Angeles, Calif. ED CRAY

Better Art

Dear Sirs: As an art major at Buffalo State Teachers College, I found Howard Warshaw's article, "Return to Naturalism," in your April 22 issue, interesting and informative. The comparison drawn between Rockwell and Pollock brought the following point to my mind. Realism, credited to Rockwell . . . is a mere vision of nature; expressionism and abstraction (Pollock) stimulate thought . . . and are therefore, in my judgment, superior art.

MARILYN COOK
Buffalo, N. Y.

Eichmann

Dear Sirs: Regarding your editorial of April 22, entitled "Legality and Humanity," in which you state "When six million Jews were exterminated, where was the law?" It would appear that the law was in the same position as it was on Aug. 6 and 9, 1945, when hundreds of thousands of innocent men, women and children were slaughtered or maimed by atom bombs. Both of these inhuman acts, the slaughter of the Jews and of the Japanese, were performed by Christian nations. Therefore: it would appear that not only is Eichmann on trial, but also the Christian religion. . . .

JULIAN W. BOURNIER
Santa Cruz, Calif.

Dear Sirs: In your editorial of April 22, you allege that the Jews were "chosen" to be murdered. But millions of Russians, Poles, English and Chinese died from the fighting, hunger and disease caused by the German-Japanese war machines. The Jews were not chosen to die any more than anyone else during the Second World War.

Next, you contend that the Jews are now the instruments of retribution. . . . This is meaningless and ridiculous; does the trial and punishment of an animal like Eichmann do justice to the six million innocent people whom he butchered? Retribution is not only impossible, but inconceivable.

Finally, you mention that perhaps the Jews are also the instrument of salvation. Then you add that if anyone has had anything better to offer he has failed to speak in the last fifteen years. Certainly the U.N. is a far more sensible approach to world problems. It may not meet with overwhelming success, but it represents a more rational attempt than the pathetic spectacle of Eichmann's being tried by the "Chosen People."

Cambridge, Mass. ALFRED J. ALCORN

Mr. Alcorn's statement that Jews were not "chosen to die any more than anyone else" is not quite accurate. Jews and gypsies were killed discriminately, as a matter of deliberate policy; others were killed indiscriminately.—EDITORS.

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EDITORIALS

Deeds, Not Words

One of the slogans of the Eisenhower administration, especially cherished by the late John Foster Dulles, was that the Soviet regime would have to show its *bona fides* by deeds, not words. It will be instructive to see how we ourselves stack up on the basis of this criterion. Here is Vice President Lyndon Johnson, accompanied by Ladybird and thirty members of Congress and officials, on the first leg of a 28,500-mile trip to explain the American cause to the world. "The United States must and will commit the full strength of its great capacity, the full moral force of our devotion to peace, the full energy and vitality of our people to the cause of human freedom everywhere," said Mr. Johnson.

Note: *everywhere*. How about Angola, then? The people of Angola are not free, but they wish to be free. They are proving it by deeds, not words. Almost all the news comes out of Angola through the official Portuguese agency, Lusitania; all of it is devoted exclusively to the atrocities of African terrorists and the heroism of the Portuguese Army and Air Force. Occasional items, however, get past the censorship and into the columns of the world press. "Thousands of colored people have been slaughtered and mutilated," reports a Baptist missionary, Rev. Clifford J. Parsons, who left Angola recently. "Every night, the Portuguese secret police have broken into houses and dragged Africans into the street where they were shot." The source of this quotation (*Newsweek*, May 15) also quotes a British correspondent from inside Angola: "The Portuguese Army and Air Force are carrying out reprisals on an appalling scale." The *Observer* has a correspondent in Leopoldville reporting similar tales of how the white man bears his burden when the black man seeks to relieve him of it. The Portuguese have 17,000 troops in Angola, and so far they have slaughtered 20,000 Africans. "The aeroplanes come over nearly every day now," an Angolan child tells the *Observer* correspondent. "They bomb the forest with fire bombs and when we run out into the open they shoot us with their guns. There are no more villages, they have all been burned."

From Lisbon comes a dispatch saying that NATO munitions and Portuguese soldiers of a NATO division are being sent to Angola. "Britain and America are democratic countries," says an Angolan, showing napalm bomb fragments with arming instructions in English. "Why do you still support Portugal through NATO?" He should address his question to Lyndon Johnson when the expert on freedom arrives in Angola to look over the situation there. Or can it be that the apostle will skip Angola, and the United States will continue to supply NATO with arms with which the Portuguese can bring civilization to Africa? It may well be that the emissary will prefer to show the full moral force of our devotion to the cause of human freedom *almost* everywhere, but not in Angola under the present painful circumstances. It is easier to praise freedom with words than to support it with deeds.

Castro's Socialism

Castro must have some magic about him, not only in Cuba, but in Washington, D.C. When he renounced elections, the State Department fell to the ground collectively and lay as if dead; only after a time was Lincoln White able to rise and utter a few broken words in condemnation. When Castro announced that Cuba was now "Socialist," the State Department, accompanied by the entire American press, was in such agony that strong men could not endure the spectacle.

Yet the qualified experts on socialism do not seem to take Castro's pretensions as seriously as the State Department. Members of the Communist bloc are as skeptical as we are alarmed. Chalmers M. Roberts sums up the reasons in the *Washington Post*. The Soviet bloc is by no means taking Fidel at his word, says Mr. Roberts, and he gives evidence based on a sampling of Soviet diplomats in Washington. In the eyes of these practitioners, one does not become a Socialist merely by saying so. It takes decades of striving. Only the Soviet Union and Czechoslovakia have achieved a state of socialism so far, and communism is only a goal of the future. Fidel may talk like Khrushchev — "parasites, exploiting classes, Yankee monopolists, imperialist, Fascist, reactionary clergy," etc.—but he also speaks of "little businessmen, little industrialists, little landlords," etc., with almost paternal reassurance. As for inviting Cuba to join the Warsaw Pact, it is unthinkable, according to the Red diplomats. Cuba is not Europe, for one thing; they don't want more trouble with the United States, for another; and they just don't want Castro in the immediate family. His speech lacks "disciplined tones," they complain; here, indeed, East and West may for once agree.

Another peculiarity of the American reaction to Cuban socialism, or proto-socialism, is that, when identified with communism, it is unobjectionable in some parts of the world, but unspeakable in Cuba. Thus Mr. Smathers rises in the Senate and intones, "Mr. President, with the continuing success of Fidel Castro and the open declaration by him that Cuba is a Soviet satellite — just as much as East Germany, Poland, Hungary, or any other Iron Curtain countries — the efforts of Communists in Latin America have been redoubled." We may take it that Cuba and Poland are one in the spirit. But on the same day, Senator Wiley rises and says, "Mr. President . . . I would pay homage to the Polish people, who — despite the existence of a communistic system in their homeland — keep alive the spirit of freedom and independence." It would seem, then, that communism in Poland does not utterly damn the country and its people, but in Cuba it must be fought with fire and sword.

Full Circle?

Nathan Broch, a commentator for the *Los Angeles Mirror*, has come up with an idea which, as they say in show business, is a natural. "Laos," he begins, "is being lost to the West." South Vietnam is tottering. An impenetrable defense line, a *cordon sanitaire*, must be established in Southeast Asia. True, true; indeed, Vice President Johnson, with retinue, is on his way to the site of the impenetrable defense line to get some such project under way. Inescapably, there are difficulties athwart the road to Asian freedom. "Free enterprise capitalism," Mr. Broch points out, "cannot be appreciated by millions of coolies whose idea of property is confined to the heap of rice cupped in their hands." But they do appreciate guns. In these benighted jungles, the guns must be used by "tough, below-the-belt" guerrilla fighters. We have such specialists on our military payrolls and we expect to have more; President Kennedy is reading up on guerrilla tactics, and all Washington will follow his lead. But obviously we are never going to have enough professional jungle fighters; it is an occupation which American mothers do not choose early enough for their sons. Where, then, is the well-adapted, easily trained and inexpensive manpower to be found? The answer is obvious once it is stated: "Japan and its vast manpower resources are emerging as the logical mainstay for the defense of Southeast Asia."

Japan, Mr. Broch points out, has been rearmed parallel with West Germany, though with "less candor." Another difficulty is that pacifism has made inroads in Japan such as it never made in Germany. This "psychological hurdle" can, however, be overcome by dramatizing the threat to Japan itself. Mr. Broch asks Mr. Johnson to consider the Japanese reservoir of manpower seriously, before the political disintegration of the region becomes irreversible.

One other objection is disposed of handily. Under the constitution which we imposed on Japan, she renounced forever the will to war. This difficulty is not met head-on in the scheme as outlined, but where a truly great cause is involved, such as stopping communism, treaties and constitutions are, after all, only scraps of paper.

Yet a gnawing doubt remains. Even in show business, the natural often becomes less natural in the making and turns into a flop at the box office. "There simply is no other way," says the commentator who, we may be sure, did not conjure up the idea from his inner consciousness. The 600,000-man force of Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa must stay where it is to threaten China (and its Chinese are too old, while the Formosans are unreliable). The South Koreans are tied down on the 38th Parallel. The Filipinos have scarcely enough manpower to defend their long chain of islands. The Thailanders and the South Vietnamese, like their colleagues in Laos, may not fight.

But as soon as one concludes there is no other way, the tendency is to think wishfully that the one way *must* work. Unfortunately this does not follow. Sometimes there is *no* way. In this instance, how will the Burmese react? The Cambodians? The Indians? The Japanese themselves? The rest of the world? Even if Japanese armies can be put into the field, will it not be plain to all that, in fighting communism all over the world, the United States is exhausting itself and losing whatever scruples it had left? Is it desirable to give rise to such suspicions? Desperation is the weakest form of diplomacy, and still weaker in war. The Pentagon and its satellite think-factories had better do some further research on this latest and loveliest version of the let-Asians-fight-Asians scheme, before laying any cash on the barrel-head.

Elections in Haiti

When Fidel Castro renounced elections the other day the roof fell in, not in Cuba to be sure, but in the United States. Fidel was denounced, and not unjustly, as mocking both the theory and the practice of democracy. Our zeal for democracy drops off sharply at the eastern tip of Cuba, however, and is non-existent by the time it reaches Haiti, separated from Cuba only by a narrow strait. On May 9, it was announced in Port-au-Prince that the Haitian dictator, President Dr. François Duvalier, had been elected to a new six-year term on April 30, although his present term does not end till 1963. This remarkable event left the legions of American journalism calm; many papers, in fact, overlooked it completely, as did radio and television. *The New York Times* gave it a few inches on an inside page under the caption, "1,320,748 Haitians Voted for Duvalier." Apparently few, if any, of the 1,320,748 knew that their master was standing for election, much less that they were voting for him. They were voting for Deputies to serve in the unicameral legislature. Only the names of well-known Duvalier partisans were allowed on the ballot. This is *comme il faut* in Haiti and excited no remark; for that matter, no one is allowed to vote unless he is a Duvalier partisan. But over the name of each candidate for Deputy there had been printed the words "Doctor François Duvalier — President." Thus the good doctor received a unanimous mandate from the voters, and is now in office till 1969.

This episode shows how stupid Fidel is. Haiti is an economic dependency of the United States and Dr. Duvalier can always count on us for a few millions when he is in more trouble than usual. The average Haitian cannot read or write and lives on $75 a year. Duvalier wants more money from the United States, but this will not necessarily show up in the Haitian worker's pay envelope. Most of the university students are angry with Duvalier, and are attracted to Castroism. The United States, it is clear, is repelled by Castroism because Castro derides elections; it assists Duvalier because Duvalier is a firm believer in the electoral process, as he has just proved.

A Test for Rockefeller

It is time for the GOP to immerse its blue-blood leaders in the muck and mire of urban politics. No phase of government is more disastrously mismanaged, and nowhere are voters more in need of genuine alternatives. The issue has a special urgency in New York, where Governor Rockefeller is an active candidate for the Presidency. Senator Jacob K. Javits (Rep., N. Y.) spurned an effort to draft him for the New York City mayoralty. Did the Governor try hard enough to make him accede? Or is Mr. Rockefeller adhering to standard GOP state operating procedure, namely, to let the Democrats worry about the monumental problems of New York City, while the Republicans command the pleasant heights at Albany? The Republican Party follows much the same procedure elsewhere. As much by design and connivance as by necessity, the Republican Party has delivered the sorely-put-upon millions of Boston, Chicago and other large cities to one-party Democratic machines of varying degrees of competence (or incompetence) and integrity (or corruption).

The Republican Party and Governor Rockefeller have an obligation to cooperate with other elements in offering a feasible alternative to Mayor Robert F. Wagner. It may once have been smart politics for the Republicans to make a "patsy" of a Democratic Mayor, thereby ducking responsibility for the city's problems while pointing the finger of righteous scorn at Tammany Hall. But that day is gone. If the citizens of New York are once again robbed of a choice, they will, if they are shrewd, hold the Governor and his party responsible for what amounts to their virtual disenfranchisement.

DR. BUCHMAN'S HOLY WAR

MORAL RE-ARMAMENT . .

by Richard Harris

OVER THE PAST year, the non-Communist world has been subjected to a last-ditch publicity campaign advertising Moral Re-Armament, a movement that promises to save mankind if it will only listen. During this period, MRA has done its best to make itself heard by distributing eighty-seven million copies of a booklet called *Ideology and Co-existence;* by running hundreds of full-page advertisements in prominent newspapers around the globe, including better than 130 in the United States in one month alone; by showing several MRA-produced movies and plays here and abroad; by selling and giving away thousands of books, pamphlets and magazines; and by carrying on determined evangelical efforts on the part of its followers.

According to MRA, its efforts have been well worth while. In a full-page ad (entitled "THE HOUR IS LATE/HERE IS THE ANSWER/ FOR GOD'S SAKE, WAKE UP!") that appeared in *The New York Times* on two successive Sundays last January, the group described, at some length, its endorsement by public figures around the world. Chancellor Adenauer, it noted, had launched, just the month before, "an ideological offensive for Moral Re-Armament in the German Federal Republic." Prime Minister Kishi stated, after the student riots of June, 1960, "But for Moral Re-Armament, Japan would be under Com-

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munist control today." President Kasavubu, appearing before a gathering of warring whites and blacks who had been brought together by MRA, said, "You have found the secret of liberation for Africa. All men must think how to give this moral basis to the country." Mannath Padmanabhan, who led the revolt against the Communist provincial government in Kerala, in February, 1960, reported, "The 15,000,000 people of Kerala—Hindu, Christian and Muslim—stand together with Moral Re-Armament to turn the tide of Communism in Asia and the world." Eudocio Ravines, a former believer in communism and the founder of its party in Peru, said, "The best export the United States of America or any nation can send to Latin America is Moral Re-Armament." And General Ho Ying-chin, wartime commander of the Chinese Nationalist forces, announced, "Only with Moral Re-Armament can we recapture the mainland from Communism." Space in the advertisement was too limited to mention that MRA has been publicly supported by a good many other notables, past and present, including General John J. Pershing, Henry Ford, Robert Schuman, Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd and his brother Harry, Karl Mundt, Norman Vincent Peale, Richard Nixon and Mae West.

The Dynamics of Change

However, as an observer remarked some twenty years ago, "It is far easier to applaud MRA than it is to define or explain it." That view is no less valid today. All that is clear—at first, second and third glance—is that MRA sees communism as a mortal threat, which it alone can counter. How this is to be managed remains rather unclear. About the closest one can come to a statement of purpose is the conclusion to the appeal in the *Times*:

> Men must learn to have a faith that will create the right revolution. If we can spread this revolution fast enough we can save America and the world. Unless we have this revolution there will be a revolution of chaos. It needs this stronger dose. Sin leaves us with such a dull, heavy thud. "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." That is the discovery everyone is looking for. That is the answer.

The quotation is from a speech made last year by Frank N. D. Buchman, the movement's founder—or, as MRA calls him, the initiator, since God was the founder. Today, Buchman, an owlish, portly, bespectacled man of eighty-two, heads this sprawling, loosely knit, ethico-religious organization ("organism" to its supporters), which is made up of an unknown number of followers (not members, for there are no rolls, no dues, no congregation) whose main occupation is working in teams to ease industrial, racial and political strife. The only way to accomplish these ends and to thwart the Communists, MRA holds, is to change the world by first changing man. "Upon a foundation of changed lives permanent reconstruction is assured," Buchman once said. "Apart from changed lives no civilization can endure."

While most, if not all, social innovators have tacitly accepted as their first premise that man is by nature imperfectible and have dealt with him in his fallen state, Buchman set out to re-create a sinless Adam who is ready to move back to the Garden as soon as everyone is in a similar condition of perfection. "I saw that when I obeyed God, miracles happened," he elaborated. "I learnt the truth that when man listens, God speaks; when man obeys, God acts; when men change, nations change."

Although MRA denies it, essentially it is a secret society that works more or less undercover and that refuses to divulge any pertinent facts about its operational and financial setup. While this leads one to wonder if the group is hiding something, it also, unfortunately, compels an appraiser to piece together the existing fragments of historical information with the cement of conjecture. With this reservation, it appears that Buchman runs the movement through a seventeen-member Council of Management, situated in London; that there are probably a couple of thousand full-time workers, who get bed and board from the organism and everything else from sympathetic donors; that it accomplishes much of its work through small cells in rather devious ways; and that—in addition to its nine hotels and inns in Caux, Switzerland, its three-million-dollar center at Mackinac Island, Michigan, its sumptuous headquarters on Berkeley Square, London, its offices in various cities throughout the world, and its 277-acre estate in Westchester—it has a great deal of money on tap.

In the Beginning

Any study of Moral Re-Armament is inevitably a study of Frank Buchman. According to his self-appraisal in *Who's Who,* what made it possible for him to change humanity was his "knowledge of human problems gained in America," on the basis of which he "initiated a program of life which issues in personal, social, racial, national, and supernational [sic] change." On the whole, Buchman gained this knowledge in a fairly commonplace manner. Born in Pennsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1878, he graduated from Muhlenberg College, in Allentown, and the Lutheran Theological Seminary, in Philadelphia, and was ordained into the ministry in 1902. Stung by the taunt of a fellow-seminarian that his overweening ambition was not his most Christian virtue, Buchman went to work among the poor of Philadelphia and in time established a hospice for homeless boys. Before long, he had a falling out with the directors of the hospice, who planned to cut down his charges' rations, and resigned.

Reduced in both spirit and health, Buchman went to Europe for a rest, which he finally found in a small church in the English countryside, where a female revivalist provided him with a religious experience. As he later described that event, "I had entered the little church with a divided will, nursing pride, selfishness, ill-will, which prevented me from functioning as a Christian minister should. The woman's simple talk personalized the Cross for me that day, and suddenly I had a poignant vision of the Crucified." Upon his return to the United States in 1909, Buchman settled down at Pennsylvania State College as YMCA secretary, a position that he kept until 1916. Today, MRA pronounces that it was initiated in 1921—in a more historic and enlightened setting—but at least one biographer has named Penn State as the birthplace of what Buchman calls "life-changing," which then consisted of extracting confessions from adolescents who, cleansed, hopefully went on to lead cleaner lives.

In its literature, MRA quotes Chou En-lai as saying "We can slip our Communist ideology in through the weak spots in men's characters." Doubtless, the statement appeals to Buchman because he knows from half a century of employing this technique how well it works. As any priestly confessor or psychiatrist who handles teen-age boys will attest, adolescent guilt is largely sexual in content. While the psychiatrist studies such guilt to see what part of it is the result of frustration, anxiety, fear, abnormality or normality, and the priest dismisses most of it as growing pains, Buchman puts it down as true sin, for he has reportedly estimated that 85 to 90 per cent of *all* sin is sexual. This conviction may be the reason that he never married. In any event, it is most certainly the foundation of his movement.

Surgery on Eros

Following a tour of the Far East under YMCA auspices during which Buchman gathered a number of converts, including his first adults, by the same methods and also, according to one historian, "developed his ability to extract money from converts painlessly," he went to study at Cambridge. After spending a year there and accomplishing little more than to become known around the campus as Old Moral Uplift, in 1921 he switched his attentions to Oxford. In the view of a Catholic commentator, Monsignor Leon-Joseph Suenens, Bishop Auxiliary of Malines, Belgium, "To conquer Oxford was to win . . . England. Buchman knew it." As Buchman has since recounted, it all began one evening while he was strolling through the grounds of Christ Church College, meditating the question, "How can one man change the world?" The answer came to him in what he knew was a direct communication from God. It went: "First one man changed, then two, then four, then eight. A million changed. A whole nation changed."

Convinced that this was not just a divine revelation but a command, Buchman quickly jotted it down in a notebook so he wouldn't forget. Then, proceeding to the next step in the geometric progression of conversion, he chose as his first subject an undergraduate named Loudon Hamilton, whom he challenged to an honest evaluation of his acts and motives. Citing his own case, he told the youngster that if he admitted his past sins and surrendered himself to divine guidance, God would speak to him directly. Hamilton resisted. Buchman kept after him. Eventually, Hamilton gave in, and he, too, began to listen to God and to write down the messages. "I, a Scot, accepted three meals a day and a bed and no salary to give my life to the movement at Oxford," Hamilton later said. "It takes God's guidance to make a Scot accept a situation like that."

Buchman's technique in eliciting confessions was, and is, known as "soul surgery" and its effects, when successful, as "washout." According to one commentator, Walter Houston Clark, "The task [is] greatly facilitated if the soul surgeon [can] discover, through intimate acquaintance, the areas of insecurity, guilt, anxiety, unhappiness, or 'defeat' in the life of the prospective convert." Quite early, Buchman apparently found that the most effective method—described by one writer as "employing a spiritual rubber hose"—was to operate with a group, including the prospects and a claque of those who had already undergone the knife and who were quite ready to tell their wanton tales to prompt the reticent. The inflammatory nature of those sessions can easily be imagined, for, as the late Alva Johnston pointed out in this connection, "there is sometimes an aphrodisiac quality in the most furious diatribe against lust."

Mary Magdalene in a Dior

In time, Buchman evolved the basic methodology of his movement—initially called "A First Century Christian Fellowship" by insiders and "Buchmanism" by outsiders. It required all adherents to practice four absolutes: honesty, purity, love and selflessness. Followers were called upon to set aside an hour or so just after rising—the "quiet time"—to listen to God. "Make a great silence within you, a great void," advises an MRA pamphlet. "Ask God what He has to say to you, then wait." If one is properly receptive, God will speak and instruct—on everything, from what you should eat for breakfast to whether you should work full time for the movement. These "luminous thoughts," which are officially known as "guidance" or "the dictatorship of the Holy Spirit," are to be written down in a notebook always carried for that purpose. Afterward, believers get together in small groups ("no lone-wolfing" is one of Buchman's prime tenets) and discuss their guidance by reading to one another from their personal books of revelation. This step, called "sharing," is to make certain that the guidance was actually from God and not merely some intrusive private thought in divine masquerade. Then each person's guidance is checked for authenticity by the others on three grounds: (1) Is it absolutely honest, pure, unselfish and loving? (2) Does it fit in with the speaker's individual faith? (3) Is it in accordance with Christ's teaching in the Bible? (In practice, some guidance is better than other guidance. The group's is better than the individual's; the Council of Management's is better than the group's; and Buchman's is best of all. As his followers often say, "Frank's guidance is always right.")

During the next few years, Buchman built a cadre of Oxonians (which led him to change the movement's name to the Oxford Group) and, according to one account, they "sped along a sex-tinged confession path, mainly among the moneyed class." A fellow pastor, E. P. Pfatteicher, who knew Buchman in the early days, recalled that he had always had a passion "to hobnob with those in positions of social prestige." Nor was he alone in his admiration, for the Oxford Group soon attracted lesser converts from among the upper middle class. As Clark noted, "The sordid truth is that snob appeal is part of the Group's stock in trade." Before long, Buchman had become soul surgeon to a sizable portion of the British aristocracy and its hangers-on, and was soon holding his meetings—or house parties, as they became widely known—in great estates throughout England. "It has been the great achievement of Frank Buchman," Edmund Wilson stated, "to put patent-leather pumps on the Christ of the missions and get him into a dinner jacket, and to give him for Mary Magdalene a refined Anglo-Saxon lady, chastely but expensively gowned."

In the view of the late religious and social historian, Ernest Sutherland Bates, Buchman was able to accomplish this quite easily, since "The ruling aristocracy of Great Britain is tired and ready to welcome a philosophy of escape." Of course, Britain had just fought its greatest war; it had suffered calamitous losses; and it had its own lost generation, some of whom were among Buchman's earliest followers. When any ruling class is shaken—by events and its own culpability—it invariably attempts to restore itself by means of a compromise that will essentially preserve the old ways and the old benefits. In this sense, Buchman's solution had great appeal, for he was content, even eager, to leave the social structure quite alone. Then, too, any man who survives a war is bound to feel guilt—for not having done enough, for leaving behind his dead comrades, or, perhaps worse, for his profits. Moreover, when such a situation is compounded with sexual guilt, which maturity in years diminishes but rarely dissolves, the outcome is scarcely surprising. On this ground, it is worth noting that during the movement's early stage, it appealed far more to men, with their heightened sex drive, than to women, with their bent for the mystical. In addition, of course, a leisure class has more time and facilities for sexual sinning as well as the fastidious sensibilities to be upset about it. All in all, the British aristocracy had Chou's weak spots in abundance.

God the Millionaire

In the mid-twenties, Buchman and his top aides moved on to the United States. They were far from successful—possibly, Bates pointed out, because Americans were less weary, more self-confident than their cousins. Apparently hoping to match the academic coup he'd had abroad, Buchman went to Princeton, and although he changed a few students, when news of the erotic nature of his meetings came to the attention of the president of the university, he was told to leave and never return. This reverse, Dr. Clark commented, "sounded the death-knell of Buchman's revival in American colleges," and compelled him to shift his base of operations back to England.

Before leaving, he traveled through the East, stopping off at such places as Charleston and Newport, where, through his British friends, he made contact with a good many influential people. Wherever he and his men went, they traveled first class and put up at the best hotels. When asked about the outlay for this standard of living, Buchman shrugged. "Why not?" he retorted. "Isn't God a millionaire?" As Bates observed, "The first-century Christians shared their little property and were guided to persecution and death; their twentieth-century followers shared their little erotic excitements and were guided to the Hotel Plaza." Alarmed by growing criticisms of this sort, Buchman moved to quash them by limiting intimate confessions to private conversations in small, sexually segregated groups and by working more with the lower classes. He already had access to the latter, for, as *Time* magazine remarked, "Not a few U. S. socialites have rallied to the faith of God the Millionaire to make the pleasurable discovery that if their servants were 'changed,' too, they became much more pleasant and effective."

Upon his return to England, Buchman set out for bigger game. "Mr. Buchman always had a fondness for men in key positions," Bates recounted, "but to gain their adherence was now the central point in his program." In the summer of 1936, after a tour of the Continent, he arrived back in New York, and said to a *World-Telegram* reporter, "I thank heaven for a man like Adolf Hitler, who built a front line of defense against the Antichrist of Communism. My barber in London told me that Hitler saved all Europe from Communism." His own hope, he added, was to convert Hitler and establish a "God-controlled fascist dictatorship." Subsequently charged with being pro-Nazi, Buchman cited in his defense a Gestapo report on the Oxford Group, which came to light during the war, and which stated, in part:

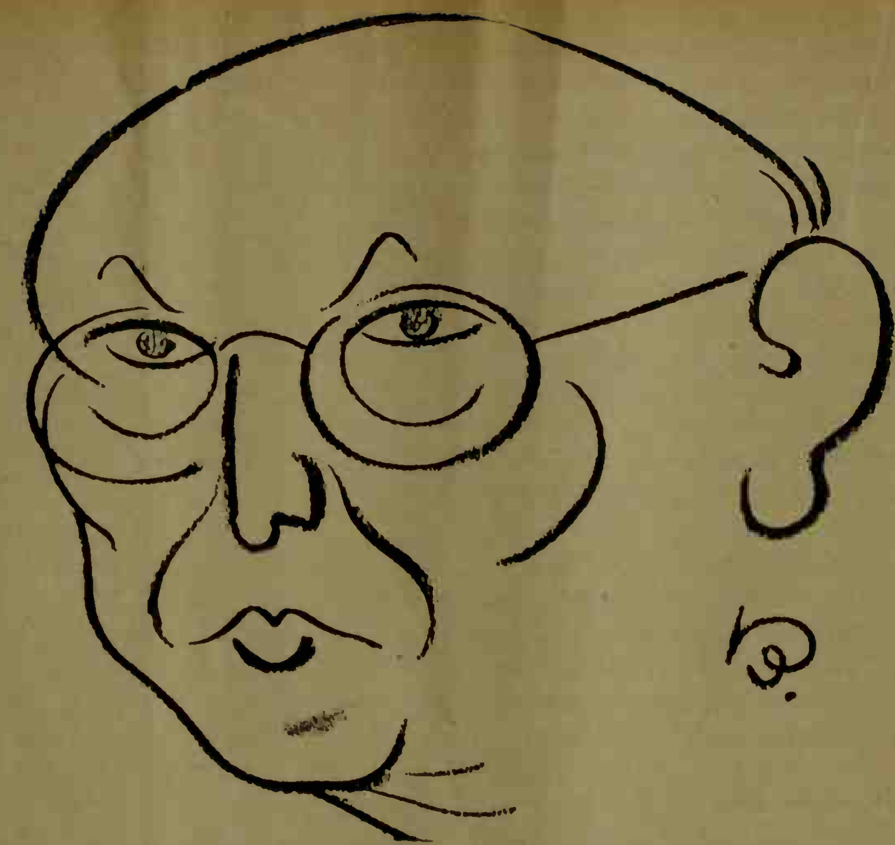
> At the very moment when we are making efforts to suppress Christian conviction of sin, which appears to us the first step towards enslavement of the German, a movement is emanating from the Anglo-Saxons, who are racially related to us, which regards just this consciousness of sin as a basis for change in national relationships.

In effect, Buchman wanted to know how he could have been sympathetic to the Nazis if they realized that his approach was antithetical to theirs.

In the Munich Spirit

During his first dozen and a half years of operation, Buchman concentrated on gaining converts through personal evangelism. But in the spring of 1938, he enlarged his goal to include economics and politics. To start with, he held a meeting at the East Ham Town Hall, in London, a labor stronghold, and announced the beginning of a worldwide campaign of God-guidance, which he called Moral Re-Armament. God sent him the idea—and the name—one day while he was walking in the Black Forest, he said. In announcing that the time had come for England to rally to him ("God used to tell me in 1921 that there would be a mighty awakening of God's Almighty Spirit in this land," he reported), Buchman told his audience, "Moral recovery is essentially the forerunner of economic recovery. Imagine a rising tide of absolute honesty and absolute unselfishness sweeping across the country! What would be the effect? What about taxes? Debts? Savings?"

During and after the Munich crisis, one commentator noted, Buchman "was busily engaged on the Continent and in England in presenting his principles of peace in our time and appeasement to English statesmen." Not long afterward, Buchman returned to his homeland to talk of peace. In July, 1939, he appeared before an overflow audience at the Hollywood Bowl, and announced, "Tonight is a preview of a new world." When that new world erupted, Buchman settled down to countering charges of pacifism, appeasement and pro-Nazism by sending out MRA teams, or "task forces," to put on their playlet, *You Can Defend America,* before audiences of workers. According to Senator Truman, then chairman of the Senate War Investigating Committee, the group's efforts were impressive. Some others disagreed with his estimate, among them the officer in charge of Selective Service in New York when twenty-eight of the group applied for deferment from the draft on the grounds that they were aiding the war effort. "I regard this group of registrants as the most detestable specimens of draft-dodgers which have yet come to my attention," he said.



Frank N. D. Buchman

On the Labor Front

At this distance, it is difficult to determine exactly when, where and how Buchman got engaged in industrial work on an appreciable scale. As early as the mid-thirties, he and his people were involved in trying to settle labor-management differences —during a Longshoremen's strike on the West Coast. But it seems fairly clear that this area became one of MRA's primary concerns as a result of the experience and publicity it gained during the war. Possibly, Buchman started out with the encouragement of some sympathetic businessmen who shared the socialites' view that MRA made one's help more agreeable. In any case, the switch required no change in Buchman's economic outlook. In a postwar speech entitled "Turn on the Light," much of which dealt with labor problems, he said, "All people, I know, want to live happily together. We don't want to be disturbed. But we have to be. It is a thing that affects our taxes, and things that affect our taxes touch everybody."

MRA's methods of reducing industrial strife are simple. As described by Dr. Clark, "The party to a labor altercation is changed by the Group's influence . . . and then proceeds to admit to his opponent that he is wrong. The opponent mellows, admits he has been wrong, too, and a new era of comradeship opens for all concerned." Observing that MRA's efforts in the labor field had brought high praise, all of it coming directly or indirectly from MRA, Dr. Clark concluded, "Its influence on labor has been very spotty at best." Others have expressed themselves more vehemently. At a 1953 meeting of the anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, in Brussels, an executive-board report accused MRA of attempting "to interfere with trade-union activities." In passing, the report noted, "[MRA] needs strong financial support for the upkeep of its considerable machinery, etc. These amounts can by no means come from the workers in the ranks of its supporters. The movement needs these funds, and this certainly means that it has to make concessions, scarcely in keeping with the original Buchman program, to those who donate the money." Moreover, the report added, MRA's claims about settling industrial disagreements were "fantastic and contrary to the facts."

In Washington not long ago, Tilford Dudley, a Harvard lawyer, New Deal administrator, member of several Protestant church bodies, and currently head of the AFL-CIO Speakers Bureau, described his association with MRA. "Back in the early fifties, when I was assistant director of the CIO Political Action Committee, their man in Washington started to get friendly with me," he recalled. "He invited me to some of their plays and to lunch and to get-togethers at a big mansion they either own or have the use of here. I went along with it. They said they believed in brotherhood, and I said I couldn't disagree with that. They never tried to convert me, but I suppose they used me. They always had a number of foreign visitors around, and I can see that they said—or at least implied—that here was Dudley, an important man in the union movement and a friend of theirs. Anyway, I did finally break with them. I think I understand the Communists as well as most people—certainly as well as Moral Re-Armament. I've lost jobs because of the Communists' lying about me. I've been beaten up by Communists more than once. And I've spent a good part of my life fighting them. Well, MRA sent me some literature that was an outright attempt to make the cold war worse. I got so mad I sat down and wrote a letter to them, saying that this approach was in direct violation of their own stated principles of brotherhood and conciliation. A month later, their man here invited me to lunch. He brought a couple of supporters with him, including Gandhi's grandson. They show him off whenever they get a chance. That mail I got would have made Gandhi's blood run cold. Well, we talked and talked and got nowhere. Finally, on the way out, I took the man I knew aside and said to him, 'Look, this is where we part company. It's perfectly clear to me now that you people are allying yourself with the forces of the extreme Right. You're making a bid for power.' That was the last I heard from him."

Miracle of the Money

As a tax-exempt organism, MRA is not required to and does not publish financial statements. Where the many millions of dollars that Buchman has spent over the years have come from is indeterminable. Some of it, assuredly, has been contributed by elderly women like Mrs. John Henry Hammond, who donated her $175,000 estate, Dellwood, near Mount Kisco, New York, in 1950. It has also been suggested that a larger share may have been invested by businessmen and industrialists—privately rather than corporatively, since stockholders would be likely to question the purpose. Whatever the sources of the money, there has been a lot of it. Geoffrey Williamson, a British reporter, attended an assembly at Caux a few years ago and reported that most of the full-time officials "had clothes of Savile Row quality and cut," and that a lot of them had smart cars at their disposal. Moreover, the food served was of the quality of a first-class establishment, particularly in the "little dining room," where Buchman and his aides ate. "Some people may require a different kind of food," one of the latter explained to Williamson. "It may be that they have reached a higher stage of spiritual development." In view of Buchman's remark that "good Christians and good living go together," a fifth absolute might well be absolute comfort.

Sir Arnold Lunn, author of *Enigma*, a sympathetic book on MRA, once asked Buchman where his operating funds came from. "I never ask for money, either in print or any other way," Buchman answered. "I do not bother about finance, but as you ask a definite question, I will try to answer it. The money we need turns up somehow." A less wide-eyed investigator than Lunn might have observed that MRA has a system of seven-year pledges of money for certain generous donors, and that Buchman can thus calculate fairly closely how much money will be coming in over a given period. In addition, he sometimes falls back on other means. Lunn was quite won over by evidence for Buchman's statement that "when God guides, God provides"—in the case of the money turning up somehow for the transportation of a 135-member task force on a trip half way around the world. He was unaware, though, that they had been ferried on a fifty-seven-day, 11,000-mile tour of Asia and the Middle East aboard three U. S. Air Force planes. After remarking that "it is possible that many Americans would, if they understood MRA, find Communism less nauseating," *Time* magazine disclosed how the Secretary of the Air Force had refused MRA's repeated appeals to provide government transportation until a group of Congressmen descended on Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson and convinced him that the trip should be subsidized. In substantiation, *The New York Times* stated, "For a long time Moral Re-Armament, Inc., has been exerting pressure on Mr. Wilson and on members of Congress to allow the touring group to travel on Air Force aircraft. Twenty-three Senators and Representatives joined the organization in urging the Defense Department to accommodate it." As matters turned out, there were some embarrassed men on the Hill when it was divulged that the MRA morality play, *The Vanishing Island*, which was put on during the trip, ridiculed the basic ideals of America; in it, freedom was dismissed as self-indulgence, public elections as a way to avoid responsibility, and democracy as jargon. None the less, in the end MRA paid for less than half the cost of the junket, and the taxpayers provided the rest—$135,000.

By Divine Short Wave

A friend of Buchman's once said of him, "It is impossible to understand Frank at all unless he is thought of as always in God's presence." A sampling from Buchman's speeches over the years will give some idea of the fruits of that relationship:

> Any man can pick up divine messages if he will put his receiving set in order. . . . Moral Re-Armament is the scenario of a Golden Age—a God-directed production. . . . America can no longer be lulled into a false sense of security by dreaming of the sweet by-and-by. We must face the nasty now-and-now. . . . Suppose everybody cared enough, everybody shared enough, wouldn't everybody have enough? . . . The new alignment in the world is between the nations who think and the nations that will not think. . . .

The speeches also contain a good number of homely tales about those whose lives were changed through Moral Re-Armament. Take John, "a labor leader": "I always wanted my wife Rose to change and to be a perfect wife, to be where I wanted her to be and do what I wanted her to do, always. I never thought I should change a little too. That did not occur to me."

Most of the rest of Buchman's speeches consist of endorsements of MRA made by important people. According to one report on this aspect, "A great feature is made of ex-Communists, who in their 'change' have given up one set of unquestioned doctrines and 'lines' that they may not submit to intellectual criticism for another uncritical surrender." On the whole, it seems to be a basic principle among high-level MRA tacticians not to say very much about what MRA is when they deal with influential men. In the late thirties, Joe Martin, minority leader of the House, signed a statement praising the movement, and when he was asked about it later, he answered, "Sure, I'm for MRA, whatever that is. It's just like being against sin." But as the *Christian*

Herald pointed out at the time, MRA "uses these names freely; the not too alert listener gets the impression that most of the great of the earth have actually joined." In reality, though, no one of real importance has. None have attacked it, either, for it would take a flagrantly self-destructive leader to question any form of religious revival which, by its very nature, tends to make the citizenry more docile.

Protestantism Gone Mad

Moral Re-Armament's religious content was described some years back by Reinhold Niebuhr as "supposedly a revitalization of Christianity but in reality the final and most absurd expression of the romantic presuppositions of liberal Christianity," and a few months ago he added that "it is certainly completely empty and pretentious." In Ernest Sutherland Bates's analysis, Buchman had merely combined the two most influential religious sentiments of his Pennsylvania background —Lutheranism and Quakerism.

> The Lutheran Church, which never broke away completely from its Catholic origin, retained auricular confession as a means of spiritual growth [Bates wrote]. According to Quaker belief, it was possible for every man to obtain spiritual guidance from God by consulting the Light Within. Through combining these two essentially antagonistic principles, as no one with a logical mind could have done, and vulgarizing both of them in subject to salesmanship needs, Dr. Buchman was at last able to crossbreed the exotic flower of "Buchmanism."

In effect, Buchman took Luther's apostasy to its extreme by symbolically tacking his four theses to the door of Christ Church College and founding a religion with no creed, no church, no form of worship, no concept of the deity, no sacraments, no congregation, no dogma, and no hierarchy—in short, Protestantism gone mad.

For his own part, Buchman has denied that MRA is a religion as such, and defines it as "a gateway to the church." His reasons appear to be twofold: first, he has been warned by Rome that its communicants, who are said to be numerous in the MRA labyrinth, cannot participate unless he leaves theology out of it and concentrates on social works; and, second, to make it a world-wide movement, it is, of course, essential to tone down what Buchman earlier called its "Christian bias." In fact, in Asia today, MRA proselytizers often neglect to mention Christ at all.

On semantic grounds, though, MRA fully qualifies as a religion if one takes literally the Latin root of that word—"*religio*," meaning "restraint, taboo." For to MRA absolute purity means absolute celibacy. This restriction is mandatory for single followers and strongly advocated for those who are married; in fact, it appears that couples cannot have children unless they are so guided, not by themselves but by the group. Buchman's early foundation has thus become the temple. Although asceticism of this sort has gripped various sects and cults over the centuries —among them the Essenes, the Gnostics, the Manichaeans, the Flagellants, the Shakers and the House of David—its essential abnormality, not to mention its ultimate self-destruction, is symptomatic of a frantic flight from reality. If one can say that most religions are based on the fear of death (particularly Christianity with its posthumous terror and exaltation), it can equally be said that Moral Re-Armament is based on the dread of life.

Not to be ignored, either, are the generally accepted psychological effects of a group on its individual members. First, as Freud suggested, the love energy of each person tends to be focused inward, toward the group as a whole, while his hatred flows outward, toward non-members. Second, the love is, in a sense, real love, and becomes increasingly intense if, by means of confession, guilt is transmuted into gratification; and as the internal love increases, so does the external hate. Finally, in the view of Oskar Pfister, in *Christianity and Anxiety*, each member also "becomes uncritical, credulous, and unreasoningly accepts the most incredible assertions that may be drummed into him." In the end, when unreasoning hatred is multiplied by the factor of total frustration, it can only have a potential of destructive fury.

The Road to Politics

In 1955, the Social and Industrial Council of the Church of England issued a report on MRA that had been compiled by eighteen clergymen and laymen (with two of the latter dissenting). By all odds, it was the most outright, across-the-board condemnation that MRA had met with up to then. However, when the Church's Annual Assembly convened to consider that matter, among others, the technique that was soon to confound Charles Wilson proved equally effective, for the report was ultimately shelved. "I have had experience of what is meant by pressure groups," the Archbishop of York said afterward, "but I have rarely experienced such concentrated pressure as during the last few days from those who are associated with MRA."

Noting at the outset that "a certain blindness to the duty of thinking is a characteristic of the movement" and that "we have at times been haunted by a picture of the movement . . . as a colossal drive of escapism," the committee, after finding it unsound on psychological and theological grounds, went on to consider its social and political implications. One result of MRA's general outlook, it observed, was that such tasks as

> . . . political action, planning the little details of social organization, become despised when set beside the great possibility of "change," and so men are diverted from the hard day-to-day intractable problems of politics and of industry, and escape into a sentimental and perfectionist attitude that revels in all the brash slogans, yet refuses to translate them into practicalities. . . . And far from inducing social change [individual good will] all too easily becomes an excuse for not seeking good social change, and to that extent acts on behalf of the *status quo*.

Continuing, it stated that just as MRA had failed to take the nature of God seriously and by using Him solely for practical affairs, had made Him "adjectival," so it "fails to take the nature of politics seriously." And it was precisely because of this superficial approach to the world's immensely complex problems, the report added, that Buchman hoped to solve matters through a "God-controlled fascist dictatorship," because he had "failed to see the deep social and economic roots of German totalitarianism, that Hitler was a symptom as well as a cause, and that dictatorship is not bad just because it has a bad man as dictator." As an example, the committee offered the possibility of there being "a slave-owner who genuinely sought to observe the 'four absolutes' of MRA—who was a better master for that—and yet who might fail completely to see anything socially evil in slavery."

TEN YEARS ago, Dr. Clark commented that MRA was "marching farther and farther down the road to politics." If the group's widely distributed pamphlet *Ideology and Co-existence* is any evidence, they have arrived. Although it is a wild and whirling document on the whole, it contains the first expression of a political stand—if not a program—that the movement has made. "Selfish men and selfish nations can drag the world to total disaster," it states. "A new type of man, a new type of statesmanship, a new type of national policy— this is our instant need, and this is the purpose for which Moral Re-Armament has come to birth." Communism is the challenge; MRA is the response. "A recent Finnish visitor to the Kremlin was told that the greatest obstacle to the advance of Communism was Moral Re-Armament," the pamphlet states and adds, "The Communists therefore do their best in every country to keep people away from Moral Re-Armament by misrepresentation or silence in the press, by threats, or by a whispering campaign of lies." At the same time, it continues, the Communists push forward along four fronts: "The Peace Front," "The Cultural-Exchange Front," "The Church Front," and "The Co-existence Front."

The section on "The Peace Front" consists first of a statement by the Communists, in 1931, that war between communism and capitalism is inevitable; then, without so much as a nod in the direction of nuclear stockpiles, the text quotes Khrushchev in 1951: "We don't have to go to war to obtain . . . victory. Peaceful competition will be enough." That ends the discussion of peace. On "The Cultural-Exchange Front," since "every move of the Communists is designed to lull us and make us feel that all is well" (which will come as something of a surprise to the State Department), we should have nothing whatever to do with Russian culture. Third, we should keep a close eye on our churches and schools, which are prime, and often willing, targets of Communist subversion. And, finally, we should also reject the idea of coexistence, for that, too, is merely another Communist subterfuge. "Moral Re-Armament is democracy's true ideology," the pamphlet explains. "That is why the choice for the world is not war or co-existence. It is Moral Re-Armament or Communism."

Although one who respects the syllogism might object that even if the West were thoroughly rearmed morally, it would still be confronted by the question of war or coexistence, MRA disagrees. It is all very bewildering — until suddenly the pieces fall into place. At the end of the pamphlet, Buchman says, "The battle is between Christ and Antichrist." Recalling that he formerly referred to communism as the Antichrist, one sees, then, that when Moral Re-Armament becomes the state, the state becomes Christ. And since the Antichrist cannot, by its essence, be converted, it must be destroyed. At last, the love-hate bursts its intolerable restraints to reach what seems an inescapable conclusion—a holy war.

VICTORY and DEFEAT at the U.N. . .

by Jane Stolle

United Nations

NO U.S. DELEGATION to the U.N. enjoyed greater prestige than the one which Ambassador Adlai Stevenson led into the General Assembly shortly after President Kennedy took office on January 20; no U.S. delegation enjoyed less when the Assembly session came to a close on April 22. The sudden, plummeting descent came in the last five days of the session—the five days following the invasion of Cuba. That Mr. Stevenson's personal reputation was diminished by the affair would seem to be a small matter compared with the blow suffered by American prestige; yet, so far as the U.N. was concerned, the two were intertwined, and what otherwise might have been merely a personal tragedy turned out to be part of a national one.

The fall was the greater, of course, because we started so high. Mr. Kennedy's campaign speeches had raised hope everywhere that a new era of international understanding and mutual helpfulness was about to begin, and his appointment of Mr. Stevenson to the chief American post at the U.N. was accepted as proof, here as elsewhere, that the new President meant what he had been saying. So all the blocs at the U.N. turned uniformly friendly faces toward the new U.S. delegation as it entered the Assembly for the first time. The Africans, who had read Mr. Stevenson's speeches and books, felt they had a powerful friend in him; Latin Americans hoped for a return to the Good Neighbor Policy; the uncommitted nations of Asia and Europe looked for the easing of cold-war tensions and opportunities for increased neutralist maneuverability; even Ambassador Zorin, the USSR's chief delegate, thought it best to wear a smile (an encouraging change from the uninhibitedly hostile behavior of Premier Khrushchev a few months before). And whatever misgivings the colonial powers (past and present) entertained toward the new U.S.

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policy, they hid them well; after all, these powers were our oldest friends and staunchest allies in NATO.

It was, indeed, with vast relief that the ninety-five non-nuclear powers in the U.N., longing to escape from the cross fire of the cold war, heard Mr. Stevenson say at his first press conference on Jan. 27:

> The United States will not always have its way [in the U.N.], we know, but I hope we will always have a decent respect for the opinion of others and will act reasonably in settling disputes, reducing armaments, achieving normal relations, even with those with whom we disagree.

The knowledge that Mr. Stevenson, before accepting his new post, had demanded and received from the President a wider mandate than his predecessors had enjoyed encouraged delegates to believe that American reaction to U.N. issues would be quicker, clearer and more sensitive than in the past. For too long, the U.S. mission had been considered here as merely an arm-twisting appendage of the State Department, where all policy was made. The mere presence of a man of Mr. Stevenson's stature emphasized the importance of the role planned for the U.N. by the architects of the New Frontier.

THE FIRST vote taken by the new U.S. delegation—that on the Angola issue in the Security Council—was indeed a fateful one. Unexpectedly, the United States broke with a traditional ally, Portugal, to side with the anti-colonialists. That the resolution (it asked for an investigation of Portugal's bloody suppression of riots in her African colony) did not pass mattered less than that we had taken a position which, while it dismayed a few old friends, delighted some fourscore new ones. The vote went far toward erasing the image of this country as a "colonialist stooge" created by the position we had taken toward the end of the first part of the Fifteenth General Assembly. At that time, we had opposed a resolution, sponsored by forty-three Asian and African states, calling for the "speedy and unconditional" independence of colonial peoples. It was common knowledge here at the time that the American delegation, then headed by Ambassador James Wadsworth, had fought desperately with the State Department for permission to support it. But President Eisenhower had given a personal promise to Mr. Macmillan, and proved adamant.

The enthusiasm engendered among the anti-colonial states by our Angola vote was somewhat tempered by our subsequent opposition to the proposal that sanctions be imposed against the Union of South Africa because of her policy of apartheid. But even the African countries admitted that a milder resolution (requesting all states to consider separate and collective action against South Africa), which finally passed, and which did win U.S. support, constituted meaningful progress. Yet, after the giant American stride of the Angola vote, the baby step on apartheid seemed nevertheless puzzling. Had U.S. policy changed, after all? What *was* the new American policy?

AS ITEM after item, half of them involving Africa, came up for vote, the answer began to emerge: the American policy was one of "elastic selectivity." Whereas formerly the United States could be depended upon to vote against almost any proposal the Soviet Union favored, delegations "friendly" to the United States—in U.N. parlance, those voting with us—now no longer knew what to expect, nor how to vote. Some wondered whether our new elasticity was indeed proof of our sincere desire to treat each issue on its merits, or merely of a lack of State Department cohesion. As a result, on occasion some "friendly" delegations cast maverick votes; but this phenomenon was more than offset by the increased respect we won from other quarters, including the Russians. To counter the new, free-wheeling U.S. policy, the Soviet Union moved toward still more extreme positions than was their usual wont—positions from which they often had to retreat because of lack of support from the smaller member nations.

Outside of the committee rooms as well as inside, Mr. Stevenson moved rapidly to consolidate the growing lines of communication between the United States and the emergent states of Africa. Luncheons, conferences, formal and informal meetings with African delegates filled his unofficial hours. Junior members of the U.S. mission joined their African colleagues for coffee in the Delegates' Lounge. This was a far cry from the days when the ultimate in contact between these representatives and the American delegation was a perfunctory handshake. "Their heads will be turned," one non-African delegate said sourly. "First the Russians courted them, now the Americans. They can call the tune in this popularity contest."

He was mistaken, as became apparent when the question of a U.N. aid program for the development of the new African states came up. Stevenson opened the debate by expressing the hope that the discussion would lead to an "African initiative . . . so that it will be clear to the whole world that [the aid program] is by, of and for Africa." But Jaja Wachuku, the fiery, outspoken Nigerian who came to epitomize the New Africa in this Assembly session, suspected "bait" with "a hook attached"; he demanded a concrete program from the United States, a "statement in dollars." Mildly, Mr. Stevenson suggested that a program might be worked out conjointly. Ten days before the session was to end, the Africans submitted a far-reaching, detailed program and demanded its immediate consideration, although there had been expectation that no resolution on the subject would be proffered before the State Department had had time to study the text.

The United States succeeded in postponing the item until the next Assembly. Some Africans, and particularly Wachuku, were bitter at the U.S.-maneuvered delay.

But what this country lost in Africa as a result of the controversy, it more than regained in Latin America and Asia. Though strongly supporting the emergent African states in their struggle against colonialism, the Asians and Latin Americans are also a part of the "underdeveloped" world, and themselves need help. Pressed now by Africans to share long-held, hard-won positions of importance in U.N. committees, and remembering their own lonely, unaided struggles against colonialism in the past, they were not entirely displeased to see the Africans get a bit of comeuppance. "It is perhaps interesting to note," one Asian said gently, "that there are at least ten countries in Asia with a lower per capita income than any in Africa." And a Latin American noted: "We think your new Ambassador can see that in Africa, as well as in Latin America, there is a need to be patient with some of us while we make economic reforms that are essential to economic stability."

ON THE CONGO issue, there was never any question where the United States stood: UNOC (United Nations Operations in the Congo) must remain until order and political stability are achieved in that unhappy country; and, as a corollary, the Soviet attack on the Secretary General must be foiled.

The United States had hoped that a Security Council resolution, approved on Feb. 21, had disposed of the Congo question, at least for the time being. Mr. Stevenson told the General Assembly that, as a result of the resolution, the U.N. force in the Congo had been strengthened, efforts were under way to effect the withdrawal of Belgian military and paramilitary personnel, and steps toward political reconciliation had been taken. "One should stop pulling up the roots of this fragile plant every few weeks," he said.

Few heeded his admonition, and least of all the Soviet Union. After long and vituperative debate, UNOC was saved only by a hair from financial disaster and complete withdrawal, and the Secretary General was still at his post, even if somewhat shaken. The Congo problem is still far from settled, and the Soviet attack on Mr. Hammarskjold is only in temporary abeyance. But given the deteriorating situation in the Congo, and a U.N. situation which the new U.S. delegation had inherited, the two negatives make something very close to a plus.

SO, AS THE Assembly moved into the final week of meetings, the consensus was that the new U.S. delegation had done well and that Mr. Stevenson had undergone his baptism of fire in admirable fashion. The Sixteenth General Assembly in the fall could hope for even better things to come.

But the "Cuban disaster" came first.

There is no need to delve once more into the arguments which Mr. Stevenson used, at the U.N., to deny or to justify the United States involvement. His repeated denials of Mr. Raul Roa's charges were simply not believed. "Semantics" was the kindest comment on the performance; the word "lies" had a wider circulation. "I would not take $100,000 to be in Mr. Stevenson's shoes," said one Latin American delegate. "What a painful position for a man of principle." Mr. Stevenson's attempt to defend the indefensible elicited more compassion than contempt: "He is only carrying out his government's orders," it was said. The theme was picked up and gleefully embellished by the Soviet delegation. Said Mr. Zorin:

> I must regret that Mr. Stevenson, who spoke on this [Cuba] matter today, said things which were so utterly remote from reality and justice, things which the world is not accustomed to hearing from his mouth. But unfortunately, these things have been said, and the world will have to get used to hearing things of this kind falling from Mr. Stevenson's lips.

The utter disbelief, shock and dismay with which Mr. Stevenson's words were received were shared even by our staunchest allies. Only four of these—Britain, Canada, Italy and Australia—spoke in the debate, and then only on procedural questions, not on the merits. In the end, a sufficient number of Latin American votes came to the support of the United States to defeat a drastic Mexican resolution and to approve a mild one exhorting member states to do what they could to relieve existing tensions. But there is no doubt that if the people of Latin America had voted, instead of their Ambassadors, the Mexican resolution would have passed.

It is a measure of the stature which Mr. Stevenson brought with him into the Fifteenth General Assembly that his fellow delegates found it easier, at the close of the Cuban debate, to pity him than to condemn him. Yet no statesman has ever been nourished by compassion; and one wonders what his influence will be on the course of the great debates which will come up again in the next Assembly.

IN THE quiet week following the end of the Assembly, in a corner of the now-deserted Delegates' Lounge, a diplomat from an ancient Eastern civilization told me:

"Perhaps it was best that the Cuban incident happened so early in the new Administration. Your country expected too much of your young President and his distinguished Ambassador here. There will be other Cubas, many more apparent slippages toward communism. They are inevitable in the evolutionary process of an underdeveloped country. Your country must not attempt to turn back history in an effort to halt it in the making. Your Ambassador understands that, I think. I do not know about your young President. He is said to be a young man in a hurry. He will not be able to stem the trend toward authoritarianism in the underdeveloped world in a hurry—and certainly not with guns. Perhaps after a decade of impartial aid in the urgent task of modernization of societies capable of modernization, the non-Communist world can replace the Communist myth with a new image. It is no use to lament the lure of the Communist idea for poor peoples—to punish them for believing in it, or parts of it. The Christian principles which your missionaries inculcated in the leaders for independence of many of the new countries could be usefully practiced as well as preached.

"Did you know that in the newest country to gain independence, Sierra Leone, the hymn, *Lead Kindly Light*, was sung at the celebration—just before the new national anthem? Members of the opposition party heard it from the prison where they had been confined to 'prevent disturbances' on that joyous day. The country's economy is based on coffee, cocoa and diamonds—all underexploited. Does your President understand the implications of that picture? If he does, and he encourages his Ambassador at the U.N. to implement that understanding in the United Nations, your country will regain the prestige it lost on the Cuban beaches."

THE REPORT THAT WON'T DIE

THE CIA IN ALGERIA . . *by Alexander Werth*

Paris, May 8.

THE strong allegations that General Challe and his fellow-conspirators had been encouraged by the CIA (or "certain CIA agents") to embark on their "hopeless venture" (but *was* it so hopeless?) are still very far from having been disposed of by a variety of official denials from the American side. True, in the *New Statesman*, "Charon" — who recently succeeded Kingsley Martin as writer of the "London Diary" — dismisses it all by simply announcing: "I don't believe a word of it." This seems all the more irresponsible as, two days later, the well-informed Henry Brandon of the conservative *Sunday Times* (London) reported from Washington that Kennedy was "exceedingly irritated" by the stories of the role played by CIA in the Algiers putsch, and had asked the French Government for specific proof. Brandon added (quite correctly) that although French Foreign Minister Couve de Murville had declared the incident "closed," he had, in fact, "not really denied the rumors." The clear implication of Mr. Brandon's dispatch was that Kennedy was not at all convinced that the rumors were entirely baseless.

HERE in Paris, responsible persons are still convinced that the rumors had a solid basis in fact. In a long article in *l'Express* (a paper, by the way, very closely associated with the *New Statesman*: they share information and correspondents), Claude Krief, one of its Algerian experts, reports the following:

> Both in Paris and Washington the facts are now known, though they will never be publicly admitted.
>
> In private, the highest French personalities make no secret of it. What they say is this: "The CIA played a direct part in the Algiers coup, and certainly weighed heavily on the decision taken by ex-general Challe to start his putsch. . . ."

Certain American personalities at NATO and in the Pentagon encouraged Challe. On December 7 last, Krief says, M. Soustelle, one of the most determined champions of "French Algeria," during a lunch in Washington with several members of the CIA, including Mr. Richard Bissell, head of Operations, explained to his hosts that Algeria was threatened with communism. Most of the Algerian government leaders were pro-Communist, M. Soustelle declared, Ferhat Abbas being merely a "façade" intended to reassure the West. He made a great impression on the CIA people, according to Krief. Not only did he convince them that Algeria would become, through de Gaulle's blundering, "a Soviet base," but that the infection would spread to France, where there would be a Popular Front and, before long, a Communist regime.

The next episode related by Krief is a meeting in Madrid on April 12 between "various foreign agents, including members of the CIA and the Algiers conspirators, who disclosed their plans to the CIA men." The Americans, echoing what they had heard at NATO, angrily complained of de Gaulle's NATO policy, which was "paralyzing NATO and rendering the defense of Europe impossible."

General Challe, for his own part, had had several meetings with CIA agents, who had told him that "to get rid of de Gaulle would render the Free World a great service."

Krief then says that Challe, despite an overweening ambition, is very cautious and serious-minded. "All the people who know him well," Krief writes, "are deeply convinced that he had been encouraged by the CIA to go ahead." Recently, the writer adds, "Challe is believed to have been told by certain American agents: 'If you succeed rapidly — i.e., in less than forty-eight hours — in pulling off a technical *coup d'état* — you can depend on our support'."

Once Challe had launched his *coup*, he indeed promptly declared that the "aim of the resurrection movement was to save Algeria from the machinations of de Gaulle and the 'Algerian Government' who would let Algeria fall under Communist domination." And, as Krief points out, one of Challe's spokesmen then added that Kennedy could not go against the Algiers generals, since their aim was to keep Algeria in the Western camp.

In Madrid, meantime, Krief writes, CIA agents were saying that if the generals succeeded, the United States Government would recognize the new French Government within forty-eight hours. They were satisfied that there would be no violent reaction from the French people, and that the Army, the police and the

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"loyal" guards would not resist a Paris putsch. CIA agents are also supposed, on the Sunday, to have informed Washington that the generals were most likely to win, and that it would be a grave mistake for the United States to support de Gaulle, who might well allow a Popular Front government to be set up, whether he liked it or not.

Krief makes a number of other interesting points: whereas the U.S. Ambassador in Paris apparently knew nothing of what was going on, the Spanish Ambassador in Paris, on instructions from Franco, tried on the eve of the attempted putsch to inform M. Couve de Murville of what was about to take place in Algiers. (It is curious that, despite the very odd behavior of the Spanish police, who allowed General Salan to escape to Algeria, Franco is now supposed to have wanted to *help* de Gaulle.

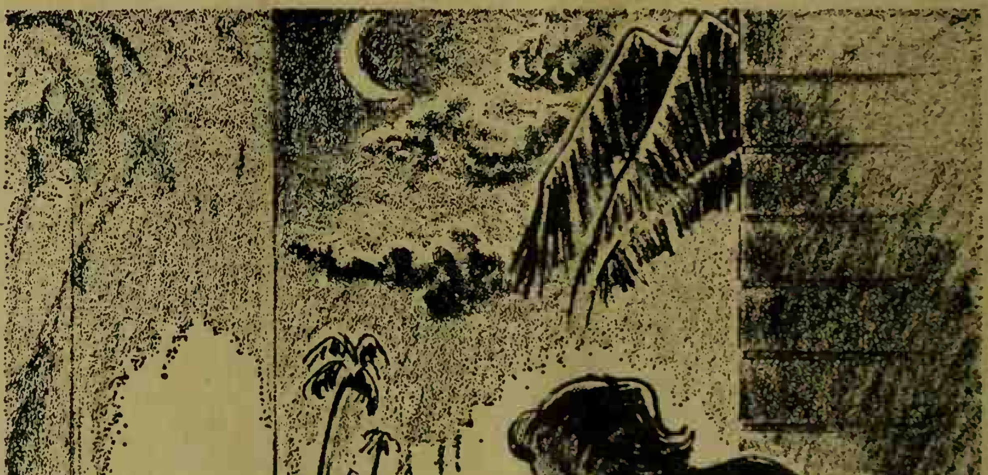
KRIEF very largely attributes the collapse of the putsch and Challe's decision to surrender to the sudden discovery that Kennedy — through his famous message to de Gaulle offering him *any* help — took the very opposite of the CIA line.

Now, this seems perhaps much too simple an explanation. For one thing, we do know exactly why, and in what circumstances, this Kennedy message was sent. Many French observers thought the message was "a psychological blunder of the first magnitude, since de Gaulle would be the last man to want foreign aid in a struggle against fellow-Frenchmen." But this again may be a wrong interpretation. Perhaps to discourage the rebel generals, de Gaulle may have *asked* Kennedy for this message. Or did Kennedy send it spontaneously, simply in order to dissociate himself publicly from the activities of the CIA — about which, by this time, a great deal must have been known in Washington? But would Kennedy's message have committed him to anything if the putsch *had* succeeded within a day or two?

Kennedy's message may have played a part in "discouraging" Challe, but there were certainly other factors which played a much more important role. One was the open resistance to his venture on the part of the ordinary French conscripts in Algeria; another was the failure of a number of officers and regular Army units to join the putsch; still another was the reaction in France on the part of the working class, with the suggestion that an attempt to seize power in Paris *might* (though not necessarily *would*) start a civil war in France. And decisive was Challe's failure to capture the naval base of Mers El Kebir, owing to resistance from the French Navy. There is also another explanation: there was lack of coordination between Paris and Algiers; either the Algiers putsch came too early or, for some still unexplained reasons, the Paris putsch was delayed.

What is certain is that de Gaulle is still surrounded by enemies; since these did not "uncover" themselves, they will continue with their plotting. And the same is true of the French Army in Germany, stuffed with ex-Algiers Fascists. The most striking fact is still that, on the great panic night of Sunday, de Gaulle wasn't able to call to his aid a single regular Army unit.

IT IS ALSO certain that a government to succeed de Gaulle was almost ready to take over. Many of de Gaulle's ministers, it is widely believed, would have gladly jumped on the Challe bandwagon. Papers like *L'Aurore* and *Parisien Libéré* were already almost openly for Challe and one of the big-circulation weeklies had, on the Sunday, already set up an editorial welcoming



Le Pelley in Christian Science Monitor

"The Footprints Are There—Let's Follow Them."

the change of regime. It is said that the very pro-NATO M. Pinay, who is also loved for his orthodox financial methods, would, in the new government, have reassured both the United States and the French bourgeoisie.

We may learn a great deal more about the putsch if and when the trial of General Challe takes place. It is whispered that he could spill so many beans about countless persons in de Gaulle's and Debré's immediate entourage that there is a very serious danger that he might — in a manner fairly familiar to the French police — be "suicided" while still in jail. However, it may be taken for granted that de Gaulle, at any rate, is extremely anxious that this should not happen. He even wants the Challe trial to be public, despite some strong protests against this from some of his own ministers.

The Threat of Bigness to Science

by Charles M. Herzfeld

LARGE-SCALE scientific endeavors are here to stay. It seems most unlikely that we will ever go back to the pre-World War II way of doing science, when individuals worked in small groups, in basements, garages, summer cottages, doing research often supported by their own money, or that of their friends.

Today, we see large programs (often involving the work of hundreds or thousands), and we wonder: Is this still science? What is happening to the truly creative people? And this question reflects a more general one: Can society, highly organized and centralized as it has become, still preserve human dignity, creativity and freedom?

First of all, let us remember that large-scale research has made it possible to tackle problems which were completely out of reach before. High-energy nuclear physics often requires accelerators whose cost may approach $100 million. The International Geophysical Year coordinated the work of thousands of scientists in dozens of countries, resulting in an enormous improvement in knowledge of our planet.

Obviously, large-scale research is essential for the *pursuit* of many creative ideas in science; but one can argue that it stifles their *occurrence*. The problem of organization *versus* creativity arises in its sharpest form in basic research, especially of the knowledge-oriented type, i.e., research pursued in quest of knowledge itself, with no specific practical application in mind.

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How much research of this type is there in the United States today? Budget figures are comparatively easy to come by, but hard to interpret for our purpose. The total research and development budget (for all fields of science and engineering) in the United States for 1961 is perhaps $13 billion. Of this, about 70 per cent comes, directly or indirectly, from the federal government, 20 per cent from industry, the rest from universities, foundations, the states, etc. Of the total perhaps, only 10 per cent should be called research (about $1.2 billion); and of this, perhaps 10 per cent (about $120 million) goes to knowledge-oriented activities. Figuring at an over-all cost of $30,000 annually per independent researcher, this means that only some 4,000 independent researchers are engaged in knowledge-oriented pursuits in all fields. This comparative handful of people provide the real driving force of scientific thought. The preservation, and, if possible, development, of their creative activities is essential.

TO WHAT extent has bigness actually limited creativity? This is again very hard to estimate objectively. One objective (though not very profound) criterion is found in a survey by the American Institute of Physics which shows that 47 per cent of the papers published during 1958 in the *Physical Review* (the major basic physics journal in the United States) were by individual authors, the rest by several authors. This would seem to indicate that "team work" has not swamped the scene. Yet most scientists and many administrators are concerned about the problem.

The conflict of organization and creativity can be analyzed on two levels: the *structural* and what might be called the *prophetic*.

The Structural Problem: There is first of all the inescapable fact that in any organizational structure, the activities of everyone interact with those of everyone else. This can be a great source of stimulation and of support, but it can also lead to excessive competition for status, the available resources, and so on. In large organizations, this often leads to direct or indirect attempts to control what people do; i.e., it constitutes a direct attack on their creativity. These are obvious aspects of the structural problem, which have been discussed many times.

There are less obvious aspects. For example, who is responsible for the social use of scientific results? The debate over the use of the atomic bomb in 1945 provides a spectacular case. The same question arises every day, in a less dramatic way, in industrial and government laboratories. The scientific community is widely split on the question: some scientists assert that all they are responsible for is their work, and that what is done with it is none of their business; others believe that their responsibility extends to the application of their work, and find that they cannot collaborate in any enterprise where they have no determining voice in the major decisions.

The scientists' creativity may be affected by a very real concern with this problem, and with a related one: How can one operate in a situation where one disagrees with basic policy? Commonplace enough in any large organization, the problem has some special features when it arises in a research body. Policies must, of course, be decided on the basis of broad "strategic" considerations, but the advice of the scientist to the policy maker is at least in part based on scientific facts and arguments. Perhaps the scientific adviser exaggerates (unconsciously) the degree to which his advice is firmly grounded on scientific considerations, and (particularly when his advice is not taken) tends to underestimate the scientific basis of the policy maker's argument. Hence, to the scientist, the conflict looks like "politics" *versus* "science"; to the policy maker, it often looks like special pleading by the scientist. This problem arises whenever purely scientific considerations must be superseded by managerial ones; for example, when budgets are prepared or staffing plans made. Clearly, managerial decisions impose an additional limitation upon the creativity of the scientist.

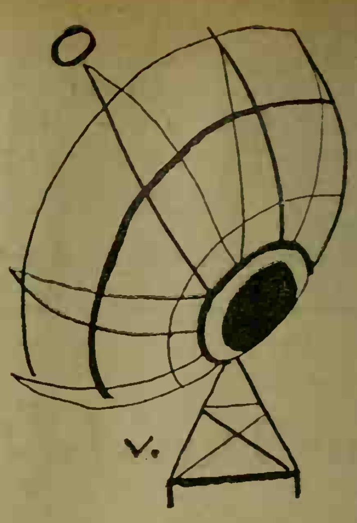
OF COURSE, the fact that a scientist cannot be "made" to have ideas, nor forced to work, gives him a potentially powerful defensive weapon. As long as there is a shortage of really good scientific personnel, scientists can force important changes in their conditions of employment. This has resulted in better salaries and increased support for basic research.

The final, and perhaps most important aspect of the structural problem is this: How do the changes which take place in science affect the ways in which science is done? To put it differently: How is the social organization of science affected by changes in the *method* of science? The formal method, the "scientific method," does not seem to have changed much since the late twenties; but there is a good chance that the *informal* method, the *art of doing science*, has changed significantly. Because quantum mechanics and the special theory of relativity are "good" scientific theories, which have great power to predict and to systematize, the art of doing science has become much more deductive than the formal method would lead one to think possible. Does this not have a considerable effect on the way in which the doing of science is organized and how it operates? Thus, it is much easier now than it was fifty years ago for an administrator, or a senior colleague, to discourage a line of investigation by purely theoretical argument. How many discoveries are not made because of this phenomenon? This increasingly deductive feature of the informal method may trap the scientist, and it changes the balance of power between him and the "organization." In this way, his creativity is endangered as the intellectual control over him increases.

THE structural problem presents a danger to creativity because control and direction become easier, and it becomes more difficult for a radically new idea to establish itself.

The Prophetic Problem: This affects the roots of the interplay between the creative person and society. The scientist is expected to do creative research, to search for the truth; yet in some way or other he is told *where* to search and, in some measure, *how* to search. This element of direction becomes particularly important (and not wholly avoidable) in large-scale research. But by what right does anyone tell another that he must think about certain problems and not about others? How, in fact, can this be done? In a sense, this problem arises in all employer-employee relationships, but here the difficulty is amplified greatly because the activity of the "employee" is so highly creative. The creative scientist gives very much more of himself than someone in a less creative activity, and this giving of himself makes him particularly vulnerable.

The situation is, in point of fact, not very different from that of a creative artist who is "employed" to do a certain "job." One can detect here the same incongruity, and its inherent dangers.



The conflict arises because the scientist must get resources for his work, while the administrator, who controls the resources, must accomplish his "task." For the scientist, the problem is to keep his own integrity while agreeing to work in a larger framework, and on problems which are perhaps not wholly of his own choosing. The problem of the administrator is to accomplish his task without violating the freedom of the scientists engaged in the work.

IT seems to me that this conflict is so sharp today because nearly everyone thinks of the obvious *immediate* social value of science (its effect on technology, hence on the standard of living), to the exclusion of science's *long-range* value. The short-range view persuades everyone (including the scientist) that science must be useful in order to be justified. But this is surely an incomplete view; it neglects the long-range contribution of the scientist, the contribution which he can make to society precisely *because* of his freedom and creativity. This contribution is much like that of the artist. Camus has said that "the work of art, by the mere fact that it exists, denies the conquest of ideology." Similarly, the *creative* scientific idea, by the mere fact that *it* exists, denies the "social usefulness" interpretation of science. The scientist is, therefore, also a witness to freedom and, like the artist, can never be completely committed to any closed ideology. In a certain sense, his science must always "come first."

This freedom of the scientist means that, in the long run, he is an overturner of society, a revolutionary, a *prophet*. The role science has played in the history of ideas demonstrates this. Perhaps this long-range revolutionary effect on thought, together with the constant witness which he bears to human freedom, are the most significant contributions of the scientist.

A proper appreciation of the prophetic role of the creative scientist, which he must play if society is to progress, may transform the conflict between organization and creativity. First of all, the scientist will understand better the nature of his contribution to society, and will learn to value his basic (and hence "non-useful") contribution more highly. At the same time, society may learn that it really needs this gadfly, this "troublemaker," and may learn to become less hostile to him. Secondly, everyone will come to realize that the conflict between organization and creativity is inevitable. It is basically the same sort of tension and stress which operates between the artist and society, a tension and stress common in human affairs, and often the occasion of profound progress.

Somewhat more down to earth, the administrator of the basic-research enterprise must see these dimensions of his activity. He must learn to appreciate the rare nature of creativity, its importance to society; and he must learn to protect and foster it. After all, while the conflict between society and the creative person can perhaps never be wholly eradicated, it need not be murderous or vicious. As a matter of fact, the administrator must learn to *encourage* creative rebellion, outspoken criticism and radicalism in the ranks. He must see the fine line between utter chaos (which paralyzes) and mild chaos (which makes for creative turbulence). In sum, he must learn that administration is not a science, but is itself a form of creative art.

Society must learn to live with this radical — the creative scientist doing basic research. It must support him — rather well, in fact — and buy him expensive "toys" whose use society cannot understand. It must also engage him in constant dialogue, challenge him, ask him to explain both himself and his works. But most important, it must *believe* in him and in his contribution to society (even his prophetic one) — a contribution which it can never fully understand.

LAIR of the VOLKSWAGEN . . *by Dan Wakefield*

Futureville, Germany

I AM GLAD that it was not until after my visit to Wolfsburg, Germany, home of the Volkswagen, that I came across the following information in a series of newspaper articles reproduced in pamphlet form by the company:

> Nordhoff [Heinz Nordhoff, director-general of the *Volkswagenwerke*] and his workers are really unanimous in their attitude towards anything "coming from outside," such as trade-union officials, outside capital, politicians, all second-rate people—in other words, towards all who do not belong to the VW organization, or run a Volkswagen.

Not only am I guilty of failing to own a Volkswagen, but I haven't owned a car of any kind since the '36 Ford that I drove to high school, which would hardly qualify me as a first-rate visitor in the eyes of Nordhoff and his workers. Luckily, I wasn't aware of this, and the VW folks were so gracious that I never once suspected my secondary status.

I was one of some sixty Americans brought over by the VW company from a variety of publications so diverse (e.g., *The Nation, Modern Tire Dealer, Art News, Field & Stream, Billboard, Practical Builder,* etc.) that our party could only be described en masse as A Gathering of Fugitives. We were taken to Wolfsburg, the factory town, for three days, and then whisked on a luxury sightseeing tour of Hamburg, Bonn and the resorts of the Rhine. But the three days in Wolfsburg were by far the most fascinating part of the trip, and offered us a rare glimpse into what is probably, for better or worse, the life of the Future. It might have been expected that the Germans would get there first.

The Volkswagen has been ahead of the times ever since Adolf Hitler first conceived of a "people's car" in 1933 as part of his "Strength Through Joy" movement for the German workers. It was then, in fact, so far ahead that 320,000 Germans who had paid for their Volkswagens in the prewar years never received their cars or any refund, for the factory turned to war production shortly after the first cars came off the assembly line in 1938. (Today, 3,000 of those who paid up and got no return have formed the "Ex-Volkswagen Savers Association," which is suing the company for delivery. The company claims that the Nazi government and the Nazi German Labor Front, rather than the present *Volkswagenwerke,* were the parties to the contracts, which are therefore now invalid.)

The Wolfsburg factory was heavily bombed during the war—scale-model maps in the administration building proudly compare the bomb-wrecked plant with the present rebuilt and enlarged one—and when Nordhoff took it over in 1948, it seemed nothing more than a relic of the recent disastrous past. But Herr Nordhoff rallied the troops to the new battle (Nordhoff is spoken of as "The General," and the factory's success as "VW's conquest of the world"), and after only twelve years the *Volks-*

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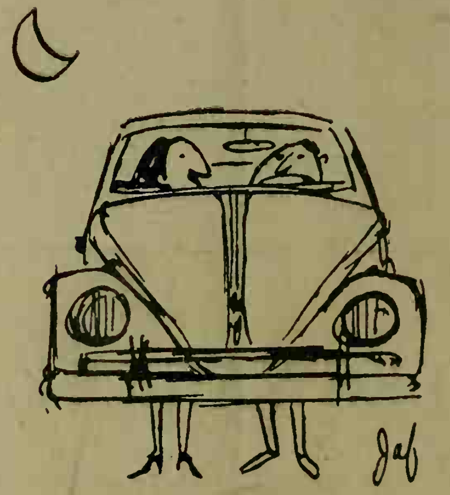
wagenwerke has become the largest independent motor works in the world outside America, trailing only Ford, GM and Chrysler. It has produced more than three million cars and commercial vehicles, has captured 40 per cent of the German market, and is sold in 123 countries. If there were any doubts remaining about the success of the Volkswagen, they were surely erased by the news, as reported in the pamphlet, "Biography of the Volkswagen," that

> . . . Even America's gangsters, who are not slow to make use of the latest technical achievements, recently used it with success: after a bank robbery, hotly pursued by a police car, they got away through the thickest traffic in the center of Los Angeles by means of the little car from Wolfsburg, Germany.

AS BEFITS the German thoroughness of the whole enterprise, not only the Volkswagen itself, but the town where it is produced, has efficiently grown from the wreckage of the past to a model of the future.

When the war ended, 11,000 of Wolfsburg's inhabitants quickly departed—they were foreigners who had spent the duration in the "Strength Through Joy" town as Nazi slave laborers in the Volkswagen plant. In 1946, some 20,000 Germans remained in the village, but nothing much was doing, and many of them passed the time in nostalgic marches along the highway, singing old SS songs. But longing for the good old days of pogroms and party rallies didn't help current living conditions, and it was not until 1948, when Dr. Nordhoff was appointed by the British occupation forces to take over the factory (a former official of Opel, which built military equipment during the war, Nordhoff had been banned by the Americans from returning to the Opel works in any role other than common laborer) that both car production and the town itself began to grow. There is no mistaking Nordhoff's record of success and, according to the VW "Biography," "His secret has something to do with the graceful Japanese drawings on silk, and the statues of the Buddha which decorate one wall of his house—and to which, in meditative moments, he bears an astonishing resemblance."

I did not, in all honesty, catch the resemblance to Buddha when Dr. Nordhoff greeted our party for a tour of the plant, but then, I was busy taking notes, and besides, the light was bad. Whatever the secret of the accomplishment, Nordhoff was proudly able to tell us that Wolfsburg not only had the highest car production of any town in Germany, but also had the largest number of children per family—"which in a way is related," he added. Lest any of us suspect that Dr. Nordhoff plays Henry Ford to Wolfsburg's Dearborn, he assured the group that "We don't try to influence the private lives of the workers" and that their business is their own when they cross the Mitteland Canal that separates town and factory.



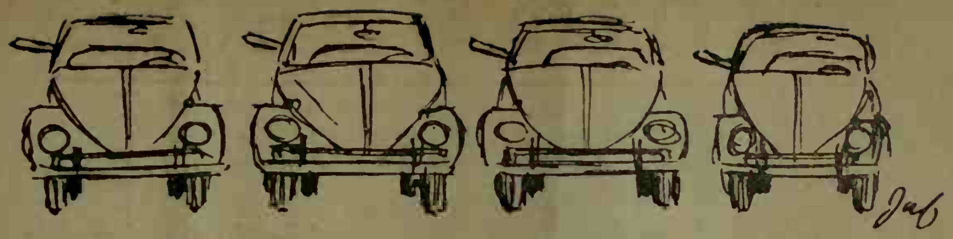
This admirable goal is difficult to realize, however, in a town where 72 per cent of the 60,000 inhabitants work for Volkswagen, and, as Dr. Nordhoff had frankly stated in welcoming us to Wolfsburg and the factory, "in a way, the two are identical." The Nazi's original branding of Wolfsburg as the "Strength Through Joy" town still serves as the best description of its atmosphere. Or, as one young factory worker told me, Wolfsburg is sometimes called "The Kansas City of Germany"—a comparison not to size or history, but to a similarly arid spirit. Homage is paid to Culture, of course; Wolfsburg, like Kansas City, has an excellent art museum.

We were told by our tour leader before we arrived in town that the natives had a saying: "For night life in Wolfsburg, you take the train to Hannover." It seemed hard to believe that a factory town would be without a few bars, however, and I asked one of the public relations staff if there wasn't a place where the Wolfsburgers went to have a few beers, or dance, or listen to music. "There will be," I was told, "a bar in your hotel."

Spurred on by this evasion, I set out after dinner with two other curious visitors in the noble pursuit of booze and local color. We found our way to the Cafe Klewin, a bar and dance hall with a live combo. There were couples, parties and groups of young girls and young men at separate tables, and we luckily stumbled onto a young man who had worked in Detroit several years and spoke fluent English. He explained that most of the young men present worked in the VW office or in one of the training programs—"The guys from the assembly line don't come here, they don't dress up — they have their own bars where they just drink with other guys." The same class distinction didn't hold true for women, however. Our friend explained that many of the young girls in the place were production workers —"The way they dress up at night, you'd never know they worked on the assembly line."

VOLKSWAGEN employs boys and girls from fourteen to eighteen who work three days a week at the plant and study for two days at vocational schools. This, of course, is carried out under the most modern child-labor standards: according to Section 13, "Care of Youth," in the VW social benefits program, "Juveniles employed in piecework in the production lines of the factory are subjected to close supervision. . . ." Those whose health deteriorates are sent to one of the factory's convalescent homes in the Harz Mountains.

The kinship of factory and employees, bound together in what is called "The VW Spirit," was pointed out in another way by our friend at the Cafe Klewin. "The company," he said, "is like one big family—if you do anything wrong, one of your brothers will see it and soon the whole family will know."



Young men come from all over Germany to join the Volkswagen "family," which is headed so ably by Father Nordhoff that, as the VW "Biography" explains, "The majority of the VW workers do not join a trade union; for they find that their interests are sufficiently well represented by 'The General.'" The men in the ranks have not lost their habit of discipline. Only about 40 per cent of the workers at VW are organized and, unsurprisingly, there has never been a strike. This is not an unusual case in the New Germany, however —there hasn't been a strike at any automobile factory in the era of the Federal Republic. After the war, workers were eager to get any job for any pay, and wages have steadily increased in the prospering economy, though even today most of the workers at the VW factory, whose pay is not untypical in the industry, earn less than a dollar an hour. (The average wage of the VW workers is 3.41 marks per hour, the maximum is 4.20 —and this includes "incentive" rates, based on individual output, which figure in determining the wages of most VW workers.) Volkswagen, of course, offers not only such extra benefits as its company rest homes in the Harz Mountains, but life in the model town of Wolfsburg, in which "All houses without distinction have double windows, tiled bathrooms . . . and a 5.5-gallon electric boiler."

Despite these amenities, our English-speaking friend at the Cafe Klewin said that when he finished his training he hoped to go back to Michigan and open up a service station. Asked why he wanted to leave the "model town," he explained that "We have a saying in German: 'All that shines is not gold.'"

PERHAPS the only other place in Wolfsburg where this heretical view might be found is a bar called the Marina where, I was told, the local "beatniks" hung out. The presence of a beatnik in the model town sounded about as likely as the presence of an elephant in a Volkswagen, and I was anxious to see the phenomenon. Sure enough, the Marina resounded to juke box jazz and rock'n'roll, and there were boys who wore sideburns and turtleneck sweaters. One of them who heard that there were three Americans at the bar came up to greet us, and I had a brief conversation with him. He said "Floyd Patterson, Sugar Ray Robinson." I tried "Charlie Parker"; he clapped me on the back and we shook hands. He explained to one of our group who spoke a little German that he worked at the Volkswagen plant, but was saving up to buy a second-hand Mercedes. That is the definition of a hipster in Wolfsburg.

This "underground" of Wolfsburg must not be taken as typical of the community, of course; in fact, we were met with shocked expressions and exclamations by most other citizens who heard we had been in these bars. One stilted young journalist on the local paper explained to one of our group that he mustn't judge Wolfsburg by such places as that. "The only people who go there are the ones who don't like the life in our town."

MORE typical of the citizens of this model community was a young executive and his family with whom I had dinner one evening. The VW public relations people had arranged the meeting, and they of course selected a model family. While the baby crawled playfully on his lap, the father explained to me that he and his wife had met at the Factory. He had been an economics student at Heidelberg and was required to spend a few months working in industry, and had chosen the VW works by chance. "But after a while here," he smiled, "I got a smell in my nose. It was the smell of Wolfsburg—the distinctive smell of trees and lacquer. I decided to stay." The young man chatted on about life at Volkswagen ("It's more than just a place to work. . . .") in a manner that would have made an IBM executive sound like an anarchist, and, after a while, his wife excused herself and said it was time to put the baby to bed. She returned to the room dressed in a white wrap-around that looked like a nurse's uniform, and picked up the child. The husband, beaming, said "Dear, would you get me my vitamins now?" I expected any minute to be offered a free polio shot.

ON MY last afternoon in Wolfsburg, I walked with two other visitors along the *Porschestrasse* — the wide main street of the town, named after the engineer who designed the Volkswagen—staring in the bright shop windows, the supermarket, the movie house (*Die Welt von Susie Wong* was playing), the clean modern buildings with neon signs (*"Trink Coca Cola"*) and the hundreds of little "people's cars," all exactly alike except for different colors, that scurried along the street, and realized that this was indeed the model town of the future. With its order, its uniformity, its immaculate stores and sidewalks, it seems the kind of place that many suburban American towns aspire to be, but are still too undisciplined. The Germans are ahead of us in cutting off the rough edges of life and molding everything into a formula.

As we walked along we came to a crowd, and stopped to see what was happening. The people had gathered to watch a beggar who had set up a small table with different-sized glasses that he "played" by rubbing the rims to produce different tones. It was the only time I saw a beggar in Wolfsburg, and in fact, the only time I saw anyone or anything who wasn't in some way connected with the Volkswagen factory. He played *Lili Marlene,* and it sounded very beautiful, and very old, as if a lute player had stopped and played a medieval song on Madison Avenue.

The beggar was, of course, an old man, and I doubt that he—or his impromptu kind of music—will be around much longer in the model town.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Historians' Goat

CHARLES SUMNER AND THE COMING OF THE CIVIL WAR. By David Donald. Alfred A. Knopf. 392 pp. $6.75.

Bernard A. Weisberger

DAVID DONALD'S life of Charles Sumner appeared last September and a smart horse player, reading the reviews, would have done well to place a bet on its nose for the Pulitzer Prize which it has just won. And deservedly so; David Donald is a solid scholar, and a historian with an unusual quota of psychological insight and literary skill. This biography, like his earlier study of Lincoln's biographer, William Herndon, is a tight, clear and level-headed piece of exposition. But whether it fully explains a complex and important man, whether it significantly increases our knowledge of the causes of the Civil War, and whether we are ready for an increment in such knowledge—these are questions of a different order, which cannot be answered without a sidelong glance at Sumner's ranking in the eyes of American historians.

The most striking note in the professional discussions of the book was the uniformity with which reviewers praised the author and damned his subject. "Arrogant, selfish, self-righteous, intolerant, and supremely egotistical," "amazingly contentious," and "totally unfitted for public life" are among the phrases employed to describe the Massachusetts Senator from 1853 to 1874. One historian declared that the book should be read by anyone wishing to know "how conceit and human weakness helped bring on the Civil War." All this may explain why, in fact, Sumner has had no formal biography in the last fifty years, and why, as Louis Ruchames has noted, his stock has fallen steadily since the gaslit era, when he was acclaimed one of the giants of the republic.

Mr. Donald's story partially clarifies these passions. Sumner was not one of the genial figures of American life. Born in 1811 to a struggling Boston lawyer, he endured a loveless childhood, and overcompensated by driving himself to win honors in college and law school. He traded on his academic success to travel abroad and gain entry into the best British and New England circles, becoming simultaneously an intellectual and a social snob. Nevertheless, touched by the widespread humanitarianism of the 1840s, he became an active partisan of prison reform, peace and anti-slavery. But his reform was of special pattern: starting from generally accepted premises, he proceeded to denounce as morally obtuse, mentally corroded, all who disagreed with his deductions from those first principles. He interpreted disagreement as personal attack and to that he could respond only with violent castigation. He could no more argue, as a contemporary said, than a cat. He quarreled irretrievably with old friends, and alienated himself from the honors and positions in the Boston-Cambridge world that he sorely craved. Some unfathomed unhappiness made him drive himself, in a ghastly ritual of self-punishment, ever further from those whose admiration he needed. His gifts were good enough, however, to get him into the Senate. There he became a Republican thorn in the side of slavery, lashing all, South *and* North, who took conservative ground on the question, in a voice that suggested God's own, and in prose somewhat ornate for modern taste, barbed with learned, studied insult. When, in 1856, a member from South Carolina beat him unconscious with a walking stick in the Senate chamber, there may have been some covert cheering in Massachusetts. Yet he was back in his seat, doubly powerful as a "martyr," in 1861. There Donald leaves him, pending a second volume.

The Necessity

From love one takes
petal to *rock* and *blesséd*
away towards
descend,

one took thought
for frail tint and spectral
glisten, trusted
from way back that stillness,

one knew
that heart of fire, rose
at the core of gold glow
could go down undiminished,

for love and
or if in fear knowing
the risk, knowing
what one is touching, one does it,

each part
of speech a spark
awaiting redemption, each
a virtue, a power

in abeyance unless we
give it care
our need designs in us. Then
all we have led away returns to us.

DENISE LEVERTOV

YET granting all this unpleasantness, something remains to be explained in the anti-Sumner bias. There *was* a provoking charm to the man; despite a pompous and humorless personality, he was literally loved by dozens of talented families. It was Sumner, not his friends, who usually set afoot the destruction of these relationships. He had his faults, but he was no more doctrinaire than Calhoun, no more conceited than, say, Webster, no more orotund than Thomas Hart Benton, no more eccentric than John Randolph, no more vituperative than any number of Southern demagogues whose brayings have filled the halls of Congress since Appomattox. Yet all these men have found advocates. Why so few for Sumner?

For one reason, because he is best remembered for his postwar career, as yet untouched by Donald. He was a major draftsman of the hard Reconstruction policy, and from 1900 until quite recently American teachers of history (with a few exceptions) have been afflicted with a sense of guilt over the alleged sins of the North in attempting forcibly to remold Southern society and politics. They have been almost eager to denounce "vindictive" and "doctrinaire" Reconstructionists, with Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens catching most of the lightning. Moreover, Sumner was a vigorous opponent of segregation (in Massachusetts, too) and the historical profession, generally conservative, has surprisingly little charity for men who have tried to deploy the power of the state to enforce racial equality.

Then, too, in curious fashion, both "liberals" and "conservatives" have found the Sumner type unpalatable. Those who claim it to be the genius of our political system to function without ideology naturally have little use for him. In an age when some writers as-

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BERNARD A. WEISBERGER, author of They Gathered at the River: The Story of the Great Revivalists *(Little, Brown), is a member of the history faculty, the University of Chicago.*

sure us that the important men in the American Revolution were really property-loving and God-fearing moderates; when the Civil War is deplored as a sad affair caused by the temporary political eclipse of the hard-headed, business-as-usual types who avoided moral issues as the plague; when William L. White's popular book on the Senate suggests that its noblest members are those who maintain the proper reputation for discretion in the insiders' "club" of managers—in such an age, Charles Sumner is not going to be a hero.

AS FOR the liberals, they have tended to accept the notion of a "clean hands" standard for defenders of human rights. They have been cornered into agreeing that critics of the moral failings of others must be without spot or blemish themselves. One may concede that the moralist needs more purity than the man who takes the wicked world as he finds it; nevertheless, it becomes difficult in that case to isolate a reform tradition from some of its extremist begetters, or to praise what is praiseworthy while recognizing personal failings.

Thus a society which admires, or cannot find comfortable grounds for blaming, the "well-liked" accommodator, the "constructive critic" (who offends nobody) and the "middle-of-the-roader" (with no idea of where the road is going) is not a society whose history books are apt to treat Sumner kindly. Mr. Donald does not suggest any of this; he simply sets the record straight and lets the implications fall where they may, a most promising beginning. It is doubtful at best that Sumner and the abolitionists will enjoy a renaissance. They accepted and lived by an absolute morality which we could not recapture if we would; and where we do agree with them on the Negro question, we are prone to do so on grounds which we have added—grounds of cultural anthropology and political necessity. Let us remember, however, that our pragmatism has not brought us closer to Utopia than their rigid insistence on fulfilling the clear mandate of a very real God who kept most strict accounts. If Sumner and his ilk are monuments to a kind of thinking we cannot share, they still show that there are essential moral problems which we must deal with in *our* symbols. To like them is difficult, to understand them possible, to learn from them, it would seem, essential. Mr. Donald, detached as he may be, has admirably started us on the road.

Persecution by Law

DRUG ADDICTION: Crime or Disease? Interim and Final Reports of the Joint Committee of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association on Narcotic Drugs. Indiana University Press. 173 pp. $5 cloth; $2.95 paper.

Lawrence Kolb

DRUG ADDICTION is a medical condition that requires some measure of police action for its adequate control. To correct existing defects in control measures, physicians and pharmocologists, in the early part of this century, urged the enactment of a law somewhat stricter than the usual laws designed to control the handling of dangerous drugs. The Harrison Narcotics Act of 1914 was the result. This well-intentioned law was misinterpreted from the beginning and made a tool for the persecution of suffering patients and of the physicians who tried to help them. Propaganda, most of it making ridiculous claims about the harmfulness of narcotics, snowballed throughout the following years to such an extent that the general public, some judges and a few physicians who had no first-hand knowledge of drug addiction were led to believe that it was a national menace.

People with only a police training have secured commanding positions in the formulation of narcotic policies; sound medical opinion based on careful research is cried down or ignored; judges and physicians who disagree with prevalent extreme measures are denounced and, except for certain murder and treason cases, a narcotic offense under federal and some state laws has become our most severely punished crime. In many jurisdictions the courts have been deprived of discretionary power to fix the terms of punishment, and long sen-

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LAWRENCE KOLB, M.D., entered the United States Public Health Service in 1909 and served with that body thirty-five years. During that time he organized and conducted as superintendent three hospitals for mental disease, including the hospital for narcotic addiction at Lexington, Ky. On overseas assignment from 1928 to 1931, he observed European methods of handling drug addiction. In 1938, he became Assistant Surgeon General in charge of the Division of Mental Hygiene.

ART and CULTURE

Critical Essays

by CLEMENT GREENBERG

Clement Greenberg is an astute and iconoclastic art critic who strikes sparks whenever he speaks. A brilliant demonstration of this, the essays in *Art and Culture* offer compelling and incisive criticism of modern art schools, art styles, sculpture and literature. The author, whose discovery of Jackson Pollack bespeaks his uncanny insight into art trends and artists, probes the interplay of art and culture—revealing how each serves to shape, judge and betray the other. In forthright and penetrating style, he discusses a wide range of French and American artists, including such pace-setting painters as Monet, Renoir, Picasso, Eakins, Homer and Marin. An informed and exciting exposition for art buff, amateur and expert alike.

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tences with no probation or parole are mandatory. The result is that our prisons are bulging with emotionally sick people, most of whom, under a properly regulated system of control, would be at home working and supporting families.

It was inevitable that there would be a reaction against these excesses and *Drug Addiction: Crime or Disease?* is evidence of it. This book stems from the work of a joint committee of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association organized in 1955-1956. It has an informative introduction by Alfred R. Lindesmith, a sociologist who has made extensive studies of addiction and who pioneered in introducing to the American public the facts about the successful British system of narcotics control. [See Lindesmith: "Our Immoral Drug Laws"; *The Nation*, June 21, 1958.]

IN A very informative section Judge Morris Ploscowe has condensed into 100 pages the salient facts about the legal, medical and social factors of drug addiction. He quotes from the writings of authorities who have studied the problem in the United States during the past forty years. One may get from this section a view of the development of laws and policies, a review of decisions of the Supreme Court on narcotic cases and abridged statements from the work of physicians and special study groups.

Much of the quoted medical material is from the work of Public Health Service physicians whose observations are based on the study of hundreds of addicts. The hospital at Lexington, Ky., with its famed Addiction Research Center, furnished an environment that insulated these physicians and other research workers against the barrage of propaganda that has caused so many less fortunately situated people to forget science and accept nonsense when they approach the narcotic problem.

Basing his remarks on exhaustive study of narcotic-control measures throughout the world, Rufus King briefly summarizes international-control measures and describes what is done in certain countries of Europe and Asia. He devotes special attention to the British system. King explains that the "addict in British society remains the addict patient; he never becomes, as in ours, the addict criminal."

Under strict and elaborate control measures, which include provisions for prescribing maintenance doses of morphine or heroin to certain addicts who cannot be cured, addiction has almost completely disappeared in Great Britain. King quotes regulations to the effect that "there is no compulsory treatment of drug addicts in the United Kingdom. . . . The treatment of a patient is considered to be a matter for the doctor concerned."

Only one country treats addicts more severely than does the United States. In the Republic of China the death penalty is imposed for several narcotic offenses including relapse after the third treatment.

This book is highly recommended both to the general public and to professional readers.

Master of the Second Choice

Master of the second choice he circles
at the foot of the fortress.
No crack in the gorgeous wall
with its lights and ladies,
no overhanging limb to crawl
on for a fresh sight.
Between him and the gate of mirror
something loose in his history thrusts
a leonine face; his first error
may not be glimpsed.
Sensing the pad, the nodding beard
behind him, he must
dance in the sand, swallow clouds
of his own dust.

S. DORMAN

The Author of 'She'

RIDER HAGGARD: His Life and Works. By Morton N. Cohen. Walker & Co. 326 pp. $6.

Benjamin DeMott

IS variousness a good thing in a man? In life not necessarily; in biography yes, indeed—as this well-made, unexclamatory book puts far beyond doubt. Its subject was at different moments of his life an ostrich farmer, a spy and a London barrister. He witnessed Zulu war dances and hunted treasure in Mexico. Husband, father and Norfolk squire, he served also as Adjutant of the Pretoria Horse and as negotiator (at twenty-one) with fierce up-country African chiefs, and his hands raised the Union Jack over the new territory when England annexed the Transvaal. A magistrate rescued from jungle quicksand owed him his life; Kipling owed him the idea for the *Jungle Books.* He was "*ex officio* legal guardian of all the orphans in the Transvaal," and the first serious chronicler of Booth and the Salvation Army at home; he stood guard over his wife and belongings with a Martini Henry carbine in the Boer uprisings, and in England fought the decay of the world with a report on afforestation and coastal erosion. Historian, agricultural economist (still quoted with respect), social reformer, hunter, Royal Commissioner, politician, student of Danish and American rural and labor problems, model farmer—Haggard was all these and more: the author of fifty-eight best-selling novels, including *King Solomon's Mines* and *She.*

About this writer's best romance C. S. Lewis once said that it "is in touch with the permanent nature of our imagination"; anyone who has awakened (before or after reading *She*) from a dream of moldering corpses whose eyes are jet flames knows that the remark has meaning. The biographer misses a shade of the meaning, perhaps, when he suggests that Haggard's fancy could have survived exposure to hostile disciplines:

> . . . weaknesses in Haggard's writing stand between him and immortality. And when we ask why they existed and why Haggard did so little to change, we find ample reasons. Had the boy been given an adequate schooling, had he been conditioned by a literary environment, had he been taught the refinements and graces of the English language, had he been steeped in the classics and grown conscious of his own shortcomings, had he not to struggle so for financial independence, and above all had he been more secure psychologically, he might have woven his tales into a finer fabric.

And Mr. Cohen is more certain than some would have been, after full survey of the *oeuvre*, that the shrine of the pure imagination is no noisome, obnoxious place.

BUT his reluctance to advance to that concession *is* understandable. Haggard was not a man who knew himself, was far from a subtle mind; his Africa is neither Sargent Shriver's nor Basil Davidson's (though his tales of Zulu dynasties are not bare of interest at

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BENJAMIN DeMOTT is professor of English at Amherst and a columnist for The American Scholar. *His novel,* The Body's Cage *(Little, Brown), was published in 1959.*

the moment), and his manorial or feudal fantasies were touched with pathetic comedy (though he himself was one of the first of his class to recognize them as fantasies). On the other hand, the principle of vibrantly energetic variousness that worked itself out in this life is in every respect stunning—an item that freshens belief in the openness of experience to individual human attack. In showing it forth Mr. Cohen has produced a highly readable book, marked by balance, good humor and taste.

Shared Corruption

THE CORAL BARRIER. By Pierre Gascar. Little, Brown & Co. 172 pp. $3.75.

Nelson Algren

A CORAL REEF, delicate as a fin and invisible as a spine, cut the port off from the open sea. No ship came to Mogadiscio.

The old colonial hands who once had governed the land had sent their families back to Italy, pending declaration of Somali independence. In their terraced houses now no woman's voice was ever heard.

At evening in Paolo Bruzzi's café they pretended to one another that the country still needed them. Because it was no use to pretend that Italy needed them, and they had to pretend something. They were men who had lived idly too long in a land of harsh white light: return to a steady job in a land of soft rain frightened them.

So they shared the Somali girls, passing them from hand to hand. They were men who had shared one another's lives so long that, now that so little was left in anyone's cups, they shared one another's corruption.

When a younger man, uncorrupted, entered Bruzzi's café, he antagonized them because he did not wish to share their lives. He was a bank functionary, Luigi Peretti, who had come to Mogadiscio to paint.

Luigi's story becomes the story of Jilal, a black girl with whom he falls in love and who falls in love with him. Yet she cannot give herself to him because a ritual operation has imprisoned her within herself. A surgical operation called infibulation, an Islamic practice, reduces Jilal to the unfeeling nakedness of a doll.

She, too, has no true country. A woman, she feels, belongs only to the country of the man she loves.

With independence only two years away—the year is 1958—hatred walks in the streets. The new native proletariat is already preparing dossiers on those of their women who have lived with Italians. Jilal, therefore, cannot go to a native midwife for the operation that will make her a woman. Luigi declines the aid proffered by an old colonial doctor who has had his eye on Jilal for some time. It is then that Luigi's one Italian friend, the café owner Bruzzi, deceives an Italian nun, a gynecologist, into performing the operation on Jilal.

When the colonial doctor discovers the secret, the word is out. What to the natives looks like an atrocity against a native girl, looks to the Italians like an insane provocation, and both Luigi and Bruzzi have to return to Italy. Leaving Jilal walking toward her desert village, utterly lost.

In a time of the 700-page novel with nothing to say, and which then says it badly, this 172-page novel is a find. It is told with impact, with poetry, with truth.

NELSON ALGREN is the author of The Man with the Golden Arm *and* A Walk on the Wild Side.

ARCHITECTURE

Lincoln Kirstein

THESE NOTES are written to call attention to two contemporary masterpieces of architecture: the Munson-Williams-Phillips Institute of Utica, New York, and the Museum of Western Art, in Fort Worth, Texas. It rarely happens that an exemplary monument, as distinct from negotiable shelter-space, is erected in this country. Utica and Fort Worth are not large cities, but they will become focal points for art lovers of international curiosity, since each now contains one of the fine buildings of this century.

An unusual set of circumstances led to the creation of the structure in Utica: an estate accumulated by three families with an enlightened policy of benefaction; the intelligent manipulation of residual funds until such time as considerable money was accumulated and nothing had to be skimped and, perhaps most important, a client in the person of the museum director, who, while he presented and stuck to his own

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LINCOLN KIRSTEIN is the author of monographs on Elie Nadelman, Gaston Lachaise, Henri Cartier-Bresson and Walker Evans.

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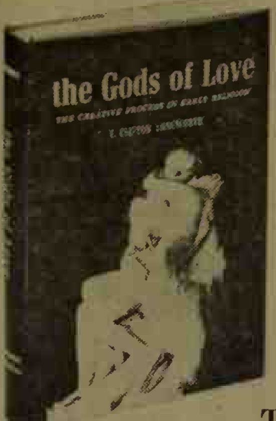

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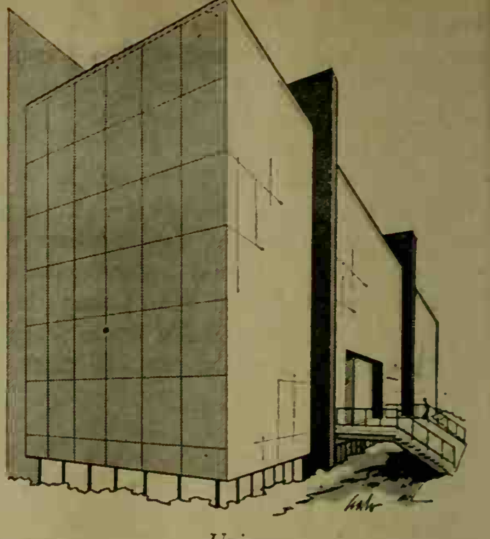
program, respected his chosen architect as a distinguished artist and gave him, within generous limits, a free hand. Such conditions were sometimes commanded by princes. The Imperial Detached Katsura Villa in Kyoto was achieved by an architect who made three simple demands: no limit on time; no limit on money; no interference from the patron. Today, similar conditions are possible when a certain prestige or status is preponderant; a virtuoso architectural reputation is sometimes permitted or even encouraged to erect a monument to itself, disregarding most of the ostensible needs of the collection or community for which the building is called into being. But in Utica there was nearly perfect collaboration and mutual esteem; the surrounding valley and nearby towns, which this art center serves, may congratulate themselves.

THE exterior of the rectilinear structure, two stories of which are visible above ground, is revetted in a warm gray Canadian granite cut in large squares; the whole is bound by bronze-sheathed concrete pilaster straps which secure the building like a gigantic package. The huge roof hangs directly from this powerful framework, thus providing a very large interior of unsupported and uninterrupted space. At night, the museum seems to float on a green-hedged dry moat; its basement is glazed continuously and softly glows; hence what might have seemed like an oppressive block lies easily on a raised earthwork, its airy support. One enters by broad steps directly into a big sculpture court, whose wide and elegantly hung double stair leads to an ample surrounding balcony, from which issue large galleries wholly surrounding the court. The interior walls of the lower story are veneered in a warm hardwood; all hanging space is surfaced in a bland Philippine grass-cloth. The thirty-foot coffered ceiling is pierced to the sky by a series of inset domes; in each is centered a powerful electric down-light, so that the court or, indeed, any area of the museum, can be effectively transformed into a television studio for the direct transmission of whatever happens to be on view.

In the four corners of the building-block are access stairwells, the floors, walls and steps being highly finished in pink terrazo. All the detailing, from the travertine floors to the metal- and woodwork, is a joy to see and touch and is a most encouraging sign of the high degree of craftsmanship locally available. There are no windows on the two gallery floors; the space for hanging pictures and placing sculpture is divided with almost lyrical tact. The major spaces are so light, in weight and sight, that the enclosed air seems to shed its own grace, although the actual illumination comes from the evenly light-washed walls, shadowless and adjustable. One module is maintained throughout the public areas; the architecture seems almost invisible, except as it analyzes the needs of space. The supports are very thin; the separations of the panels delicate; even the screening of the balustrades seems more a glow than a grill. There is a handsome auditorium with gold-paneled acoustical tiling and a very steeply banked system of comfortable seats for lectures and demonstrations.



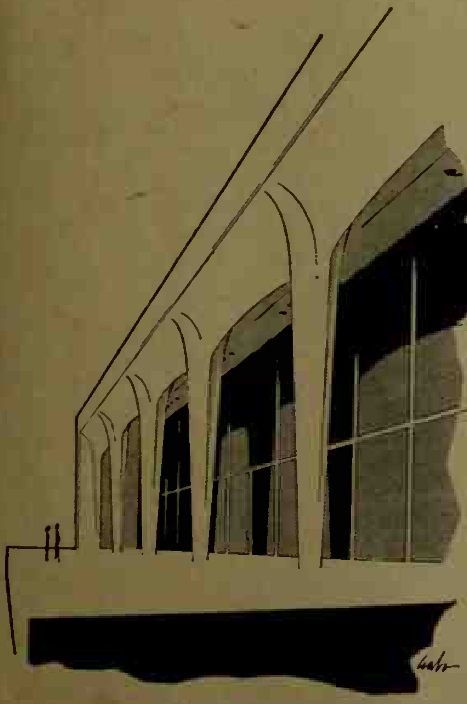
Utica

PHILIP JOHNSON was the master architect; Richard Kelly designed the flexible and poetic lighting; Richard B. K. McLanathan is the Director of the Museum of Art. It is also proper to mention Mr. William Murray, President of the Board, under whose ultimate responsibility this fine work was undertaken. The opening exhibition was ingeniously hung to show unfamiliar works of art from collections in American cities of about 100,000 people — cities like Utica, itself. The home collection has many objects of quality and interest; the larger loan pictures looked brilliant hung on creamy walls.

It is significant that such results could be achieved in a comparatively small community. Perhaps they could be achieved only in a small community. The buildings that emerge from big competitions or enforced collaboration show a distressing, if inevitable, tendency toward the lowest common denominator. Good architects are reluctant to enter competitions; the client is usually the enemy. It is useful to compare the Guggenheim Museum and the Utica Museum. They represent extreme poles in plan and function, but they share one arresting quality: absolute idiosyncratic statement. The power of Wright's personality; the imposition of his will by fiat upon a complacent patron and upon every aspect of construction in a frenzy of reckless megalomania, achieved one kind of monument. It possesses, as Sir Hugh Casson says all the greatest buildings possess, an atmosphere amounting to horror. Thus Rome, Olympia, Hagia Sophia.

The Utica building is no less ambitiously conceived; indeed, as far as function goes, it is far more complex and complete. It was designed not only as a house for a collection but as a community center. The personality of the planner is pervasive, if one looks for it; but on immediate contact it is imperceptible. For here the pleasure and pride of the architect were not to place his magisterial stamp on plastic space, but to provide the most elegant practicality possible; as clear as crystal and as invisible. Taste is discreet but luxurious; craftsmanship is not the rough hand of mastery interested in little beneath the broad statement, but an impeccable standard comparable to the finest objects of hand and mind that will inhabit its walls.

PHILIP JOHNSON'S second new building, the Museum of Western Art, lies a few miles from the skyscraper blocks of downtown Fort Worth. The museum plan is simple: five huge arches, thirty-five feet high with twenty-two foot spans form the portico of a rectilinear box. Through the grand arcade of the columns all Fort Worth is framed, three miles to the west. The five arches of the stoa, indeed the whole fabric, is constructed of delicately cut shell-stone, a honey-colored fossil-rock, quarried from the primeval Gulf floor, near Austin, Texas. The fossil-prints of shell and mollusk, embedded in the blocks, are very large, in perfect intaglio. The cutting of the stone itself, all by local craftsmen, is the equal in suavity to French stereotomy of the eighteenth century, which it recalls. The vertical surface, behind the arcade, is glazed in huge sheets of smoked gold-glass. Behind is a two-story gallery, one hundred feet long, which houses the huge collection of paintings and sculpture of cowboys, cattle, Indians and horses, by Frederic Remington and Charles Russell. A generous balcony contains a reference library; smaller vitrines well lit with self-illuminating glass contain figurines. The opening choice, judiciously culled from a huge collection, was handsomely mounted on large wooden bases by Jermayn McAgy. Remington and Russell, apart from local and historical factors, have, particularly in their sculpture, much plastic merit, an American candor of place, period and action, devotedly observed in their occupational dignity. One need not pretend that these men were as great sculptors as Barye or Saint Gaudens, but they are not artistically negligible.



Fort Worth

Philip Johnson's building is executed in his customary, if unique, fastidious extravagance. It could not possibly have cost what it seems to have cost; even Texans aren't that rich. But there was no budget; it was built as a criterion of excellence and to last. Nowhere else in this country, with the possible exception of the National Gallery in Washington, is there such a profusion of regal mineral splendor. Some puritan critics have objected to the plan of the five-arch portico as non-functional, non-structural, rhetorical and ostentatious. It is a measure of our architectural poverty that we now consider magnificence unworthy of the ethical status of a prime function. The commonality of architectural teachers and critics presuppose cubage for shelter as the only justification for building, with a minimal expression of organic structure as the only aesthetic. Playfulness, fantasy, monumentality, or splendor for its own sake is tolerated only if the surfaces are brutal and the uses necessitarian on a primary level. The Fort Worth museum was presented to the city and the country by the Amon Carter Foundation; its function is memorial magnificence—to a man (oil emperor and owner of the *Star-Telegram)* and to an epoch of American life. Its arcade is a ceremonial porch to a city built on the economy

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of cattle, enshrining symbols of beasts and the men who handled them. The scale is very large, the cutting of the arches extremely subtle in their slightly eccentric plasticity. The columns spring from a solid granite podium, their footing for the first four inches of the columnar-base, flowing from the granite into the shell-stone with no break in form. Its craftsmanship approaches independent sculptural expression.

If one has a word of reservation, possibly the square stone slabs, attached to the soffit by bronze pins seem small; the pegs themselves a trace nervously reiterative in their repetitive closeness. There is a large sunken garden, beautifully lit at night, as if it were a submerged pool, with two big trees arbitrarily set on great asymetrical mounds. The surrounding landscaping of a wealth of live-oaks, luxuriously transplanted from the nearby countryside, is a feature that will eventually bind this immaculate building, almost athletically nude in its lean freshness, more closely to the ground on which it has been set.

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FREE DESCRIPTIVE FOLDER UPON REQUEST

One eagerly awaits Johnson's next three museums: Lincoln, Neb., for which ground has been broken; the new galleries of Pre-Colombian Art for the Robert Woods Bliss Collection for Harvard University at Dumbarton Oaks in Washington, for which ground is being cleared, and the new wing of the Museum of Modern Art in New York City. Johnson has just been awarded a considerable honor by the American Institute of Architects; it is rare that a single architect is cited twice in the same year, but this year his Shrine at New Harmony, Indiana, and his nuclear-reactor installation for Israel were both crowned. Johnson is one of the few monumental and honorific architects now working in the United States; he is able to refuse work that is merely shelter since he prefers to build shrines.

ART

Fairfield Porter

ADVOCATES of "realism," "the human image" and "tradition," those who dislike paintings in which you recognize no natural details, would like art today to resemble what they have found and got used to in museums. They use the past as precedent for what they propose in the present. The issue is the museum. And the more artists interest themselves in this version of artistic tradition, the more they separate art and life, to the detriment of both. The separation of art and life comes from the belief that form belongs to art and content to nature. In order to have art enough, they search for order. The search for order, and the prejudice that order is not natural, limit the artist's awareness. Take for example the difference between the coast line in a map surveyed from the ground and the same coast line in an aerial photograph. The first is irregular and chaotic: the surveyor was looking for order according to his conventions and scientific prejudices. The second has unforeseen linear beauty, which can appear only in complete surrender before nature. The deepest order is not within the ability of the artist to create, instead it is something that he is able to find, either within or outside himself, and only if he is open enough, unprejudiced enough and attentive enough. Advocates of "humanism" (when it is opposed to non-objective art) may believe that reason is the highest human quality: however reason is only one quality, and who is to say which is highest? These questions are concretely posed in three exhibitions. One, at the National Arts Club, is called "A Realist View," and opposite to this are the exhibitions of Joan Mitchell at the Stable, and of Mark di Suvero and Ronald Bladen at the Green Gallery.

Joan Mitchell's paintings contain in concrete detail only bright swishes and gobs of paint, but the total effect is landscape: clouds, sunset, vegetation, water. Her form is the positive of Turner's vortex, and the feeling is a very strong experience of the presence of nature. Although there is no specific place, nature is more "really" present than in most representational paintings. It is because of the "reality" (not representation) of the detail. The details, shaped like brush strokes, have committed shapes, and the colors have committed texture, hue and substance. They are not muddy, which has nothing to do with the presence or absence of browns or grays, but with their being clearly what they are. Miss Mitchell has been attentive to outside nature and her inner experience, and she gives you something real.

Mark di Suvero's sculpture is a huge, triangularly bolted-together mass of beams worn by use and weather. Ronald Bladen's paintings are in two colors only: a vast thick lava-like mat surface from which project a few much thicker troweled lumps of another color. Both the sculpture and the paintings insist on their objectivity. They give an experience of the splintered surfaces worn by traffic, sun and sea, of heavy dockside construction. Like Miss Mitchell, these artists are attentive to experience and sensitive to reality.

THE PAINTERS at the National Arts Club are: Harvey Dinnerstein, Sheldon Fink, St. Julian Fishburne, Stuart Kaufman, David Levine, Seymour Remenick, Daniel Schwartz, Aaron Shikler, Burt Silverman and Herbert Steinberg. Robert White is the sculptor. Though the painters have always considered themselves realists, some of them are moving away from attentiveness to reality in favor of attention to craft as an end in itself.

Reality cannot be faked; unless it is total, it fails to convince. It fails when an idea of reality — a doctor holding a new-born baby, a house painter with brush poised — is superimposed on no matter how skillful a technical exercise. It fails when it exists in the detail but not in the whole surface. It fails to convince when it amounts to a repetition of equal wrinkles of clothes, as in Silverman's *Family Circle*, representing a group in a theatre box. The light on individual faces is good, but the whole breaks apart into separate passages, some beautifully painted, some conscientiously. Form coordinates diversity, it does not pile up facts. That is why form comes from the artist looking for chaos, in which case he finds that order that is directly discoverable by unconscious awareness, which is wiser than awareness directed by the reason following systematic rules. Critics who demand to know what something means, demand to have reality translated into conventionality, maybe the conventionality of language: they wish to limit communication.

ANOTHER example of unconvincing reality is Levine's *Brighton Beach*. The artist has used his experience of people behind the boardwalk as raw material for a translation into something resembling in its craft a painting by Rembrandt, like a school exercise to show how well he has done his homework. You recognize each detail, and you are left with the inescapable conviction that Brighton Beach is a boring figment of Levine's imagination. But Levine's portrait of Sheldon Fink has reality because it has art, and art because it has reality. Because you see the bloodshot face for the first time, you can have no hesitation in believing it, and the details of the suit, its flatness, the shadow under the lapel in one brush line, the narrow torso above wide trousers, all have that formality that is discovered and so has got to be true. And Fink's large group of a mother reading to her three children is real because like the best inventions it comes from attention to something beyond the artist's ability to control.

Dinnerstein's *Motorcyclists* is reality manipulated, the way old-fashioned photographers used to do in their studios. Because he doesn't accept this photographer's studio aspect of art, he doesn't get as far as the photographer did in making an imitation of art instead of an imitation of nature. However, imitation of art can be valid. Remenick sees nature as real insofar as it imitates art, but since his imitation is total, so is his reality total, and he combines diversity into a singleness of surface. His still lifes look like paint: this is their integrity. They are real in the thoroughness of their artistry, even though the reality he portrays is a studio reality. After all, a studio is just as real a place as a hospital or a race track.

In Shikler's paintings, also, there is this split between attention to something either inside or outside the artist, like his paintings of the antique dealer, or *After the Bath*, and those paintings that try to make art imitate art, like the *Bridal Preparations*. In the latter painting the surface is broken into a monotonous flutter of leaf-like strokes, that are neither interesting in themselves, nor a contribution to the subject.

Robert White is different from the painters. He hardly ever goes in for genre, and the reality of sculpture is at a different level from that of painting. *The Ploughman* has a form that comes from its details, it is internal: he sees the anatomy as if from the point of view of the man inside the body, as though he were the animate principle of his own landscape, and therefore beyond his own comprehension. As a whole one might think, why was the figure cut off above the knees, what is the composition? It is because the experience was inner, and the figure stopped where the experience ceased. This is as far as it goes, this is it, which makes what there is more intense. *Salome* seems to start with the whole conception, Salome dancing. But this too is known from the inside, and it is organic instead of conceptual. However the virtuosity of the modeled detail of the *Bar Room* is lost in an artificial conception.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ANDRE GIDE once said that when you ask a question of a philosopher you end by not understanding the question you asked. And Poe once warned that the truth is often to be found not at the heights we try to climb but in the valley which is clear to our sight.

I was reminded of these two remarks as I overheard or read various comments on Jean Genet's *The Blacks* (St. Mark's Playhouse). There is a tendency to explain so-called *avant-garde* drama (or painting, poetry, etc.) in such terms that it becomes not only unenjoyable but hopelessly unintelligible. Sartre has on several occasions explained Genet so superbly that his exegesis needed more elucidation than Genet's work itself. I have sometimes feared that these virtuoso explications might affect Genet as much as they frequently confuse the reader or spectator.

All this is to say that *The Blacks* (when you see it) is not an obscure play. Do not try to "comprehend" the prob-

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lem of its method or the conundrum of its metaphor. If you dwell on these you may talk interestingly but you will miss the *play*. It is a strong, hard, scandalous and utterly fascinating masquerade. It it also one of the most original theatre pieces of our day.

Genet calls it a "clown show." It presents what he once described as a "true picture born of a distorted image." The elegant and vicious ritual of *The Blacks* is a work of pure hatred. It is an elaborate *coup de grâce* struck against the white man's distrust, fear and abhorrence of the blacks. It is an ironic howl at and mockery of everything the pale face thinks, says and, in furtive guilt and repressed aversion, fails to say against the dark-skinned peoples. It also unleashes the fury of the blacks themselves against the white ruling minority. The fiercely polished language Genet employs and the splendid colors arrest our attention like the gleam of a beautiful dagger directed at our throats. We stand in horrified hypnosis at the sight of the imminent (and playful) slaughter like the bewildered bull confronted by his magnificent killer.

It is all done with a grin which has little humor, though it will provoke a frightened laugh. This cold dazzling smile dispels any suspicion that it might contain love or tenderness. As Verlaine wanted to wring the neck of eloquence, so Genet beats down the possible emergence of sentiment. In the decadent mode we might say that *The Blacks* is a perfect crime.

THE PLAY is very French. It contains something of the pride of classic seventeenth-century rhetoric with the outrage of the more vehement symbolist poets, in addition to the latter day jamboree of journalese and topical, editorial allusions. Paradoxically, it communicates neither warmth nor passion — for murder may be haughty. No matter what initial impression we may get of confusion, the pattern of the whole is shapely and formal.

The first half of the performance is more successful than the second: the play seems too long. But perhaps it is a mistake to divide the play by an intermission. Perhaps it should be maddeningly, intolerably protracted, like a refined torture. Then it would not appear to fall off a bit but become clearly what it is: a calculated cruelty.

There may be, as I noted, different interpretations of Genet's plays according to the spectator's tastes and interests. This is particularly true of *The Masks* and *The Balcony*. In its meaning *The Blacks* is simpler than either of these. My own view — and it is a point I should like to emphasize — is that for all the anarchy and personal stress of Genet's dramatic work it is social and "revolutionary." *The Blacks* is not the kind of play of "social significance" that we are accustomed to: it is not melioristic or benign. It is dangerously explosive; and that is one of its virtues.

Most plays dealing with the race "problem" (or prejudice) are pathetic, constructive, patient. Genet, poet and criminal, is a scourge. In the end his destructiveness is salutary, an assassin of hypocrisy, a bomb dropped on mediocrity and complacency. The contemporary French exasperation—the savagery of which we tend to underestimate as we underestimate everything that threatens — is on its moral level a signal to the world for the need of a not too-long-to-be-delayed self-transformation.

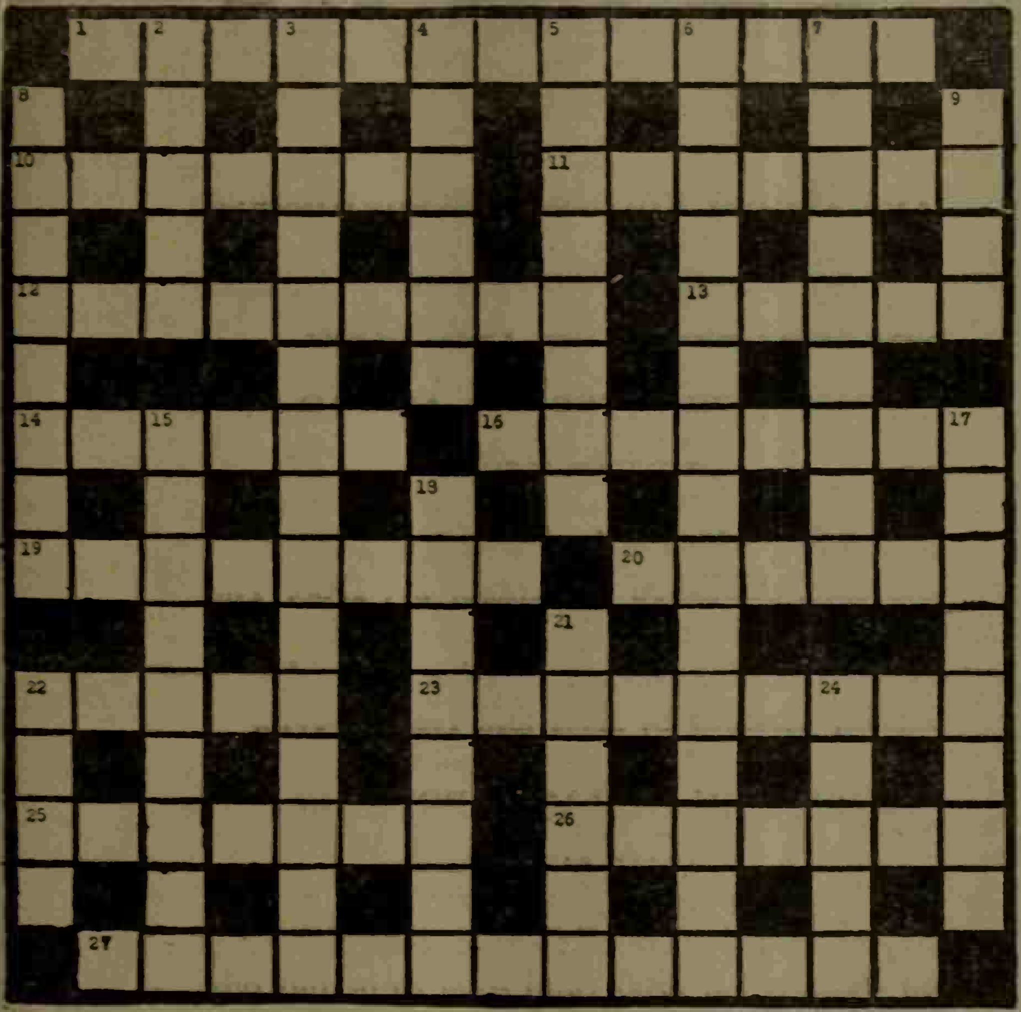
If an extension of the play's content is sought I should say that beyond the limits of its material lies another (perhaps unconscious) intent. The blacks are not simply the Negros but all the scorned, neglected, oppressed, ridiculed people thrust out by established society. The play may be thought of as a plea and a protest for the outcast — of whom the blacks are the symbol. But it is a plea and a protest of a man who no longer permits himself the luxury of forgiveness.

Admirably translated by Bernard Frechtman, the play is directed with firm and skillful hand by Gene Frankel. The masks and costumes are in a properly weird style; the whole production shows care and intelligence. It seemed to me at one moment that an element of glamorous mystery was missing, but on further reflection I have come to believe that the almost machine-like precision and clear brightness of the production's atmosphere may possess its own mystery — the modern one in which the strangely contortionate conformations of assembly line gadgets are placed nakedly on bare planes against neutral horizons, as if everything were in order.

One is not sure that all the actors understand the full meaning of the words they speak, but this may add a certain desirable impersonality in the proceedings. The cast is generally fine. You may pick your own favorites. Mine were Helen Martin for the easy sense she made of her lines, Ethel Ayler for the stunning aristocracy of her beauty, Godfrey Cambridge for his hang-dog characterization, Louis Gossett for the acute venom of his gaze.

Crossword Puzzle No. 916

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Concerning the advanced position of the ranger's problem? (13)
10 Turn aside a number in other than perfect surroundings. (7)
11 Teeth, or how anything's appendages might be attached. (7)
12 Would creating "M" imply throwing one's weight around? (9)
13 The time of depression. (5)
14 There's probably nothing permanent attached to the right of this holder. (6)
16 With the sound of a match? (8)
19 One might be found in the valleys of northern England and Salem. (8)
20 and 22 down Certainly not a moving description of the way one treats a Strauss hero! (10)
22 Animal associated with good cheer. (5)
23 Such things can be followed or copied exactly. (9)
25 General pull-back? (Headed for shelter, no doubt!) (7)
26 For Gray, it didn't frown on humble birth. (7)
27 Unite with 16 to make a quick recovery possible. (13)

DOWN:

2 A little bit of self-interest? (5)
3 See 9 down
4 Is it no longer wrong to put the squeeze on? (6)
5 The sort of time most likely to imply clannishness? (8)
6 Where one makes an all-out attempt to be like Uncas, for example? (3, 3, 2, 3, 4)
7 Some accounts might be stretched a little too much! (9)
8 Those who work hard to a certain degree presumably get this. (8)
9 and 3 Do old-fashioned writers of this mind waiting? (4, 8, 7)
15 Water color? (Strangely enough, it would properly be white or blue!) (4, 5)
17 With fringe benefits? (8)
18 A bad man's about to do something big! (8)
21 An inferior kind of cinnamon. (6)
22 See 20 across
24 The way they forbid you to be familiar in France with a native? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 915

ACROSS: 1 Pedestrians; 9 Ignorant; 11 Vegetal; 12 Parsnip; 14 Estate; 15 Old timer; 17 Forebode; 20 Cupola; 22 Assuage; 24 Entrant; 26 Remain; 27 Obituary; 28 Sea chanties. DOWN: 2 Exonerate; 3 Emanate; 4 and 10 Tote boards; 5 Inboard; 6 Nears; 7 Egress; 8 Admire; 13 and 25 Conestoga; 16 Importune; 18 Ouster; 19 Organic; 20 Convict; 21 Liners; 23 Usage.

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Campus Report No. 4

REBELS WITH a HUNDRED CAUSES

I. The Indignant Generation *Jessica Mitford Treuhaft*

II. Rise and Fall of the Beats *Tim A. Ross*

III. The Conservative Ripple *Alan C. Elms*

LETTERS

Tax on Advertising

Dear Sirs: I am entirely in sympathy with Peter Dorner's proposal for a tax on advertising (*The Nation,* May 13). Though I differ in some small respects with his reasoning, I find his conclusions and recommendations worthy of the utmost consideration.

My own study of advertising, published in 1958, pointed to the principle of such a tax. Dorner spells it out better than I have ever seen it done.

Otis Pease
Department of History
Stanford University
Stanford, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Peter Dorner's article suggests that advertising be taxed by the indirect method of limiting the amount of advertising expenditures that could be deducted as business expenses in calculating a company's profits for federal income-tax purposes. The economic and social implications of this proposal are best left to other critics, but there are some legal points on which I should like to comment.

To begin with, Mr. Dorner proposes a tax on advertisers rather than communications media in order to avoid the Constitutional questions of freedom of speech and press. This approach is based on a misunderstanding. Communications media must pay their way in taxes like other businesses. For example, the U.S. Supreme Court has upheld a gross-receipts tax on the sale of advertising space. Free-speech problems arise only when the tax has the effect of limiting the dissemination of information, as when Huey Long put a bill through the Louisiana Legislature imposing a gross-receipts tax on the advertising revenue of periodicals with a circulation of more than 20,000 copies per week, thus neatly hitting only the larger newspapers which had the courage to oppose him editorially. That tax was held unconstitutional by the Supreme Court.

More fundamentally, no tax can be arbitrary or discriminatory; the classifications it establishes must be reasonable or it will violate a different part of the Constitution that has nothing to do with freedom of speech or the press. Mr. Dorner indicates some appreciation of this problem when he says, "the legislation would have to be specially adapted to each industry." But that is only the bare beginning. What system could be devised to deal fairly with the new company just starting out to market an invention that consumers had never heard about, the company that sells only to industrial users rather than to the general public, the company that invests much of its income in new product research, the company whose profit margin is low because of energetic competition, etc., etc.?

Mr. Dorner believes that "excessive" advertising expenditures should be disallowed. Not only would it be difficult as a matter of administration to establish a method of determining this elusive characteristic, but it might also turn out to be a legal impossibility under the Constitutional guarantee of equality of treatment for all under the law.

New York City Sidney A. Diamond

Algeria and Cuba

Dear Sirs: Your editorial of May 6 stressed a legal point: that with intervention in Cuba the CIA "has broken international conventions." Never in Alexander Werth's treatment of, nor in your editorials on, Algeria has that legal point been mentioned. Is it not also applicable to Tunis and Morocco, which provide bases and supply depots for the FLN, as well as to Egypt and Russia, which are broker and client in the venture? It is thinkable that with Werth, who is not quite clever enough to conceal his orientation, the neglect could be deliberate; and that with the editors of *The Nation* the assymetry comes from a romantic indifference to the developing oil realities of the Mediterranean.

Sarasota, Fla. Ellis Freeman

The editorial in question cited the breaking not only of "international conventions" but also of "domestic statutes." In this connection, it is interesting that 125 American judges, lawyers and law-school faculty members recently signed an "open letter" to President Kennedy and the U.S. Attorney General, charging that the recruitment of Cuban rebel military personnel on our shores, and the help given the rebels by the U.S. Government, were in direct violation of Sections 956, 959 and 960 of Title 18 of the U.S. Code, otherwise known as the Neutrality Laws.

Neither Morocco nor Tunisia, to our knowledge, has any such laws.—Editors.

Luck by the Yard?

Dear Sirs: I read Mary M. Grooms's article, "A Revolt Against Shelters" [May 13] with great interest and admiration. She is to be congratulated, not only on the clear, concise logic of her statements, but also on the moral courage she displays in speaking up on this issue in so conservative a community.

My wonder is that there are people in high places who profess to believe that shelters are desirable and practicable. Can they really be so shortsighted and unimaginative, or do they regard having a shelter in the backyard like having a rabbit's foot in the pocket—something to ward off evil?

Maude H. Baruch
New York City

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THE
NATION

EDITORIALS

High Noon in Vienna

It is high noon, and down the center of the empty *Karntnerstrasse* — its fancy shops and coffeehouses are closed, shoppers and sightseers are clustered in tense knots behind barred windows — comes Cool Jack Kennedy, the quickest draw in Washington. Toward him advances a short, squat, gimlet-eyed character, the terror of the Volga, who has been talking mighty loud lately about Cool Jack, but is now about to get his comeuppance. . . .

That's the image conjured up by the journalistic treatment given the forthcoming Summit meeting. "President Will Stand Up to Reds," trumpets the New York *Herald Tribune*. One commentator, who must have been thinking of Bat Masterson, says the President will "lay it on the line." *Newsweek* reports Cool Jack will say, in effect, "Don't push too far." One would never dream, reading this stuff, that the conference had been initiated as long ago as December, or that careful diplomatic spadework both in Moscow and Washington had paved the way for the meeting.

But an even sharper contrast is to be found between the "high noon" quality of the stories and the undercurrent of comment in them to the effect that pressures for such a meeting have been growing apace (*Newsweek*, May 22). If the purpose of the conference is to enable the President to exhibit his steely resolve, then what have pressures to do with it? Yet pressures there are — from our allies as well as from neutral and many soon-to-be-neutral countries; and not the least compelling among them — although one which will not be acknowledged in Moscow any more than it will be in Washington — is the striking parallelism of certain vital interests of both countries. Today the United States and the Soviet Union are the two leading "have" nations of the world. Each has its full quota of wealth and power — "living space," in a word — which it does not share with the other and would prefer not to share too freely with outsiders. "Have not" nations have little in common save their poverty and their envy; but the pressure of a common concern with the pre-eminence which each of the two leading "have" nations occupies in its respective sphere draws them together, the more so since there are no other "have" nations of comparable magnitude. Of course the fact that one of the dominant powers is "communistic" and the other "capitalistic" makes it awkward for them to acknowledge their basic similarity of interest and extremely difficult to reach public understandings which safeguard this interest. But the parallelism is unmistakable.

The Moment of Truth

Can it be that military aid, the chief bulwark of freedom since 1948, has come to the end of the road? In few countries have we dispensed military aid more lavishly than in South Korea. With its supporting services, the South Korean Army totals 600,000 men, in a country of 22 million. It is American-trained, American-financed and, until a few days ago, it was thought, for all intents and purposes, to be American-commanded. Hardly anyone imagined that the South Korean Army would take action of any kind without the permission of the *de facto* governor general, Gen. Carter Magruder, U.S.A. Yet now the South Korean military have staged a revolution against the elected government, to the angry amazement of General Magruder and his superiors in Washington. Communism has been kept at bay at the 38th Parallel, but the billions in military aid we have dispensed in South Korea have not secured the loyalty of the South Korean Army.

South Vietnam is an equally melancholy exhibit. Here the Army numbers 150,000, and it cannot cope with guerrillas numbering 12,000. On his mission of dispensing largesse in South Asia, Lyndon B. Johnson has promised to increase the Ngo Dinh Diem military force by another 20,000. If the ratio remains the same, the guerrillas will need to put only another 1,500 men into the field and everything will be as before, if not worse.

Military assistance looks pretty good in South Vietnam and South Korea, however, when we examine the distant shahdom of Iran, where freedom has been contending with totalitarianism since before the end of World War II. Iran, with only about 20 million population, is in a sense a rich country, with an income of $300 million annually in hard currency from oil revenues. Yet it is on the verge of bankruptcy and has had to put the bite on Uncle Sam for another $70 million, in addition to previous handouts. Its government is in debt to the tune of $500 million, compared with $10 million in 1955. Here also, Uncle Sam's military aid has been generous. The Army numbers 200,000 and the police force is enormous. The Army alone consumes 40 per cent of the national budget. Since taxes on the rich are negligible, the wealth is not spread around and the people are restive. What Senator Hubert Humphrey said a few days ago should not, under the circumstances, come as a complete surprise: "Do you know what the head of the Iranian Army told one of our people? He said the Army was in good shape, thanks to U.S. aid — it was now capable of coping with the civilian population. That Army isn't planning to fight the Russians. It's planning to fight the Iranian people."

Mutatis mutandis—that seems to be what is wrong with U.S. military aid everywhere.

War Below the Belt

Washington, according to practically all the Washington correspondents, is fascinated by the term "paramilitary"; many statesmen, military experts and cocktail party luminaries see in paramilitary operations the dawn of a new day. If we can't win the cold war in one way, we'll win it in another. Subversion, infiltration, undeclared warfare will be the salvation of the West. The advantages are obvious. Paramilitary war is non-nuclear. It is inexpensive. It is dirty — and why shouldn't we use dirty methods against the dirty Communists? It will save the CIA. And it will put an end to humiliating defeats: paramilitary operations being more or less secret, the operatives can always be disavowed if they fail.

Apparently paramilitary warfare has passed out of the discussion stage and is soon to be put to the test. "Without going into secret details," writes Henry Gemmill in *The Wall Street Journal* (May 16), "indications can be reported that at least one such maneuver is being blueprinted at the moment, for execution in a vital nation distant from Cuba." *The Nation* hopes that the President will not accuse us of giving secret information to the enemy if we guess, out loud, that Mr. Gemmill is talking about South Vietnam.

Of course, in any form of warfare, disadvantages must be recognized, and some defeatists in Washington are not yet jumping on the paramilitary bandwagon. The squeamish dislike hearing "honorable men of high rank" — to quote Mr. Gemmill again — calmly discussing the advisability of, for example, methodical assassination of Communist leaders abroad. They may be the more repelled by this tactic because the Communists, contrary to a widespread impression, are opposed to assassination as a tactic; they feel it is too individualistic. But this objection does not lie against subversion, infiltration, sabotage, terror, mob action and other paramilitary techniques. And then, it may be asked by the honorable men who are brainstorming these matters, what have the squeamish to offer? Do they propose to let communism sweep the world?

There may, however, be some practical arguments against the wonderful new methods, even if it is agreed that moral and legal objections should be discarded. It does seem retrogressive for the most advanced of the technological powers to be going back to rather primitive devices, in which only a few people can be killed at a time, when twenty-megaton bombs are available. It is a little like a decathlon champion playing jacks. He might not be as good at it as the kids, either, for they, after all, have been playing jacks while he was tossing the discus. Can we ever match the Communists in a field in which they have so many years of experience and we are just starting? "By any realistic assessment," writes Mr. Gemmill, "it would seem that if America tries to step up undercover competition with the Soviet, it must count on a 'paramilitary gap' that will make the 'missile gap' look trivial by comparison." A still more serious question is whether, in the name of democracy, it is logical to slay democracy. The paramilitary method involves nothing less. The easy-going, unmilitaristic American must of course be kept in the dark; schooled in the outworn shibboleths of government of the people, etc., he would never understand. And if the native population in the country where the venture is undertaken should chance to side with the enemies' guerrillas instead of our own, it would be necessary to be paramilitary with them, too. All in all, paramilitary wars may turn out to contain even more hidden headaches than the conventional variety.

Space Rates

When the chosen astronaut, Commander Shepard, rose slowly in his capsule atop the Redstone rocket on May 5, the prayers of millions of Americans went with him. When he descended safely, the millions thanked God. But there was another aspect to the gallant venture of the sub-orbitnaut — a more realistic term, since the nearest star is roughly 24 billion miles away and the Commander flew some 400 miles. (By the same token, Gagarin was an "orbitnaut," not a "cosmonaut.") Among the well-wishers were a few who not only had their hearts on his success, but their money on his nose. After the exploit, they collected.

They were the advertisers. Their self-congratulations could not be missed; they were in practically all the great metropolitan newspapers and some of the mass weeklies, even, in one case, in a monthly. Among the "me-too participants," as *Advertising Age* unkindly refers to them, were McDonnell Aircraft; B. F. Goodrich

Co.; Shell Oil; Chrysler Corp.; Northrop Corp.; Allis-Chalmers; North American Aviation; Radio Corp. of America; Minneapolis Honeywell; and Sperry Rand. And Macy's. Macy's connection may have seemed a bit tenuous, but the store took a full page in *The New York Times* to salute this "achievement of the human spirit and the human mind" and to promise that "just as Macy's had more bustles to choose from when women wore bustles, we'll have more space suits when there's a space suit in every wardrobe."

All this took a little preparation. Goodrich, for instance, had space-suit advertising waiting at twenty-eight newspapers and four magazines, contingent, of course, on Commander Shepard's not being drowned, burned or asphyxiated. Later there was a rush to cash in, *ex post facto*, but this was frustrated by an unfeeling government. Commander Shepard and his fellow astronauts were asked to endorse everything from watches to trains, but their lawyer refused all offers. The only commercial venture in which they will engage is the $500,000 contract with *Life* for publication of their experiences.

Naturally, on a big occasion like this there were a few lesser mishaps. One sorehead in the industry even objected to using the astronauts for tie-in purposes at all. A "Roman holiday," he called it. He caviled in particular at the Sperry ad. "We are sure," the ad read, "our customers and fellow manufacturers, as well as all Americans, share with us this sincere expression of congratulations and sense of accomplishment." Up on top, in much bigger type, there was this: "Congratulations, Commander Allen B. Shepard, Jr." "Don't they even bother to find out what the man's name is?" the critic rasped. "It's *Alan*."

CAMPUS REPORT No. 4

REBELS WITH a HUNDRED CAUSES

The mind of youth has always been a challenge to the adult who would read it, and never more so than today. Student participation in the sit-ins, in peace walks, in protests against ROTC and HUAC, in the struggle to maintain freedom of the campus press, points to a radicalism reminiscent of the thirties. But there are observers who profess to read a campus swing not to the Left, but to the Right — an upsurge of conservatism marked by the growth of conservative clubs and Barry Goldwater supporters on campuses from coast to coast.

The time seems ripe, then, for another of The Nation's *periodic investigations* into campus thinking. The reader of this issue will find, we think, that such campus radicalism as exists has little relation to that of the thirties (see Jessica Mitford Treuhaft's "The Indignant Generation"), and that the "turn to the Right" is not quite so sweeping as* Time, *for instance, would have its readers believe (see "The Conservative Ripple," by Alan C. Elms). The report is completed by Tim A. Ross's discussion, in "Rise and Fall of the Beats," of another phenomenon of today's youth.*—Editors.

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*"The Careful Young Men: Tomorrow's Leaders Analyzed by Today's Teachers,' March 9, 1957; "The Class of '58 Speaks Up," May 17, 1958; "Tension Beneath Apathy: the Myth of the Bland Generation," May 16, 1959. Also "The Students Take Over," by Kenneth Rexroth, July 2, 1960.

I. The Indignant Generation . .

by Jessica Mitford Treuhaft

"THE EMPLOYERS will love this generation, they are not going to press many grievances. . . . They are going to be easy to handle. There aren't going to be any riots." Buried somewhere in a 1959 publication of the American Council on Education reporting a conference on the college student, this prophecy by Clark Kerr, President of the University of California, today has a curiously outdated ring. A few scattered signposts on a number of campuses, including his own, might even then have suggested a qualification of this flat judgment; in any event, shortly before Commencement of the following year, San Francisco Bay Area newspapers exploded with the news, Students Riot at House Un-American Committee Hearing. Of the fourteen hospitalized and sixty-odd arrested that day and the thousands who subsequently demonstrated against the committee (the *San Francisco Chronicle* estimated 5,000), the majority were from the University of California's Berkeley campus.

In the welter of charges and countercharges, praise and censure that followed, one fact emerged: the current crop of students had gone far to shake the label of apathy and conformity that had stuck through the fifties. What started this campus

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JESSICA MITFORD TREUHAFT, author of Daughters and Rebels, *an autobiography (Houghton Mifflin), has commented extensively on campus activities for West Coast newspapers.*

dynamism? Did it herald the development of a genuine student movement?

Any exploration of trends among students must first be hedged with some obvious qualifications. The University of California students who have been making headlines are a small minority of the 21,800 gestating in the capacious womb of that vast alma mater. The amount of support that the minority is able to muster fluctuates widely, depending on the issue. The student community and its organizations are by their nature in a constant state of change; not only is there a total turnover every few years, but each individual youngster is at a unique time of life, undergoing his own particular metamorphosis from adolescence to adulthood. Generalizations about the political views held by students are particularly fraught with the danger of over-simplification, for students, in this area as in others, are the most prone to change in a changing world.

Nevertheless, there is a continuity, however tenuous it may appear. Each campus has its internal history, shaped to a large extent by surrounding circumstances and developing within the context of its particular locale. Trends at the University of California are mirrored in varying degrees elsewhere in the country.

THE tradition of student radicalism, in California as elsewhere at its strongest in the thirties, was maintained at best sporadically with the coming of World War II. Student life and its political aspects were disrupted and obscured during the war years. A brief postwar flare-up of activity around Henry Wallace's 1948 campaign for the Presidency soon subsided, and for almost ten years was followed by an eerie, unyouthful silence that gave some of the older generation the creeps.

Nevertheless, many faculty members, long familiar with the genus student, believe that they never were as uniformly passive as generally believed. Professor Nevitt Sanford of the Psychology Department pointed out that it was convenient for many years to lump the students together as "cautious, passive, indifferent." Actually, he recalled, in 1950, the year of the University of California loyalty oath, 5,000 undergraduate signatures were obtained in support of the non-signing professors. The head of steam that was generated over this issue was dissipated not so much by "student apathy" as by the unseemly capitulation of some of their elders. Thus a professor vowed to a mass meeting of students that never, as long as he lived, would he sign the despicable oath—or any similar oath; the following week he meekly threw in the sponge and signed.

THE years immediately following imposition of the loyalty oath saw considerable disruption of the university, an emigration to other institutions by many liberal faculty leaders, and a corresponding exodus of their students. Dr. Leonard Wolf of the English Department at San Francisco State College, who was an undergraduate at U.C. at the time, recalls: "The university suffered generally from a clobbered feeling. The apathy came down from above. As somebody said of the faculty and students of those days, 'It was a case of the bland leading the bland.' "

A factor that contributed to damping down any form of political high jinks during those years was the enormous enrollment, up until the late fifties, of service veterans. "The Korean War produced many more vets than you'd think," said Henry Nash Smith, Chairman of the English Department. "These fellows figured they'd already lost a few years out of their lives, and all they wanted was peace and quiet, time to catch up. A lot of them were married men with family responsibilities. Today, for the first time in years, we're seeing a generation of youngsters who have what we might term 'normal' youthful reactions to the world around them."

After the losing battle over the loyalty oath, holding operations of sorts persisted at the University of California, despite the distinctly unfavorable political climate of the McCarthy period. Such activity as there was revolved around Stiles Hall, the campus YMCA, which became an informal meeting place for campus liberals. There were Students to Combat McCarthyism and various social action committees for peace and civil rights — evidence that the liberal spirit never quite died out.

IT WAS not until 1957—coincidentally the year of McCarthy's death —that any sign of "normal youthful reactions" appeared. The stated issue was "a meaningful alternative to the *status quo*"; the vehicle, a crusading political party called SLATE.

The story of how SLATE came into being is told in the now yellowing pages of 1957-58 editions of the *Daily Californian,* minutes of meetings of those days and copies of mimeographed leaflets once distributed in the thousands. These documents still breathe with the freshness and sense of urgency that mark a cause undertaken with great conviction and high hopes. In the fall elections of 1957, six students formed a slate (hence the name of the organization) pledged to combat what they called "sandbox politics" — a derisive reference to the limited activities of the entrenched student government—and to fight for student participation in national and international affairs. They adopted electoral tactics in keeping with their militant program; for the first time in years, leaflets, petitions, open-air mass meetings were introduced on campus, and the election took place in a storm of controversy. The slate went down to electoral defeat, but when all the smoke had cleared away, it was evident they could chalk up some significant accomplishments. The *Daily Californian,* which had raged against the six insurgents editorially, summed it up: "We have often, in print, disagreed with . . . SLATE and the way they go about things. In fact, we still disagree with them. But we must give SLATE some credit—they have turned this into a real election in which real issues are being debated." The unprecedented interest in the election was reflected in a total vote almost twice as large as usual, of which SLATE candidates received 35-40 per cent.

The ebb and flow of SLATE's fortunes in subsequent years are pretty typical of such organizations. Its dues-paying nucleus remained tiny —from 150 to 200. Yet its effectiveness as gadfly, pricking into the open issues long smothered under indifference, was considerable, and far out of proportion to its actual numerical strength. Action committees, some affiliated with SLATE and some independent, sprang into being: Students for Civil Liberties, Students for Racial Equality, Utopians for Political Action. From time to time, although infrequently, SLATE candidates were elected to office—on one occasion to the presidency of the student government. The *Daily Californian* reflected these developments; from being a relatively dull publication reporting the usual campus social and sports events, it became a turbulent forum for thrashing out issues and tactics.

No doubt the great majority of students remained unmoved by SLATE's activities, and many were hostile. Yet its vociferous and insistent presence on campus did contribute to a new interest in minority viewpoints, a new tolerance for unorthodoxy. This was vividly demonstrated by student reaction to the surprisingly effective one-man hunger strike staged in the fall of 1959 by Fred Moore, a freshman, son of a Virginia colonel, against compulsory ROTC. Some 7,000 signatures supporting Moore's position were gathered on the Berkeley and Los Angeles campuses of the university.

EVENTS of early 1960 added a new dimension to the growing student desire to do something about the problems of the world. The example of student militancy elsewhere—Korea, Japan, the Middle East—had an impact. More important, the student conscience was deeply stirred by two events closer to home which, as one expressed it, "illuminate the hollow cynicism of the prevailing morality": the agonizing cat-and-mouse proceedings which led to Caryl Chessman's execution, and the Southern sit-ins. It was on these issues that students moved over from polite protest by petition into direct action—the "non-violent direct action" that was to become their hallmark. Hundreds of California students embraced Chessman's cause as their own, demonstrating in a series of all-night vigils outside San Quentin's walls. The sit-in movement—with its clear-cut goals and the simplicity of the Negro students' form of protest — had an impact the strength of which is hard to measure. University of California students were among the first of Northern college groups (now estimated at over 130) to dash into action with a supporting picket line organized by the Congress of Racial Equality around the Berkeley Woolworth's.

With several hundred students already involved in various sorts of political protests, it is hardly surprising that they swung around to meet a new challenge when an eighteen-year-old University of California sophomore and a number of local school teachers were among those subpoenaed for the 1960 hearing of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. (The HUAC was already in unusually hot water in the Bay Area, for the year before it had subpoenaed 110 California schoolteachers for a hearing on "communism in education," only to call it off in the face of unprecedented community opposition.)

The people under subpoena were an odd miscellany, including Communist Party leaders, housewives, workers, lawyers, teachers—a mixed bag. In any event, for the students organizing the protest line, the question of whether those subpoenaed were or were not Communists was supremely beside the point. As they saw it, here was one more "moral issue" to be joined, this time involving the right of a Congressional committee to swoop down upon assorted John Does and grill them about their political views.

Two weeks before the hearings, SLATE called an informal meeting on campus, attended by fifty students, to map the form of protest: a picket line and demonstration outside San Francisco's City Hall. Demonstrators were asked to follow principles established by the Southern sit-ins: non-violence, strict obedience to orders of the monitors, no retorts to provocation by hecklers. From that first meeting, interest mushroomed, given an able assist by many faculty members who welcomed this new concern with national issues. Within days, 2,000 signatures were collected at the university on a petition calling for cancellation of the hearings and abolition of HUAC; liberal groups on other campuses were alerted to join the picket line; an Episcopal canon and two state assemblymen agreed to address the demonstration; the *Daily Californian* exhorted its readers to attend the hearings.

The majority of the 1,000 students who flocked to San Francisco's City Hall on the first two days of the hearings were more or less antagonistic to the committee. But many others came out of curiosity. There was by no means uniform hostility toward the committee, nor uniform sympathy for the witnesses.

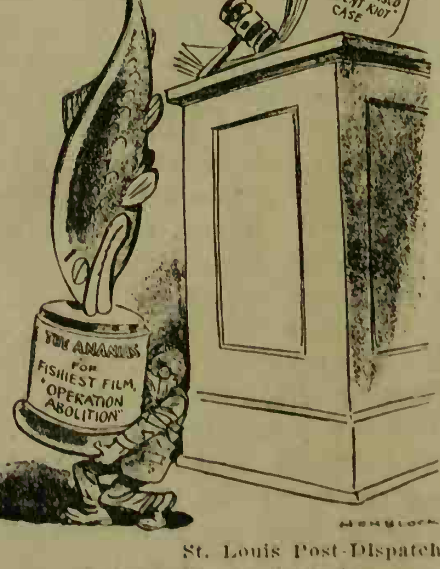
AT THE moment of the clash with police something changed, and the results of that change are likely to be evident among the students for a long time to come.

It must be remembered that several hundred were soaked to the skin, dragged or shoved bodily down a long flight of steps, and that in the indiscriminate hosing, clubbings and arrests that followed many neutral observers were swept up. In the course of this, all neutrality vanished, to be replaced with a hot, sustained anger still evident in those who witnessed the events. One of the merely curious who was hosed and arrested and returned the next day to join the protest commented ruefully, "I was a political virgin, but I was raped on the steps of City Hall."

A choosing-up of sides in the community at large was inevitable and immediate. Bay Area newspapers, even those that had opposed the hearings, on the whole chastised the students for rowdy behavior. People closer to the picture tended to support the rebellious students. Eighty-four Stanford professors expressed a view widely held in faculty circles throughout the area: "Our understanding of the evidence leads us to declare that, contrary to a wide misinterpretation in the press, the demonstration was for the most part a responsible protest by mature college students against what they deeply felt to be the committee's intolerable infringement on civil freedom." Most liberals applauded — with reservations. The *East Bay Labor Journal*, organ of the AFL-CIO, editorialized, "We feel that this re-awakening is a good thing," but warned, "we may be sure that the Commies will take advantage of the new swing to politics on the campus. When they do, it will be time to blow the whistle."

TWO months after the event, during the summer vacation, J. Edgar Hoover blew the whistle long and loud in an eighteen-page illustrated report, published by the HUAC, in which he ascribed the City Hall fracas to Communist infiltration and agitation tactics: "Communist leaders in Berkeley arranged transportation from Berkeley to San Francisco for youths interested in attending each of the three-day hearings," and "placards and posters were also prepared for the demonstrators to carry." The report added: "Particularly pleasing to party officials was the number of students involved in the demonstrations. They commented that there had not been that much 'political activity' among student groups for years."

While that last sentence is hardly debatable, Hoover's main thesis — that those involved were dupes "totally unaware of the extent to which they can be victimized and exploited by Communists"—brought forth astonished and furious denials from the students, and caused considerable eyebrow lifting on the part of faculty members.


COURT EVIDENCE ON SAN FRANCISCO "STUDENT RIOT" CASE
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St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Special Movie Award

The chairman of the University of California Students for Civil Liberties issued a sharp denial of Hoover's charges, declaring that statements inferring Communist infiltration of the student movement were "nothing more than hogwash." Unkindest cut of all to the students was that Communist agitators should be credited with the carefully planned demonstration held the last day of the hearing. "Of course there were Communists at City Hall—a lot of them were subpoenaed by the committee," said a student in a burst of irritation. "But what's that got to do with us? We *know* who arranged for transportation, who made the placards, who were picket captains—because *we* did it."

THE HOOVER report was followed by the appearance of the now famous film of the hearing and the disturbances, *Operation Abolition*, made from footage subpoenaed by HUAC. (Incidentally, although Washington Video, Inc., maker of the film, is reported to have grossed more than $200,000 in sales of the film at $100 each to a number of corporations, police departments and federal agencies, the studios and photographers were paid nothing—because the film was obtained by subpoena.) The film drew renewed protest from the students, who charged it had been so edited as to distort the truth [see Alan C. Elms's article, page 458].

Sixty-four demonstrators, most of them students, had been picked up by police at the City Hall riot. Sixty-three of them were discharged almost immediately. The sixty-fourth, Robert J. Meisenbach, a University of California senior, was brought to trial earlier this month—and acquitted. The outcome would seem to provide an effective answer to Hoover's charges that the youngsters had precipitated the riot, just as it would seem to settle, once and for all, the issue of whether *Operation Abolition* was distorted to place the blame on the students. Immediately after the trial Jack Berman, Meisenbach's attorney, told the Associated Press that the jury's finding was proof that the film was filled with falsehood. [The National Council of Churches has issued a thirty-two page analysis of the film entitled, "Operation Abolition: Some Facts and Comments," which conclusively nails down the film's untruths and distortions.—Ed.]

THOSE who might have anticipated a retreat by the students in the face of attack from extremely powerful forces were due for a surprise. All through the summer recess the campus buzzed with unwonted activity on a number of fronts. Several carloads went down to Los Angeles to participate in a civil rights demonstration at the Democratic National Convention; an American Legion meeting in San Francisco drew 150 pickets from the University of California; fifty students went to investigate at first hand conditions of agricultural workers in Central Valley and to offer aid to the union organizing committee. The summer activity culminated in a weekend camping conference called by SLATE to discuss direction, national coordination and tactics of the student movement. No less than twenty-three colleges were represented.

When school opened in September, returning students were confronted by a veritable forest of tables at Sather Gate manned by various political action committees offering leaflets and petitions. SLATE, CORE and NAACP were out in force, joined by the newly organized Bay Area Student Committee to Abolish the House Un-American Activities Committee, Students for Agricultural Labor, and Fair Play for Cuba Committee.

It was not long before the students once more erupted into the headlines, this time over a "freedom of press" issue involving the *Daily Californian's* endorsement of a SLATE candidate for student office. When the student executive committee moved to illegalize such endorsements in the future, the staff of the *Daily Californian* resigned en masse, and announced plans to publish a rival campus paper. Offers of assistance were immediately forthcoming from campus editors at the University of San Francisco, the University of California at Los Angeles, University of

Nevada and Stanford University. The lively little newspaper flourished briefly, achieving a circulation as high as 5,000, but eventually folded for lack of funds. Later that fall a truce was declared between the *Daily Californian* staff and the executive committee, and the SLATE candidate whose endorsement by the paper had touched off the row was elected Representative at Large.

TO PREDICT the next development on the student front would be hazardous. But one can, at least, make some pertinent generalizations concerning today's student movement.

First of all, it is essentially nonpolitical. Its main philosophical current is in the tradition of the Quakers, the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., and Gandhi rather than that of Karl Marx and the class struggle. There is a scattering of Socialists (the Young Peoples Socialist League claims some thirty members at the University of California), but no organization, either open or secret, of Communists. (Interestingly, student after student, asked to estimate the strength of the Communist Party on campus, replied that it was nonexistent.)

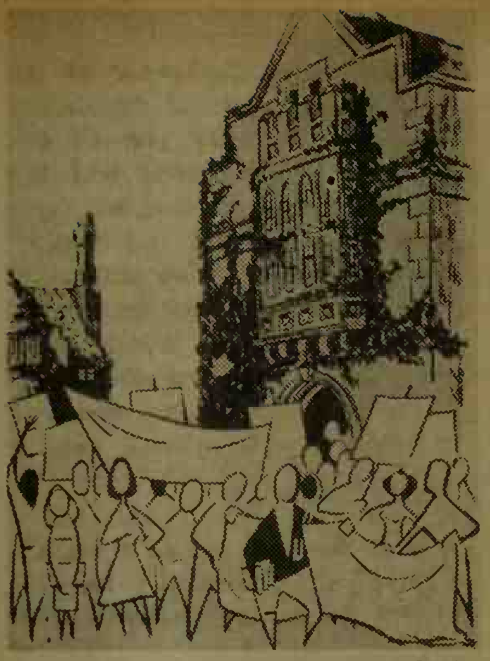
A minor influence was exerted for a time by the Beat Generation. A number of politically active students admit to past flirtation with beat ideas. They point out that the beat insistence on the futility of trying to improve the world is in a sense the other side of the coin to action, since both stem from the same deep disillusionment with the *status quo*. But as a University of California graduate student said, "The minute you join a picket line or circulate a petition you're not 'beat' any more, because you're actually working for something you believe in."

The beats may have helped crystallize for the students a concept of what they are *against*. A list of pet phobias, compiled from conversations with a number of students, have a beat ring: "Specious ideas . . . sacred cows of American life . . . institutions [like the FBI, House Un-American Activities Committee] that represent themselves as above criticism . . . compromisers . . . the Madison Avenue mentality. . . ."

But what are "the vocal minority of rebels" *for?* To the question, "What would you say is the guiding philosophy of the active student movement?" a twenty-three-year-old University of California English major replied, "The student movement is based on very general principles for rights, justice and so on. Many of us are for things that no political party has come out for—most of us are for banning the bomb. We just work on a broad set of principles, and as issues come up, we decide how to act. We approach all the problems without the strict theory that older people are so fond of."

IT IS THIS aspect of the student movement that is truly new, and which differentiates it most sharply from its predecessors of the thirties and forties. Students today are not so much *political* as *moral*. They are *for* the simple, liberal issues—free speech, civil rights, ending the nuclear threat. Above all, they intend to provide their own leadership, and they look with jaundiced eye on most adult organizations: political parties, which they see as riddled with opportunism; the labor movement, which they consider badly compromised; the remnants of left-wing organizations, which they consider hide-bound, restrictive of thought, and prone to pat solutions.

The world around them has changed; gone are the virile Left-led movements of the thirties, with their highly disciplined youth branches. The very language of today's students reflects the change. They talk in different terms because they *think* in different terms. The "politically developed forces" of yesteryear have been replaced by the "emotionally committed." Little is heard about "ideological struggle," for today's students are, as they say, "issue-oriented" — a phrase which crops up over and over again in their gatherings and publications. Rather than of a "united front" with racial minorities, etc., they speak of "moral identity." The words "concerned" and "dedicated," with their connotations of humanistic solicitude, and that meaningless word "meaningful," sprinkle student conversation.


Leabo

The wariness of existing ideologies may be better understood if one first understands what it is that today's students do *not* fear. The danger of being "smeared" by association with left-wing groups, or being "labeled" as radical, is not uppermost in their minds. It is rather that they are shy of the *content* of existing left-wing organizations and ideologies. They strongly desire to think things through for themselves.

THERE ARE, however, increasing signs that the purely "issue oriented" approach may be in for some overhauling. If the City Hall affair was for hundreds of students the first time they (literally) got their feet wet in political action, the totally unexpected charges of "red infiltration" drew new battle lines and created new complexities. Now they find themselves directly under the gun—victims rather than defenders—with a host of morning-after headaches that cannot be resolved by merely pointing to inaccuracies in the Hoover report and the film.

What should be their posture regarding the charges of communism? A strong sentiment for an "anti-Communist disclaimer" among liberal faculty advisers and students is matched by an equally strong sentiment against such a step. The argument for it is persuasive: since the student leaders are not Communists, and in fact disagree with the Communist Party, its tactics, method of organization, and its economic and political conclusions, why not say so and avoid this particular stigma? Opponents of the disclaimer see the issue as one of political expediency versus principle. They say it's one thing to disagree privately with the Communists, but to disavow them publicly is to lend aid and comfort to the witch-hunt. Why capitulate on this point and institute what would amount to a loyalty oath within the student movement, the very thing students have opposed? Who knows if such an oath, even if adopted, would satisfy the HUAC—doesn't the committee's past history show that the only people it considers "pure" of Communist leanings are those willing to testify against their co-workers?

THERE is also the question of what form the student movement should take, and which way it should go. Here, the posed alternatives (so familiar to older hats in radical movements, but so brand new and challenging to today's students) are between the broad appeal to the middle-of-the-road majority, and the quick response to issues by a small, dedicated band of militants willing to act quickly and dramatically. Should the movement seek radical changes in our society, or content itself with meeting specific issues—racial bigotry, civil liberty, etc.—as they arise?

Many students are seriously plagued with the necessity of deciding what to do and where to go after leaving school. They see no parallel to the student movement outside campus walls. Most liberal adult organizations devoted to the cause of peace and civil liberties are composed of people middle-aged and older, and have little appeal to the recent college graduate. The world of jobs and careers seems tainted with all the evils of the affluent society, an unattractive place to land from the high-minded, strongly idealistic life of the student movement. Some are solving this problem by simply staying on at college, not as the academically immured "perennial student" but as dedicated workers in what they regard as the only "live" movement for progress presently in existence.

While the students are acutely aware of the difficulties confronting them, they also have a strong feeling of achievement; they have already had an impact on national life. They have seen both major political conventions give official praise and recognition to the Southern sit-ins. Their attack on the HUAC has had country-wide repercussions. Their walks for peace have been headlined in papers from coast to coast.

Their mood is one of youthful indignation and muscle flexing. There is a desire to become re-connected with society and to play an influential part in shaping the future of the world. Whether or not the student organizational drive is sustained at its present rate, the thinking of young people has been touched and transformed in a significant new way. It is unlikely that those students who have espoused new causes, and have begun to taste the sweet fruits of success in their efforts, will subside into silence.

II. Rise and Fall of the Beats . .

by Tim A. Ross

JACK KEROUAC brought forth his sprawling novel *On the Road* in 1957, and the Beat Generation was born. Since then, many hundreds of thousands of words have been written about these new rebels, and the word beatnik has become a part of our language, calling up a picture of a shaggy-bearded type who says "Like, man." A public image of the beatnik has been created, so that he is instantly recognizable in *Saturday Evening Post* cartoons, on television, on the streets. Herewith, written from a vantage point in Iowa City, isolated alike from New York and San Francisco, are some thoughts on the evolution of this public image.

I happened to be in San Francisco during the summer of 1958, and heard an elderly lady, noticing a bearded man passing on the sidewalk, say to her daughter, "Look, there's a beatnik." The beard, a readily seen outward sign of an inner dissent, had already become the badge. With it went sloppy clothes and dark glasses. At that time, the beat colony in North Beach was a focus of journalistic attention. A young man had been killed in a fall from a roof-top where a beat party was supposed to be going on, and a seaman had murdered a beat girl. Eric Nord, a bearded and flamboyant entrepreneur of the beat generation, was much in the news as he tried to raise money to pay off traffic fines. A newsman went underground, as it were, among the beats, and came up with the "inside story" of their wild lives. Public interest in the reported beat life of narcotics, jazz and sex was stimulated.

Let it be said that the mass-media men did not by themselves create this sensational image of the beats. They had the help of some prominent prophets of beat. The cover blurb of Lawrence Lipton's *The Holy Barbarians* fairly shouts: "At last the complete story of the Beats — that hip, cool, frantic generation of new Bohemians who are turning the American scale of values inside out." Lipton defined the beat movement as ". . . a deep-going change, a revolution under the ribs." In other words, this thing is really serious, and Lipton maintained that the beat generation is a total rejection of the values of the whole society.

For a group that rejects society, beats have proved singularly willing to be interviewed, photographed and made much of. They turned out to have their pictures taken at a *Look* magazine party. *Playboy*, a magazine which sees the good life in distinctly non-beat terms, was able to photograph beats in their Los Angeles coffeehouses, and found a girl to be their Beat Playmate. As perhaps the ultimate example of beat willingness to be merchandised, a New York entrepreneur named McDarrah rents out real live beatniks at $25 the evening, plus carfare. The merchandise is rented to squares who

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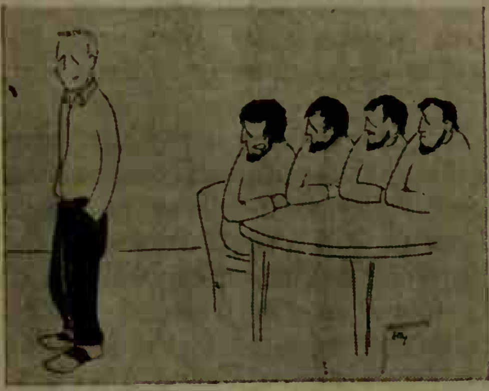
want something novel to break the ice at parties.

But if some leading beatniks have allowed themselves to be explored and exploited by the mass media they profess to scorn, the mass-media men were more than happy to oblige. These eager beavers invaded the beat's pads, flushed him from his dim coffeehouses, and turned the spotlights of publicity on him. *Life* published a full-page photograph of the complete beat pad, including marijuana, wine bottle, mattress on the floor, bearded beatnik on the mattress, and a sullen beat chick looking on. The article accompanying the picture described the beat generation as "the only rebellion around" — and not a particularly exciting one at that. But the writer commented sympathetically on the literary work of some prominent beatniks, showed tolerance for beat peculiarities, and admitted the validity of some beat criticisms of modern society.

The rather pathetic attempts of the beats to put down mass culture with hip sneers or howls of protest were muffled by society's willingness to search its own soul, superficially, anyway. Kerouac, referring to beats in *The Subterraneans*, called them "un-putdownable." It would seem that it is the non-beats who are the real un-putdownables. A spate of novels (by non-beat writers) have attacked "phony Madison Avenue values," the ethics of corporation executives, suburban conformity, and so forth. But none of this literary barrage has made any difference to non-beat Madison Avenue or modern society at large, as far as I can see.

LIPTON, in *The Holy Barbarians* — an exploitation as well as an explanation of the beats by a long-time professional beat — mentions the attachment of the beats to voluntary poverty. They buy their clothes in thrift shops so as to avoid aiding the national economy. But the very existence of this well-publicized group of rebels has stimulated production and consumption of movies, novels, articles and what-have-you, to the profit of both the national and the beat economies.

Hollywood strove to cash in on the beat boom with Zugsmith's movie *The Beat Generation*, and a film version of *The Subterraneans*. Paperbacks — not the intellectual kind, but the thirty-five-cent sex-and-sadism thriller found in every drugstore —followed suit with Zugsmith's book version of *The Beat Generation*, Jerry Weil's *A Real Cool Cat*, and Bonnie Golightly's *Beat Girl*, to name a few. Even more serious novels not really dealing with the beat generation tried to look as if they were. The inside-cover blurb for the paperback edition of Robert Gutwillig's novel, *After Long Silence*, cried: "The beat generation story of —." Actually the hero was only a troubled Ivy Leaguer.



Amhurst Student

"Conformist!"

How is the beatnik treated in the *Saturday Evening Post*, regarded by some as the square's magazine par excellence? A short story in a July, 1959, issue, "Beauty and the Beatnik," by Harriet Frank, gives us the beatnik who isn't a beatnik at all. When we first see him, "He was wearing Army pants, a ski sweater of Tyrolean design, a battered straw hat, and a look of absolute beatitude." Later, he says to the square girl, "I've got some swinging friends in a pad out Santa Monica way who will dig you the most." When she doubts his beat pose, he says: "Let's face it. I'm a beatnik. Through and through. James Jones. Jack Kerouac. They're Dun and Bradstreet compared to me. I'm a real bum." This "beatnik" tempts the heroine with nothing more dangerous than an offer of marriage. He is revealed, finally, as not any kind of beatnik at all, but a brilliant, solid young lawyer taking a break.

Little of this writing by squares about beatniks has treated the beat generation seriously as a movement of dissent from certain disturbing trends — the arms race, materialism, etc. Instead, the beat milieu, as presented by the mass media, has been used as a setting for the usual sex thriller with an offbeat flavor. The beat protest itself has not been a focused, rational argument, but rather a visceral, somewhat inarticulate dissent from a society that seems, in the words of David McReynolds, "rational, but no longer sane." No reformers, the beats withdraw into private lives, which are portrayed by some of the more successful beat writers as consisting mainly of sex, vagabondage and dabbling in Zen. The picture of the beat life presented by their own writers has contributed to the public image.

THUS the beat generation has been given a product image and, with the help of some leading beatniks, has been sold to the American public by the mass media. This commodity, a picturesque and safely vicarious rebellion, is merchandisable not alone as literature, but as "beat generation drinking sweatshirts," LP records of Zen ceremonies, "beatnik slang glossaries" and beatnik Halloween masks. Television offers a teen-age image of the beatnik in the idiotic Maynard of the *Dobie Gillis* show. Maynard, a high school beatnik, is too young for a beard, but his sloppy clothes and speech mannerisms — he says "like, man" a lot — proclaim him beat.

There are still those who will return the beatnik sneer with the sneer of scorn. An example is the woman who, coming out of Kresge's store in Iowa City last winter and encountering a picket line of students engaged in a demonstration in support of Southern sit-ins at chain stores (some of the pickets wore beards), said disgustedly: "Bunch of queers and beatniks, every damn one of 'em." But by and large the aspect of the beatnik as a social dissenter has been ignored; his off-trail habits will be played up, but his pacifism or radicalism disregarded. Perhaps this is because the beat generation has not concerned itself much with action, preferring to talk instead.

Last year, a young artist and former student at the State University of Iowa, one Robert McGrath, received a one-year jail sentence for refusing to pay any attention to the demands of his draft board. Military service, he said, was degrading to the human personality, and he denied the authority of the state to put him in the Army. In the light of this kind of protest, the literary and personal antics of the publicized beats seem rather unimportant. They have failed to make an effective protest. They are performing for a society which apparently likes to be told it is phony. The affluent and tolerant society, unconcerned with threats of nuclear destruction or the threat of totalitarianism, has no trouble accepting the beatnik. He is merely an amusing diversion.

III. The Conservative Ripple . .

by Alan C. Elms

IN THE SAME recent issue in which *Time* read off the "hipataph" of the tourist-image beatnik whom they helped to create [see Tim Ross's article, p. 456], they celebrated the birth of another movement: a new wave of conservatism that was sweeping college campuses from coast to coast. It took *Time* a good three years to discover the non-existence of the rucksack revolution. The conservative counterrevolution is equally a *mélange* of their own unduly creative reportage — but, with the addition of a healthy dollop of wishful thinking, a similar disenchantment may not descend for three decades.

What, then, are the signs of this right-wing revival on the campus for which one should be alert? Well, for one thing, the paperback edition of *Conscience of a Conservative* is selling fast at college bookstores. But so are J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* and Dr. Eustace Chesser's *Love Without Fear*. Other "unmistakable" signs are that Harvard has a conservative Student Council president on a campus still beset with left-over-Kennedy-liberal professors, and that mock undergraduate elections in 1960 frequently gave Nixon the edge. The explanation for this is easy, says *Time*: "The new trend is youth's natural rebellion against conformity, and to many the liberalism of their New Deal-bred elders is the most iron-bound conformity."

A major portion of self-styled student conservatives come from solidly conservative families and conservative *milieux*. At Yale, a poll of the mostly-affluent undergraduates before the 1960 election showed over 60 per cent in favor of Nixon. On the other hand, a poll of Yale graduate students — who are a more impoverished lot, financially — showed more than 80 per cent favoring Kennedy. Conformity to socio-economic class roles is a more likely reason for student conservatism than reaction against the conformity of liberalism.

JUST how exciting is the intellectual fare that the student conservatives are offering their fellows to induce them to join *Time's* "wave of the future"? The clearest exposition is to be found in the so-called Sharon Statement, adopted at the founding conference of the Young Americans for Freedom (YAF) last September. Young conservatives believe in free will, States' rights, anti-communism and economic freedom. "Economic freedom" does not refer to something like FDR's "Freedom from Want," however. It involves the proposition that "the market economy, allocating resources by the free play of supply and demand," is the one holy economic system. In simpler terms, the young conservatives stand most of all for the eternal verities of absolute laissez-faire capitalism — including charity instead of unemployment insurance, dependence of the aged on their children rather than on social security and, logically, child labor instead of hot-lunch programs. They also manage to get in a few licks at Khrushchev, integrationists and modern literature. Not very exciting fare, by any standard, — particularly against the backdrop of a world in revolutionary ferment.

But if not ideas, perhaps action is the bait. What are these budding young conservatives doing on behalf of their cause? Thankfully, very little. Their finest hour seems to have been last January 2, when they picketed a youth group which was in turn picketing the House Un-American Activities Committee in Washington. YAF points proudly to the fact that their pickets outnumbered the anti-HUAC pickets two-to-one. That it takes considerable more guts to picket against HUAC than for it, and that other liberal student groups firmly oppose HUAC but feel there are more effective means of opposition than picketing the Capitol, YAF chooses to ignore.

So: if the conservative youth movement doesn't believe in much of anything and doesn't do much of anything, why does it exist — or, in fact, *does* it exist? The answer to the second question takes care of the first as well. The movement probably doesn't exist in the sense of a vast new enthusiasm among students for conservative ideologies. The size of the organized movement has been exaggerated, for one thing. Young Americans for Freedom, by far the largest group, gives its latest figures as 24,000 members on "over 115 campuses." But this would be something like 200 members per campus, whereas Yale, which boasts YAF's national chairman and a good-sized student body, claims a local membership of no more than seventy or eighty.

THE illusion of a "wave" is created, first, by the relative ease with which youthful conservative groups can raise money from private business to issue pamphlets, get out publications such as *Insight and Outlook* (University of Wisconsin), *The New Guard*, YAF's official organ, and others. Also, the availability of publicity has fostered the illusion and,

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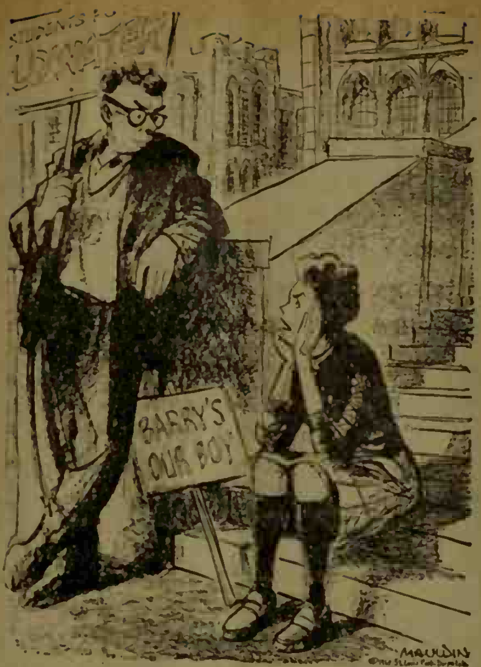
to some extent, stimulated growth. Young conservatives are delighted to find themselves being sung and celebrated by a conservative press eager to believe that youth has turned to the Right.

There has been no mass conversion to conservatism on the campus. Whatever growth in nominal conservativism there has been derives mostly from the situation of the typical student who goes along thinking he's normal and average, believes most of what he reads in the newspapers or hears on newscasts, and waits for one of the weekly newsmagazines to verify his emotional reactions. The occasional case where conservatism *is* a throwing off of parental traces does not necessarily indicate permanent political change; your bright new freshman conservative may well be a liberal again by the time he's a senior.

Several college deans have suggested that the students' new-found identification with conservatism is part of a wider resurgence of political activity among youth, all of which is a good thing to have happening. On the contrary, student conservatism is often only a justification for know-nothingism and political irresponsibility — a justification made necessary by the less publicized but probably stronger resurgence of liberalism among youth. The difference is that the current liberal movement among college students expresses itself not as a "movement," but as action on specific issues [see Jessica Treuhaft's article on page 451]. Indeed the press-agentry build-up of conservatism on the campus may be designed in part to obscure the growing strength of student protest on these specific issues. A case in point is the mounting student protest against HUAC.

WITH THE possible exception of the sit-ins, the HUAC issue has stirred more U.S. students to discussion and action than anything in years. Reverberations of last year's San Francisco encounter between students and the committee are still sounding, although the last of the students arrested in connection with the riots has now been acquitted.



St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"I suppose in time we'll become stodgy old liberals"

Repeated showings of the HUAC-manufactured film on the demonstrations, *Operation Abolition*, have undoubtedly stirred more student sentiment against the committee than any other product of its career. Response of student audiences has generally duplicated Dan Wakefield's description of the film's unfriendly reception at Rutgers (*The Nation*, January 28.) When the movie comes to a campus now, the audience seems to know by heart both the script and the multiple criticism of it. They laugh at the movie's opening shot of a pamphlet labeled as Communist-front literature, containing Jimmie Roosevelt's anti-HUAC speech to Congress; they boo Francis Walter; they applaud a directive supposedly coming from the student organizers of the demonstration, asking participants to "laugh out loud when things get ridiculous."

Sharper divisions of sentiment have appeared after showings at Harvard, Yale and other campuses sporting a conservative movement. But at Yale, disagreements were virtually wiped out by the appearance of E. J. McCallum, Jr., chairman-founder of the Connecticut Anti-Communist Committee, who has built an anti-Communist career on the basis of having spent less than a week in Russia a couple of years ago, McCallum, after a showing of the film, stood up from the audience to insist first that "Our greatest danger is not the committee but communism, as stated in the January *Reader's Digest*," and second that "The Communists are all around us. Here in the university are three Communist cells; there are 200 card-carrying Communists in New Haven alone." Yale composure was shattered; half the audience began to shout, "*Name them! name ONE*, just one!" While the discussion chairman tried to gavel the evening to a close, the crowd surged around McCallum — who had not yet named one by the time he made his escape.

The Yale response to McCallum's accusations indicates one major reason for student agitation against HUAC: they feel they're being smeared collectively, for no good reason. Through the *Operation Abolition* film, HUAC strongly suggests that students as a whole, if not completely un-American, are at least the most gullible group in the country. Among the literature distributed at showings is a transcript of testimony before a HUAC staff consultation by Dr. Frederick Charles Schwartz, Executive Director of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade, who says: "The problem that perplexes many people is the overwhelming appeal that communism apparently exercises for the student mind." J. Edgar Hoover's pamphlet, "Communist Target — Youth," published and widely circulated by HUAC, says, "The successful Communist exploitation and manipulation of youth and student groups throughout the world today are a major challenge which free world forces must meet and defeat."

A MORE profound reason for student (and faculty) opposition to HUAC is its inroads on academic freedom and freedom of inquiry. The Swarthmore student newspaper stated the case briefly:

> Perhaps the most regrettable backwash of the Committee's peregrinations has been the way in which freedom of thought and speech among university students and professors has been inhibited; in this way the Committee no doubt realizes it is controlling the forces that mold men's minds. We must seriously re-examine the reality of traditional claims to Freedom of Speech in America when super-

> ficial epithets can effectively stigmatize the whole way of thinking of a citizen holding unpopular beliefs.

If this comment needed further justification, Congressman Walter himself supplied it in a letter to the Swarthmore Student Council which had sent him a copy of its resolution condemning HUAC:

> We have recently received other communications from student groups and other identified Communist-front groups almost identical in their statements as that which you have forwarded, and which appear to us . . . to be the culmination and expression of an organized program, that has come to our attention, to bring pressure upon the Congress to abolish this Committee, inspired by identified Communists, Communist-front groups, and their fellow-travelers, who have drawn certain un-thinking non-Communists into their web. . . .

OF THE manifold reasons for student opposition to HUAC, one more is probably significant: of all the causes for which students might choose to battle — disarmament, federal aid to education, world population control — the HUAC situation looks to be one of the simpler and more easily handled. It is considerably more difficult to uncover Edward Teller's nuclear-test-detection fallacies than to point out the blatant shortcomings of *Operation Abolition.*

Anti-HUAC activity on most campuses has consisted of debates, distribution of literature following the film, and scores of petitions and resolutions censuring the film and/or demanding curtailment or abolition of the committee. Students have attempted to alert the general populace to HUAC's evils; several West Coast groups, for instance, have worked diligently up and down the coast to refute charges made against San Francisco students. The New York Youth Council to Abolish HUAC has helped organize demonstrations and picket lines for such events as the Manhattan rally, on March 3, of YAF, where Representative Walter was named to receive an award for his "outstanding contributions to American Conservatism and the youth of the Nation." The country's largest and most respectable youth organization, the U.S. National Student Association, passed a resolution last summer calling for specific revisions of HUAC procedures to safeguard Constitutional rights, or, these measures failing, abolition of the committee. Since then, members of the NSA have helped stimulate or organize anti-HUAC movements on dozens of member campuses.

THE GROUP most responsible for nation-wide campus interest in HUAC is the body of college journalists. What started as scattered college newspaper articles questioning the validity of *Operation Abolition* has become a wave of anti-HUAC editorials, counterattacks by students or patriotic groups, and pitched battles in the letter columns. Attacks on the committee have spread from the columns of major "liberal" student newspapers to those at such unlikely places as the University of Nebraska and Middle Tennessee State College.

Some college newspapers have supported the committee — including one which proclaimed that if the Communists "can dupe the youth they will soon have the greatest weapon against Democracy ever conceived, the vote." "Organized" student support for HUAC has found a home at Northwestern University, where James and John Kolbe, two brothers from Patagonia, Arizona, have formed the Student's Committee for Congressional Autonomy. This body, with representatives at thirty colleges, opposes what it calls "Communist-led" drives to abolish HUAC, and has called on all Congressmen to "join in this fight to protect the autonomous right of Congress to inform itself and the American public of the persons and practices which would corrupt or destroy our way of life." The group seems to have had considerably more success with Congress than with students.

HUAC and *Operation Abolition* have traced the lines of party politics at almost every campus where they are at issue. Many local chapters of Young Democrats, as well as the Young Democratic Clubs of America, have passed resolutions urging the abolition of HUAC. On the other side, campus showings of the film are frequently sponsored by either the local Conservative Club or the Young Republicans (where it isn't shown by an ROTC detachment).

Actually, those conservative students vocal enough to express a position of any kind seem generally less pro-HUAC than anti--anti-HUAC. Liberal students have taken a stand, and conservatives must therefore take the opposite stand at all costs. On the other hand, there are large and silent majorities at many schools who may be more pro-HUAC than the views of either literate conservatives or student editors suggest.

On some campuses, silence about HUAC derives from other sources. A student editor from Howard University in Washington, D.C., pointed out that the school receives a major part of its budget from Congressional appropriations, and it would be highly unwise to offend anyone who could slash the school's budget. At Lehigh University, following a private viewing of *Operation Abolition*, the student governing body voted unanimously to write a letter to HUAC asking for the withdrawal of the film from circulation, because they felt its numerous inaccuracies impugned the integrity of college students. University officials quickly told the student leaders that Congressman Walter was a long-time friend of the university (it is located in Walter's home district); that they would face "disciplinary action" — i.e., expulsion — if the letter were sent; and that, perhaps, they could send instead a letter to Walter inviting him to speak at the University. The student leaders quietly dropped the whole matter.

THE EFFECTS of the HUAC controversy and of *Operation Abolition* upon the student populace as a whole are a matter of some debate. James Roosevelt, whose "Dragon Slayers" speech before Congress last year has been a mainstay of student opposition to HUAC, thinks it all to the good that students are expressing themselves politically, "many of them perhaps for the first time." That some students agree is evidenced by the fact that several liberal campus groups have sponsored

(Continued on page 468)

BOOKS and the ARTS

Things Are Very Far Away

Jonathan Williams

A LETTER from Robert Creeley, received this morning from Patulul, Guatemala, reminds me of something I think about so much I generally cannot state it: "I feel very damn remote in any case. I am very anxious to get to the goddamn novel again, simply that it takes me out of all such businesses, and makes something possible again — 'poetry' has suddenly become a very damn small world indeed. Well, that's not new — but I need a time away now badly, just to get back again. . . . I think the whole frigging world is turning into some bastard form of the Olympics, as witness . . . . . . 's piece — partially very generous in reference to me, god knows, but that goddamn 'scale' used I resent. I.e., that 'exclusion' and 'inclusion' seem the basic terms, always."

So they do: SF/NYC, in/out, square/beat, right/left, us/them. One resents it, it is impossible not to. *It*, of course, "has nothing to do with poetry," but evidences the impotency of poems to effect anything in this society because of the shoddiness of the attention given them. All of this serves to take me to a particular case.

That of Mina Loy, the poet, and of my experience in publishing her selected poems, *Lunar Baedeker & Time-Tables* (Jargon 23, Highlands, North Carolina, 1958; o.p.). Let me spring the gist of this report to begin with: no review of Mina Loy's poems was printed in the United States. I want to suggest why.

About ten years ago I ran across an essay by Kenneth Rexroth in *Circle* (1944), entitled "Les Lauriers Sont Coupés." This, one of a series, concerned Mina Loy. The others, for the record: Robert McAlmon and James Daly. It began: "At one time it was common to couple the names of Mina Loy and Marianne Moore. Pound treated them as equals, said they both wrote something called logopoeia. . . . There is no question but Mina Loy is important and should be reprinted. No one competent and familiar with verse in English in this century would dream of denying it. . . ." Or as he said elsewhere: "Mr. Laughlin, the 'Five Young Poets' are still Eliot, Stevens, Williams, Moore, Loy — get busy."

Jay Laughlin, of *New Directions*, was undoubtedly busy enough, coping with the grisly competitors of the American *avant-garde* and the ladies with three names and three-pound manuscripts *sans* postage, but one of his annuals soon turned up some recently dated poems of Mina Loy, and I wrote him in surprise that Miss Loy was alive and active. Laughlin wrote back that he had happened to see her in Aspen, Colorado, during a skiing expedition. Miss Loy was advanced in years, living quietly with her children. My recollection is, I wrote two letters to Aspen, investigating the matter of a book. Neither was returned, but neither was answered. This was about 1955. In May, 1957, I found myself in Boulder, Colorado, in the midst of a seven-month tour of the country by station wagon. The Pontiac was loaded with Jargon Books, City Lights Pocket Poets, Bern Porter Books, Divers Press, portfolios by Kenneth Patchen, New Directions, and Evergreen books. I was reading poems, selling books, talking about "the underground," etc. I wired Aspen and received one in return: "CAN YOU MEET ME HOTEL JEROME THE NINETEENTH?" The night of the 18th, eight inches of snow fell, obliterating the cherry trees in blossom and blocking all access to Aspen. I drove south into New Mexico and had to phone Miss Loy that I'd try again on the return across country a few months later.

Hiking with Rexroth in Marin County, California, that summer, talk turned to Mina Loy and he reaffirmed his belief in her eminence. So, when I'd finished hawking my wares in that great renaissance center, San Francisco, I drove east for two days and arrived in Aspen, with the gold aspens properly quaking and lots of overweight humanists digging scenery and seminars. I was pleasantly installed by Miss Loy's family in a Swiss-type inn and went to see *La Strada* at the old opera house. The next day at noon I was to have luncheon with Mina Loy's daughters, to present credentials, etc. I found them as attractive as their legendarily attractive mother. Joella, now married to Herbert Bayer, the artist; and Fabi, married to Fritz Benedict, the architect. Both daughters had been brought up in the world of the international *avant-garde*. There is an extraordinary painted head of Joella by Dali, as well as portraits by Tchelitchew, Campigli and Man Ray. Fabi resembles very strikingly one photograph of her also legendary father, Arthur Cravan. (For information about this robust figure, see *The Dada Painters & Poets*, edited by Robert Motherwell for George Wittenborn, publisher.) A book on Cravan remains to be written. Suffice it to say here that I learned from Fabi the true fact of Cravan's disappearance in Mexico: "It was testified that a corpse answering his description (and there are not too many men 6 ft. 4, sandy-haired, in the tropics!) was found; obviously he was killed and robbed for his money belt — how prosaic!" At any rate, meeting the daughters I felt that, with considerable justification, they wanted the details and legends very carefully scrutinized regarding Mina Loy and her tragic life. (I found it fairly incredible later, for instance, that one of her grandsons, nearly thirty, did not know his grandmother wrote poetry.) Over lunch, then, I had to dispel all suggestions of being simply a skeleton-rattler.

LATER in the afternoon I went to call on Mina Loy (the family name was Lloyd), still a distinguished and handsome woman at nearly eighty, and impeccably dressed. Her very few manuscripts and mementos she carried in a net shopping bag. Of her one book, *Lunar Baedeker*, published by Robert McAlmon's Contact Press in Dijon, 1923, she had not a copy—or of the later anthology published by Contact in 1925. (She had had no news of Pound or Dr. Williams for years and was delighted to hear they were still alive.) She did have some manuscripts of recent poems and of a novel that awaits a publisher to this day. The new poems Miss Loy agreed to have typed, and so, in a day or two, I went on from Aspen back to North Carolina with the project relatively set. A few months later I was doing some reading at the Library of Congress and prepared a typescript of Mina Loy's earlier work in the Rare Book Room

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JONATHAN WILLIAMS, poet and publisher, has just completed his poems and essays, 1958-60: Poeticules Criticasters Kitschdiggers & Justfolks. *Mr. Williams hopes to move his publishing operation from North Carolina to Kyoto, Japan, by the end of 1961.*

from the two Contact editions, from *Others*, from *The Little Review*, etc., having also consulted the staffs of the New York Public Library, Yale and UCLA. There were, undoubtedly, some fugitive poems unseen, but nothing, we hope, of major importance. A number of corrections had to be made. McAlmon was a marvelous publisher (the University of Nebraska Press, by the way, publishes Robert E. Knoll's excellent study of him), but conspicuously no proofreader at all. Even *Lunar Baedecker* was misspelled. Miss Loy and her daughters went over the new script. And so did William Carlos Williams, Kenneth Rexroth and Denise Levertov. I asked each poet to contribute an introduction to the book, thus giving judgments from three generations and heralding the republication of Mina Loy in the most intimidating fashion possible. Besides that, the back jacket bore testimony from Alfred Kreymberg, Louis Zukofsky, Henry Miller, Edward Dahlberg and Walter Lowenfels. There was the danger of making it all sound like the panhandled plugs on an Exposition Press book by a budding Denver housewife, but, as Rexroth said, it was to mark "a real EVENT, like the opening of King Tut's tomb."

Lunar Baedecker & Time-Tables was published December 17, 1958, and I marked the occasion with a big cocktail party at the Martha Jackson Gallery in New York. Mina Loy telephoned from Aspen and some of her old friends, Bob Brown, Kay Boyle, Romany Marie, spoke to her. The book had been most handsomely printed by William Loftin of the Heritage Printers, Charlotte, North Carolina. Emerson Woelffer drawings of birds, nesting and in flight, graced the cover and the title page. Next to Zukofsky's *Some Time* I am more fond of the Mina Loy book than any of my other typographic designs. The usual fifty or so complimentary copies went out to magazine and newspaper reviewers. How is one to take it, that not one of these people reviewed Mina Loy's book?

IN APRIL, 1959, through the instigation of Marcel Duchamp, an exhibition of Mina Loy's collages was shown in New York City. The event was at least *noted* by *The New York Times, Art News* and *The New Yorker*. Robert Coates of *The New Yorker* said: "Mina Loy, now showing a set of — well, she calls them 'Constructions,' but Marcel Duchamp, in the catalogue, calls them 'Haut-Reliefs et Bas-Fonds,' at the Bodley Gallery, was a flashing figure of the resurgent nineteen-twenties. She was a poet then, and a highly original one; the difficulty in defining her current work should attest to its originality, too." Whatever the case, the poetry critic of *The New Yorker* seemingly felt no need to pay respect to Mina Loy by the simple act of public notice. (Apparently it will be a very cold day in hell before *The New Yorker, The New Republic* and the *New York Herald Tribune* review any of Jargon's titles? It seems curious that none of the books of Charles Olson, Robert Creeley, Robert Duncan, Louis Zukofsky, Irving Layton, Kenneth Patchen, Bob Brown, Denise Levertov, myself, et al., has even been considered worth abominating in these august journals.) And no other member of the critical fraternity felt any responsibility. However, Kenneth Rexroth devoted a whole broadcast on station KPFA, Berkeley, California, to *Lunar Baedeker & Time-Tables*, thus keeping intact his position as Miss Loy's only critic in America for thirty years. Since the publication date, between the efforts of friends of Mina Loy in Aspen and my readings from the book in public, the edition has dwindled away. Already it commands a good price from the dealers in modern first editions.

A shrug of the shoulders may be the only healthy solution, but there are days when I feel that celestial wrath should descend on the keepers of the sacred word—these lackluster ladies and gentlemen with spirits as benign as book-burners and draft-board members. I don't know — maybe their Metrecal is drugged? But maybe Mina Loy, herself, is right? She wrote to me in June, 1959: "*Time* sent their representatives from Denver to interview me about two weeks ago. Nothing. . . . I was given some devastating remarks from the *Times* — but about my pictures only, I think. . . . How carefully you have counted the reasons for disliking a poet. My advice to you, dear friend — the best way to conquer is to wear as helmet: *a smile*. You *do* let yourself look too severe — I don't agree that there is no winning in this country. Change from *Persona Non Grata* to Persona Good Grinner — now don't hate me!!! I hope you will visit here again *soon*. And we can discuss the right design for your face-armour. Now don't let this seem merely an encouragement to relax — it is entirely for friendliness between poetry and the world. Yours, M. L."

Unlike Music

The book was scattered with notes
unlike music
which is a line of sound of bridges
through silence, a structure
of footings

the notebook was scattered through
with blue ink,
a dead web

and held in place
small pieces of
his life: that he had bought

the chickens
bred the rabbits
sold the calf
sold the goat

there were no dates
or marks of when

no melody
to recur to him, no recourse
backward—

a life going away like snows
on mountains in the cold
of great altitudes, he was

the yellow man in the book.

EDWARD DORN

Background to Chaos

CONGO DISASTER. By Colin Legum. Penguin Books. 174 pp. 85c.

CONGO: BACKGROUND OF CONFLICT. By Alan P. Merriam. Northwestern University Press. 336 pp. $6.

Henry L. Bretton

ALTHOUGH a year has not yet passed since the Congo disaster broke into the headlines, sufficient time has elapsed to permit more detached, closer analysis of the event and of the circumstances surrounding it. The two books reviewed here represent substantial efforts in that direction. Most crucial to an understanding of what really happened may be these questions: Why was independence granted so abruptly? Which group on the Belgian side was responsible for the decision? What were their real intentions? Once the decision to set the territory free had been made, could the subsequent breakdown have been avoided? What are the facts concerning reports of rape, riot and plunder? What forces supported secessionism in vital Katanga province? What has been the

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HENRY L. BRETTON, who teaches political science at the University of Michigan, has conducted field studies in Ghana and Nigeria.

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British correspondent **Henry Brandon** interviews such articulate Americans as Leonard Bernstein, Walter Reuther, Arthur Miller, James Thurber and the then Senator John F. Kennedy. His collection of conversation pieces is a "formidable and fascinating bull session on the state of United States life . . . salty food for thought" *(Newsweek)*. Photographs, $4.50

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and Tomorrow...

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Facts behind the failures, successes, and future of America's answer to Sputnik, by **Kurt R. Stehling,** former head of Vanguard's propulsion group. Candid anecdotes highlight the fantastic post-Sputnik pressure which ended in total failure; the inter-service rivalries and government-industry conflicts; and the "miracle" of the St. Patrick's Day launching in 1958. Illustrated, $4.50

A HOLE IN THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA

The director of the daring Mohole Project, **Willard Bascom,** tells the full story of the plan to drill a hole many miles and many layers beneath the ocean floor. Already making headlines, Mohole sounds like something out of Jules Verne – is actually an imaginative, dramatic attempt to solve the mystery of earth's origins. Illustrated, $4.95

AFRICA A TO Z

The Continent of Today *and* Tomorrow, from Alexandria to Zululand, by **Robert S. Kane**. "A pioneer survey which provides a wealth of succinct information not hitherto available between the same two covers to my knowledge."–John Barkham, *Saturday Review Syndicate*. "As a guide or for reference, this is the finest one-volume compendium on the new Africa yet produced."–*Travel Magazine*. 6 new maps, 40 photos. $4.95

GOETHE'S FAUST has a perennial fascination for writers, artists and musicians; now a present-day poet, Stephen Spender, picks the new verse translation by **Walter Kaufmann** as "the best translation of 'Faust' that I have read" *(N. Y. Times Book Review)*. The new edition features the original German, and the English translation, on facing pages. $4.50

HOMER'S ODYSSEY has been newly translated by the distinguished American poet, **Robert Fitzgerald**. Horace Gregory *(N. Y. Times Book Review)* comments: "Only poets who have gifts for understanding the meaning of our classical heritage should be encouraged to translate the poetry of the ancient world. Only they can endow it with renewed life and meaning. Fitzgerald belongs to that rare company." Illus., $4.95

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

Doubleday

role of the major Western powers in this story; what part did the United States play? Did the U.N. conduct its mission as skillfully as possible? What motivation led the Soviet leadership to commit itself in a most unfavorable situation? Of the two books, the smaller and less expensive one is by far the more significant: Legum answers nearly all of these questions, or at least provides a credible base from which to proceed to a satisfactory conclusion. Professor Merriam, an anthropologist who conducted extensive research in ethno-musicology in the Congo, approaches the subject of Congo politics as a layman, though an exceedingly well-informed one. The prime merit of his book lies in a detachment made possible by lack of personal involvement. Colin Legum lives and breathes African politics; he is part of it.

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Merriam also provides, in the body of the text and in the appendix, substantial amounts of raw data which are of considerable value even if one disagrees with some of the interpretations attached to them. These include extensive quotations, excerpts from key documents, eye-witness accounts recorded by the author while on duty in the area, and such basic documents as the plaintive but historically most significant Manifesto of the *Conscience Africaine.* Also of special import are "Two Local Views" which convey graphically a point both authors agree upon—that the majority of the people in the Congo took no part in the recent dramatic events, that most of them continued peacefully their agricultural pursuits while headlines the world over screamed of chaos and turmoil. Incidentally, Legum offers evidence for a different picture of the alleged maltreatment of whites than has been put out by official Belgian sources.

Professor Merriam relies heavily on data, analyses and general commentaries distributed by *Inforcongo,* the official Belgian information agency for the Congo. Legum has this to say about that agency: ". . . the Belgians like almost everybody else, were completely taken in by *Inforcongo,* perhaps the most brilliant—and in some ways the most intelligent — propaganda machine ever created." It should be noted that *Inforcongo* has been for many years almost the only source of news and general information on the colony for the entire free world.

IT IS difficult to understand how a "background" study on the Congo can avoid discussing King Leopold II and his brutal regime in the Congo: it lasted twenty-three years and the effects of it will be imbedded in the national conscience of whatever unit eventually prevails in the former colony. Yet, Professor Merriam dismisses the entire period with the curt observation that it was "an era during which the Congo was *painted by outsiders* (italics supplied) as the worst possible example of brutality." Actually, and Legum goes into the matter at great length, those brutalities were not merely painted, they happened; and they were noticed not only by British, French, German and American observers, but by Belgians as well.

Both authors provide vivid evidence of the near-total confusion reigning in Belgian circles before, during and immediately following the grant of independence, but Legum goes considerably beyond Merriam in breaking down the Belgian state of mind into its components. He also makes a more successful stab at uncovering the motives of the rival political groups among the Europeans in Brussels and in the colony, the ambitions of the feuding factions within the Catholic hierarchy and those of the "grasping . . . Belgian financial interests which, even now [late in 1960] continue to behave as if their patron saint were King Leopold II."

LEGUM packs into 174 pages more relevant information, and new information at that, than one would have thought possible. He lays bare many facts that were suspected but not hitherto brought to the attention of the public—much of the information he uses has been public property for some time, but out of reach of the common reader, even in Belgium. Some extraordinary facts are brought to light. The Belgian financial empire formed a state within a state, not only in the Congo but also in Belgium. From that position, the more powerful among the business interests directed the affairs of both colony and mother country. No matter where they turned, the Congolese and the more liberal and progressive among the Belgians —including members of the much-maligned clergy — encountered the same forces.

A substantial part of Legum's indictment has been documented by the Parliamentary Commission sent to the Congo in 1959, by members of the opposition in Parliament, and by other observers on the spot. It is almost unbelievable how misled even the Belgian people had been concerning the state of "*notre colonie.*"

Because of the long-term abuse and neglect—in particular neglect of the social, economic and political foundations without which there could be no self-government, in fact no orderly transfer of power—the advent of sovereignty produced confusion and panic, and these appear to have been primary causes of the Congo disaster. Professor Merriam, leaning over backwards, credits the Belgians with a desire to maintain "good relations with the Congolese." But the Soviet leaders, suppressing the revolt in Hungary, also desired good relations. Who does not? Legum suggests that not only was there no agreement among Belgians on matters of general principle, but there also was no agreement concerning the practical terms upon which relations, any kind of relations, were to be maintained.

Today, Colonel Nasser, and with him Moscow and Peking, argue that political independence is only part of the birthright of the former colonial territories. Also coming to them, they argue ever so sanctimoniously, is economic independence. Before the Congo crisis broke, Lumumba complained: "They have agreed to talk at last, but they are not willing to give us the means to achieve independence." Legum offers strong support for the charge that the Belgians, whether deliberately or not, consistently refused to provide the new Congo regime with the means of national sustenance. And he is supported by critics in Belgium itself. "Neo-colonialism" is what the leaders of the Afro-Asian bloc of radical states call the policy of setting states free in law, while continuing to control them economically.

Legum's analysis of the international ramifications of the crisis, though less incisive than the earlier parts of his book, nevertheless is of value. President Nkrumah of Ghana emerges more of a statesman than the goat that Secretary of State Herter sought to make of him during the Khrushchev session of the U.N. General Assembly. And the Soviet bear, attracted by the honey of "anti-colonialism," also appears to have blundered—along with the Belgians—into a most embarrassing situation. Of special interest to historians is Legum's conclusion concerning the extent to which Western and U.N. conduct may have justified Soviet intervention in the Congo. He rejects the Soviet thesis of a Western-U.N. conspiracy to defend the interests of colonialism. But he would concede that the Soviet Union, always quick to deny the West and the U.N. the benefit of the doubt, could easily have decided, on the strength of what at best may be called bizarre behavior on the part of these forces, that a conspiracy did indeed exist.

Cold Ash

HEAR US O LORD FROM HEAVEN THY RESTING PLACE. By Malcolm Lowry. J. B. Lippincott Co. 283 pp. $4.95.

George Steiner

MALCOLM LOWRY'S *Under the Volcano* endures by virtue of excess. The style of the book has a wild, baroque intensity. It is overwritten and, if there is such a thing, "overfelt." The emotions generated in the novel are brilliantly in excess of the quality of the characters or action. Like the marble in a Bernini statue, they take on a fierce, autonomous vitality. One remembers the shrill, cruel sadness of the book long after the incidents of the story have receded into chaos. Few young writers have ever been able to make of an early novel so exhaustive and memorable an aggregate of their total power and their total vision of life.

But that totality had its perils. One could have guessed that Lowry might find it difficult to carry on from his superb and consuming achievement. He himself appears to have felt this and spent the last ten years of his brief life trying to finish a new novel or a group of novels of which *Under the Volcano* would have been the center. Living on a lonely beach near Vancouver, he tried to reawaken in himself the stress of feeling which had made possible the incandescence of his early writing. There is no grimmer task for a writer than to try to meet his own standards. Lowry returned to England in 1957 and died suddenly, leaving only fragments.

They have now been gathered under Lowry's own, cumbersome title. These seven sketches do not form a coherent sequence. Several are loosely connected by the appearance in them of Sigbjorn Wilderness, Lowry's fictional persona. Some are independent narratives; others point to a larger design. They may best be understood as trials and assays from the workshop of a writer who was trying to escape from the confinement of his own success.

"Through the Panama" is the finest piece of work Lowry did after *Under the Volcano.* The journal of a trip from Canada, through the Canal to Europe in 1947, it is part lyric meditation and part narrative of seascape and tempest. It exhibits Lowry's marvelous sensuousness,

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GEORGE STEINER, a free-lance writer, is the author of Tolstoy or Dostoevsky *and the recently published* The Death of Tragedy *(Knopf).*

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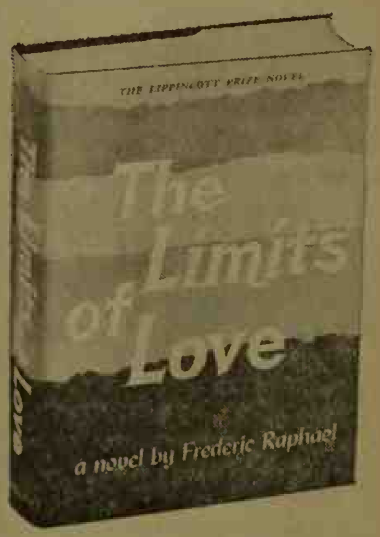

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The Limits of Love

By FREDERIC RAPHAEL

Philadelphia **LIPPINCOTT** New York
Good Books Since 1792

his capacity to fix and articulate sounds, colors and the flux of motion. Laboring under a 100-mile-an-hour gale, the *S.S. Diderot* ships "sea after sea of white drifting fire, after each smash the spume smoking mast high above the foremast-head light." But she ploughs through: "Dawn, and an albatross, bird of heaven, gliding astern."

The other sketches are mediocre. They are reminiscences of Lowry's married life and visit to Italy, thinly disguised. As if seeking to descend from his own heights, Lowry muted his style. The result is often gray and strained. At times the old note is struck: "the Valkyries of storm-drift" drive across "the ever reclouding heavens." But Lowry had grown wary of his rhetorical gift. It is, therefore, doubtful that he would ever have forged these bits and pieces into a coherent novel. Volcanoes that blaze high leave little life around them.

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

A PAIR of new records from Composers Recordings, Inc. presents an interesting sampling of the work of two young and two elder American composers. Harrison Kerr's *Concerto for Violin and Orchestra* and Henry Cowell's *Symphony No. 7* are coupled on CRI-142. Both composers were born in 1897, the former in Cleveland, the latter in California. On CRI-141, 31-year-old Yehudi Wyner and 39-year-old Ralph Shapey are represented by a *Serenade for Seven Instruments* and *Evocation,* for violin, piano and percussion. Although this sampling is of high quality throughout, I am particularly impressed by the Shapey *Evocation* and by Harrison Kerr's concerto.

Kerr's work is of the most thoroughgoing seriousness, beautifully constructed and convincing at almost every turn. Kerr, who has been Dean of the College of Fine Arts at the University of Oklahoma since 1949, wrote the work in 1950-51 and revised it somewhat in 1956. It is an introverted piece, displaying an occasional resemblance to the Berg and Bartok violin concertos, but also having traits which are individual and distinctly American. Indeed, a distinguishing feature of this concerto is that, while most of its passages and textures are based in a style that is of middle-European origin, a number of interjections have a rhythmic and melodic flavor which comes unmistakably from the United States. The surprising thing is that it all blends together. Wolfgang Stavonhagen plays the solo part very convincingly (save for a spot or two in a cadenza), and William Strickland draws a splendid accompaniment from the Imperial Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra in Tokyo.

ON the reverse side of this disk Henry Cowell's *Seventh Symphony* shows, like most of this composer's work, an easy-going, playful disposition, not pretending to any profound aesthetic purpose. The first movement is like Bach-Stokowski with rather casually placed wrong notes. The second could be used as travelogue music for any warm, leafy, mountainous country. The third is a Celtic jig, mixed with passages in a German developmental character. The fourth consists mostly of fughettas, casually turned out. There is certainly no "message" in this music, but it has an ingenuous charm and an attractively bright orchestral sound. William Strickland directs it, with the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.

Yehudi Wyner's *Serenade for Seven Instruments* was written in 1958, on a commission from the Friends of Music at Yale University where, in addition to Harvard and the Juilliard School of Music, this young composer studied. It is a delicately incised piece. The textures are contrapuntal; the lines are very clean. Webern, Schönberg and Stravinsky are the influences. After several hearings of this work, I have gained considerable respect for the composer's technical deftness and his sobriety. I am disturbed, however, by the lack of real inner meaning in the *Serenade:* it becomes more noticeable with each hearing. The gestures are correct almost to the point of being à la mode. The stylistic sources, though visible, are good. All techniques are well in hand. But I feel that the piece deals less with substance than with manner.

IN the Shapey *Evocation*, the situation is quite different. Though it is perfectly apparent that behind the style of this work lie the Bartok violin sonatas and those Bartok works which use percussion together with other instruments, Shapey achieves an exceedingly strong statement of his own. The work is pungent and condensed, honest, communicative. The *raison d'être* of this piece is clearly the transmission of strongly held ideas and strongly felt emotions. Manner and technique are subsidiary.

Shapey's writing for the violin uses the complete galaxy of technical resources developed by Bartok for that instrument. Dissonant intervals are basic, and the instrument is given idiomatic and yet fresh-sounding passage-work to play. His writing for percussion is plain and uncoloristic, being used for functional thematic and rhythmic purposes rather than for any cosmetic effect. The sense of form and of development through frank or subtle reiteration and variation is highly evolved. Hearing this work, I became still more certain that Shapey is one of our big talents. The *Evocation* is a good introduction to his music.

The performers in the Wyner *Serenade*, all top-flight, are Julius Baker, flute; Ralph Froelich, horn; Robert Nagel, trumpet; Keith Brown, trombone; Harry Zaratzian, viola; Charles McCracken, cello; and the composer, piano. Werner Torkanowsky conducts.

For the Shapey *Evocation*, the players are Matthew Raimondi, violin; Paul Price, percussion; and Yehudi Wyner, piano. Here again, the performance is exemplary, as is the recording quality.

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

READERS may have noticed that I frequently omit discussion or appraisal of actors from my notices. In view of my belief that acting is the crucial ingredient of the theatre as theatre, my failure to comment on the acting of many of the plays I see must seem peculiar.

The reason for this contradiction is that in most productions the acting is reasonably competent rather than creative. The actors — usually chosen because they physically approximate the characters the dramatist may have had in mind and because they have formerly proved some ability — illustrate the play acceptably, lend it body. In these circumstances the play presents the actors instead of the actors making the play.

It is not always the actors' fault that they commonly serve chiefly as attractive mouthpieces and models for the dramatist's text. The conditions of theatrical production on Broadway and in the commercial theatre generally are not conducive to creation. The director — even when he is an artist — also is burdened by limitations which make it difficult for him to lead the actor toward creative goals.

There can be little pleasure or gain to the reader of a review to be told that an actor is "O.K." or "will do" — which is how one feels about most performances. Nor does it serve any purpose to make the actor bear the brunt of sharp criticism when he is an actor of middling stamp, chosen for the wrong reasons, directed by a harassed gentleman who is required to deliver a "smash" within three and a half weeks for an audience with few considered standards.

We may learn something about acting, and the critic may usefully spend time discussing it, when the performance is very fine or when a splendid actor fails to act well. This latter is the case of Laurence Olivier as Henry II in Anouilh's *Becket* (Hudson Theatre).

IN THE first place, the return engagement of this play is something to be studied. Despite a generally enthusiastic press and more or less packed houses, the original (New York) production — with Anthony Quinn as Henry II and Olivier as Becket — lost an estimated $100,000. Olivier generously undertook to do the play on the road to help the producer recoup some of his losses. The actor would also have the opportunity to play Henry, the more colorful of the two leading roles. On the road the show did enormous business; Sir Laurence won great acclaim. The second batch of notices in New York have been ecstatic and the three-week engagement is a sell-out.

The first thing which must strike the most casual eye is that the production now seems shopworn: even the scenery looks shabby. The original director, Peter Glenville, could not have supervised the present proceedings — or if he did, he must have been listless or powerless. I suspect that a stage manager was nominally in charge while the star "arranged" his own interpretation.

Arrangement is the proper word, because Olivier's Henry is a congeries of characteristics or playing points rather than a unified portrayal. Leaving aside the harsh fact that Olivier may be too old for the role — the play is in some measure the story of two young comrades — Olivier has no conception of Henry as a person because he sees him only as a fat part, a series of acting opportunities. Because he is brilliantly endowed, because he speaks beautifully, moves beautifully and has a thorough command of the stage, Olivier enacts some of the part's "moments" with impressive power; but, for lack of direction or thought, he enacts them without much finesse. Here he is coy, there he is fierce, now he is devilish, again he is hysterical. None of these turns are genuine (they are often transparent tricks) because they are not related to a center of meaning.

Anouilh's Henry is a naive, healthy, natural, instinctive "peasant" with the capacity to grow in understanding. He loves Becket in whom he beholds the perfection of his own best qualities — a high liver with the education and sophistication of an intelligent and disciplined worldling. Henry's personality is deeply rooted in what we think of as normal. He is innocently and savagely sensuous, he is trusting though wary, he is not at all stupid, he is curious and he is brave. He wants to rule and despite the impediments of his average selfishness he will become a man of considerable stature. There is no element of caricature in him, for all Anouilh's temptation in the direction of buffoonery, and when he cries out in anger, frustration or pain, his agony is never that of a neurotic.

From all this Olivier selects the ele-

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ments of the most conventional comedy and outbursts of emotion (indicated through bold muscular violence and neurasthenic outcries copied from previously praised performances), all of them irrelevant to the composition and intent of the whole play. The result may make the groundlings applaud but must "make the judicious grieve."

I shall say little of Arthur Kennedy's Becket. He is a sensitive actor, but has had scant preparation (or careful guidance) for this part. His long soliloquy proves how little effect sincerity alone can have in such a play without careful training in simple dramatic *reading*.

AS TO the play itself, now that I have seen it three times (once in Paris), I cannot agree with those who maintain that it is one of Anouilh's best plays. It has many of Anouilh's virtues, as well as some of his worst faults: the Roman scene between Pope and Cardinal is atrociously vulgar.

Those who are respectful of the play on intellectual, moral or religious grounds are fooling themselves. It is intellectually (as well as historically) skimpy; of true religious sentiment there is barely a trace, and its morality is without real commitment. Instead of speaking of the "honor of God," Anouilh might more fittingly have spoken of the honor of one's job. Becket, as Chancellor, had defended Henry (that is what the head of a state is supposed to do); so, as Archbishop, Becket fights for the Church (or God) against the state, since that is what is demanded of a prince of the Church. If the play espouses a precept it is: stand for *some* principle. Perhaps even this is helpful at a time when no principles beyond success and self-interest seem to obtain.

The Conservative Ripple

(Continued from page 460)

showings of *Operation Abolition* in order to stimulate campus discussion.

On the other hand, Eugene Burdick, a University of California political science professor and co-author of *The Ugly American*, wrote to the Dickinson College newspaper:

> . . . Those of us that are stout anti-Communists were very disturbed by *Operation Abolition*. It is a prejudiced and completely unfair movie. It makes our students look so easily manipulated that most of them are again withdrawing from political activity. As usual, this leaves everything to the Communists. . . .

The film undeniably tends to strengthen the distrust with which many adults view eggheads of any kind, and especially young ones on college campuses. Some anti-HUAC students are gaining a sort of political sophistication through their struggle to convince the public that their motives are clean in the face of the committee's standard guilt-by-association techniques. As one NSA official put it, the student movement "can't afford to fall into the mistakes of the thirties; we can't let fuzziness enter student politics. We can't let freedom of speech stop at the East German border. This has to be an all-out movement for freedom and peace, not just an attempt to get rid of HUAC for any reason."

NSA and other student groups have therefore turned their efforts toward "changing the atmosphere" which today allows the committee to operate unchecked. They seek to provide campuses with a broad orientation on the whole civil-liberties problem. The film and the committee are pointed out as dramatic examples of the necessity for vigilance in protecting Constitutional freedoms; to meet further threats, students must be educated in a tradition of freedom.

Veterans of the anti-HUAC crusade are hoping that the enthusiasms of the new recruits may achieve what they themselves have failed to accomplish over two decades. On the other hand, there is the danger that, if the committee continues to gain Congressional approval and funds, and if unprincipled attack on the student movement continues to mount, campuses may turn again to cynicism — a past affliction of students, a current one of adults. One is reminded of a bitter revision of the Mencken-Nathan "American Credo" which appeared recently in the University of California's normally even-tempered humor magazine, *Pelican*:

> AMERICANS BELIEVE:
>
> That behind every student voicing an unorthodox opinion there is a Communist agitator. . . .
>
> That a professor's value may be found by adding the number of books he has written to his salary, then dividing by the number of pages in his FBI dossier. . . .
>
> That all immigrants come to America in search of liberty, and that when they attempt to exercise it they should immediately be sent back. . . .
>
> That freedom may be protected from abuse by taking it away. . . .
>
> That the sun never sets on the Free World.

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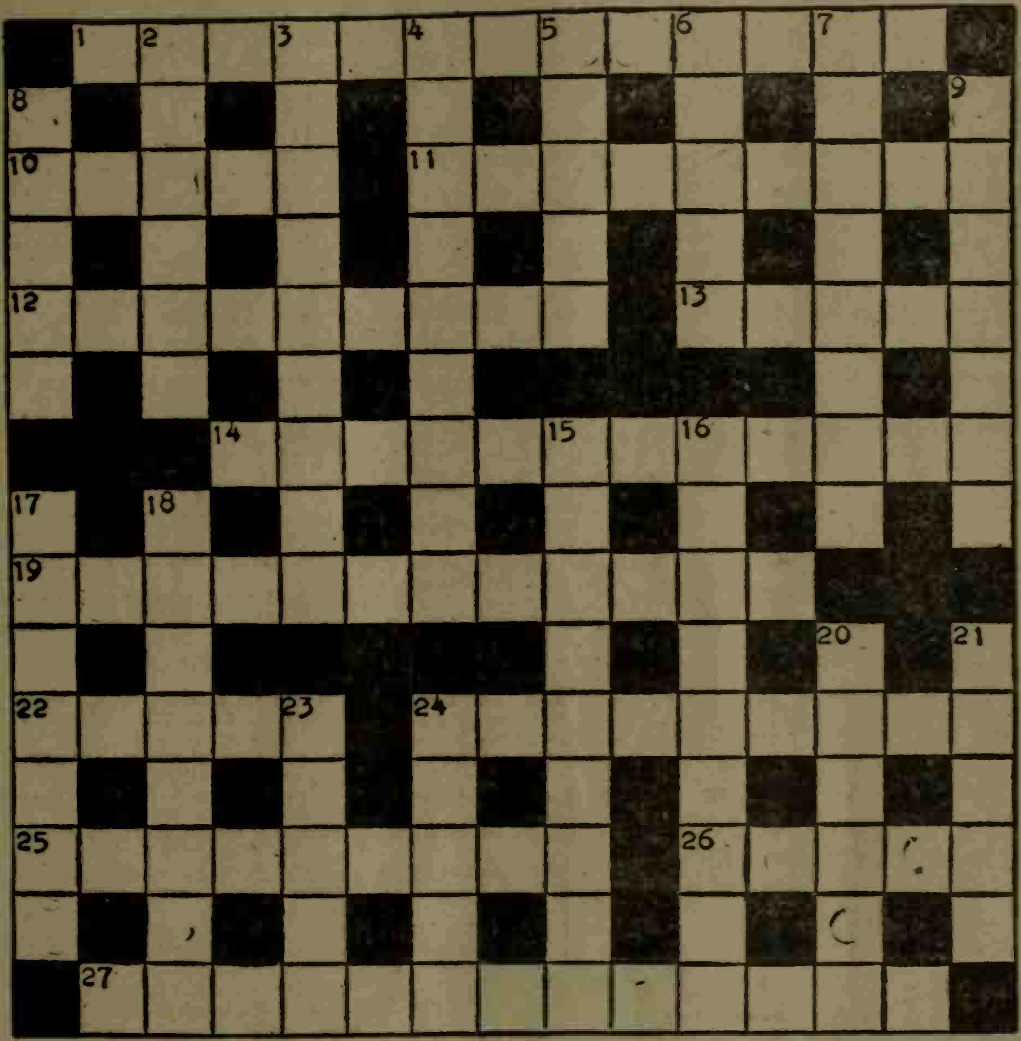
Crossword Puzzle No. 917

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 See 20 down

10 A famous little one of the 17's was this before it got tight. (5)

11 The belief in canine mother-love? (9)

12 Promisers, in a way, of the flowers that bloom in the spring? (9)

13 That thing held by the band? (5)

14 Life's staff may meet in them. (12)

19 Flag day? (City dwellers in particular move it up seasonally.) (8,4)

22 It should be more than "a lick and a promise," as decks might be. (5)

24 Look over the abridged book, which only the brave might finish when rolled up. (9)

25 Might be found opposite to midair, etc. (9)

26 Descriptive of the genus Castor, as they say? (5)

27 The limit is used, I'd imagine, but what's the difference? (13)

DOWN:

2 Two drinks go to your head, evidently. (6)

3 Bury what's in 14, by the sound of it, as plants might be. (9)

4 Wither considered wasting this way? (2,7)

5 Presses on. (5)

6 Steal out of it, but not very much. (5)

7 Disease found in professional men's hang-outs. (8)

8 Catches what the drummer has? (5)

9 Stamp — or added to this, it could make 12. (7)

15 To Caliban, it might be associated with plants. (9)

16 Not solemn, but rather sleepy. (9)

17 Favored mortals were destined for those of the Blessed. (7)

18 False hair a man associated with a ruler. (8)

20 and 1 across Going it alone when it comes to carpets? (6,13)

21 Looks as though these should be equal! (5)

23 Tips, but not of the toes. (5)

24 Rebound. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 916

ACROSS: 1 Reforestation; 10 Deflect; 11 Thereto; 12 Centigram; 13 Nadir; 14 Tenant; 16 Assonant; 19 Dalesman; 20 and 22 down Standstill; 22 Tiger; 23 Traceable; 25 Leeward; 26 Science; 27 Instantaneous. DOWN: 2 Elfin; 4 Extort; 5 Totemism; 6 The end of the line; 7 Overdrawn; 8 Educated; 9 and 3 Your obedient servant; 15 Nile green; 17 Tasseled; 18 Mastodon; 21 Cassia; 24 Bantu.

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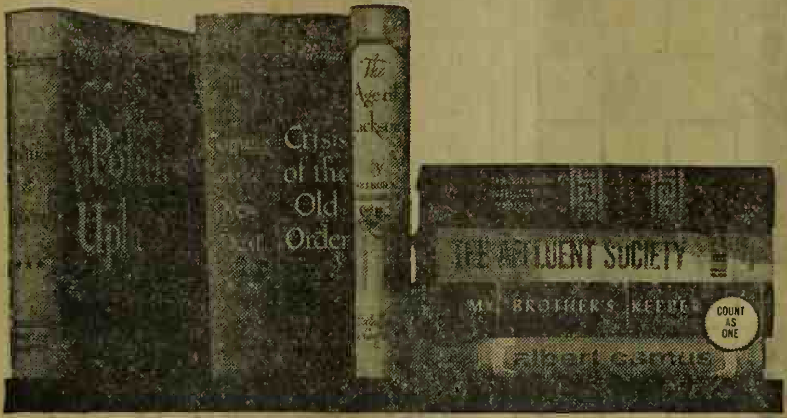

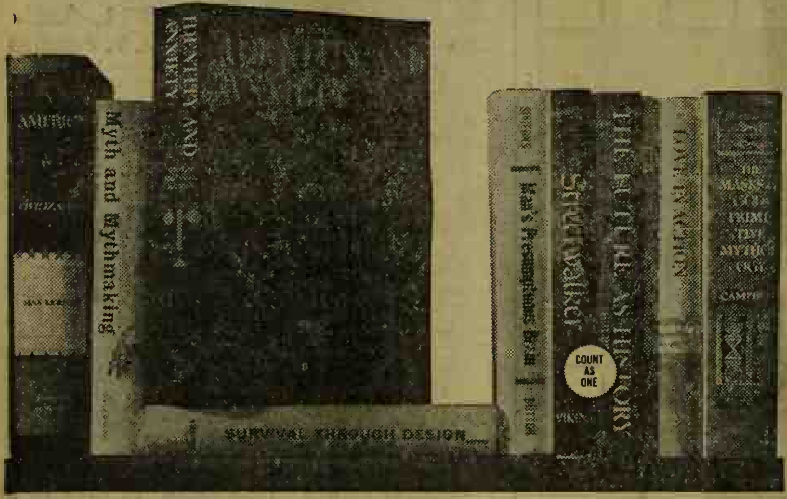

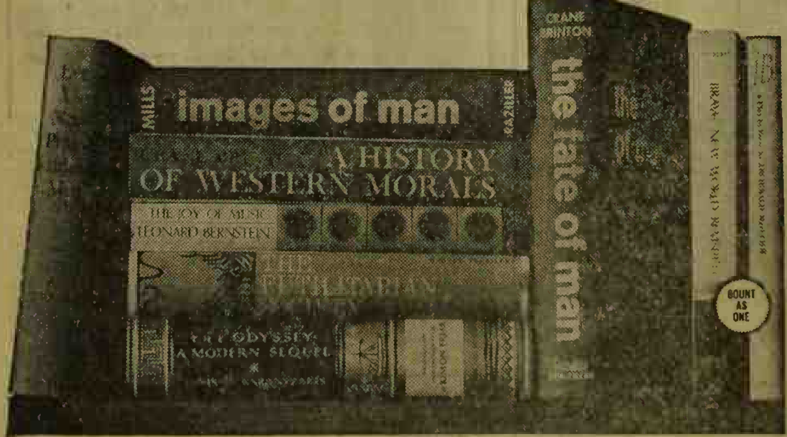

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THE
NATION

JUNE 3, 1961 . . 25c

Economic Forecast

THE MYTH OF GUARANTEED PROSPERITY

V. Lewis Bassie

Research for Weapons

SEDUCTION OF THE SCIENTIST

Theodore Roszak

LETTERS

Hypocrisy Plus Futility

Dear Sirs: I have long had great respect for the reporting in *The Nation*, but your editorial, "Single Standard for Dictators," in your May 13 issue, seems to me to have missed the point. "The roster of our dictators is long," you say. Lamentable, no doubt; but you fail, in the editorial, to anticipate the State Department's rationale for supporting some dictators while opposing others, which is that we lend or withdraw support as one action or the other promises to help fight communism. This may be hypocrisy, as you say; but is hypocrisy a worse sin than supine surrender to communism? No, the real weakness in the State Department's policy is not that it is hypocritical; it is that it doesn't work. The threat of the Communists to the "free world" is not a military one; it is Communist ability to exploit social discontent and injustice. If these injustices were corrected, communism's threat to the world would virtually disappear.

America used to be the symbol everywhere of freedom, equality and justice for all men. Now the Soviet Union is replacing us as that symbol for many people. Why can't we demonstrate to the poverty-stricken two-thirds of the world that justice and freedom are possible?

Stephen Klain
Claremont, Calif. Pomona College

Dictators: Red and White

Dear Sirs: I read with a great deal of interest, as always, your editorials of the issue of May 13, one entitled "Single Standard for Dictators" and the second one entitled "The Great Illusion." I am and always have been opposed to dictators whether they be white or red.

Not only do the conservatives of this country seem to have a single standard with reference to dictators, but likewise do many of the liberals of this day. The latter seem to think that the red dictators are good but the white dictators are bad. They are both bad. Unfortunately, some nations seem unable to obtain or retain a democratic form of government. Once a dictatorship is established and weapons of all kinds are taken from the people, there isn't much they can do as long as the army remains loyal to the dictator. In 1923, when I returned from Russia, I said the government would last so long as the Army remained loyal. I was severely criticized for saying that and one paper in Montana even went so far as to say that I should be deported. Just where they wanted to deport me, I was never quite sure.

In your second editorial you refer to Norman Angell's book, in which he stated that the great illusion was war itself. And then you add: "Mankind has not yet learned that war is a most unsuitable instrument for settling disputes between nations." Those have always been my own sentiments, influenced perhaps by my Quaker ancestry. I was opposed to the First World War and the Second World War unless we were attacked, and I am opposed to a third war. In my humble judgment we would not be in the mess we are today if we had at least tried the philosophy suggested in your editorial. It would seem to me that there is less democracy and less freedom in the world today as a result of our actions, and I am somewhat disturbed by the thought that as time goes on dictatorships seem to be increasing. Even some of our own so-called liberals want to turn over to the executives more and more power — and that is the road to some form of totalitarianism.

Whether one always agrees with *The Nation* or not, it usually presents a challenging viewpoint seldom found in other publications.

Burton K. Wheeler
Washington, D.C.

Wrong Associations

Dear Sirs: In your editorial, "Are the People With It?," in your March 11 issue, you state that "grass-roots McCarthyism" has "important . . . sponsorship, principally by defense contractors and trade associations having close ties with the armed services." As a long-time trade association executive, I protest the aspersion on trade associations. . . .

Samuel B. Shapiro
Chicago, Ill.

Our error: instead of "trade associations," the text should have read "service associations"—i.e., the various associations of the Armed Services. Herewith our apologies to the trade associations of the United States. —Editors.

Creative Editing

Dear Sirs: My admiration of your symposium "On the Breaking of Forms" (April 22) has increased with each of my four careful perusals. Nothing that I have ever read in an American periodical has done more to put me in touch with my own time. All the pieces are brilliantly thought and written in their several ways, and I hesitate to say which I think the best of them. I do say, though, and confidently, that the most admirable thing about the series is the original conception, the choice of contributors, and the deft interlocking of their work. This is editing on a creative level.

Odell Shepard
Waterford, Conn.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Historic Image

The press has become preoccupied with "the American Image" to the point that it has become a minor mania. Editorial writers solemnly — even lugubriously — tell us that in Alabama "the United States has lost another battle in the global cold war" (*The New York Times*) or "Anti-Negro riots in Alabama cast a long and darkening shadow over American policy" (New York *Herald Tribune*). Mr. Lippmann, normally a confident and sanguine man, speaks of "the tragedy of Alabama" and even the Birmingham *News*, which last year publicly chastised Harrison Salisbury for having said in *The New York Times* that "fear and hatred" stalked the streets of Birmingham, now voices its own deep concern over Alabama's and America's image.

The Nation does not share this masochistic mood. We do not shudder, much less collapse, when informed that harsh things have been said about Alabama, U.S.A., by Radio Moscow, the *Giornale d'Italia* in Rome, *Nachtausgabe* in West Germany, the *Ethiopian Herald* of Addis Ababa, the *Ash Abah* of Tunisia, or, unkindest cut of all, by every daily in Lisbon. We do not, of course, like some things that have happened in Alabama — things for which we hold the state's Governor directly responsible. On the other hand, we do not feel that the "image" projected from Anniston, Birmingham and Montgomery is quite as hateful as our mentors make out. The question is, with what image are we concerned? on whose face does the camera focus? who is being interviewed? what is the totality of the impression conveyed? No American need feel apologetic about such men as the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., the Rev. Ralph Abernathy or the Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth. Has Addis Ababa or Lisbon, perhaps, come up with finer exemplars of democratic leadership? Who can fail to be impressed with the Negroes and whites who, besieged, spent the night in the old First Baptist Church in Montgomery, thereby writing a new and splendid chapter in the history of that historic city and proving, once again, that the church can be a mighty fortress of the Lord?

What is the matter with us? Do we want to buy glory and honor at bargain-basement prices? What American need feel apologetic about Diane Nash, the twenty-two-year-old Negro girl, a Freedom Rider, who said: "We will not stop. There is only one outcome." Or young James Zwerg, a white youngster from Appleton, Wisconsin, who said from his hospital bed: "We are prepared to die. These beatings cannot deter us from our purpose. We want only equality and justice and we will get it." Or young John Lewis, a Negro boy, wearing a six-inch-square bandage on his head, who said: "We will go forward." Who with eyes to read, or at least to stare at TV newscasts — and a salute here to CBS for a fine documentary on Birmingham — can fail to be proud of the image that *these* Americans have projected? Let the camera focus on *them*.

Every nation has its hoodlums, its bigots; we have our share and they are not all in Alabama. But the values which have made this country a symbol of freedom through the years were revitalized by the Freedom Riders in Alabama. A great deal has been said in the public prints in the last year about the need for national purposes, national goals, a sense of moral dedication. Yet when a large and growing group of young Americans, Negro and white, gives us a magnificent demonstration of purpose and dedication, we elect not to praise them but to wail about the mobs who beset them. Our image-makers should dry their crocodile tears. The Freedom Riders have given them something to cheer about — if only they had the wit to recognize the historic American image when it stares at them from the front pages of their daily papers.

Blackmail or Indemnity?

Castro has something of a talent for coming up with bizarre ideas and the prisoner-bulldozer exchange proposal is one of them, but there is little basis for the howls of "blackmail," "piratical ransom," "outrage," "Hitlerism," etc., which have resounded in the press. Some of the "freedom fighters" had suffered loss of property and status in Cuba, some of them were moved by idealistic political motives, but the fact remains that they assaulted Cuba with fire and sword, and the whole operation was engineered and bungled by the Government of the United States. A group of 152 judges, attorneys and professors of law of the highest standing, including a former assistant to President

Eisenhower, has addressed a formal petition to the President of the United States and the Attorney General protesting the violations of international and domestic law involved. Under the circumstances, Castro's claim that he is seeking indemnification is not unreasonable.

Washington seems still to confuse the dream world with the real world. In the real world, the United States staged a military offensive against a country with which it was not and is not at war; in the dream world it merely looked with sympathy on the effort of patriotic Cubans to regain their homeland. Now that almost all of the patriots are prisoners of war (the number who made the supreme sacrifice seems to have been remarkably small), our government turns over to private citizens the job of rescuing them. The citizens, who are paying taxes supposedly to have the government do for them what they cannot do for themselves, are invited to shell out some $15 million more for Castro's bulldozers. They are invited to violate the Logan Act in broad daylight and the Attorney General assures them that, the end being virtuous, they are not violating it. The editorial writers who ask whether Dean Rusk or Walter Reuther is Secretary of State are not easily answered. When Jake the Barber, Cardinal Spellman and others contribute to the tractor fund it shows the goodness of their hearts, but the government they are bailing out still seems to operate in reliance on sleight-of-hand or let-not-thy-right-hand-know-what-thy-left-hand-doeth procedures.

The Three-Billion-a-Year Giveaway

The question of who should own the patent rights on research projects financed by the government involves what Senator Russell B. Long calls a three-billion-dollar-a-year patent giveaway. Senator Long has introduced a bill to give the government title to patents which, in effect, it has already bought. He is supported by Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, who says: "Where the government bears all or nearly all of the cost, where the facilities belong to the government and where the government bears all the risks, the people should own the patents. The American people are spending their money for the research and development; therefore, the patents should belong to them."

But this is by no means the unanimous view in the government itself; as usual, Rickover is a maverick. The Atomic Energy Commission and the National Aeronautics and Space Agency do in fact follow the policy advocated by Senator Long and Admiral Rickover. The Defense Department does not. It retains a royalty-free license for government-financed production and gives the patent to the contractor. The Navy is particularly opposed to the Long bill. It would seem that the Defense Department loves its contractors more than it loves the taxpayer, who is currently paying for about two-thirds of all research and development.

Industry really hasn't a leg to stand on in this controversy, but it has created an artificial limb and it stands on that. According to *The Wall Street Journal* (May 14), the Electronics Industry Association has mailed a circular letter to every Senator and Representative opposing the Long bill and similar measures, arguing that research contracts are usually for hardware or engineering or scientific reports. Patents cannot be contracted for, the argument runs, since they cannot be anticipated. This is technological nonsense. Thirty years ago Owen D. Young, then head of the General Electric Company, pointed out that in the modern technology inventions are made to order. He was ordering them, and getting them. You may not get them at the rate of one a week, but over the years they will accumulate. The government is entitled to its own. Where industry wants the patents, let it pay the bills.

Paraguay and South Korea

All over the world, American foreign policy has died or is dying. South Korea and Laos are recent examples; Paraguay is quite likely to be next. An Asuncion dispatch in *The New York Times* of May 18 warns of a step-up in the suppression of civil liberties; and even before the *Times* dispatch appeared, Orlando Martínez' description of General Stroessner's "paradise" — see page 481 of this issue — was already in the office of *The Nation.* The Paraguayan dictator has long been supported by the United States; but, when the denouement comes, there is no reason to expect any more gratitude from him than we are now getting from the military junta now in control of South Korea.

The Kennedy Administration, warns Walter Lippmann, is confronted with the "breakdown of [the John Foster Dulles] policy, with the disorders, the dangers, and the pains of having to pick up the pieces. . . . The American people . . . have not been told that the military situation which existed when John Foster Dulles established this policy no longer exists. They have not been told that he made it work by shaking the bomb at the Communists. That is why so many of them suppose that Mr. Kennedy can make it work with a few Marines and by shaking his fist."

Nor can Lyndon Johnson make it work with a big smile and a pocketful of military aid.

Business Is Business

The ridiculous revocation of the license to export to the Soviet Union certain machine tools to manufacture automotive cylinder blocks and gears has been rescinded and the Soviets can get the tools from us after all. If not, they would have obtained them elsewhere. "Present information and the best obtainable judgment," writes Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatrick, "now support the conclusion that U.S. technology in this area is not significantly superior to that of European countries."

If our machine-tool manufacturers are not averse to turning over an honest dollar, even if it has been tainted by Communist hands, neither is the Japanese businessman reconciled to ignoring forever the possibilities of profit on his Western doorstep, i.e., the China mainland. Japanese Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda is visiting President Kennedy June 20 to 23, and he is not coming to talk about the cherry trees. Japan and Communist China now exchange mail and weather forecasts, but Peking has let Tokyo know that it would not be averse to trading in more tangible items. Warren Unna of *The Washington Post* says Peking is interested in Japanese steel, fertilizer, textiles and machinery, and the Japanese would like to explore the possibilities.

Meanwhile *The Wall Street Journal* reports that on the other side of the world, in Europe, the last cold-war reservations about trading with the Soviet Union are rapidly withering away. "Our trade with capitalist countries," boasts M. A. Tomashevsky, economic adviser to the Russian Trade Mission to Great Britain, "now is rising faster than is our trade with Socialist countries." Last year the Soviet Union's total foreign trade amounted to more than $11 billion. Great Britain's total trade with the Soviet Union jumped 35 per cent in 1960, from $265 million to $358 million. West Germany's exports to the Soviet Union doubled in 1960; Italy's soared 78 per cent. And the rise is continuing. At the same time COCOM, the international committee charged with preventing the flow of strategic materials and machinery across the iron curtain, is increasingly regarded in Europe as a "paper tiger." The regulations remain, but they are being interpreted out of existence. The British are especially busy eviscerating the impressive organism. Says P. A. Timberlake, secretary of the British Council for the Promotion of International Trade: "Look at the rates of development in Communist countries — 10 per cent to 12 per cent a year. When you have a growth rate like that, you can anticipate a comparable increase in foreign trade."

The United States would be well advised to look also. We may be getting out of this recession, but soon there will be another, and there is not much point in letting our dear allies get all the business.

Myth of Guaranteed Prosperity . . *by V. Lewis Bassie*

IN RECENT years we have been building a mythology of all-powerful fiscal policy. We seem to think we know where the gods of economic action reside and how they will behave under any circumstances that may arise.

This attitude is partly an outgrowth of the cult of never-ending prosperity. We have seen three minor recessions fade, with the economy surging ahead to new highs after each. We are now seeing a fourth at its end. It may be true that the prosperity of the last half decade has been marred by inadequate growth and a rising level of unemployment. In this sense the gods have perhaps done us less than full justice. But we nevertheless feel we can rely on them to prevent anything more serious.

This is not only the view of optimists. Here is a quote from a business economist who is generally regarded as a pessimist: "It is clear that the Administration is aware of these unfavorable conditions and that it may be expected to act should the measures undertaken and contemplated prove inadequate." In short, there has emerged an amazing consensus about policy for maintaining high employment and economic stability.

Of course, executives in business and government have adopted a policy of talking more hopefully than they feel. But it is not possible to explain away in these terms the widespread public faith in the ability and the determination of the federal government to deal with economic adversity.

After the recession of 1958, the faithful made great gains in lining up public adherence to their point of view. There remained a substantial group of skeptics even at the highs of 1959 and 1960, but theirs were the proverbial voices in the wilderness. They were, in fact, berated by a prominent editor — who himself had little regard for objective analysis — for being "unwilling to face the fact that deliberate government action sparked and sustained the recovery" from 1958.

Oddly enough, this statement was made at a time when we still had an administration whose first love was the balanced budget, and whose actions in 1958 were variously described as unintentional and ineffectual; it wanted always to turn back to restriction as soon as recovery was assured.

By the end of 1959, several studies of the 1958 situation had been made. These were concerned both with the automatic stabilizers and with other fiscal measures adopted. The studies

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V. LEWIS BASSIE, author of Economic Forecasting *(McGraw-Hill), is Director of the Bureau of Economic and Business Research, University of Illinois.*

agreed in general on the following conclusions:

First, the automatic stabilizers clearly helped stem the decline and promote recovery in 1958. Their action, including the special effects of extended unemployment compensation enacted in that year, compensated for perhaps one-fourth of the decline in gross national product. Tax reductions were not important. Personal income and expenditures remained high, so that there was little reduction in related taxes. The corporate income-tax revenue fell off sharply, but since the decline derived largely from cutbacks in business investment in inventories and fixed capital, the main effect of this tax saving was to enable corporations to sustain an essentially stable rate of dividend payments. Although taxes could play a greater role on other occasions, other factors might be less effective, and the only guarantee the automatic stabilizers provide is something like the same fractional offset to any force that is driving the economy in a downward direction.

There was nothing to indicate that these built-in stabilizers are anything more than cushions. They help to absorb the deflationary impact and thus to halt the decline, but they do not provide any positive force for pushing the economy back up, except perhaps indirectly through the support that sustained income gives to other variables. Recovery in 1958, as on earlier occasions, depended on other factors.

Second, the other fiscal measures then adopted helped turn the economy up, but they were partly inadvertent. It just happened that the sputniks were put into orbit in the early stages of the decline, resulting in an expansion of defense expenditures; it just happened that the weather was unusually favorable for farm production, requiring greatly increased outlays for price supports. It was just a carry-over of earlier legislation that OASI Social Security programs were in a steep uptrend; no doubt the recession accelerated retirements somewhat, but the volume of pensions would have been rising sharply in any case. State and local spending also happened to be in a sharp uptrend. Federal salary increases were granted, and perhaps there was some economic intent in the timing and amounts of the increases; but rising living costs had created pressure for the increases without regard to the recession.

Finally, the most effective force for recovery came from residential construction. Both administrative and legislative actions were taken. But in some measure they were inconsistent; for instance, mortgages were both bought and sold. At the time, hardly anyone thought they would represent a very important stimulus to building; yet, housing starts expanded by about one-third from the spring of 1958 to early 1959. This played a leading role in general recovery. With industrial production surging to a new high in the spring of 1959, even lagging business capital expenditures for new plant and equipment joined in the advance.

Later, at the highs of 1959 and 1960, it became clear that the recovery depended too much on inventory accumulation. Since a high rate of accumulation is a transitory factor in the economy, it followed that recovery would be incomplete. Employment was not rising fast enough to absorb all the new workers entering the labor force. So the skeptics were not stilled. Some were even to be found in high government positions. Those who took a backward look at lagging employment could hardly overlook the fact that the federal government itself had been one of the most seriously lagging segments of the total. Federal employment has been relatively stable since 1953.

WHAT solidified attitudes on the government's role as underwriter of prosperity was the Democratic victory and the new Administration it brought into power. President Kennedy acted fast, up to the limits of his authority, and he called for action beyond those limits. He recruited a group of able men to push forward his New Frontier. His appointees have been described by friendly observers as "go-getters," by others less friendly as "power-grabbers." The implication of action is implicit in both terms. These new executives vied with each other in doing things; there was a thrusting out in all directions, and the impression of fast change infused practically all reports from Washington.

The first quarter of 1961 was a period in which it was hard for anyone taking an interest in national affairs not to believe that all this meant something. The public did believe, and its response to the new, energetic leadership was warm. Business believed too, and the change in its policy was well designed to limit the recession. Paul Samuelson of M.I.T. described what happened in these terms: "There is a sort of Kennedy euphoria in the air. . . . It is as if Kennedy has bewitched the country."

THE CHANGE in sentiment was reflected most clearly in the stock market. Profits were still falling and there was little immediate prospect of recovery. Yet the market drove ahead to new highs. At the roots of this upsurge of optimism were hopes and fears about inflation. One firm principle of the cult of permanent prosperity is that inflation, or at least creeping inflation, is inevitable, and that stocks are the best hedge against it. A few market bears objected, because inflation was supposed to help stock prices by generating high profits, and profits were not moving up. Most speculators felt, however, that the new Administration was sure to generate inflation by high spending and huge deficits. Again, there was hardly any inflation in sight. Wholesale prices have been stable for three years, and the continued increases in consumer prices were largely confined to the services, an area that could not contribute significantly to industrial profits. For this reason it may be doubted that the inflation thesis could have sustained the market.

Nevertheless, in the opening months of 1961 the primary theme of the market shifted somewhat without changing its conclusion. The rising market was itself a "leading indicator" showing that the recession was "bottoming out." Therefore, the investor and speculator could depend on recovery to insure rising profits later in the year. Business executives in almost every industry were assuring the public that this was the case. The growth in earnings that would justify higher prices could, therefore, be hoped for if not immediately seen. So the market took heart at the expense of becoming more speculative. Days like Tuesday, April 4, when seven million shares changed hands in a churning market that left prices generally unchanged are reminiscent of the hectic markets of 1929.

Many economists have recently been trying to show why creeping inflation is an inevitable consequence of economic growth in this country. What they have not been able to show is that there will be adequate sources of growth. The private economy has been growing weary, and the projected gains in government spending are small. Military spending could still be regarded as a potential source of an important advance—since a strong upswing in military expenditures might push the economy ahead faster and further than now seems likely—but that would hardly represent the stable situation usually thought of as normal growth.

THE Administration has promised a lot; now it will have to do its best to deliver. Few seem to realize what a difficult task it faces; any interim improvement will merely tend to conceal for a while the recurring nature of the problem.

Political observers describe the legislative tactics of the Administration as pushing hard toward, but stopping short of, any all-out fight that might result in open defeat. Some justify this as the way to get the most that can be had under the circumstances. Actually, the Administration has shown little inclination to experiment with extreme solutions. It is not made up of wild-eyed, long-haired inflationists, but of men with established reputations. Perhaps they may in some sense represent a more advanced intellectual point of view than their predecessors, but basically they remain conservative on domestic matters.

In describing actual progress, it seems appropriate to quote Paul Samuelson again. No one can doubt his support for the Administration, and in recent years his view of the outlook has been generally optimistic. Yet he makes these comments on the Administration's proposals:

> You might say we are in the midst of a "placebo program for recovery." . . . The degree of moderation involved in programs so far proposed has perhaps not yet been fully realized. The new Administration has thus far had the best of both worlds: Wall Street thinks that it is doing a lot, and yet it is evident to even the most nervy continental banker that we are not embarking on a wildly expansionary orgy.

The fact is that JFK has not added very much to what Ike proposed. Take this at its best—in terms of the cash budget, i.e., in terms of receipts from and payments to the public. Apparently the President's changes as proposed through April have raised the total of payments by about $1.6 billion in fiscal 1961 and $4.5 billion in fiscal 1962. At first glance this seems like a lot, but some of this is just revision of the earlier estimates and some represents proposals that cannot be expected to go through. So the real net increase will perhaps be only half as large.

The new Budget Director, David Bell, spelled out the proposed changes before the Joint Economic Committee on March 27. Some regarded the revisions by which the budget was shifted from a surplus to a deficit position as merely a kind of political maneuver. There is little to warrant this view. Even with the same President continuing in office, substantial budget revisions have often been necessary after a few months. This is particularly true in periods showing a definite shift in the over-all economic picture.

HOWEVER one may be inclined to judge this question, the changes do make for more impressive totals than those specified in the original budget presentation made by Eisenhower last January. This fact is brought out in the summary of the cash budget as shown in Table I below.

The new figures indicate that there will be an increase of almost $7 billion in payments to the public in a single fiscal year. Even when this is discounted for items that won't go through, and for financial items such as loans, mortgage purchases or sales, and other financial transactions whose effects are counted elsewhere and need not be considered a direct government contribution, the increase is about $6 billion. There would apparently be an increase of about $3 billion in purchases of goods and services and another $3 billion increase in transfer payments, either direct or indirect through grants. Against this $6 billion increase in payments must be counted the $4 billion increase in tax receipts. The total net stimulus is therefore not really so great as the cash payments figures by themselves would suggest. But no one could deny that the budget changes as a whole will be a stimulus to the economy.

What may be more important than

Table I: Summary of Cash Budget

		Fiscal years (in billions)		
		1960 Actual	*1961*	*1962*
Receipts:	Ike	$95.1	$99.0	$103.1
	Changes		-.5	-.8
	JFK		98.5	102.3
Payments:	Ike	94.3	97.9	101.8
	Changes		1.6	4.5
	JFK		99.5	106.3

the size of the over-all changes is the fact that the stimulus they provide is excessively short-term in character. The entire policy appears to be based on the assumption that the recession will not last long and that the economy can take care of itself after recovery gets under way. We seem to be acting again on the thesis that the economy is like a rusty old pump which can be started with small flow. In other words, all the pump-priming fallacies of the 1930s have been re-created in this program. Any program based on such assumptions is doomed to failure.

SEVERAL illustrations will indicate the nature of the difficulty:

1. March personal income was up $3.4 billion in terms of seasonally adjusted annual rates. Of this, $1.8 billion, or more than half, represented prepayment of dividends on veterans' insurance policies. (These totaled $150 million, and because they were paid all in one month instead of over the year, produced the net gain of $1.8 billion in the annual rate for that month.) However, this gain will be almost immediately compensated by a larger loss, say, of $2 billion, because the smaller, regular payments will not be made in later months. A stimulus that is here one month and gone the next obviously cannot contribute to sustained economic progress.

2. Extended unemployment compensation payments are provided in new legislation. The payments are to be made to the long-term unemployed who have exhausted their benefits under the regular unemployment compensation program. They extend compensation to each worker for some thirteen weeks, i.e., they extend the normal compensation period by about 50 per cent. The funds provided for this purpose total $1 billion, to be expended over a five-quarter period ending June 30, 1962.

Since there is an accumulation of unemployed workers entitled to these benefits, it may be expected that payments will build up quickly, probably to a peak-month annual rate of over $1.5 billion. Thereafter, payments will begin to decline as workers are either re-employed or continue unemployed for another quarter-year and lose their rights to these additional benefits also. By the end of the year it is likely that payments will be running below half the five-quarter average, or something less than $400 million. Financing for the program is provided by a four-tenths of 1 per cent increase in the payroll tax for two years, beginning January 1, 1962. The revenue is estimated at an annual rate of $500 million and, as soon as it becomes effective, will probably exceed the continuing rate of benefit payments. In other words, the net effect of the program will be negative after the beginning of 1962.

If transfer payments as a whole are considered, the additions specified provide mainly a change in pattern. Ike's program would have raised total transfer payments in any case by perhaps $2.5 billion in terms of annual rates. JFK's program gets a larger increase faster, but then levels off, and after the beginning of 1962, as the additional tax increases are taken into consideration, JFK's program may actually be contributing little, if any, more than Ike's.

3. A similar leveling-off may be expected in goods and services, as exemplified by defense expenditures. These are expected to show an increase of $1.5 billion from fiscal 1961 to fiscal 1962, which represents about half the increase in all purchases of goods and services. The over-all budget figures are as follows:

TABLE II
Major National Security Expenditures

	Fiscal years (in billions)		
	1960 (actual)	*'61*	*'62*
Ike	45.6	45.9	47.4
Changes		.8	.8
JFK		46.7	48.2

Source: Bureau of the Budget

However, President Kennedy began a speed-up of defense expenditures immediately upon taking office, and the additional $800 million which he proposes to spend in fiscal 1961 could only be spent in the second half of the year. Hence, if these budget figures are translated into seasonably adjusted quarterly estimates by making reasonable interpolations of the figures provided, the following results are obtained:

TABLE III
Major National Security Expenditures

Quarterly annual rates for cal. '61
(billions)

	1st Q.	*2nd Q.*	*3rd Q.*	*4th Q.*
Ike	45.8	46.2	46.7	47.2
Changes	1.2	2.0	1.5	1.0
JFK	47.0	48.2	48.2	48.2

Since not much of the additional $800 million for fiscal 1961 could be spent in the first quarter of calendar year 1961, it has to be assumed that the bulk of it, say $500 million, will be spent in the second quarter. This would represent an annual rate of $2 billion and push the new total for the period up to a point where the entire increase projected for the fiscal year 1962 would already be realized in fiscal 1961. Thereafter the additions will be smaller, probably tapering off, so that the two programs would tend to come back together by the end of fiscal 1962.

These specific quarterly estimates are not presented as a forecast of what will happen. That really depends on what happens abroad, and in any case the defense program is a very large program which does not shift about quickly. Nevertheless, it is clear that if the figures presented make sense, the program will quickly reach a peak and there might follow, at least temporarily, a decline in the program as a whole. If it does not turn downward, at least it should remain stable for about a year after the initial peak is reached.

THE patterns shown in these three illustrations do not apply to all items. There will be continuing increases in purchases of some goods and services, but they will be relatively small and provide little contribution to the future growth of the economy. There will also be some continuing increases in transfer payments (it may be noted that the OASI Social Security program is again in an upward trend). However, the increase in transfer payments is not likely to be very important, since scheduled increases in the payroll tax for financing it offset substantially all the effects of increasing expenditures.

These illustrations should be sufficient to indicate that JFK's changes are not entirely helpful from a longer-run point of view. Either the economy does not need help, in which case action may not have been necessary at all, or it will need the help later, too, in which case the action now taken may have a pernicious effect. Additional proposals may be made, of course, but unless they have important effects later, the petering out of the temporary stimuli may re-create the problem in more acute form in 1962.

There are some high officials in the Administration who foresee this difficulty. The Council of Economic Advisers, for example, gives every indication that it realizes how much our longer-term economic welfare is left to depend on monetary rather than on fiscal action. Therefore, it wants long-term interest rates lowered, and this sets up an internal conflict with the Federal Reserve Board, which fears the danger of future price increases if the money supply is expanded too sharply. The Administration's hands are tied by the acceptance of orthodox views on international finance and gold flows. It agrees that short-term rates should be kept high to prevent transfers of liquid balances out of the country. So the action on interest rates is largely inconsistent and, up to this point at least, has had little success in getting long-term rates down.

THE PROBLEM of finding a long-term stimulus is therefore not resolved by anything done up to the present time. Furthermore, the fact that further action depends on Congress would indicate that it will not be resolved in the near future.

It has been pointed out above that optimistic theories of progress and inflation have been widely accepted. The public is convinced; business is convinced; and unfortunately for prospects of getting anything further done, Congress is also convinced. Congress has in fact acquired a bad case of hardening of the attitudes. It is not at all inclined to relax on budget balancing or inflation. Many hold that the latter is still our greatest evil.

These attitudes will be reinforced in the months ahead by improved conditions. Except for items already agreed on, therefore, not much in the way of new programs is likely to go through this year; recent news stories indicate as much. Said *The Wall Street Journal* of April 12: "Congress says Kennedy is rising in popularity, but his program isn't. Lawmakers expect to delay medical care, cut foreign aid and social security plans."

In a period of improving business, Congress cannot be expected to see the longer-term problem. What this means is that the economy will be thrown back on its own. Only if there will be sources of growth in private business will a significant dent be made in the high rate of unemployment now prevailing. However, no one can find assurance of such sources in the important segments of the private economy.

IN RECENT weeks a consensus has developed on the business outlook. According to this view, the recovery in gross national product through the remainder of 1961 will amount to about $25 billion in current dollars and a little less in constant dollars. Most forecasters also feel that recovery will be slow at first and accelerate as the year progresses, carrying on upward into 1962. With respect to the magnitude of the rise, which is only about 4 or 5 per cent on the first-quarter base of $500 billion, there can be little quarrel. The pattern, however, is more questionable, and there is hardly any basis for predicting a continuation of the rise beyond the end of the year.

Consider the inventory picture. Business policy has been modified by the general mood of optimism. Among forecasters, a common view is that the adjustment of the inventory recession has been made, permitting a new swing to recovery. Actually, however, there was very little liquidation of inventories—only about $2 billion in all. It seems more logical to say, therefore, that the inventory adjustment was interrupted rather than completed and that, barring unforeseen international tension, inventories probably cannot add much more stimulus than the cessation of liquidation.

Where there has been no high rate of liquidation there is no reason to expect a strong rebound. Gaining the former requires giving up the latter. Nevertheless, as a result of the change in sentiment, inventories seem to have swung away from liquidation in April, and the second quarter may go all the way over to accumulation. There are good indications that this will occur in the case of steel, for example. Furthermore, the first-quarter liquidation was largely concentrated in automobiles and must be ascribed in part to seasonal effects. Car production has moved up in April and, as the seasonal factor also reverses in that month, adjusted inventories will probably rise in the second quarter unless sales expand sharply in May and June. The sharp increase in car production took place partly because it is most efficient to shut down highly automated plants completely, as in February and March, and then operate at a high level after coming back into production, and partly because negotiations with the auto workers are coming up again this year, and the industry never likes to be short on inventory going into new contract negotiations. As a result of the abandonment of liquidation, inventories on hand at the end of the year will be adequate almost everywhere, eliminating any need to push the cycle up to its usual peak.

SIMILAR reactions to government speed-up policy have affected other segments. Thus, state and local programs dependent on federal funds—for example, highway construction—have been speeded up in recent months. As a result, future growth has been anticipated.

Residential construction has also had this kind of spur. President Kennedy instructed the Housing and Home Finance Agency to hasten approved projects "in which a speed-up can be effected without waste." In addition, the policy of selling government-held mortgages was reversed in the hope that private funds seeking investment in mortgages would be forced to flow into new building instead of becoming immobilized in mortgages already outstanding.

In the last three months there has been an encouraging upturn in housing starts. But these short-term swings in building do not change rates of family or household formation; they affect more the relation between the housing stock and the number of families wanting houses, by increasing the former. Vacancies have been rising for some time. So it is difficult to tell how much of the current increase may be merely borrowing from the future. It certainly should not be interpreted as offering a prospect of complete recovery to earlier highs.

For the economy as a whole, a strong-looking advance may well occur in the next few months. But since it is so much dependent upon a policy of temporary stimulus and on the transitory swing in investment resulting from public acceptance of that policy, all the improvement in the next few months will be suspect. Accepting a 4 or 5 per cent advance in real gross national product by the fourth quarter as a reasonable forecast, it looks as if about 60 per cent may be realized before the middle of the year and 90 per cent by the end of the third quarter. After that the advance will tend to peter out. No increase is visible after the end of 1961.

We have just completed one of the shortest and mildest recessions on record. There is at least some reason to believe that we may be able to characterize the recovery now getting under way in the same terms.

Connecticut's One-Man Posse . .

by Herbert Krosney

EDWARD J. McCALLUM, Jr., is a simple man with more than a touch of the crusader's zeal. He expends his zeal in the ferreting out of Communists, real and imagined, for which purpose he has organized and now heads the Citizens Anti-Communist Committee of Connecticut. Very probably, Mr. McCallum will never achieve the prominence of his hero, the golden-throated Senator Thomas J. Dodd of his own state, nor even that of Robert Welch, who brilliantly achieved national status for his John Birch Society by trying to keep the society a secret. Nevertheless, because Mr. McCallum is, or claims to be, of the "grass roots," and because his like, and that of his organization, are to be found in many corners of today's America, he is worth some attention.

Mr. McCallum is a very recent convert to active rightism, apparently. Last year, accompanied by some of his family, he visited the Soviet Union briefly. At once impressed and frightened by what he saw, he came home like a Paul Revere to rouse his fellow citizens. Thus the birth of his Anti-Communist Committee.

Mr. McCallum is a home-loving man, popular with his neighbors. He often lets their children ride on his three horses; sometimes he takes them for excursions on his boat. A yellow and black buggy, remnant of a much older era, sits in front of his lawn to the left of his unpretentious white house. He has what amounts to a family business, the Eveready Supply Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he is assisted by his brother and his married daughter, a cute brunette with a warm, open smile.

Anti-communism has evidently given McCallum's life a meaning. He jokes proudly about the hours he works both in the business and at the movement. He is no longer mired in the meaningless and often morally confusing subtleties of the American business world. Anti-communism has crystallized his world into rather sharp black and white delineations.

IT wasn't always this way, though. Perhaps because, as many other businessmen have done, he rather exaggerated the privileges due him by a free-enterprise society, he failed to report his full income in 1943. In a 1948 trial, he was accused by the U.S. Government of having earned $27,813.34 instead of the $13,840.01 he reported, and of having paid a tax of $3,572.30 instead of the proper $11,038.01. He pleaded *nolo contendere* to these charges (shifting from an original not guilty plea), and was sentenced to six months in the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn.

He was defended by the man who has since become his idol, Thomas J. Dodd of Lebanon, Conn., now a U.S. Senator, and Judge D. Harold Cotter of Bridgeport. Senator Dodd has written a letter praising Mr. McCallum's anti-Communist activities and, in the letter, refers to Mr. McCallum by first name. The Bridgeport businessman obviously values the letter highly; when attacked, he will whip it out of his pocket and read it aloud, apparently in the expectation that his opponent will thereupon fall dead in consternation.

His Anti-Communist Committee already numbers 1,500, he says. It is not a political organization, simply anti-Communist, he insists; its mission is to awaken American citizens to the encroaching Communist danger. The group's activities consist mainly in distributing "anti-Communist" literature, supporting Senator Dodd's bill for a "Freedom Academy" (conceived as a kind of West Point designed for the training of anti-Communist fighters), showing the films *Operation Abolition* and *Communism on the Map*, and protesting other evidences of Communist infiltration.

These other evidences include the existence in Connecticut of the Wesleyan-Middletown Association for Disarmament; the University of Bridgeport student paper, *The Scribe*, when it came out against the House Un-American Activities Committee, the World Affairs Center of Westport, and the appearance of Frank Wilkinson and Carl Braden at Yale University. The Yale *Daily News* reporter described Mr. McCallum's encounter (the night of the Wilkinson-Braden forum) with Yale law professor Fred Rodell:

HERBERT KROSNEY, a young New York writer, is at work on his first novel.

> Shortly before the forum began, McCallum pointed to Fred Rodell, Professor of Law, as he mounted the steps and shouted, "You wrote for the *Daily Worker* in 1938." Rodell denied the accusation, and the chief picketer finally admitted he had only been mentioned in that publication. McCallum also called Rodell a Communist, and the latter replied, "You put it into writing and I'll take a trip to Europe on the slander."

It seems that Mr. McCallum in many instances doesn't put his pen where his mouth is.

THE STAMFORD, Conn., Young Democrats, not knowing what Mr. McCallum stood for, but wanting to show *Operation Abolition*, invited him to a meeting attended by this reporter. After the showing, a somewhat stormy session developed with order preserved only by the firm hand of club president Bob Meyers. A fiery liberal, Mrs. Gerda Bikales, wanted to know who was responsible for inviting "this man" McCallum. The object of Mrs. Bikales' scorn seemed somewhat abashed; it appeared that he did not really understand the disturbance which his presence aroused — and seems to arouse in most places he goes. This time he answered his critics by accusing them of being "pinkos," and ended up by producing, and reading, his "secret weapon" — Senator Dodd's letter.

Then, finding that a reporter for a national liberal magazine was present, he launched an attack on the "soft-on communism" press which, for him, includes *The New York Times, The Washington Post*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, and others. He resented particularly a *Times* article he felt falsely identified him with the late Senator McCarthy, whose tactics, he said, were at times questionable.

"Since 1945," Mr. McCallum tells anyone who will listen, "communism has gained 700 million persons with hardly a gun fired. The gain has been at the rate of 50,000 persons a day. . . . The Communists spend three to five billion a year for propaganda, about $2 a person. We spend one to two cents a person. We should realize we're at war. If they keep up this pace in the next twenty years they'll have the world."

Mr. McCallum is genuinely worried. Before he went to Russia, he says, he was asleep. Now he's awake. He jokes that he voted Socialist in the old days in home-town Bridgeport: "A man can, should, be a liberal until he's around twenty-five. But if he's still a liberal after that, he should be shot."

There are six hundred to one thousand Reds in Connecticut, according to McCallum; two hundred are in Bridgeport, two hundred in New Haven. "I have information there are Communist goings-on at Yale."

Mr. McCallum defines Russian slavery: "I saw slavery in Russia. People worked six days a week. There was no television. A whole family lived in a room and a half. . . ." Then later: "People lived in complete sadness. . . . Lenin is God. . . . 95 per cent of the Russians are slaves. They're the first victims of communism. . . . No people under forty-five believe in God."

The Red menace is everywhere, he warns: "There were 500,000 Communists in America. Most have not repudiated their connections, though they are inactive."

To Mr. McCallum it is quite important we tell the world the salient features of American capitalism: "We must make sure that people know that American bosses average only about 6 per cent profit. People think bosses take home 50 per cent in profits and throw a wrong slant on things." Mr. McCallum believes that right-to-work laws are an essential of freedom, that a vaguely defined laissez-faire competitive capitalism which would permit monopoly is the sole moral economic system.

Economically, Mr. McCallum and his colleagues are the romantics of our age. He is not religiously or racially prejudiced. He wants to be in the American mainstream, and cannot understand the fact that he isn't. Perhaps he doesn't realize that the mainstream of America still believes in America and its institutions, including the Bill of Rights.

SEDUCTION of the SCIENTIST . .

by Theodore Roszak

JACQUES BARZUN, writing in *Harper's* (October, 1960), deplored the appearance of a "cult of research and creativity" in the academic world. He contended that as mediocre minds aspire, and indeed are more and more driven by professional pressures to "be creative" and to "do research," the level of intellectual life in our society declines and the importance of teaching in our universities is ignored.

THEODORE ROSZAK teaches history at Stanford University.

I believe the problem—lamentable enough if it were confined to higher education alone—is actually more serious and widespread than Mr. Barzun suggests. For it is quite clear that the liturgy and ritual of this cult have now become part of the public relations propaganda of our country's weapons industry. Once among the most disreputable of businesses, the weapons industry has, since the end of World War II, acquired a new and exciting identity, one which has managed to court the favor of the intellectual community as well as the admiration of the general public. Madison Avenue has been blamed for many evils—and usually deservedly. But the social injury of its practiced deception may actually be far greater than many imagine. For by exploiting the public's unquestioning and largely uninformed reverence for science, the professional persuaders have, I believe, contributed in no small measure to our society's willingness to participate in the deadliest, most astronomically wasteful arms race in history.

A typical advertisement—carried,

let us say, in *Missiles and Rockets* or in a college campus daily— presents the new and ingratiating image of modern weapons research.

Ordinarily an elegant and streamlined piece of commercial art, the ad presents in abstract fashion an illusion of surging and dynamic motion: something suggesting an ascending rocket or a bursting comet. Or it may show, in a more representational vein, a steely-eyed, square-jawed scientist—young but graying at the temples, tie askew and shirt sleeves rolled—pondering with pencil poised a mathematical equation of monumental complexity. Above the picture there is the bold caption: "Breaking the Thought Barrier," or perhaps "Charting the Frontiers of the Unknown." The over-all impression created by picture and copy is that of dramatic intellectual achievement. Weapons making, the advertisement would have its reader believe, has become scientific pioneering par excellence. It has become, in the words of one corporation, "the exploration of new, uncharted areas of human knowledge." The public relations literature of the industry fairly bristles with the vocabulary of innovation: "breakthrough," "searching imagination," "adventure," "unfolding drama," "discovery," "in the vanguard," and above all the glamorous trio: "dynamic," "challenging," "creative."

AN ADVERTISEMENT for Boeing makes the typical claim: "pure research along the very frontiers of knowledge is our sole concern. . . . Scientists interested in imaginative, creative research are invited to communicate with us"—this beneath a flashing futuristic abstraction entitled "Cygnus," which bears the epigrammatic caption, "Knowledge of the universe is not a matter of man's sight, but of his imagination's vision."

How paradoxical it seems that the munitions manufacturer, who stood condemned a quarter-century ago for profiting by the machine gun and hand grenade has, in an age of nuclear weaponry, managed to maximize both his profits and his respectability. But the paradox is easily explained. A bullet will always be a bullet, but a ballistic missile can pass for a space ship. And neither a Messerschmitt nor a Colt could lend to dive bomber or rifle the mystique that atomic weapons have acquired through their Einsteinian associations.

There is, of course, a special audience for this pitch: the scientists and technicians whose brains are indispensable to the industry. High-salaried though many of them are for their services, there exists an undercurrent of discontent and guilt among the weapons designers. Around the shop, one is apt to hear the boys passing remarks about "dirty physics"—and on the rest-room walls of weapons plants and radiation laboratories one may find a cynical little sign: "Be a warmonger: the job you save may be your own."

CLEARLY this poses a serious problem to the industry: how to convince the conscientious scientist that in perfecting diabolical weapons of war in return for a handsome paycheck he is not committing an act of intellectual prostitution.

Several years ago, when Norbert Wiener thumbed his nose at the munitions makers and refused to place his skills at their disposal, he made some caustic and all too public remarks about work in the "science factories." Since then the industry has tried to persuade young scientists that the plant is not really a plant at all—but a kind of extension of the university campus. Personnel brochures promise prospective employees the fullest "professional freedom" and all necessary "stimuli to creativity." Physicists and technicians alike will be "able to maintain their integrity and their own research approach" in an "atmosphere of achievement." The claim—as one corporation puts it—of "maintaining the atmosphere of the academic world" has become a constant theme in the industry's personnel recruitment. Thus, the missile and space department of General Electric entitles its advertisement "*Pro Vita Academica*," and underscores the "highly academic environment" and "free intellectual climate" that prevail in its offices. Its various military contracts, the ad goes on, provide "continual stimulus to the research mind," while its procedures guarantee "the free exchange of ideas" and "unscheduled meetings" of scientists who are free of the "over-direction and red-tape of some industrial operations." At G.E. "the analytic thinker's need for solitude is recognized."

Another corporation, striving to capture that academic flavor, calls employment in its ranks an "appointment" and promises every opportunity for "professional growth." Another speaks glowingly of its "campus-like setting" and "university atmosphere." In an advertisement for the Martin Company, prime contractor for the Titan missile, a "research physicist," pictured lounging at his desk with pipe in hand, tells why he chose his employer:

> Freedom. Freedom to do the work I like. . . . I was given a lab and facilities to work with, and, above all, a lot of freedom to carry out my work. . . . I also like the chance to talk with other scientists who understand my field and to work with some of the younger fellows who are coming along.

Text and picture might well have been lifted directly from a graduate school brochure.

THE PITCH here is clear enough: work for the weapons industry is just school all over again—the same academic freedom, the same intellectual respectability, the same disinterested search for knowledge. A thick intellectualoid veneer has come to cover the industry's public relations. One is apt to find in their advertisements learned quotations from Darwin or Berkeley or Shelley. The RAND Corporation, for example, quotes Haeckel "on the duty of thinkers," reminding us, appropriately, of the "uneasy sense of dismemberment and falseness" which surrounds our lives, and incongruously enough considering the institution from which the message comes, that it is "the sacred duty of every honorable and humanitarian thinker to devote himself conscientiously to the settlement" of our moral and social conflicts.

But above all, it is the grand romance of scientific progress that adorns the new image of the weapons industry. Often historical in character, its brochures describe and illustrate with scholarly precision earlier, more primitive forms of rocketry or submarines. Then the surge of progress carries us forward. "Advance follows advance in whirlwind fashion" until now, on the "forefronts of research," lo! the atomic submarine armed with Polaris missile.

"The creative capacity of man is equal to the challenge of space" one missile manufacturer pontificates. "This is the supreme equation of our time." And not unaware of the grave responsibilities the newly discovered powers of science place upon his shoulders, the director of a major rocket research laboratory explains: "We do these things because of the unquenchable curiosity of Man. . . . Who, at the present time, can predict what potential benefits to man exist in this enterprise? . . . It seems to me that we are obligated to do these things as human beings."

AND SO the old order passes. Exit the munitions maker as merchant of death. Gone is that dark, demonic figure bequeathed to us by the outraged generation of 1914, that villain of our social drama who cynically perverted the achievements of the human mind that he might fatten on international tension and war. The new production is by Madison Avenue. Enter the munitions maker as flower of civilization, attended right and left by "creative" scientist and "pioneering" engineer. Striking the posture of Rodin's thinker, he speaks:

> The continuing progress of civilization and culture is the result of creativity. Science thrives on creativity. The challenge to think and the opportunity for interesting problems — these nurture the creative process. [Advertisement for a major weapons development laboratory.]

And his attendants, in chorus, as they dance solemnly about the Thor IRBM, from whose manufacturer the following copy comes:

> Beyond their immediate military necessity our present rocket and missile programs promise many vital peacetime benefits to us all.

The question arises: how valid are these dramatic and grandiose claims? Has basic research found a home in the modern weapons industry? Is this the new cradle of scientific theory?

"Scientific theory" and "basic research" are phrases that are to be used with some rigor. Theory, regardless of the utility to which it may or may not be eventually put, is the product of non-utilitarian curiosity. It is knowledge freely pursued, and pursued primarily for its own sake and not for the tightly prescribed needs of an industrial project.

Similarly, "basic research" does not take as its end the production or perfection of commodities. It is a question formulated by the unrestricted imagination and freely asked of the universe.

NOW with few exceptions, significant research in the physical sciences today is done within the university and not within the industrial plant. The strictly academic physicist knows this and that is what accounts for the artistocratic contempt in which he is prone to hold his industrial counterpart. Idle curiosity is simply something no profit-making organization can budget consistently or in any significant quantity—nor can any non-profit laboratory that has military contracts to meet. It is for this reason that the personnel brochure of one corporation sees the ideal "researcher" as one who finds his "great source of satisfaction" in seeing the "fruits of his labors appear in a commercial product."

What sort of work is assigned, then, to the "research physicist" in the weapons industry? What is it that "man's restless thirst for knowledge" produces in this new Mecca of scientific achievement?

The projects speak for themselves. One finds "theoretical physicists" in the industry at work on anti-missile defense systems, bombing and navigation systems, battleground-surveillance systems, electronic fire-control apparatus, and analog computers for guided missiles. All of these are jobs that require training and mental efficiency—but a far cry from the intellectual pioneering, properly so-called, of a Newton or an Einstein, a Heisenberg or a Bohr. As one theoretical physicist, hired by a major radiation laboratory, put it upon finding himself assigned the task of plotting the centers of gravity of bombs: "What a corporation executive and what a physicist—I mean a *real* physicist — understand basic research to be are two very different things." Clearly the frontiers of our knowledge about the physical universe lie not in the offices of Lockheed or Convair, but on the university campus, the atmosphere of which industry tries so hard to emulate.

TO BE sure, often enough there is no sharp division between the academic scientist and the industrial technician. One man may function as both. Consulting fees are attractive and a first-rate man from the schools, uninhibited by moral scruples, will frequently cross over to polish off a profitable, if pedestrian, problem or two for industry. And there are some first-raters who remain as closely connected with the weapons industry as with the universities, receiving generous fees and all the freedom they require to carry on advanced work. But their function in industry is really to do no more than front for a particular corporation and thus lend it the prestige it needs to attract government contracts.

The ease with which men can pass from one sphere to the other should not blur the fact that the scientist in the academy and the scientist in industry are thinking on very different levels. To equate these two levels is to confuse theory with application, science with technology. It is to comfort the ego of the weapons physicist at the expense of debasing the real meaning of basic research.

NOR should the meaning of "freedom," so generously sprinkled throughout the industry's advertising, be permitted to suffer a similar debasement. What the weapons physicist experiences is often enough "freedom" within a well-defined area. Whatever imaginative elbowroom he may be allowed in his technical work, he frequently lives in cramped intellectual quarters beyond that. Security clearance is the *sine qua non* of employment in the industry. And security clearance is rationed out by security agents of policeman-like mentality, who often as not delight in keeping the eggheads in line. I have known physicists and engineers who, for fear of jeopardizing their clearances, have hesitated to subscribe to "questionable" magazines, exhibit "suspicious" books on their desks, express opinions on "controversial" subjects, or join organizations the FBI might consider off-limits. Certainly no respectable intellect thrives in such self-imposed confinement.

But if the scientific significance of the weapons industry is negligible, its technological achievements are undeniably impressive. Yet even here the glamour and glory which the industry has heaped upon its technicians is more than half phony. A great deal of the engineering work done in industry is tedious and plodding, and the morale of many technicians often runs low. The men at the top may deal with large and stimulating problems, but the piecemeal and routine tasks that get handed down the line are not always as "challenging," "spine-tingling" and "searching" as the personnel brochures play them up to be.

Moreover, when the industry seeks, in its personnel-recruiting literature, to equate scientist and technician, to associate them in "rolling back the frontiers of knowledge," it is really flattering the technician at the scientist's expense. Engineers do not discover truths, they do not create knowledge. They build or design things or work out problems on the basis of existing knowledge. This is in itself significant work. But its character should be understood.

The extent to which the weapons industry has obscured the nature of science in order to lend glamour to the work of its engineers is sometimes astounding. An advertisement for Westinghouse's atomic power division makes it very clear that "abstract thinking" is really valueless if it does not lead to "concrete results." (Valueless it may be from the corporation's point of view, if by value one means cash value.) The advertisement then defines the "creative person" as one who can "communicate his ideas into practical application." And then, becoming truly metaphysical, "The same basic phenomenon conceives an idea and carries it through to a benefiting conclusion whether the individual is composing a symphony, writing a sonnet, or designing a nuclear reactor." This is perhaps what another company calls "engineering philosophy."

To be sure, words like "creativity" can be played with. They can be squeezed and twisted until they are limp enough to suit all occasions. "Creative" is a plus word. It is something everybody in our violence-bent society wants desperately to be. Even barbers today offer us "creative haircuts."

Yet there is a limit. Surely there is at least one thing that ought never to be considered creative. And that is the designing of weapons capable of obliterating the entire race. If this is creativity, then 1984 is upon us, and its watchword is a contradiction truly Orwellesque: "Destruction is Creation."

And here is surely the greatest evil of all, an evil far worse than any confusion of terms or misuse of language involved in these Madison Avenue rhapsodies on the nobility of science and the wonders of technology. Behind a smoke screen of colorful jargon, the moral implications of dedicating one's abilities to the making of weapons become hopelessly obscured. Perspectives become blurred and the sense of responsibility dulled. Moral ends get lost among overly dramatized technical means.

TAKE FOR example the sort of recruitment literature that describes with an enthusiastic appetite for detail some latest "technological breakthrough" made by one of the missiles firms. The invention is presented as a typical project which required some "pioneering" and "imaginative" solution. In the midst of all the fascinating technicalities and high-powered language, one easily — and perhaps designedly — loses sight of the fact that this tiny device is in reality part of a weapon potent enough to devastate a city. One wonders, did the "creative" engineer who invented this ingenious device ever once consider what its ultimate function would be? Or was he so drunk on the heady wine of his own "dynamic imaginative process" that he was aware only of his own godlike intellect adventuring daringly among the stars?

In a world still largely impoverished of the simplest necessities of life, one may honestly wonder how well used is the money we lavish on moon-rockets and deep-space probes. But it is probably too much to expect a generation raised on Buck Rogers funnies and science fiction to question the human value of such projects. We can remember this however: though the rocket may very well place us upon the "stairway to space," its use as a thermonuclear ICBM — and that *is* its primary use today — places us upon the threshold of annihilation. Those who build and perfect the devices which become part of our inhuman arsenal ought never to be allowed to ignore this frightening fact. It ought to be impressed relentlessly upon them — upon every scientist and engineer, upon every assembly-line worker, salesman, consultant, executive and stockholder in this grim enterprise — that their fascinating "hardware," their would-be space-ships, their "technological breakthroughs" all become instruments of death. They may even believe in the cruel and confused policies that demand such weapons. But they should never be permitted to masquerade their work as an exalted search for the truth. They should never get away with prostituting to such demonic purposes the nobility of pure intellectual aspiration.

For the weapons makers do not share in that nobility at all. What the munitions industry in its public relations presents as the sacred calling of scientist and engineer is in reality service rendered to one of the shabbiest businesses under the sun: the manufacture and sale for profit of weapons of war. The only new frontiers they are exploring are frontiers of maniacal destructiveness. And all the streamlined propaganda the ad men turn out is only another contribution to the oldest sport in human history: the dodging of one's moral responsibility.

Paraguay's Gathering Storm

. . *by Orlando Martinez*

PARAGUAY is like the Garden of Eden: a third of the country is a natural Arcadia, a garden of perpetual spring; the people live like Adam and Eve, with few clothes and the devil always near at hand.

Here is the only country in the Americas where, from the beginning, the Indians dominated the Europeans. The *Conquistadors* never conquered the virile *Guaranís*, and today almost every Paraguayan speaks *Guaraní* as well as Spanish. Here is the only truly bilingual country in South America, and the only one in which periodicals, plays and poems are published in the language spoken when the first Europeans arrived.

But the lot of the people is an unhappy one. Few people in the Western world have suffered, and continue to suffer, as do the Paraguayans.

The country's history has swung pendulum-like between anarchy and dictatorship. For the first fifty-five years of independence, it was ruled by three men; for the last ninety-five, more than forty-five heads of state rose and fell.

In more advanced nations, a young man with political ambitions prepares himself by studying law, economics, sociology and/or history. In the more backward countries of Latin America, he learns to ride a horse, shoot a gun, to be a soldier. *It is a sad country where men of arms become the lawmakers.* Such has been the case in Paraguay, where the military academy serves as the training school for government. So has the Navy of this landlocked country: six of Paraguay's present leading officials are admirals.

Paraguay's history could be reduced, almost, to the biographies of its military officers.

In 1954 a protégé of Argentina's Juan Perón, General Alfredo Stroessner, had himself elected President. And in 1958 he was "re-elected" in a plebiscite in which he ran unopposed. However, his crown has proved to be one of thorns. Scarcely a month passes in which an uprising against him does not take place. For the last seven years, the country has been in a constant state of turmoil, with the Army besieging the civilian population. Stroessner's Army, like that of other Latin American dictators, is his Praetorian Guard; it is equipped with the latest U.S. weapons and is bolstered by a U.S. Military Advisory Group. It consumes 50 per cent of the national budget.

Yet attempted coups occur with greater frequency and mounting efficiency. It has become apparent that Stroessner's opposition has adopted a guerrilla-type campaign patterned after that with which Castro conquered Cuba. Fidelism has, indeed, become the most dynamic force in Paraguayan opposition politics. (Officially, Paraguay, along with Duvalier's Haiti, Somoza's Nicaragua, Trujillo's Dominican Republic, Guatemala and the United States, has broken relations with Castro's Cuba.)

Recently a new opposition journal, the *Tribuna Liberal*, has been passing from hand to hand, in cafés, bars and other public meeting places. Its editor, Lucio Mendonca, claims sales of up to 10,000 daily—an extraordinary figure when one considers that half of the nation's 1,600,000 people are illiterate.

WHAT DOES tomorrow hold for the Paraguayans? Will the nation enter a period of anarchy—the anarchy of revolt and bloodshed—or one of "stability" based on a dictatorship even more rigid than Stroessner's?

Paraguay is a rural country and 75 per cent of its production—industrial as well as agricultural—is controlled by foreign firms. The average per capita income is some $250 per year. One of its principal exports is attar of orange blossoms; every bottle of eau de Cologne sold over the world is scented with the perfume of Paraguay. Yet this small country must import one-quarter of its food.

Asuncion, the capital, with its low, white houses and its streets shaded by a double row of orange trees, with its sky of Italian blue and its garlands of brilliant green trees laden with golden fruit, recalls the terra cottas of Luca della Robbia. Yet the city has only recently received a central water supply, and it did not have a modern sewage system until 1959.

At nightfall the air is heavy with the scent of orange blossoms and, for the perceptive, with the portent of revolutionary changes to come. What kind of changes? Dictatorships create political vacuums; those who stand to benefit from representative democracy have been denied the training, the experience, required to practice and maintain it. One thing is certain: Paraguayans, who have known glory and despair, but never disgrace, now have before them the example of Castro.

ORLANDO MARTINEZ is a Mexican journalist.

BOOKS and the ARTS

Persistence of the Furies

THE DEATH OF TRAGEDY. By George Steiner. Alfred A. Knopf. 355 pp. $5.

Harold Clurman

MY DISSATISFACTION with this book is a token of my respect for it. There is no doubt in my mind that George Steiner is a genuine critic of great promise. *The Death of Tragedy*, his second book, is in itself a considerable achievement. It is finely written, thoroughly informed—even learned.

Its main virtue is literary. When one compares *The Death of Tragedy* with Nietzsche's *The Birth of Tragedy*, one sees that, while Nietzsche wrote as a philosopher on his way to a personal world view, the excellence of Steiner's book lies in its discussion of the various plays of which he traces the lineage and history. Nietzsche's book is memorable for a poetic insight that expresses its author's passionate embrace of life's anarchy; Steiner's is impressive for its specific evaluations of particular plays. Nietzsche is more striking in his generalizations, Steiner steadier in his literary judgments.

He begins with a traditional premise. The only authentic tragic drama was composed by the Greeks, the Elizabethans and the French neo-classics, Corneille and Racine. Tragedy is the depiction of the irremediable. "Tragedy is alien to the Judaic sense of the world." Even in the most tragic book of the Old Testament, God compensates Job for his agonies. "But where there is compensation, there is justice, not tragedy." The Hebrew God is just and rational. With the Greeks, among whom the Tragic Idea found its first and perhaps most perfect expression, "men's accounts with the gods do not balance. . . . The Greek tragic poets assert that the forces which shape or destroy our lives lie outside the governance of reason or justice."

"In the very excess of his suffering lies man's claim to dignity. He assumes a new grandeur. . . . Hence there is in the final moments of great tragedy . . . a fusion of grief and joy, a lament over the fall of man and of rejoicing in the resurrection of his spirit."

All of this is well said but already there seems to be some contradiction; for if there is joy as well as grief then tragedy is less "tragic." It is alleviated by what one might call metaphysical justification. No doubt realizing this, Steiner slips in a slight disclaimer: "None of this, I know, is a definition of tragedy." Indeed, it is a concept that has always eluded precise description; but, as in the case of beauty, one discovers many fascinating things in the effort to pin it down.

STEINER'S second main proposition is stated in the concluding paragraph of the first chapter: "From antiquity until the age of Shakespeare and Racine, such accomplishment [the writing of tragedy] seems within the reach of talent. Since then the tragic voice in drama is blurred or still. What follows is an attempt to determine why this should be so." But at the end of the book — the main body of which is devoted to a number of tentative answers — Steiner very sensibly tells us: "There are no definite solutions to the problems I have touched on" and, after having classified Brecht's *Mother Courage* as a tragedy, he assures us that "The curve of tragedy is unbroken."

The author grapples arduously with his problem, but his difficulty arises, I believe, not only from its knottiness but from the rigidity of his premise. At the outset, Steiner has committed himself to a received definition (or hypothesis) and then finds that he cannot make all the plays he admires jibe with it, and moreover that he is rather doubtful of its validity. Thus he writes about Chekhov's work, "Perhaps we should approach these elusive plays by discarding all traditions of genre." I suggest that it would be easier to write profoundly about tragedy by discarding that genre as well.

The best things in Steiner's book are the historical discussions on the role of the novel, the Wagnerian opera, the change of audience since the seventeenth century, the divorce of literature from the theatre, and more especially his disquisitions on such artists as Schiller, Byron, Hugo, de Musset, Goethe, Kleist, Büchner, Ibsen, Claudel. All through the book there are interesting literary perceptions, thoughtful aphorisms, illuminating quotations from critics, poets, dramatists. Still, the question Steiner has asked keeps gnawing at us as it must have done him.

Zeno proved logically that it is im-

The Volcano's Horses and the Moon's

(From the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)

Islands I lived in,
your stilled waters, green.

Charred sea-grasses, sea-fossil,
beaches where coursed, in their passion,
the volcano's horses and the moon's.

In the time of the land-slips
the leaves and the cranes assaulted the air;
there shone, in the glare of the deluge,
heaven's profundities bared to the stars.

and doves flew forth
from the naked shoulders of boys.

Here at the land's end
in blood and duress
I make ready my prison

who should lunge, for your sake,
at the feet of the gods
to sweeten my heart's depredation.

Outcast among men,
still in light's thunder I lie,
a child, open-handed,
at the river's edge and the grove's

where the grotto, in deity's hymen,
conceives the Greek orange tree.

Ben Belitt

possible for a man ever to catch a turtle, yet there is such a thing as turtle soup! *Death of a Salesman* is no tragedy because its central figure is no hero and because if he hadn't been such a dope he might not have been so unhappy. Yet the play is moving. There is no "tragedy" today, but we are still oppressed and many works of art reflect our state. Deductions will often follow inexorably from assumptions that need or ought not be accepted in the first place.

Ibsen wrote tragedy, but the scholar with the categorical yardstick says he was not tragic because he was something of a "reformer." Strindberg couldn't have been tragic because he was an hysteric, Pirandello has no tragedy because there is a streak of farce in him, Chekhov's plays break our hearts but he called them comedies, Beckett and company do not deserve to be called tragic because they find life "absurd" — the common term for the tragic today. As the young girl in a recent Parisian comedy said about her generation, "We do not suffer any more, we are merely irritated."

IF WE go on like this we shall soon find ourselves rejecting *Oedipus* and *Phèdre* on scientific, biological, legalistic, psychoanalytic grounds of one kind or another. (Phèdre loved her stepson, but was that such a crime? Wasn't she silly to feel so badly about it?) No matter how we evade it, the tragic exists at the very roots of our being and the important dramatist is he who makes us recognize it in new circumstances — even if the play he writes is presented as (or called) a joke, a masque, an anti-drama.

Life is tragic because we no longer dwell in the Garden of Eden. We experience failure of various kinds all through life, not to mention the anticipation of death which we cannot help but regard as the great failure.

The industrialization of our society and the success of capitalism have much to do with our loss of an objective tragic sense. We are shaken out of consciousness, drained of the necessary energy: the world is too much with us. More and more we lack that repose, that capacity for withdrawal and contemplation, which lead to an awareness of tragedy in its noblest sense. The greatest tragedy of contemporary life is our lack of *connection* with ideas, with people, with tradition, with ourselves. The "other" toward which we are directed strikes most of us as a colossal mess, an impenetrable chaos. We are being progressively robbed of ourselves.

For a consciousness of tragedy there must be a god (a sense of his absence is a recognition of his place), an imperative, a norm, some fixed point inside or outside ourselves by which things may be measured and with which we feel some binding tie. The great falsehood of our day is that none of us feel any attachment to anything, that we are utterly without belief, that we acknowledge no authority, that we are all flying free in a weightless air absolutely without consistency. There is a large degree of bad faith in this. The fact is that nearly everyone feels guilt, which indicates that, despite all denials, we are in the grip of our (unexplored) conscience, a conscience rooted in very old beliefs thoroughly documented long ago. They still possess us because they still correspond to the truth of ourselves. We refuse to face this because admitting a lapse in this regard, admitting that we avoid the verdict of our inner judge, imposes responsibilities we do not have the courage to assume. We would rather confess to confusion on all sorts of "amusing" and sophisticated grounds, because such courage might lead us to action which would unquestionably become morally and socially *revolutionary*. This smacks so much of peril that the very word has fallen into bad repute.

Until we abandon some of the literary nomenclature that still weighs on Steiner's thinking in *The Death of Tragedy* we shall find ourselves constantly tempted to return to antique modes which Steiner himself points out are creatively ineffectual. Greek and classic tragedy have passed, but tragedy hasn't died. What we need in the drama, as elsewhere, is, to borrow a phrase from Beddoes, not to revive but to beget. It can still be done.

The Third Adams

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS 1807-1886. By Martin B. Duberman. Houghton Mifflin Co. 525 pp. $7.50.

Keith Hutchison

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the neglected member of the dynasty, is overshadowed, not only by father and grandfather, but by his son, Henry. Yet, if neither as dynamic a statesman as John or John Quincy, nor as original and brilliant a writer as Henry, he was a great public servant and it is strange that we have had to wait almost seventy-five years after his death for a full-length biography. All that has been available is the "Life" written by his son, Charles Francis, Jr. This was presented as "a preliminary study" for a more substantial work which was never completed. Moreover, as Mr. Duberman says, this filial sketch "presents an unbalanced and unjust portrait."

The new biography, while admirable in many respects, also suffers from lack of balance. It is hardly a well-rounded portrait, for while it exhibits Adams' public life in great detail, it neglects the private man. Furthermore, the author has allotted too much space to the minutiae of Massachusetts politics, in which Charles Francis was long and unhappily immersed before he became a national figure, and too little to his activities as a diplomat.

In justice, I must modify the first of these complaints by commending Mr. Duberman's fascinating account of the relations between Charles Francis and his parents. To his mother he was devoted; his feelings toward his father combined hostility with admiration. Certainly John Quincy was a formidable parent, forever prodding his sons to greater diligence, forever complaining of their "frivolous" tendencies. They were all "coming to manhood with indolent minds," he noted in his diary on one occasion, content "with the blast of mediocrity."

One is hardly surprised to learn that his eldest son committed suicide. The second died a few years later and the whole burden of carrying on the Adams tradition fell on Charles Francis. It is something of a miracle that, while emotionally scarred by his upbringing, his inherited super-ego enabled him to become an effective man.

Mr. Duberman notes that "when Charles Francis in turn . . . had children, he too seemed incapable of real intimacy with them." Unfortunately,

Poetry Editor

Denise Levertov has assumed the post of Poetry Editor, following the term in that post of W. S. Merwin who has returned to Europe. Miss Levertov's poetry has appeared frequently in *The Nation*; her most recent collections of verse are *Overland to the Islands* (Jargon) and *With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads* (New Directions).

KEITH HUTCHISON, a former Nation *editor, writes frequently on Anglo-American relations.*

that is almost all the book has to say on the subject. Even the chapters on the mission to England barely mention Henry, who was his father's secretary and constant companion. Nor do we learn much about Charles Francis' relations with his wife. Once he has brought his hero to the threshold of public life, the author tends to lose sight of him as a person. The result is an official photograph rather than the searching portrait the early chapters lead us to expect.

AGAINST my contention that Mr. Duberman has given proportionately too little space to Adams' career as diplomat, it might be argued that a great deal has already been written about his Civil War mission to London and his part in the Alabama arbitration. The book by Charles Francis, Jr., concentrated on this period and there is an entertaining, though often perverse, account of the English mission in *The Education of Henry Adams*. In addition, there is a considerable library of books on Anglo-American relations during the Civil War, in all of which Adams is a leading figure.

But, unlike previous writers, Mr. Duberman has had access to the microfilms of the huge collection of Adams Family Papers, made available to scholars in 1954 and now being edited for publication under the supervision of Professor Lyman H. Butterfield. It has been reported that Charles Francis' correspondence and diaries in these archives throw an entirely new light on Anglo-American diplomacy during the Civil War. Yet, in Mr. Duberman's work I have failed to find anything that changes the broad picture so well presented by Professor E. D. Adams in his *Great Britain and the American Civil War*, first published in 1925.

Mr. Duberman should be credited, however, with an illuminating account of the Anglo-French mediation scheme launched in the fall of 1862. Its leading British advocate was Lord Russell, the Foreign Secretary who, as the author shows, contrived to keep Adams in the dark about his activities while notes passed between London and Paris and the British Cabinet debated the issue. Fortunately, a majority of Russell's colleagues refused to go along and the scheme died. Had it been officially promulgated a major Anglo-American crisis would have ensued, for to the United States Government any idea of mediation was inadmissible since it implied recognition of Confederate sovereignty.

Mr. Duberman agrees with most modern historians in viewing the English mission as a diplomatic triumph for Adams, though Adams himself was inclined to minimize his part in keeping the peace and to give the credit to Secretary of State Seward. Duberman adds:

> Yet it remains true that on many occasions, some of them critical, the Minister acted either without official instructions or even contrary to them, and that it was only subsequently that Seward approved and adopted his position. For all his skill, Seward's main defects were a lack of tact and delicacy, and it was fortunate that Adams proved so well endowed with these qualities. Not only did he tone down some of Seward's demands and accusations but in his own person he presented a picture of thoughtful moderation and dignified good temper.

In diplomacy, indeed, Adams found a role on the public stage to which he was exactly fitted. He was always a misfit in politics, even if he was once almost nominated for the Presidency. He was too reserved and too sensitive for the rough and tumble of democracy, and he knew it. Like his father and grandfather, he had more than a touch of arrogance but he did not have their passion, toughness and drive. Yet, as an Adams, he was dedicated to public life and, often as he sought his ivory tower, his sense of duty drew him back to the arena.

In London the Adams manner, that repelled the man in the Boston street, served him well. He found the English cold and reserved: he could match them in these respects and he was no whit awed by aristocratic hauteur. In his notes to Lord Russell, suavity and firmness were beautifully blended. And, on occasion, he did not hesitate to remove the velvet glove, as Lord Palmerston found to his dismay on venturing an unorthodox protest against the conduct of General Butler in New Orleans.

Within the confines he allows himself, Mr. Duberman has told the stories of Adams' English mission and the Alabama arbitration very well. I could wish, though, that he had gone more deeply into the role of British public opinion, a topic that has baffled nearly all American historians. Their tendency has been to equate public opinion with the pro-Southern views of *The Times* and other leading London papers which, in fact, reflected majority opinion in the "Establishment." The mass of the middle and working classes, if sometimes puzzled by Washington, were pro-North and pro-peace-with-America. Had Adams been more of a "mixer," had he ventured more often into industrial England, his dispatches might have had a different tone which, eventually, might have been reflected in American historical writing.

Despite criticisms, I can commend this book as both scholarly and readable. Mr. Duberman's documentation is meticulous and he has provided a good bibliography, although more British works might usefully have been included. Apart from a few spasms of academic cramp, forgivable in a young historian writing his first book, the narrative flows smoothly. Clearly, the author, now an instructor at Yale, is a man to be watched.

'There Are Eyes in this Water'

THE MAXIMUS POEMS. By Charles Olson. Jargon/Corinth Books. 160 pp. $1.95.

THE DISTANCES. By Charles Olson. Grove Press. 96 pp. $1.75.

Donald Hall

"IT IS TIME we picked the fruits of the experiments of Cummings, Pound, Williams," said Charles Olson in his 1950 essay on "Projective Verse." The most astonishing fact about modernism has been its discontinuity. From 1925 until the tentative resurgence of the last decade, almost no poets have tried to pick these fruits. T. S. Eliot's admirers learned from his criticism of Donne, not from what he did himself in "Gerontion." The poetic influence of William Carlos Williams was felt in one particular: together with Marianne Moore he made available to all sorts of poets a conscience of the eye; but he was unable to impart what interested him most, a conscience of the ear. The discontinuity was so absolute that any evidence of learning from Pound and Williams looked like plagiarism. When I first saw poems by Charles Olson ten years ago I dismissed him as an imitator of Pound. These new publications have let me see that I was missing something.

Of course he does derive from Pound. Everybody derives from somebody, and some people derive more than others. Olson is not so much an innovator as a consolidator, and sometimes his derivations are mannered. The beginning of

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DONALD HALL has published two volumes of poetry: Exiles and Marriages *and* Dark Houses. *A narrative of his youth,* String Too Short To Be Saved, *will appear in August* (*Viking*).

the essay on "Projective Verse" reads as if Olson had just lifted his nose from *Guide to Kulchur*; later the essay glides perceptibly out of Pound's manner, and settles down to a series of highly expressive tautologies.

In the verse there are poor passages, but you throw out what you don't like, and are left with a great deal. Olson has a good ear, a variety of tone, an interesting mind and a sense of history. In *The Maximus Poems*, particularly, he can allow the history of the world to emerge from one locality. Gloucester, Massachusetts, expands to contain the United States; and it does this only by remaining what it precisely is. He is not a mere regionalist interested in local color. He is a historian deriving the general from the strictly particular. But he *is* colorful, and when he writes about a storm, the reader reaches for a life jacket.

The Distances is a collection of unrelated poems (some about Gloucester, some containing the character Maximus), one-third reprinted from Olson's first book, *In Cold Hell in Thicket.* It's a good introduction to Olson, though I think *The Maximus Poems* are finally stronger, because of that use of locality. "The Kingfishers" is the well-known first poem of *The Distances*: "What does not change/is the will to change." And the poem goes on to an ambitious historical generalization. The peculiarity of Olson's poems in 1961 can almost be called this subject matter. History is *the* subject of modernism: a subject which the other pickers of the fruits of Pound and Williams have avoided.

THE structure of his poems is associative; one thing leads to another. In fact, his structures are in the great tradition of the discursive ode, the form of nine-tenths of the best poetry of the last two hundred years. His poems are visually attractive, and laid out on the page so that the voice can follow the eye's movement. He arranges his lines for the eye as well as anyone, and has learned nothing from Cummings who too often moves the eye in patterns the voice cannot follow. (What Olson has picked up there is the fine sarcasm of Cummings at his infrequent best; a good bit of borrowing.)

Olson is most an innovator in an area we do not usually consider: his grammar. The accents of his *vers libre* are less repetitious than Williams', for instance, and I think that he compensates for this irregularity by constant grammatical symmetries and repetitions. Sometimes he almost sounds Hebraic. Poems need a sense of repetition, like handles to hold them by. Grammar is the handle for Charles Olson. Here is a small example (to take a big one would falsify the generality of the thing):

> It is not hell you came into,
> or came out of. It is not moly
> any of us are given. It is merely . . .

Much is going on besides grammar at any moment (the rhyme of "moly" and "merely" for instance), but grammar is a constant. Olson also uses an expressive un-grammar often enough, nudging the language toward something which seems inexpressible, and thereby expressing something about it.

One of the finest things in *The Maximus Poems* is a description of an annual ceremony of throwing wreaths and flowers in the sea for the dead. Here are a few lines from it:

> When a man's coffin is the sea
> the whole of creation shall come to
> his funeral,
>
> it turns out; the globe
> is below, all lapis
>
> and its blue surface golde'd
> by what happened
>
> this afternoon: there are eyes
> in this water

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Art

The Journal of Eugène Delacroix, translated by Walter Pach and with his excellent introduction (Evergreen, $4.95) is one of the great journals of an artist, here in a handsome, worthy format. Like his narrative paintings, Delacroix's *Journal* is bursting with energy and emotion, tumultuously creative. "My heart beats faster when I find myself in the presence of great walls to paint," he says at fifty-seven. Thirty-three years earlier, in 1822, the first entry in the journal had reflected his impatience: "In God's name, let me get on!" In 1861, two years before he died, his last New Year's entry records his hastening "to this enchanting work as to the feet of the most cherished mistress." Figures, colors and patterns, a great range of artists, intellectuals and ideas, "the things that happen in my existence, and especially in my brain" give his verbal record the vitality and magic which mark his sketches.

Delacroix's greatness as a painter

WILL THERE BE A FOURTH REICH?

Do you know that . . .

- over 40,000 German youths belong to para-military groups?
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SCHIZOPHRENIC GERMANY
by John Dornberg

is a meticulously researched new book that reveals the growing Nazi and neo-Nazi influences in West German government, business, education, and communications.

Mr. Dornberg, whose articles have appeared in *The Nation* and *The Reporter*, is News Editor of *Overseas Weekly*. He recently uncovered Major General Edwin A. Walker's alleged attempt to indoctrinate American troops in the principles of the John Birch Society.

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rests in considerable part on his delight in a wall to paint, an area in which to lay out a construct. He would not merely report fact. Art, he said, "is reason itself, adorned by genius." What happened in his brain was what counted to him. His forms were conventional, his subject matter was often literary and derivative, and with a few pet subjects he repeated himself. He utilized other artists, particularly Rubens, and considered himself a true classicist. Yet he was no copyist. He appropriated and emulated, and his work was original, vigorous and fresh.

Delacroix was reacting specifically against naturalistic, academic classicism. He was scornful of "studies from nature," "portraits of models." For all the labor he lavished on some of his work, he recognized that the details could be mediocre and the ensemble good. For such results the painter had to feel a passionate inspiration and retain it as he worked and discovered unsuspected patterns. When he finished, he would have no narrative sequence of impressions but a single and "simultaneous effect."

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TWO corollaries accompany these observations. The first is identified by Northrop Frye in his distinction between literature as product and literature as process. (See Howard Warshaw, "Return to Naturalism," *The Nation*, April 22.) Progressively increasing insights, necessary to such artists as Delacroix, to whom in a sense each picture was a developing study, would distract a viewer if made part of the record. Despite his romanticism, he insisted on a finished work and a uniform impression, only minutely variable from person to person.

A second concerns art as illusion. Delacroix objected that real columns, rocks and the like in contemporary stage settings "through the love of illusion" suppress it completely. By its nature, he felt, all art is representation, not recreation. He returns to the point repeatedly in his drafts of entries for his projected *Dictionary of the Arts* from 1853 to 1860. Respect for the model — enslavement to it — as in David and Vanloo, repelled him. He greatly preferred Rubens' "fine exaggerations," which speak to the idea. "It is for the mind and not for the eye that we must produce our effect."

Grove Press reprints the Covici, Friede edition of 1937 without the color plates but with the voluminous index added in 1948.

Also: *The Notebook of Leonardo da Vinci*, a new selection by Pamela Taylor (Mentor, 75c), with sixteen halftones. *Leonardo da Vinci* by Kenneth Clark (Penguin, $1.45), with sixty-seven halftones.

Civil War

Prologue to Sumter (Premier, 75c) is made up of largely first-hand accounts of the year and a half from Harper's Ferry to Fort Sumter, with links by Philip Van Doren Stern. The intransigence of the slave interest and frequent ineptitude from all hands make a bleak and dreadful spectacle, which is the proper introduction to Premier's Civil War Classics (75c ea.) under Mr. Stern's general editorship. The titles are excellent, but the texts suffer from petty tampering and unspecified omissions. *Our House Divided* (*A History of the United States During Lincoln's Administration*) by John Bach McMaster, the only book in the group not from a participant, is social history as much as the period allows. The other titles take shape and heat from personal knowledge: *Herndon's Life of Lincoln*, with Paul M. Angle's substantial analysis; *General Lee* by Fitzhugh Lee, his nephew; *I Rode with Stonewall* by Henry Kyd Douglas, a young man of daring and insight, and *Soldier Life in the Union and Confederate Armies*, reprinting most of John D. Billings' *Hardtack and Coffee* and Carlton McCarthy's *Detailed Minutiae of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia*, with some sketches from the original edition. These men did not always understand the war, but they described it with a straightforward honesty that permits humor and at times a certain dreaminess, but no romance.

Also: *Diary of a Civil War Hero*, originally *Prison Diary of Michael Dougherty* (Pyramid, 50c), chiefly Andersonville. *America Goes to War* by Bruce Catton (Hill and Wang, $1.25), polite essays and a self-conscious piece on "The Heritage of Victory." *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* by Stefan Lorant (Mentor, 75c), two hundred pictures with anecdotes. *Myths After Lincoln* by Lloyd Lewis (Universal, $1.95), informal history and folklore surrounding the death of a hero. *Long Remember* by McKinlay Kantor (Bantam, 60c), Gettysburg in fiction.

Africa

The Three Worlds of Albert Schweitzer by Robert Payne (Midland, $1.75). A rapid, sympathetic, but not very searching narrative and study of formative influences and the career of the renowned humanitarian.

My Early Life: A Roving Commission by Winston S. Churchill (Scribner, $1.45). A vanished age in brilliant accounts of the childhood, schooling and adventures of Marlborough's younger son in India, the Sudan and South Africa.

Journey Without Maps by Graham Greene (Viking, $1.45). A vividly realized exploration of himself, the land and the natives on a trek (1936) through remote interior Liberia.

Venture to the Interior by Laurens van der Post (Viking, $1.45). Sensitive and humane exploration of the state of Africa and its people in 1949 by way of a brilliantly presented expedition to two remote plateaus of Nyasaland.

Also: *Cry, the Beloved Country* by Alan Paton (Signet, 50c). *Double Lives* by William Plomer (Noonday, $1.45). *Congo Disaster* by Colin Legum (Penguin, 85c: see review in *The Nation*, May 27).

Miscellaneous

The Human Frame by Giovanna Lawford (Anchor, 95c.) A humane, nontechnical description of the skeleton and its workings, in brief notes and seventy beautifully clear line drawings.

The Counter-Renaissance by Hiram Haydn (Evergreen, $2.95). Ambitious intellectual history of forces opposing the Christian humanists, Petrarch to Bacon; too quick to generalize and categorize.

The Question of National Defense by Oskar Morgenstern (Vintage, $1.25). A disturbing, broad critique arguing in part for Polaris submarines, widely dispersed fallout shelters, freer research and greatly increased competence in State Department operations. Revised.

The Rich and the Poor: A Study of the Economics of Rising Expectations by Robert Theobald (Mentor, 50c). Sometimes weakly argued, but urges useful adjustments of American policy to new social and economic conditions.

One Woman's Fight by Vashti McCollum (Beacon, $1.65). The personal story behind the Supreme Court decision declaring religious instruction in public schools unconstitutional. Revised, with preface by George Axtelle, text of the Court decision and postscript by Paul Blanshard.

America Challenged by William O. Douglas (Avon, 25c). The problems growing from the pressures of conformity and new international conditions; the Walter E. Edge Lectures of 1960.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *A History of Sexual Customs* by Richard Lewisohn (Premier, 50c). *The Physiology of Sex* by Kenneth Walker (Penguin, 95c). *A New Treasury of Folk Songs*, Tom Glazer, editor (Bantam, 60c). *Borstal Boy* by Brendan Behan (Avon, 75c). *Deliver Us from Evil, The Edge of Tomorrow* and *The Night They Burned the Mountain* by Doctor Thomas A. Dooley (3 vols., illus., Signet, 50c ea.).

Travel Talk

Eight more to go. Will the wind blow
away those conveyances and I sleep
in my own bed?
Summer of victories
a fear of flying,
landscape my pear
I ate you.
Forgetting my waist
all that bread was good.
Even in the starlight
not being able to speak and running
down avenues
with plumes, white plumes attached to
my head.
A few tears were nothing
more than a few stones.
I'll probably ache
in my burrow for their wet
like islands
no longer visible
to an old sailor.

BARBARA GUEST

FILMS

Robert Hatch

I APOLOGIZE for writing once again on European pictures that treat of World War II. The fact is, however, that the most promising current movies are on that theme—I assume that there is no demand for a close appreciation of *Return to Peyton Place*.

SCENE by scene, and character by character, De Sica's *Two Women* is a work of art. Incidents are composed with a sharpness, clarity and economy that are almost sensuously gratifying, and the performers — under Italy's great actor-director — are vivid and beautifully in command of their roles. It is a real pleasure to be present at the unfolding of such excellent narrative. Then at the end the work is brutally truncated from the text of Moravia's novel and the effect is as though a hand had wiped the slate clean of a long and elegant equation that disappointingly reached no conclusion.

The two women of the title are a widowed shopkeeper (Sophia Loren) and her adolescent daughter (Eleanora Brown). The mother is a woman who understands and is proud of her ability to attract and to enjoy men. But recognizing the power of sex in herself, she is the more determined to preserve the innocence of her daughter through the few remaining years of childhood.

As the war approaches Rome, these two leave the city for refuge in the mother's native village. There the people are largely untouched by the war. They are conventionally patriotic and impatient for the nuisance, and remote menace, of the struggle to be settled one way or the other. All, that is, except the student son of the town's richest man; he is passionately anti-Fascist and soon as passionately infatuated with the Roman widow. The boy (Jean-Paul Belmondo) makes his play, and might well have been rewarded, except for the woman's fierce concern for her daughter's sensibilities and except for her memories of the much more experienced embraces she has recently given herself to in Rome. The daughter, meanwhile, comes to worship the bespectacled revolutionary and romantic from a demure distance. These scenes are lovely comment on the human comedy, a kind of earthy minuet.

Eventually the American armor moves through the valley. Rome has been liberated; it seems possible to go back to the city, and the mother is eager, for her shop has been broken into and the memory of love becomes insistent. But one evening on the journey, while they are resting in a ruined church, mother and daughter are discovered and horribly raped by a company of Moroccan troops.

And it is from that point that insensitive editing crumples an admirable story. The mother is heartbroken by the violation of her daughter's budding womanhood, terrified by the child's entranced withdrawal from her, horrified by the discovery that the girl's reaction is to behave with wanton familiarity toward the first young man who comes her way.

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HUMANIST GENTLEMAN, middle aged, would like to correspond with Nation readers of similar views, 3962 [illegible], Shreveport, La.

from this youth, paying presumably in the customary coin, and meets her mother's anger with blank rebellion. But then the mother tells her roughly (the news had come in the night) that the young scholar has been killed by the retreating Germans. The child bursts into tears, falls into her mother's arms, and that is apparently that. It is not any of it credible, and it brings the meticulously constructed story to a frayed and pointless conclusion. The tragic history of these two admirable women is not given time and space to work itself out, so that at the end they lose their individuality and rich, willful humanity, and become puppets dancing to a production stop watch. But for 90 per cent of its course *Two Woman* is a fine picture.

THE Polish-made *Kanal* is a story of the last days of the Warsaw uprising in 1944. There is a good deal of talk about hope for "relief," but no mention of the fact that Warsaw rose, and was annihilated, in the expectation that the Russian Army, camped just across the Vistula, would momentarily liberate the city.

The film centers on a guerrilla company which, forced from its last strong point, takes to the sewers in an attempt to rejoin the center of resistance. Except for the extravagances of some of the Japanese costume movies, I cannot remember a recent picture that has gone in so heavily for picturesque attitudes, facial gymnastics and fumes. Dante's name is mentioned quite early in the work, and on the instant of dropping through the manhole, the actors are seized with the notion of composing *tableaux vivants* suitable for a pageant version of *The Inferno*. They go mad with what can only be described as alacrity, and I expected a swan boat crowded with musicians to emerge at any moment from the reek.

It may seem bad taste to speak frivolously of a moment in history as horrible as the murder of Warsaw, but the kind of bad acting that substitutes melodramatic stereotypes for genuine responses will reduce the most apocalyptic of human experiences to burlesque. In this case the air of lunacy is accented by the narrative method. The band of fighters becomes broken up moments after the descent into the sewers and thereafter the film shifts back and forth from one group to another as they struggle dolefully through what is clearly one small section of brick catacomb. The effect is not at all unlike Eliza fleeing the bloodhounds on a treadmill. The heroic dead of Warsaw deserve a better monument.

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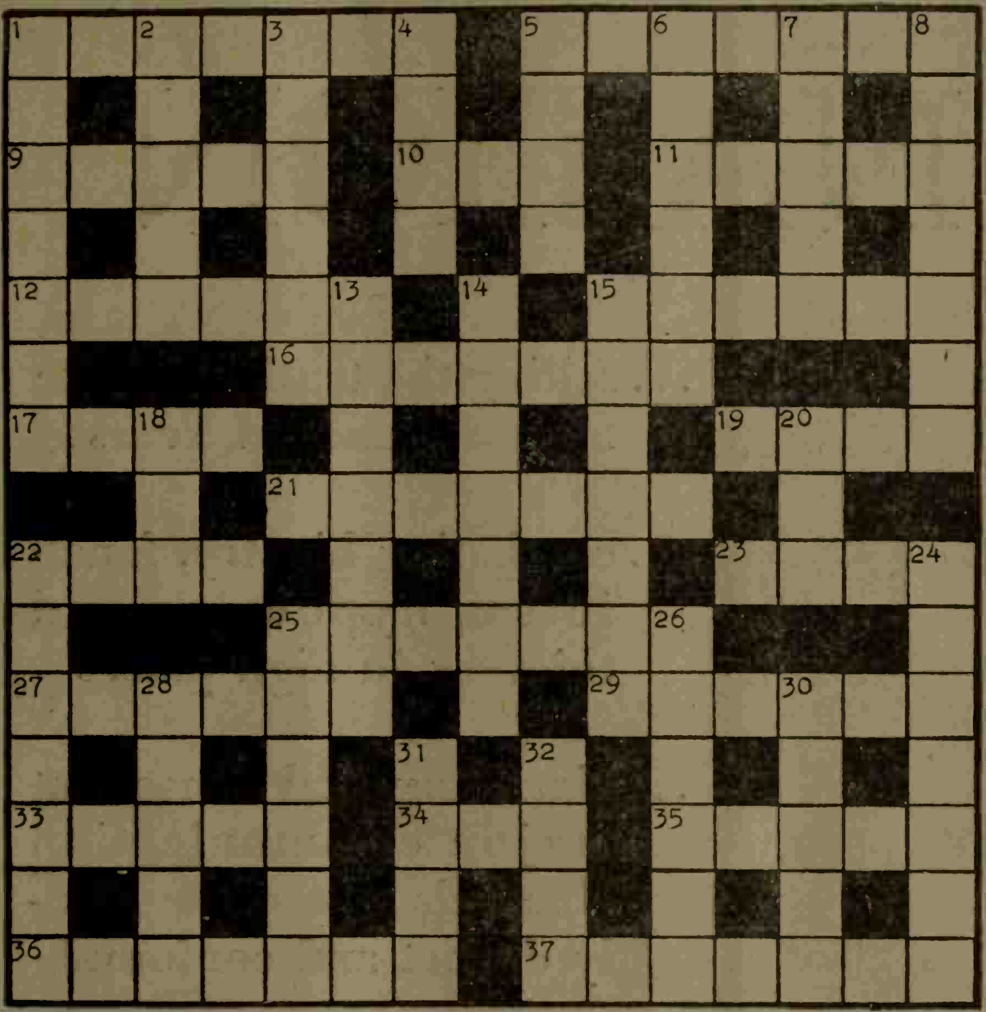
Crossword Puzzle No. 918

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 19 and 27 A bunch of decrepit coal-diggers, all broken up by 5 and 9? (4, 3, 4, 2, 4)
5 and 9 A couple of ringers shouldn't be expected to work without a hitch. (7, 5)
11 and 32 Useful if you're just putting up with your wife? (5, 4)
12 and 5 Is one big, bad, and unhappy? (It's not really alarming.) (6, 4)
15 Spot a clever remark, and you could get let our finally. (6)
16 Is the make-up of the rig very loud on the dog? (7)
17 If the blame is placed here, we can't escape it. (4)
21 and 3 down Air flies, by implication. (2, 5, 2, 4)
22 and 10 Sounds as though it should be responsible for smooth talk, and painters know it. (4, 3)
25 Deep-set, in a way, as 29 might be in the pot. (7)
33 Begin existence, possibly. (5)
34 Almost a beast of an island. (3)
35 Sufficient for a sort of national 23.
36 Tried to write like Bacon? (7)
37 Many have referred to their music. (It shouldn't be for squares!) (7)

DOWN:

1 and 29 …………… a stain on the teeth? (7, 6)
2 The way to prove the wall-eyed shouldn't get married? (5)
4 and 23 What trees do in the fall to provide for the table? (8)
6 Mother and child, or the fruit of their contribution? (6)
7 Matched? Gusseted, rather. (5)
8 Begins finally to have the head of England find root. (7)
13 Tearing to pieces the hard way? (7)
14 Are Price Administration and Civilian Defense, for example, part of the service? (7)
15 The indefinable strain to make a thousand take longer, in a way. (7)
18 Burns, but not first degree for some. (Possibly associated with ashes.)
20 Proving 35 is not a politician at heart. (3)
22 What's the matter with Lou and Bert? (7)
24 Shuts up the speedy type? (7)
25 What might shoot up in tricky surroundings, in fitting manner? (6)
26 The cad should be cut off! (6)
28 Pits or pipes. (5)
30 Part of the biblical generation? (5)
31 1 down might be in the wood. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 917

ACROSS: 10 Right; 11 Dogmatism; 12 Primroses; 13 Tiger; 14 Breadbaskets; 19 Standard time; 22 Awash; 24 Convolute; 25 Diametric; 26 Eager; 27 Dissimilitude. DOWN: 2 Noggin; 3 Interbred; 4 In despair; 5 Urges; 6 Least; 7 Shingles; 8 Traps; 9 Impress; 15 Botanical; 16 Somnolent; 17 Islands; 18 Maharani; 20 and 1 across Rugged individualism; 21 Peers; 23 Heels; 24 Carom.

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Carl Dreher

Castro and the U.S.

THE VIEW from PUERTO RICO

Rexford Guy Tugwell

Chaos in 34 States

BLUE-LAW BLUES

Ralph Nader

LETTERS

Plea from Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs: The following petition, signed by writers, artists and teachers of the University of Puerto Rico, is being sent to Delegates of the United Nations and to Members of Congress:

> The repeated manifestations of the Government of the United States against the Government of Cuba, the unconditional support which the former has offered the declared enemies of the latter as regards arms and supplies, the United States approval of the action of the invaders, its help in establishing on North American soil sites where invasion plans are worked out, and its disposition—recently enunciated by President Kennedy—to abandon the principle of nonintervention, all indicate that the Government of the United States is intervening and intends to intensify its intervention in the internal affairs of the neighboring island.
>
> We the undersigned—writers, artists and teachers—independent of any opinion we might hold concerning the present government in Cuba, express our concern about this state of affairs. The stand of the United States could precipitate similar interference in the affairs of Cuba by authorized or unauthorized contingents of citizens of different countries or by individual governments, thereby aggravating an explosive situation. . . .
>
> We take comfort at this moment in hoping that the Government of the United States will reconsider its stand and contribute to a solution of the present crisis through recourse to the United Nations.

It is hoped that university circles throughout the United States will follow suit in openly expressing their sentiments concerning the present crisis over Cuba.

ARTURO MELENDEZ

San Juan University of Puerto Rico

See article by Rexford Guy Tugwell on page 496 for general Puerto Rican reaction to the Cuban situation.—ED.

Attention Dr. Buchman

Dear Sirs: In this day of fast communication, where an individual is concerned with the affairs of the whole world as well as the local township, it is hard to know which side to stand on due to the lack of time to investigate. For six months I have wondered whether to support or fight Moral Re-Armament. After spending a few weeks vainly trying to find out exactly what it is, I gave up and hoped you people would print something.

Thank you for the article by Richard Harris in the May 20 issue. I am finally well informed — and I intend not to support MRA.

VIRGINIA T. GREENE

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: Re your excellent article on "Moral Re-Armament," you might like to print the following (not mine, but heard somewhere many years ago):

There was a young man from Peoria,
Whose sinning grew gorier and gorier,
But with confession and prayer
And some *savoir faire,*
He lives now in the Waldorf-Astoria.

(MRS.) GERTRUDE SAMUEL

New York City

See Page 492, This Issue

Dear Sirs: If I understand Mrs. Grooms correctly ["A Revolt Against Shelters," by Mary Grooms, May 13 issue], her notion is that the dangerous aggressiveness of the U.S. Government can be restrained by declining to ameliorate the suffering which war will bring. She thus hopes to keep the United States from precipitating a war. I am not certain if she regards the United States as the only warlike agent in the world.

This strategy — if the assumption about the United States as a war-causing agency is accepted — seems sound. I happen to question the assumption; it sounds rather like the Birch Society, which thinks the government is not full of Fascists, but of Communists. Lots of luck.

ROBERT BERKOWITZ

Boston, Mass.

Prescriptions for Cuba

Dear Sirs: My congratulations to you on the excellent editorials dealing with the Cuban situation which have appeared in recent issues of *The Nation.* Why would it not be worth while to send down to Cuba a group of outstanding Americans to report on the situation there? . . . Is it intelligent for the United States to be in the position of the ostrich with his head in the sand, while the world sees that we are acting foolishly and are not solving the problems which face us?

JEROME DAVIS
Executive Director
Promoting Enduring Peace, Inc.

West Haven, Conn.

We urged precisely such a commission in our editorial, "So the People May Know," in our issue of May 13. — ED.

Dear Sirs: Congratulations on publishing Leo Huberman's excellent "Eyewitness in Havana" [May 13] and your editorials, which follow earlier excellent reports and comments. . . . If we hope to right our relations with Cuba, we might begin by taking the suggestion of Oregon's former Representative Charles Porter that we convert our obsolete naval base at Guantanamo into a cultural and educational center and give it to Cuba.

Atherton, Calif. ALICE RICHARDS

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The Nation, June 10, 1961. Vol. 192, No. 23

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 23

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Stuntsmanship

Referring to Mr. Kennedy as the "fledgling President," *Time* (June 2) remarked that the Kennedy credo was becoming increasingly apparent: when in doubt, talk. There is considerable truth in this unkind cut; Mr. Kennedy is assuredly no Coolidge. He does, however, have a talent which the taciturn and colorless Cal lacked: an instinct for the spectacular which might have taken the President a long way in Hollywood, had not his destiny led him to Washington. Mr. Kennedy tends to combine these two qualities when he is in trouble; this was the basis of his second State of the Union address. But it turned out to be a dud. Congressmen will not, as a rule, fall tooth and nail on a President's proposals when they have a patriotic flavor, and Mr. Kennedy was dutifully applauded when he called for American leadership in the space race and for making freedom ring all over the world. Later, the Democrats praised his proposals in guarded phrases, while most of the Republicans, likewise carefully, voiced their doubts. But in one respect the partisans agreed—nobody wanted to appropriate the additional money. Some of it Mr. Kennedy will no doubt get, but it will be like squeezing blood from a stone which has already been squeezed.

Where has all the money gone that was already appropriated for the Army and Marine Corps, that they need $100 million and $60 million, respectively, to beef themselves up? Could it be that if they—and the Navy and Air Force—read the reiterated strictures of the General Accounting Office, an agency of Congress, and spent their funds wisely, they might be able to get along on Eisenhower-size budgets?

Then of course there is the gigantic boondoggle of civil defense [see page 492], which is to be rewarded for past ineffectuality with a threefold increase—from $104 million to over $312 million. But, comparatively speaking, this is all chicken feed, amounting to scarcely more than a billion. Where the real spending is to take place, in this and succeeding fiscal years, is in the race to the moon, and it was in this part of the speech that Mr. Kennedy gambled most heavily on stuntsmanship and seemed to have gained the greatest success. Yet, even here, sober second thoughts have prevailed and Mr. Kennedy may be in for a disappointment when he returns from London, Paris and Vienna.

Summer Schedule

After July 1, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 15 and 29, and August 12 and 26. The normal weekly schedule will be resumed with the Sept. 2 issue.

The cost of sending three men to the moon is estimated at $40 billion. Such estimates are always low, but $40 billion is the asking price, which in this case will be found to be lower than the selling price. On this basis, Mr. Gallup conducted a poll, asking: "Would you like to see this amount spent for this purpose, or not?" The results were a landslide—and not in the direction one would expect: only 32 per cent said yes, 9 per cent were undecided, and 58 per cent said no.

Mr. Kennedy has the most difficult job in the world. The most excruciating anguish is in the foreign field. Some of it is irremediable, some of our own making. Mr. Kennedy would be well advised to give long, silent consideration to American foreign policy and seek public support for a drastic correction of its errors and iniquities. After the initial consternation has died away, he might find himself on the road to the place in history for which he yearns. Stuntsmanship is taking him in quite another direction.

The Varieties of Blackmail

According to Richard M. Nixon and other steely patriots, Uncle Sam is yielding to blackmail in even considering Fidel Castro's offer to exchange prisoners for tractors. These critics do not show a similar sensitivity when it comes to Haiti, where the real blackmailing is taking place. Here we have the spectacle of a country of 3.5 million people living on an *average* annual income of $70, the majority of them at or below the subsistence level. Rural education is practically non-existent, illiteracy is almost universal, the press is tightly controlled, and opposition to the government leads straight to prison, or simply disappearance. But, as in all dictatorships, there is always money for the Army. Much of this money is provided by the United States. It is the United States which keeps the dictatorship in power with American money, American arms and a group of American Marines and airmen who train the Haitian Army and lend American sanction to this showcase of inter-American democracy.

The personal dictator of Haiti, Dr. François Duvalier, recently swore himself in for a new term after a farcical election in which the voters were not aware that he was a candidate (*The Nation,* May 20, p. 422). The United States was displeased. It showed its displeasure by recalling Ambassador Robert Newbegin to Washington, so that only a Second Secretary was left to do the honors for the United States at Dr. Duvalier's inauguration. This slap on the wrist was scarcely calculated to impress the dictator, since he could look out from the inauguration site on a freighter bringing him a new shipload of arms from New Orleans.

In theory, the United States could pull the rug out from under the Duvalier dictatorship at any time. Duvalier, however, regards this possibility with the utmost equanimity. He is well schooled in only two things, but these are the only ones he needs to know—American foreign policy and the mechanics of Latin American blackmail. The paramount anxiety of the Kennedy Administration, as of the Eisenhower one before it, is to extinguish Castroism, or at any rate to prevent its spread. Duvalier asks, in effect, which would you rather have, me or a Haitian Castro? As one of his henchmen put it, "It is logical that the American Administration is not looking needlessly to aggravate the situation in Latin America." In accordance with this courageous policy, Ambassador Newbegin quietly returned to his post on May 27 with instructions to be "cool but correct" toward Dr. Duvalier.

This is only the passive aspect of the Duvalier blackmail. The active aspect is the open threat of seeking aid from the Communist bloc. Max Frankel reports in *The New York Times* (May 29) that some in Port-au-Prince believe that overtures have already been made to Moscow and were rebuffed. It is not that the Russians are squeamish, but apparently they draw the line somewhere short of Duvalier. We would like to, but can't. Such is the pass to which reactionary foreign policy can bring a great democracy. Surrender to this type of blackmail, however, does not make the blood of the patriots boil. Only Castro's blackmail can do that.

The Unsung Corporation

It is the odd fate of the corporation to be condemned when it sins against the mores, but seldom praised when, occasionally, it does the right thing. Perhaps the key to the riddle is to be found in the fact that when corporations do act properly — and courageously — they are usually motivated by a mundane desire to enhance profits, a motivation not usually associated in the public mind with deeds worthy of hallelujahs. Consider, for instance, the recent disturbances in Alabama. An unsung hero in these doings was none other than The Greyhound Corporation, whose officials and employees, according to early reports, acted with quiet fortitude and with good manners throughout the disturbances.

Curious about the matter — the more so in that we have done our share of corporation-baiting — we tried, unsuccessfully, to find a willing spokesman for Greyhound in New York. But we were finally able to get through to J. F. Hawthorne, vice president, in Chicago. From him, we learned that Greyhound's president, F. W. Ackerman, had issued a directive on January 11, 1961, ordering company implementation of the Supreme Court's decision in the *Boynton* case (having to do with discrimination in terminal facilities). We have studied a copy of the order; it leaves nothing to be desired on the score of directness and clarity. Moreover, Mr. Hawthorne confirmed a suspicion we have been harboring for some time, namely, that most common carriers consider the "separate but equal" rule as distasteful and expensive. We were not surprised, therefore, when we were assured that Greyhound is looking for business, and that to its cashiers one dollar looks very much like any other.

Aside from sound business sense, there is reason to believe — here we speak on the basis of surmise — that Greyhound has a highly cultivated sense of tactics. On the day Negro and white Freedom Riders were served for the first time in an unsegregated manner in the Montgomery bus depot, Negro waitresses "just happened" to be on duty. Our esteem for that much maligned institution, the American private, strictly-for-profit corporation, has gone up several notches.

Civil Defense Note

Earlier in the year, UPI carried an item from Whiteboro, N.Y. describing the burial of John A. Byrne, twenty-seven, one of three men killed in a nuclear mishap at the Idaho Radiation Testing Center. Mr. Byrnes was interred with the permission of, and in accordance with, the specifications of the Atomic Energy Commission. The coffin was enclosed in a sealed steel box, a leadlined vault and twelve inches of concrete. The vault was to be covered by not less than three feet of earth. AEC permission must be obtained if for any reason disinterment should be necessary.

Men's vocations sometimes pursue them as far as the grave. In the last century, when accidents in steel mills were more frequent than they are in this age of automation, a ladle of molten metal was sometimes discharged on a man. After the ingot solidified, it was buried with what remained of the man inside it. But these victims were not radioactive. The radioactivity of Mr. Byrnes was not much of a problem to the AEC: any physicist could measure it and prescribe the shielding required. But in a big nuclear attack there might be millions of such problem-corpses. Since government policy does not exclude the possibility of such an assault, either by us against the Soviet Union or vice versa, Conelrad, shelters, etc. [see page 492] should be supplemented by preparations for large-scale handling of radioactive casualties by civil defense workers, so that the morticians and mourners, if any, will not be further irradiated at the obsequies.

Keeping the Pews Filled

"Membership Recession Looms in U.S. Churches," the headline proclaims, and UPI follows it up with some disconcerting revelations. "Leaders of every major denomination have been wondering and worrying out loud about the status of religion, pointing to sharply declining churches in big cities and dying congregations down on the farm. They have sounded warnings to their contented flocks in booming suburbia that religion may not be in as solid a status as many might think." A spokesman for the United Lutheran Church in America is quoted as putting the blame on the emergence of the social sciences and a "lack of mission" on the part of the churches. The latter is probably more responsible than the former. The fact is, as many thoughtful clergymen have pointed out, that church-going is one thing and religion another. There has not been a religious or spiritual revival; more people have attended church merely because it was the correct thing to do, showed one's opposition to atheistic communism, and gave one a certain social status. Having listened to the sermon and forgotten it at the church door, they spent the rest of the Sabbath playing golf or bridge, and there was little more religious emotion in the hour at church than in the secular hours that followed. So why spend even an hour, or give even a dollar?

There are those, however, who in our age take religion as seriously as their forebears did. Recent examples are the Rev. William S. Coffin, Jr., chaplain at Yale University; the Rev. Gaylord Noyce, professor of religion at Yale, and the other professors and students, white and colored, who accompanied them on the Freedom Ride to Montgomery, Ala., where they were all arrested. Returning to New Haven, Mr. Coffin addressed a congregation of some 1,400 students, faculty members and townspeople who jammed Yale's Battell Chapel. Mr. Coffin and his colleagues had indeed done something sensational; they had practiced Christianity. "Our hope," said Mr. Coffin, "was to prove that discrimination is no longer a Southern problem, but one of national concern. There are no longer outsiders in this problem. All of us are in it whether we want to be or not." Mr. Coffin's religion does not seem to have been attenuated by the emergence of the social sciences.

At the Riverside Church in New York, the senior minister, the Rev. Dr. Robert J. McCracken, cited Mr. Coffin's journey as proof that "religion at its best is never the opiate of the people. . . . It is not the first time that a preacher has gone to prison for conscience' sake. Coffin is in apostolic succession." If one wishes to be in apostolic succession, one must do as the Apostles did. They had a lot of trouble with the authorities, too.

Low in the Saddle

John G. Tower is the first Republican since Reconstruction to win a state-wide election in Texas. He is also the smallest man—five feet five inches is midget stature in Texas—to represent this largest and noisiest state. But for all this, his triumph is not quite as remarkable as it has been made out to be. It does not prove that the New Frontier has slipped or that Texas has swung to the Right. What it does prove is that a Dixiecrat, even if he is a moneybag and close ally of Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn, can no longer count on the blind loyalty of liberal Democrats in Texas. To be sure, in that state special elections are conducted on a nonpartisan basis, so that Senator Blakley's name appeared on the ballot without the Democratic label, just as Mr. Tower's name was listed without the Republican designation. It is also true that the total vote was about 40 per cent less than was cast last November. "Nevertheless," reports *The Wall Street Journal*, "no objective Texan politician would deny that liberal backing would have elected Mr. Blakley." AFL-CIO saw no reason to support Blakley who, in his brief term, had chalked up a nearly perfect Chamber of Commerce voting record. Mrs. R. D. Randolph, a leader of the liberal Democrats, sent out a letter urging voters to "go fishing," and it is apparent that many did, including large numbers of Negroes and Mexican-Americans. Even more significant, perhaps, is the fact that in the preliminary election on April 4 the liberal-labor-minorities bloc failed to thrill to the candidacy of Representative James Wright of Ft. Worth who, unlike Blakley, had a "moderate" voting record.

So what the Tower victory proves is that if the choice is between a conservative Republican, even one who sits as low in the saddle as Mr. Tower, and a conservative Democrat, enough liberal Democrats will defect to insure the victory of the Republican. On balance, this is a favorable omen. Tower will not be more reactionary than Senator Blakley, the Dixiecrat bloc has been reduced by one vote; and, before Senator Goldwater cheers too loudly, let him ponder this riddle: what was on the minds of the 60 per cent of the Texans who voted last November, but stayed away from the polls in this competition between two futilitarian conservatives?

HAZARDS OF CIVIL DEFENSE . . *by Carl Dreher*

THE OFFICE of Civil and Defense Mobilization is the subject. Senator Stephen M. Young (*Congressional Record,* March 8, 1961) is the speaker:

> Since 1951, more than a billion dollars of taxpayers' money has been wasted by the schemes of this boondoggling outfit. Sixty-two per cent of the money requested by the OCDM last year was earmarked for salaries and expenses . . . 40 per cent of the salaried officials received $10,000 a year or more. . . . American taxpayers are "getting their backs up" and we cannot blame them. . . . Let's stop this nonsense.

Senator Young may have been right in his animadversions concerning OCDM, but he is wrong about the revolt of the taxpayer. This beast of burden may pay no heed to OCDM's behest to build his own home shelter, the thought may cross his mind that OCDM's periodic drills are so much damn foolishness, but sheer force of repetition has convinced him that some sort of civil-defense system is a necessary component of our deterrent strength. Governor Rockefeller of New York was rocked back on his heels when he tried to push through legislation mandating home owners and private business to construct fallout shelters at their own expense, but the legislators and their constituents probably agree, in principle, with *Time's* contention that shelters "would blunt the effectiveness of nuclear blackmail, save millions of lives and ensure the survival of the United States itself in case of nuclear attack."

On the mechanics of salvation, *Time* is vague. This is not 1775, when a citizen-militia could spring to arms and shoot from behind stone fences. Civilians have absolutely nothing to do with deterrence. Retaliatory capacity, the fear of which constitutes deterrence, depends solely on the missilemen in their hardened bases and, as long as aircraft have a role to play, on the SAC bombers on air alert or able to take off before their bases are obliterated. On the accepted premise of a Soviet first strike, the punishment subsequently meted out to the Russians will be the same whether all American civilians are enjoying Martinis and hors d'oeuvres in their impregnable shelters, or not one remains alive.

The argument that the fate of the Republic hinges on shelters in turn hinges on two assumptions, both dubious. The first is that Khrushchev is bent on a war of mutual genocide, in which he will cheerfully sacrifice 30 or 60 million of his miserable subjects to exterminate 180 million happy Americans, or some lesser ratio, as long as he comes out ahead. Given shelters, after the first strike and the retaliatory strike and the strikes which follow, diminuendo, the survivors will emerge and rebuild the American culture. The second assumption is that the survival of individuals (which, in some degree, under some conditions, shelters may promote) insures the survival of American institutions. Anyone who believes that democracy could survive a nuclear holocaust must believe in fairies.

THE MOST cogent argument against shelters, however, is that while they might reduce casualties, the putative reduction would entail a serious increase in the risk of nuclear war. In 1959, the Special Subcommittee on Radiation of the Joint Congressional Committee on Atomic Energy calculated the possible effect on the United States of a medium-size (1,500-megaton) attack, involving 224 targets, about half of them military. The data presented indicated that roughly 50 million deaths could be expected, about 25 per cent from radiation. Most of the other deaths would be from blast, about which little or nothing can be done. Let us assume, however, that of the 12.5 million radiation deaths half, or say 7 million, could be averted by an extensive shelter program. If there were nothing else to consider, the argument in favor of shelters would be persuasive. But if the shelter program itself adds to the likelihood of war, then we are advised to risk 43 million lives (50 minus 7) in order to save 7 million. A competent bookmaker does not give odds of 6 to 1 lightly. Actually the odds might be even longer, for OCDM shelter designs do not, in my estimation, promise a reduction of anything like 50 per cent in fallout fatalities.

WHAT IT amounts to is that nuclear war must have a high occurrence-probability, without shelters, before we should consider building shelters and adding to what would be a lower probability without them. If it can be shown that the building of shelters does substantially increase the risk of nuclear conflict, then the gamble is a rash one.

Suppose, contrary to the willful-genocide theory, that the Russians fear our first strike as much as we fear theirs. In that case, a massive shelter program initiated by either side would be a disequilibrating element in the balance of terror. With only ineffectual shelter measures, the civilian population of each bloc are in effect nuclear hostages of the other. Putting them under protective cover deprives the other side of its hostages in proportion as the cover is—or is thought to be—effective. So viewed, a national shelter program is by no means the innocent, passive, non-military defense measure it is usually pictured as being. It may be regarded as a preparation for attack, and when two blocs detest and distrust each other as deeply as do East and West at the present juncture, it will inevitably be so construed.

Of course this holds for both sides. If the Soviets had gone in for an extensive shelter-building program, the compulsive reciprocity of the arms race would dictate that we do likewise. In fact, however, the Soviets have lagged in shelter construction, even of the public type; in the way of family-type shelters,

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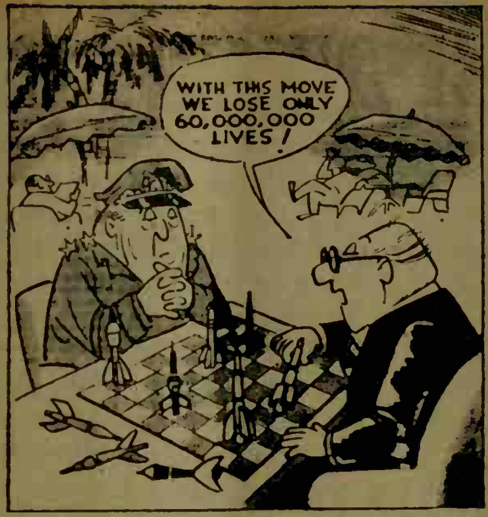
CARL DREHER, an engineer turned writer, has long been observing, for The Nation, *the social and political implications of the technological-arms race.*

which are the current stock-in-trade of OCDM, they are doing substantially nothing. By all the evidence available to the American public—and shelter policy is certainly a public matter—the state of Soviet civil defense has not undergone significant change since the Military Operations Subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations issued its report on *Civil Defense in Western Europe and the Soviet Union* in April, 1959. The conclusion to be drawn is that while civil defense and indoctrination are certainly more systematic and extensive in the Soviet Union, neither that country nor the United States has embarked on a shelter-construction program that could be regarded as strategically significant.

Where we rely on OCDM pamphlets, newspapers and magazine articles, the Soviet people are subjected to courses given by the All-Union Volunteer Society for Assistance to the Army, Air Force and Navy (DOSAAF), which also provides mass training in such skills as electronics, gliding, parachute jumping, ship modeling, truck and motor cycle driving, marksmanship, etc.

Barring a deep-seated plot which has been overlooked by our intelligence and publicity agencies, we have little to fear from the Soviet civil defense preparations. The illustrations reproduced from Soviet publications recall nothing so much as those in Agricola's celebrated treatise on mining, *De re metallica* (1556). Shelters are being incorporated in basements of new apartment houses; since shielding depends on mass, these will provide even better fallout protection when the building collapses on them. Smaller shelters are designed as covered trenches or dugouts seating thirty to sixty persons; still smaller types are designed for one- or two-family occupancy in the suburbs.

The general impression given by the shelter phase of Soviet civil defense is the same as that given by the American—one of foggy improvisation, hopeful extrapolation and a pervasive air of unreality. If anything, the Soviet effort is even more absurd in that the trench-type shelters are to be constructed with hand tools only after an "Alert" is sounded. And DOSAAF complains, as does OCDM, of a certain amount of public apathy ("insignificant, it is true").


WITH THIS MOVE WE LOSE ONLY 60,000,000 LIVES!

The Dispatcher

THE MOST enthusiastic proponents of a big shelter program (or permanent migration underground) are people like Herman Kahn and Edward Teller who, before the event, face the prospect of nuclear war with Spartan-American fortitude. The members of this cabal, with their associates in the Pentagon, envision shelters as an umbrella for a "preemptive" strike. Nor is this line of thought confined to the military-industrial-scientific complex. Congressman Chet Holifield wrote in a paper on "Civil Defense" (*Fallout*, edited by John M. Fowler, Basic Books, 1960, page 130): "We must consider the possibility of extremely provocative action against us or our allies—but not direct attack on the United States—by the Soviet Union. What action would we be prepared to take in that event? If our civil defenses were no stronger than they are today, a decision to launch a massive retaliatory assault against the Soviet Union might result in the loss of 50 million or 100 million American lives in the counterattack, even if our strike forces substantially reduced the Soviet retaliatory capability." Accordingly, Congressman Holifield favors a national shelter-construction effort as a necessary ancillary to nuclear retaliation against "extremely provocative action" by the Soviet Union. What constitutes extreme provocation, of course, we will decide.

The mass of our citizens, who cannot conceive of the United States' committing aggression, should take a hard look at this aspect of the shelter program. Air Force policy in regard to civil defense will also bear closer examination. Such an investigation was begun in the report on *Civil Defense Shelter Policy and Postattack Recovery Planning* of the House Committee on Government Operations (July, 1960), which dealt, among other things, with relations between General Curtis LeMay, commander of SAC, and Leo A. Hoegh, then director of OCDM. Both Governor Hoegh and General LeMay assured the committee that cooperation was "excellent," i.e., the Air Force did whatever it pleased. "There is no indication whatever," the majority on the committee concluded, "that civil defense considerations have ever influenced the location or relocation of any missile site to minimize the fallout danger. . . . Persons in communities exposed to the fallout danger are understandably bewildered when they find that the civilian commander of civil defense in the United States really has nothing to say about a civil defense hazard which threatens their very survival."

IT MAY BE that the siting of missile bases is determined solely by economic factors coming under the heading of "utilization of existing military facilities" (and avoiding trouble with Congressmen), by supply and maintenance problems, and by the understandable preference of Air Force personnel for stations within convenient motoring distance of cities and recreational facilities. And it is true that the Air Force is consistent: if it has no mercy on the inhabitants of neighboring communities exposed to blast and radiation, neither does it provide protection for its non-operational personnel or civilian dependents at missile bases. "I don't think," said General LeMay about shelters in general, "I would put that much money into holes in the ground to crawl into, that I would rather spend more of it in offensive weapons in the first place."

But is it not strange that, under the doctrine of Soviet first strike, the

Air Force should doom its own personnel (other than the triggermen on the missiles) and the civilian population which it ostensibly exists to protect? If, however, the Soviet first-strike doctrine is only a cover story, and the Air Force is pretty well convinced that its mission will be to "retaliate," not against a Soviet first strike but against "provocation," everything falls into place. If the Air Force can get in the first punch and is hopeful that it will be strategically successful, stateside missile bases will no longer be prime targets. It will no longer matter much where missile installations are located in reference to cities, whether close in or farther out, upwind or downwind. The U.S. population, with the possible exception of a few million victims of enfeebled Soviet retaliation, will be saved and the Air Force, its savior, having disposed of most of the Soviet missile bases, can deploy its remaining strength against Soviet cities, if necessary. On this hypothesis, Air Force siting and shelter policy, while perhaps too optimistic, may be neither as inhuman (as far as Americans are concerned) nor as illogical as it appears on the basis of a pledge never to strike the first blow.

THE CHIEF, though concealed, function of OCDM is to front as the public-persuasion agency for the preemptive war interests. The fact that this is neither the avowed aim of the organization nor the conscious intention of most of the staff is of little interest. Publicity people, even more than others, are to be judged by quite other criteria than their own opinion of themselves, their social role and the results of their labors.

OCDM's primary open activity is to arouse religious, educational, labor, veterans', farm, fraternal, governmental, civic and business organizations to the existence of a peril and to devise means of meeting it. The peril, though it is of our creation as much as the enemy's, certainly exists. But, once the enemy's missiles are launched, there is no way of coping with it. Unless we posit a successful first strike on our part, the shelter solution is pure quackery. As far as weight-lifting capability is concerned, the Soviets can already put 35-megaton bombs into intercontinental trajectories. Even the 100-pound-per-square-inch missile sites now under construction here will be vulnerable by the time they are finished, if they are not already. There is no foreseeable limit to the size of the bombs and the means of delivery. By all indications the offense is permanently ahead of the defense. The technicians who are plugging the anti-missile missile are visionaries who, in private enterprise, could not raise a plugged nickel for their schemes. The fallout shelters OCDM is promoting may reduce the number of casualties today (though at a considerable discount from the OCDM estimates); tomorrow they will be as obsolete as a 1905 Ford.

OCDM ALSO has a mass-shelter policy. *Civil Defense Shelter Policy and Postattack Recovery Planning* says:

> . . . The OCDM shelter-survey program resembles the mass evacuation policy emphasized by the OCDM predecessor agency, the Federal Civil Defense Administration. . . . The evacuation policy led to a simple designation of exit routes and evacuation-reception areas. No plans were made for provisioning these areas with the basic supplies and equipment which would be required to sustain an evacuated population at even the barest level of subsistence. The shelter survey is aimed at identifying shelter spaces in existing structures. Little or nothing is being done to improve the shielding factor of the structure or to make those spaces habitable and to provide essential supplies for emergency use.

These token shelter areas are mostly in the downtown sections of cities. In effect, the business population are told that in the event of an attack during business hours they should stay where they are for two or three weeks, without power, communications, food or water, in the hope there will be enough shielding to enable them, and whoever else crowds in, to survive. The wife and kiddies must shift for themselves.

For one group of citizens, however, quite adequate survival quarters are being provided, at public expense. The favored group is the higher-echelon personnel of OCDM itself, together with their retinues. *The New York Times* (May 14, 1961) reports that construction has begun on a "vast underground fortress" at Denton, Texas, the seat of OCDM Region 5, to accommodate 500 persons on an emergency basis for thirty days. Similar underground facilities, at about $2,500,000 apiece, are projected for the other seven regional headquarters of the agency. Each fortress, OCDM points out, could be used as an alternate national capital in the event of unavailability of the President's shelter, the location of which is classified and known only to about half the population of Washington, D.C.

The regional H.Q. at Denton will be topped by a "modernistic" building with offices, a public reception center and a snack bar. The operation of the fortress beneath will in no wise be hampered should the modernistic building be destroyed. The fortress will be able to withstand the blast of a 20-megaton bomb at a distance of three miles. Hydraulically operated doors of 16-inch-thick concrete will seal off the underground center. With its own power plant, water well and other utilities, the two-story, 142 by 172 foot structure will be a "self-sustaining, buried city," a forerunner of the coming underground culture. Fresh filtered air will be continuously supplied. Fallout detection instruments on the outside will telemeter gamma radiation to the inside so that the denizens will know when they can safely emerge, look at the sun and see how the ordinary citizens fared. Business will be carried on at the upper level, which will include a key communications center of the civil defense agency's nation-wide telephone, telegraph, teletype, facsimile and radio networks. The lower level will accommodate the kitchen, refrigerator and freezer rooms, storage rooms, dining area, men's bunking area, women's bunking area, sick bay, power plant and maintenance rooms.

Obviously OCDM practices what it preaches — that nuclear war need not be so bad after all, provided one is well prepared.

If one believes in democracy, one must also believe that the public is often right without knowing why. The man in the street remains largely indifferent to the shelter program and civil defense in general. Fifteen million copies of the OCDM bible, *The Family Fallout Shelter*, have been distributed, but the number of private shelters actually built is insignificant in proportion to the number of private residences. This is one case where easy credit has failed to move the goods. FHA will insure Title 1 loans up to $3,500 for improvement of property, which includes fallout shelters. Yet, despite OCDM's preachment that a shelter may save your life, that of your family, and that of the nation, few home-owners have applied for loans for this purpose. Only in a few spots —Southern California, for example— is there a fair amount of activity, and even there swimming pools vastly outnumber shelters.

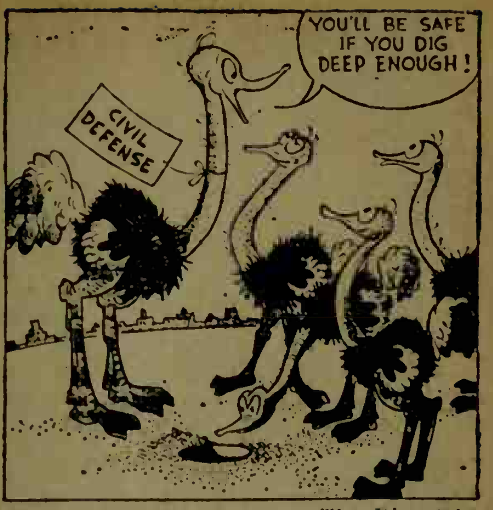
OF COURSE, even in the affluent society, many householders are already mortgaged to the ears. Others are reluctant to spend for anything except gracious living. But none of this can account for such wholesale abstention. It must be that many who could afford $500 to $1,000 for a shelter or, at smaller expense, build one for themselves, realize that more often than not the shelter will be useless. Where the intensity of radiation is high, the protection factor of the ordinary shelter will not reduce the absorption of the occupants to a non-lethal level. There are all sorts of other risks. Shelters may crumble under blast even at great distances from ground zero. Buildings may collapse on them and burn. A fire storm may leave no air. The ventilating system, if it is operated during the period of active fallout, may suck radioactive dust into the shelter. There are innumerable ways of dying in a nuclear war and probably more people would perish in shelters, or die soon after emerging, than would come out with health unimpaired.

But all these drawbacks cannot entirely explain public apathy, since most people receive a more optimistic forecast and may half-believe it. There must be a large proportion of passive conscientious objectors—persons who have aesthetic-ethical reasons for not buying. They realize that any survivor of an all-out nuclear war will thereafter live the life of Hobbes's primitive man—solitary, poor, nasty, brutish and short. There must also be those who reflect that if men prove capable of doing this to one another, whether we do it to the Reds or the Reds to us, they will have lived long enough in that company.

FOR THOSE who prefer a more activist role and who can risk a fine or jail sentence, there is an opportunity once a year to join a demonstration against the travesty of civil defense drills. Actually this is a counter-demonstration against the local civil defense politicos who put up a sign designating a building as a shelter, even if it would be knocked over by a bomb exploded ten miles away or has a lobby entirely enclosed by glass. But it is not for the ordinary citizen to argue with the man in the tin hat. Token compliance, such as standing in a doorway, may be enough, but some gesture of submission must be made.

The chief counter-demonstration is held every year in City Hall Park in the City of New York. It drives the Mayor to Times Square, where he poses for the photographers with a walkie-talkie and admires the empty square. But City Hall Park is jammed and the riot act is read by a civil defense police official without result. *Ipso facto*, the regular police, temporarily relieved of the obligation to protect the public against criminals, are pitted against college students, non-conformists, intellectuals, idealists, beatniks and other impotent enemies. To the credit of the police, they go about their duties mechanically, loading the prescribed number of demonstrators — about one in thirty—into the paddy wagons and behaving, on the whole, with unwonted forbearance.

Later, for the defiant ones the day of reckoning is at hand, and for the local Office of Civil Defense the day of vindication and pride in duty well done. The punishment varies, depending on the officiating magistrate, his civic and religious views, and his degree of indignation at discovering a political offender among the usual grist of prostitutes and pickpockets. Some of the magistrates regard a first offense as scarcely more serious than a parking violation, but are wary of appearing to be soft on dissenters. Others can hardly contain themselves. One, who had already been censured by the Appellate Division of the State Supreme Court in another connection, sentenced two college students, a boy and a girl, to sixty and thirty days, respectively, when they refused to avow a belief in divine providence or to swear that they would not participate in next year's protest (subsequently, the girl was permitted to change her plea to "not guilty," and her case is now on appeal).


YOU'LL BE SAFE IF YOU DIG DEEP ENOUGH!
CIVIL DEFENSE

The Dispatcher

Still the ranks of the defiant ones increase. Last year fewer than 500 persons stood their ground in City Hall Park. This year the tabloids estimated the crowd at 500, *The New York Times* at 700-800, more sympathetic journalists at 2,000. The actual number was probably between 1,200 and 1,500. At this rate, in a few years City Hall Park will not hold them all and the demonstrators will overflow into the surrounding skyscrapers and be indistinguishable from law-abiding citizens.

The demonstrators this year covered a wide spectrum of political attitudes. What they seemed to have in common was a conviction that they couldn't lose. If the holocaust is averted they will have had a part, however small, in averting it. If the holocaust comes, they will have played the part of human beings, and they will be no more dead than the magistrates.

THE VIEW from PUERTO RICO . . *by Rexford Guy Tugwell*

San Juan, Puerto Rico

PUERTO RICO is an interesting place from which to look around these days. The islanders have watched the blundering in Cuba with a kind of sorrow mixed with shame. Their affiliation with the United States makes it difficult for them to explain the obtuseness evident all the way through the incident. If they had been consulted, they would have told the President's advisers how deep the Cuban revolution ran and how fatal it was to entrust the anti-Castro operations to those whose main hope was the re-establishment of the *status quo ante*. And they are now entitled to ask whether their own social revolution, carried out back in the forties, is safe from the dominant forces around Kennedy.

Nevertheless Governor Luis Muñoz-Marín, the other day, made a speech to a group of conventioning North Americans, in which he bravely made the only distinction he could make. The United States, he said, had never moved to interrupt the progress of changes in Puerto Rico, which ran against the deepest convictions of such powerful conservatives as Robert A. Taft. And Castro could have had the same sort of tolerance if he had appealed to the generous and tolerant impulse he could so easily have reached, instead of offending even the most liberal opinion. To the rest of Latin America, he said that this was their best hope for bloodless reconstruction. It need not be suggested that the Puerto Rican pattern must be followed; only that, whatever the pattern, the United States be asked to extend the same friendly help.

What he did not say, but clearly implied, was that this was actually the only hope for the southern republics as the problems of the next few years close in on them. If they try to be effectively neutralist, they will lack the capital and expertise necessary to raise the levels of living. If they turn to the Communists, they will find themselves caught, as Cuba is, in the Communist net without actually being taken into the fold. The realists in the Kremlin will not risk much, beyond what will annoy the United States, so far beyond their borders. And, of course, Puerto Rico is a solid achievement, impossible for the detractors to explain away. And it could not have been done without massive assistance steadily maintained over many years.

Puerto Rican leaders are beginning to speak not only with the authority of success, but in the consciousness of acceptance. A few have been taken into the State Department; and one has even been made an Ambassador — Teodoro Moscoso in Venezuela. If their advice as well as their services were utilized, such fiascos as Cuba would certainly never happen. Even now it is not generally realized that Puerto Ricans have been citizens since 1917. When the Cuban invasion occurred, a disconcerting sequence followed here. Suddenly the planes were almost empty and the hotels on the island deserted. Obviously the prosperous Americans, who have been coming to this perfect winter climate in increasing numbers, thought that the disturbance threatened Puerto Rico. So to the obtuseness of policy makers, Puerto Ricans have to add the unwelcome conviction that North Americans generally are not very clear where the island is.

Luis Muñoz-Marín

Still, there is a sense here of accomplishment that is something to be proud of, even if the accomplishments are not as well known as might be. And this emboldens some leaders to proffer advice—unasked, it is true, but obviously needed. Dr. Jaime Benítez, Chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico, has recently made several speeches to California and other audiences that cannot be read without wonder why such good sense and genuine affection for the nation has not long ago been substituted for the sort of misunderstanding which must have prevailed in the White House since the beginning of the new regime. Let me quote briefly from the last of Dr. Benítez's speeches:

> For all the flourishes and fanfare that have marked recent relations between the United States, Cuba and Latin America, the sad fact is that, aside from presenting an opportunity for showing in their worst light all the most glaring prejudices and inadequacies of hemispheric relations, nothing has been changed, nothing solved, nothing done. The whole Cuban situation has been a tragi-comic alarum and excursion, providing distraction from the real issues. . . . The real question has been, long before Castro took power, and will be, long after he is gone, how shall the relations between the United States and Latin America be governed *so that the whole hemisphere benefits*. . . .

It is to be hoped that the Chancellor — and others — will go on talking. They have something to say, coming out of experience, and, of course, an understanding that none of us other-descended Americans seem to be able to acquire.

In this same speech, the Chancellor summed up as follows:

> *1.* The events of the week of April 17 were the reflection of an unhappy obsession with Castro, and, regrettably *Fidelismo* continues to provide too great a distraction from more important concerns.
>
> *2.* The major concern of United States policy, as reflected in this obsession, is negative rather than positive.

REXFORD GUY TUGWELL is a former Governor of Puerto Rico and a former Chancellor of the University of Puerto Rico, where he is now resident. His latest book, The Light of Other Days, *will shortly be published by Doubleday.*

3. The accent on defending the hemisphere against communism puts the emphasis in the wrong place, for not only does the danger come from quite another direction, but also the defensiveness in itself is a weak attitude.

4. The Cuban situation is complicated by its dual nature as a genuine revolutionary movement, now firmly entrenched, and as a dangerous form of mobocracy, in which the lower elements have gained the upper hand.

5. The difficulty in the position of a democratic nation like the United States, or in the positions of the other nations of the hemisphere that are being asked to pass judgment on the Cuban regime, lies in distinguishing between these two aspects of the situation, one of which requires open advocacy and the other adamant condemnation.

The source of this good sense seems to have been discovered by the State Department. Now, if the department can recover the direction of foreign policy from the CIA, wiser counsels may prevail. The coming revolutions in nation after nation throughout the world may be of a kind that civilized democrats can live with, and even, perhaps, be proud to have assisted.

Congress and Conflicts of Interest . . *by Bernard Schwartz*

EVERY SO often, anthropologists tell us, the Indians of the Pacific Northwest engage in the so-called "potlatch" — a ceremonial festival during which the great chiefs of the tribe give away their personal wealth.

Every four years or so, a not dissimilar ceremony takes place in Washington, D.C., during hearings on the confirmation of Cabinet appointees. One by one, the appointees dutifully divest themselves of their muniments of corporate wealth in order to receive the Senatorial imprimatur necessary for their high offices.

In recent years, the American people have been subjected to a vigorous campaign to persuade them that this forced divestiture of stock is as socially wasteful as the potlatch ceremony. According to a Senate report published earlier this year, the requirement is a "Draconian penalty upon nominees" which serves as a deterrent to government service. More, it is increasingly urged that the conflict-of-interest laws themselves are, in many respects, outmoded. These laws, asserts the same Senate report, "as now written, place needless obstacles in the path of citizens asked to accept government jobs." The same view was stated in President Kennedy's special message to Congress on April 27.

BERNARD SCHWARTZ made headlines in 1958 when he was dismissed as counsel for the Congressional Subcommittee on Legislative Oversight after he had accused the subcommittee of "whitewashing" in conflict-of-interest cases. Now teaching law at New York University, he is the author of The Professor and the Commissions (*Knopf*).

Interestingly enough, the move to relax conflict-of-interest prohibitions has grown directly out of the widespread dissatisfaction currently felt with ethical standards among government officials. In the President's words, "In the past two decades, incidents have occurred to remind us that the laws and regulations governing ethics in government are not adequate."

The instances of official impropriety that have come to light have led to a number of studies of the conflict-of-interest problem, both within and outside the government. Senate and House committees, a panel appointed by President Kennedy soon after his inauguration, a committee set up by the Association of the Bar of the City of New York — all have reviewed and issued reports on the problem. The reports agree that there is a need for revising the pertinent statutes; but, while they recommend tightening up the laws in some respects, they would loosen them in others.

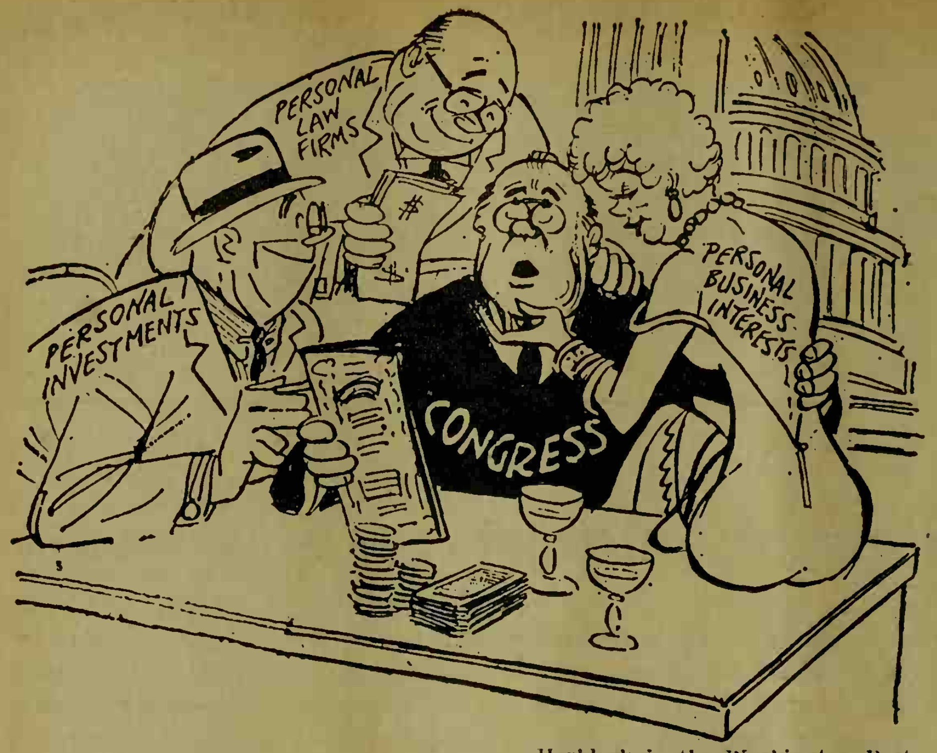
THE conflict-of-interest laws consist essentially of seven statutes enacted during the last century: one bars a federal official from acting for the government in business transactions in which he has any personal economic interest; five prohibit federal employees from working for outsiders in their relations with the government (two of these apply for two years *after* the employees leave federal service); the last forbids private compensation for government work. All but one of the prohibitions is enforceable by criminal penalties.

The oldest of the statutes dates from the post-Civil War period. This, we are told, makes all of them archaic. They are, declared Senator Jackson in a recent article, "more concerned with the problems of the Civil War period than of today's cold war." In actuality, of course, the statutes are aimed at a problem far older. No man, reads the Biblical injunction, can serve two masters. From the beginning of representative government, the community has been faced with the danger that a governing official would use his position to serve, not society, but his own personal interest.

This danger has always been particularly acute under republican systems. From the Roman Republic in ancient times, to the Fourth French Republic of our own day, corrupt influence has been the perennial spring of democratic decline.

In enacting the conflict-of-interest laws, the Congress sought to mitigate this danger. "The evident purpose of Congress in all this class of enactments," the Supreme Court has stated, "has been to promote . . . integrity in the discharge of official duties." The public officer, like a trustee, must be held to something stricter than the morals of the market place.

There are those who assert that any statutory attempt to deal with



Herblock in the Washington Post

"About conflicts of interest—uh—where was I?"

the conflict-of-interest problem is bound to be ineffective. Thus, we are subjected on all sides to restatement of the hackneyed proposition that it is futile to legislate honesty and ethical conduct.

To be sure, we must recognize practical limitations on the effectiveness of laws operating in the moral sphere. At the same time, as Justice Frankfurter has said, "To approve legally what we disapprove morally, on the ground of practical convenience, is to yield to a short-sighted view of practicality." Civilized society has always legislated morality, and every criminal code, from that of Hammurabi to our own day, is articulate evidence of that fact.

THE GREAT need in government at the present time is for Congress to enact a general code of ethics separating permissible from improper conduct on the part of federal officials. Even if the current conflict-of-interest problem is as much moral as it is legal, it remains the responsibility of our legislators to prohibit legally that which is deemed socially undesirable. The law, by its very existence, sets a moral standard for the community and thereby, to some degree, influences its conduct.

In considering any code of ethics to replace the present conflict-of-interest laws, two principal points must be borne in mind: the first is its substantive content; the second, its applicability.

As far as content is concerned, the code should seek to accomplish two main ends: (1) bar an official from participating in governmental action in which he has a personal interest; (2) prohibit officials from receiving personal profits because of their governmental positions.

It is the first of these goals that has led to the requirement of stock divestment for Cabinet candidates. But the requirement has been applied haphazardly, primarily by the Senate Armed Services Committee. There is need for a broadside prohibition against any action by an official which may affect his private interest. The present conflict-of-interest provision is not wide enough in this respect, since it forbids only transactions with any "business entity" in whose profits the official is personally interested. The prohibition should extend to transactions with *any kind* of entity in which the official has an economic interest. The bar should reach cases where the interest is formally owned by a close relative, or where the official has an understanding as to future employment with some person or firm.

The government official who makes arrangements for such future employment often presents an acute problem. A flagrant instance involved former FCC Chairman McConnaughey. While he was chairman, he negotiated an agreement to go into law practice with an attorney who represented an applicant for a contested TV channel in Pittsburgh. The attorney promised to "cooperate" in helping McConnaughey to earn $160,000 in legal fees. The agreement was made while the case was pending before the commission. We do not know if McConnaughey gave anything in return for the promise held out to him. But we do know that the FCC formally approved the TV award to the attorney's client less than a month after McConnaughey left the agency.

To one familiar with the facts of Washington life it is amazing that there is no legal prohibition against the receipt by officials of things of value given them because of their government positions. "One of the most important jobs of some Washington lawyers," asserts former federal Judge Justin Miller, "seems to be the buttering-up of agency members and their staffs." Yet, despite the public furor aroused by the favors received by Sherman Adams, FCC Commissioner Richard Mack, and their counterparts in other administrations, there has never been any general statutory bar against such actions.

Government employees should be prohibited from receiving gifts, favors, or any things of value from anyone who does business with, or is regulated by, their agencies. In his April 27 message on conflicts of interest, the President said he planned to issue an Executive order barring this kind of gift-giving. One wonders, however, whether the proper place for such a prohibition is not a statutory code, where it can be backed by appropriate criminal sanctions. Covenants without the sword, says Hobbes, are but empty words.

THERE IS no real dispute about the substantive content of proposed legislation to deal with the conflict-of-interest problem. All of the recent studies that have been made agree generally on the need to outlaw the use of public office for private gain.

The area of disagreement concerns the *applicability* of legislation in this field.

The present laws apply without exception to all officials in the Executive branch. Many of the recent proposals, on the other hand, urge that the prohibitions be relaxed for certain types of officials. Thus, President Kennedy, in his recommended legislation, would remove the statutory bars on most individuals whose services are used on a part-time, or advisory, basis by the government. These individuals, the President proposes, would be exempt from the prohibition against carrying on private business in which the government has an interest.

One may doubt whether this exemption is justified. Earlier this year, the Supreme Court was asked to rule that the government had improperly canceled the Dixon-Yates contract on the ground that it was unjust to apply the conflict-of-interest prohibition to a part-time consultant. An application of the bar to such an individual, it was urged, "will make it impossible in the future for the government to obtain the services of private consultants on a part-time basis" — which is exactly the argument, it should be noted, used in the recent studies already referred to.

The argument was categorically rejected by the Court. As the Chief Justice well put it, "A key representative of the government who has taken an oath of office, who has no tenure, and who receives no salary, is just as likely to subordinate the government's interest to his own as is a regular, full-time, compensated civil servant."

Even more important, so far as the question of applicability of conflict-of-interest prohibitions is concerned, is the limitation of present and proposed laws to officials in the Executive branch. Senators and Congressmen themselves are thus exempt from the statutory bars which bind all other federal officials. Members of Congress vote on gas bills while holding stock that rises sharply if the bills are passed. They own oil wells and vote on tax depletions for oil. They serve on committees that have jurisdiction over airlines and railroads, while they themselves own airline stock or receive legal fees from railroads.

FROM AN ethical point of view, the Congressional immunity in this respect is bound to give rise to uneasiness. "I fear," asserted the late Senator Neuberger a few years ago, "that it has a corroding effect on government generally when a member of the President's Cabinet can be ordered to jettison his corporate portfolio by Senators who themselves may be dabbling in oil, cotton futures, television, hotel chains or uranium."

"No man," says Herbert Spencer, "can be . . . moral till all are moral." This is particularly true of the relationship between Congress and the Executive branch. We can scarcely expect proper ethical standards to prevail in the rest of Washington when standards are flouted at the Legislative end of Pennsylvania Avenue. A house that is morally divided against itself also cannot stand.

It should be noted that none of the proposals so far offered for changes in the conflict-of-interest laws would extend their prohibitions to members of Congress. President Kennedy stated in his April 27 message: "The adequacy and effectiveness of laws regulating the conduct of members of Congress . . . should be left to strictly Congressional determination." But as past experience shows, this is virtually the same as recommending that Congressional immunity should continue.

It is this Congressional immunity that really is the crux of the conflict-of-interest problem. Unless the prohibitions against conflicts are applicable *throughout the government*, they can hardly be fully effective. In this respect, our system has its counterpart in Gresham's Law: bad morals, like bad money, tend to drive out good.

BLUE-LAW BLUES . . *by Ralph Nader*

LAST week the U.S. Supreme Court, by varying majorities in a series of decisions, upheld the constitutionality of Sunday blue laws. The effect will be to plunge an already confused situation into hopeless chaos, and to make state legislatures the battleground for opposing lobbies, each seeking to profit from the Court's decisions.

The blue laws, hardy vestiges of pre-revolutionary clericalism, have been a bone of contention for years. Driving for repeal, or exemption, have been the discount houses, shopping-center merchants and minority religious groups (Jews, Seventh-Day Adventists). Pushing for stricter laws and more enforcement have been the large downtown merchants, Protestant and Catholic organizations, and certain union locals.

Such an alignment of commercial and religious groups reflects the manner in which the blue law, originally conceived to coerce church attendance and prevent profanation of the sacred day, has been seized upon to achieve a motley variety of secular ends. Over the years it has been so raked by special interest groups, and so whimsically enforced, that its vagaries from state to state and from township to township baffle more than laymen. Even the Harvard International Law Club was tripped up recently and had regretfully to cancel its annual Christmas dance owing to a conflict with the Lord's Day Act of Massachusetts.

The thirty-four states that have blue laws show the result of this patchwork process. A majority of the states forbid activity in four

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RALPH NADER, a member of the Connecticut bar, is an occasional Nation *contributor.*

areas—"servile" labor, selling, sports and amusements—but exclude works of "necessity and charity" such as utilities, communication and transportation facilities, gasoline stations, restaurants and, in a few states, factories operating around the clock.

Beyond these rough categories, however, lie the innumerable amendments (Massachusetts harbors seventy since 1858) that have made these laws tolerable for groups that otherwise would have challenged the whole structure. The niches of special consideration give each state its particular anomalies. Digging for clams is permitted in Massachusetts, but not dredging for oysters; selling antiques in Connecticut, but not reproductions; taking in a movie or a Phillies game in Pennsylvania, but not golf tournaments, basketball or the legitimate theatre. In states where taverns and amusement parks thrive on Sunday, people have been prosecuted successfully for selling groceries, furniture, cars and flowers; for conducting concerts, parades or meetings; for dancing, indulging in sports, washing one's car and clothes, or painting one's house. And on the same day that the Supreme Court validated the Constitutionality of blue laws, a New York State court declared that coin-operated laundries could remain open on Sundays.

TO THESE unreasonable discriminations in the written law is added sporadic and discriminatory enforcement. Events in Lehigh County, Pennsylvania, are acutely illustrative. Arrests and prosecutions of employees of the newly opened branch of the Two Guys discount chain began in December, 1957. Yet throughout the county, a wide variety of stores and industries were in operation as usual. In a suit by Two Guys to enjoin enforcement, the district attorney admitted the intentional absence of Sunday law enforcement in Lehigh County for many years. Evidence also indicated that business competitors played a major role in inducing the special crackdown against Two Guys.

Along with challenging the Constitutionality of the law, Two Guys urged that enforcement against their own store was so discriminatory as to be a denial of due process itself. They lost in the trial court and have now, along with cases from Maryland and Massachusetts, lost in the Supreme Court. (Meanwhile a new district attorney, who took office late in 1959, has chosen not to enforce the law.)

Sunday laws have consistently been used as an instrument of personal and economic vengeance, religious persecution and political largesse. They have been invoked to close the neighborhood grocery on urgings by the chains, and to force the sectarian majority's will on Jews and Seventh-Day Adventists. For years, Philadelphians observed periodic pre-election arrests along pushcart row at Fourth and South Streets at the order of the City Hall machine — and the immediate dismissal of the charges as a favor from the same machine. What is new is that today a growing segment of business is committed to Sunday selling. In going after these large retailers, blue-law backers are stalking big game.

THE STRUGGLES between retail blocs aside, the chief upholders of the blue laws are religious groups — essentially the professional Protestant Sabbatarians like the Lord's Day Alliance, and the Catholic Church. The Lord's Day Alliance considers as encroachments on the "proper observance of Sunday" not only commerce and industry, but any secular activity, whether recreational, educational, civic, fraternal or charitable, that is scheduled during church or youth meeting hours.

The Alliance rejects the claim that Sunday laws require minority religious sects to cease work for two days as the price of adherence to their faith. "It would be impossible," says an Alliance pamphlet, "to have a law any different from the one under which we function. In our American way of life, the majority rules." As for the alternative, i.e., a law requiring one day of rest in seven, but not specifying the day, "[This] would completely destroy the Lord's Day as the day of worship for the majority of people in our country. It would violate the command of God."

Leading Catholic clerics depict the struggle as one "between faith and unbelief" (quoting Pope Pius XII), while urging their laity to cease patronage of closing-law violators. Only in the postwar period has the Church become so militant on this issue.

The heightened conflict is leading some Protestants to reassess the meaning of Sunday in Christianity. A Presbyterian group, reacting to a wave of blue-law arrests in Pennsylvania in 1959, had this to say: "We seek the counsel of all who are concerned that the laws of the state protect not only the rights of Christians, but of other groups equally. When Christians sense the significance of a day of renewal of faith, dedicated to God, it will be observed in faith, not depending on legislation." Such thinking is admittedly representative of only a minority. The stands by most Protestant and Catholic bodies, however well-intentioned, indicate a deeply rooted antagonism toward the Constitutional framework for church and state within which our nation has developed.

THE POSITION of many who are aggrieved by the Sunday blue laws is just as disturbing. Major Jewish groups would be quite happy if the laws were merely amended to give them an exemption; the aggrieved merchant groups would be similarly satisfied. While such self-serving advocacy may be tactically sound, it constitutes a disservice to the principle at stake — which is whether there should be any blue laws at all, for Sunday, Saturday or any other day. (Only the Seventh-Day Adventists challenge the basis of the laws; they point out that exemption for Saturday observers by no means removes the serious Constitutional and administrative problems involved.)

The fundamental objection to Sunday legislation is that it offends both religion and liberty. Inspired, as I have indicated, by the established churches during colonial times to stop secular diversions, the blue laws suffered remarkably few impairments even after the Constitution had es-

(*Continued on page 508*)

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Cult of Inscrutability

A CURSE OF BLOSSOM: A Year in Japan. By Quentin Crewe. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 176 pp. $4.50.
JAPAN. By Sir Esler Dening. Frederick A. Praeger. 257 pp. $5.85.
THE FLOWERY SWORD: Travels in Japan. By Ethel Mannin. Hutchinson. 288 pp. $5.50.
JAPANESE INN. By Oliver Statler. Random House. 366 pp. $6.50.

Donald Richie

JAPAN, say some Japanese, is like France: It is a very cultured country with long traditions and sensibilities which are somehow more acute than those of other peoples. There is also another similarity, not often mentioned. Like France, Japan has somehow made the world swallow whole a completely misleading, if flattering, picture of itself. There is a difference, however. Anyone who has spent any time at all in France will have his own opinion of French sensibility, or French logic and reason, even of the invariable excellence of French cooking. In Japan, however, the same traveler will blindly subscribe to a mystique which insists that the Japanese are wholesale aesthetic, not a particle materialistic, much given to complete oneness with nature, and by birth a superlatively contemplative people.

A resultant assumption is that, given these virtues, the Japanese are inscrutable, and that somehow we will never understand them. This belief, subscribed to most enthusiastically by the Japanese themselves, is not true. At least, the people of Japan are no more inscrutable than are the people of Brooklyn. Yet, in varying degrees, one finds it assumed in almost all Western writing on the country.

OF THE four books mentioned above, the first three are by a Cambridge-graduated intellectual, a career diplomat and an extremely prolific lady traveler and novelist. About Japan this unlikely trio completely agrees: Japan is different; Japan is barely to be understood.

Quentin Crewe, according to his publishers, "does not believe in the 'mystery of the Orient.'" But perhaps they did not read the book. He is so convinced of the difference of the Japanese that he quotes Ruth Benedict as though she were gospel, and writes sentences such as: "The Japanese face has another quality . . . that of sadness. The Japanese smile little." Can you imagine anyone writing seriously: "The French (English, German, Americans) smile little." Still, in books on Japan — the country being all things to all men — one can usually find an antidote to any statement. In *Japanese*, Cecil Beaton committed himself to: "One reason for the perennial youth of these people is that there is never a frown or look of anxiety on their faces."

Mr. Crewe is aware of certain dangers, however. He is not to be taken in by any of the differences he discovers. He and Arthur Koestler (they traveled together at one point) agree to find nothing in Zen; he is brave enough to say that to him naked wood is "depressing"; and whenever a Japanese does or says anything sensible he finds him "Westernized."

Miss Mannin, on the other hand, is not nearly so well aware of a Japan vogue, and hence does not fight against it. She is of the generation given to translating Japanese names ("Mr. Bright-Ocean" . . . "Mr. Clouds-Above-the-Sea"); in addition, she honestly rather disliked the country. Yet she is acutely aware of differences. She is constantly "defeated" by things: by the food, by the music, by Zen, and — incessantly — by the bath water. She apparently never stuck a toe into any which was not "murky." Also, though she is "prepared to do a good deal to get material for a book," she disliked conversation with the Japanese. No sooner has one come up to try out his English than "fortunately the train (bus, boat) was in sight." Paradoxically, and like Mr. Crewe, she is a transportation snob ("I am speaking of third-class coaches; I have no experience of second-class") and is most pathetically determined to get at the people.

That she cannot she blames on the language, their fluency and her ignorance. She, like Mr. Crewe, speaks of its monstrous difficulty (spoken Japanese is no more difficult than spoken Spanish, and much less difficult than German, Russian, or English) but, unlike him, makes no attempt to learn. For that matter, though, I find Mr. Crewe's accomplishments suspect: he is full of pidgin English and self-depreciation at the beginning of the book, but toward the middle is interpreting abstruse Zen for an incredulous Koestler.

Both writers are inclined to rush to authorities at times of stress. Mr. Crewe has St. Benedict, and Miss Mannin has the "official guide" which she quotes, apparently, in full. Passing through Nagoya she has her nose so deep in its pages that she announces that a castle site has now become a park, when a glance out the window would have revealed that the park is again occupied by a brand new castle.

AS authority-chasers, however, both are left far behind by Sir Eslen Dening, who was British Ambassador in Tokyo from 1952 to 1957. Though offering no bibliography, he has managed to include, I would think, every major authority on the country, sometimes with a nod (Sansom), sometimes without (Reischauer).

Further — Mr. Dening has not been a diplomat for nothing — he has the knack of supporting the outworn thesis ("Nobody would deny that the initial attacks of the Japanese forces [at the beginning of the Pacific War] were superbly conceived and executed" — an observation now generally denied); the gift of caution (of the Noh he says, "It is permissible to wonder to what extent it has an appeal to the younger generation of Japanese as a whole."); and the courage of complete evasion ("It is still too early to estimate the ultimate effect of the Allied Occupation of Japan" — and so, for a whole chapter, he does not). Like many diplomats, when he has received good advice he is good; at other times he falls into error. One such is that he misdefines a gangster grouping and then (it is *gurentai* rather than *garenati*) gets the name wrong.

To be sure this is a word that never once passed his lips. His information comes, if not from books, then from English-speaking Japanese, a very special breed. And, like Miss Mannin and Mr. Crewe, he takes whatever the Japanese tell him and calls it typical. Not, one suspects, that the Japanese ever told him much — Mr. Crewe is very funny on life in the British Embassy compound and the "pet" Japanese there. Still, one finds all three interpreting Japan upon the authority of some Eng-

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DONALD RICHIE, film historian and critic, author of Japanese Movies *(JTB) and co-author of* The Japanese Film, *is at present in Europe working for the German film industry.*

lish-speaker who waylaid them on subway or boat. One imagines with delight a book on France in which all source material is gathered from encounters in the Metro beginning with: "Our yew Ingleesh ou Americaine?"

GIVEN that the Japanese are just as enthusiastic about their inscrutability as any visitor could desire, the resulting interview is usually opaque. The searcher must either read all manner of meaning or even fabricate as, I suspect, did Anthony West in that really impossible Japanese he says he met in Yasukuni Shrine, as does Maraini in *Meeting with Japan*, that most pernicious of all books on the subject, and as does Crewe with his Zen priests. Or he must delve into himself and give an honest reaction.

This, all three do. Crewe forgets to difference-hunt and is very good in speaking of Japanese character, quoting such telling phrases as: "The Japanese have two faces. It is quite impossible for them to talk to foreigners as they talk among themselves, so you will find it very hard to get at the facts," but getting at the facts none the less. Miss Mannin is good on Hiroshima, a spectacle which usually jolts the visitor from the grip of the mystique. Her coverage of how the bomb got dropped is the sole reason for reading her book. She presents it with extreme cogency and quotes authorities (i.e., Harry Elmer Barnes in a little-known letter to the *Observer*) which contribute to a picture very different from the official one. Even Dening occasionally drops the diplomatic pose. On tea ceremony: "Why this travesty . . . is thrust upon the unsuspecting visitor is not clear, but possibly the behaviour of the victim is not without humour to the Japanese."

What is missing, however, is any affection for the country all three have chosen to write about. Japan is always a case history, a strange never-never land; reading these books one would scarcely imagine that human beings inhabited it. Certainly none of them felt much desire to visit it in the first place. Crewe says, "My wife and I decided practically at random that we would go somewhere"; Miss Mannin, driven from country to country like some kind of Women's Rights Flying Dutchman, finally finds a place she likes, the really lovely island of Kashikojima, and wanted to stay, "but there was no valid reason for spending more than twenty-four hours there; it was of no historic or cultural interest"; and Mr. Dening, of course, goes where he is told. Thus, since everything is out of context, even the emotional context of liking where you are, it is natural that everything is strange and as different as can be.

IT IS for this reason that Oliver Statler's *Japanese Inn* is such a relief. This historical novel (for that is what it is) is animated throughout by a real love for Japan and the Japanese. Following the fortunes of the Minaguchi-ya, an inn on Suruga Bay, he reconstructs Japanese history and, more important, gives you a very real impression of what the Japanese are like.

Though the style is not all it might be — Mr. Statler is a friend of James Michener, both share an interest in Japanese prints and the book is dedicated to him — the content is completely winning. This sumptuously produced and extremely well-illustrated book is not at all concerned with the Japanese mystique. Indeed, Mr. Statler seems completely unaware of it. To him the Japanese are people. They may think a bit differently from the way we do, but they feel the same.

Irish Underground

PROTEST IN ARMS: The Irish Troubles 1916-1923. By Edgar Holt. Coward-McCann. 328 pp. $5.

Vivian Mercier

EDGAR HOLT, in spite of a certain bias in favor of his fellow Britishers which irritated Frank O'Connor, has succeeded in writing a more nearly impartial book than any comparable one produced by an Irishman. I would have no hesitation in recommending *Protest in Arms* to anyone unfamiliar with the "Troubles" (a charming and authentically Irish euphemism!). In the first place, it is well written; Mr. Holt, who is presumably a journalist, has blended an immense number of facts into a smooth, rapid narrative. Secondly, I can't find any glaring errors, only omissions and misplaced emphases. Thirdly, the book is illustrated by forty-two vivid, often unfamiliar, photographs of the events and personalities of the time. In a field where so many of the books on both sides are unreadable as well as biased, *Protest in Arms* stands up very well.

It is hard for anybody who grew up in the Republic of Ireland (as it is now called) since the Easter Rising of 1916 to regard the last struggle with England as anything but a necessary, if painful, initiation into adult nationhood. Though Ireland seemed certain to regain her independence sometime during the twentieth century, one feels that it was better for her to seize it in arms than to have it conferred by the British parliament; the latter method would have intensified an already severe national inferiority complex.

Nevertheless, if one looks back at what was essentially a three-cornered struggle with the calm, deliberate gaze attempted by Mr. Holt, one sees that none of the three camps won exactly what it wanted: the Northern Irish Unionists reluctantly accepted the Home Rule they had sworn to resist; the Southern Irish fighters for independence, though they first gained far more than mere Home Rule and then twenty-seven years later won their republic, had to accept the partition of Ireland; the British were forced to let go most of Ireland without earning any gratitude by doing so. People will continue to ask about the Troubles, as they do about the American Civil War, whether violence could not have been averted altogether.

As I see it, the Ulster Unionists not only made violence inevitable but also profited most by the Troubles. Once religious and national prejudice in Ulster had been aroused to the pitch that it reached in the period 1885-1912, there was almost bound to be civil war in some form. At first it seemed possible that Ulster would fight the Southern Irish — and the British, too, if necessary — to prevent her separation from Great Britain; "Home Rule means Rome Rule" was one of the Ulster Protestant slogans. When Ulster and Great Britain agreed on the partition of Ireland, the Southern Irish were bound to fight for the unity of the whole country; but, while they fought the British and later fought among themselves, they never launched a serious attack against Northern Ireland (the six Ulster counties, out of nine that were separated from the rest of the province and the country by partition). In this particular war of secession, Ireland seceded from the United Kingdom, certainly, but North Ireland in turn seceded from Ireland without completely rejoining the United Kingdom.

The Ulster Unionists thus gave a remarkable demonstration of how the tail

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can wag the dog. I guess it's always easier to hold onto what you have than to get back something you've lost. Essentially, the Ulster Protestant wanted to go on exploiting the Ulster Catholic — and he does, though by more polite means than in the seventeenth century. The American white Southerner has managed to go on exploiting the Negro even after *losing* his war. Both in Northern Ireland and in the Southern United States intelligent leaders make use of a prejudice that they do not necessarily share, in order to retain the votes of the undereducated. An Orangeman and a White Citizens' Council member often look alike, worship alike, and bear the same common English or Scottish surname.

MR. HOLT takes a great interest in the tactics of the Irish fighting, as well he might. The Irish revolutionaries fought just one pitched battle in regular uniforms, the 1916 Rising in Dublin. When the British attacked their positions with artillery, forced a surrender, and then executed the leaders, the Irish quickly got the message: if they were to be executed whether they wore uniforms or not, they had better stay in civilian clothing, which would make them harder to catch. As for pitched battles those emphasized the weaknesses of a small, poorly armed force, so the Irish abandoned them in favor of the underground and guerrilla tactics which Frenchmen, Israelis, Algerians and so many others have practiced since.

The Boers and many other peoples had adopted guerrilla tactics earlier, but in areas where there was plenty of space for maneuver. The Dublin men must have been among the first to wage underground warfare in a modern urban environment. A sympathetic civilian population, which practiced passive resistance as well as sheltering the gunmen, almost guaranteed that the British could not win by any tactics short of genocide. Actually, since speech and the press were free in Britain, not even the vigilante methods of the "Black-and-Tans" could be employed for very long without tremendous protest among British liberals — and, in the long run, conservatives too. A truly determined nationalist movement can beat anything but the threat of genocide, and only a totalitarian country can attempt *that*. If even 5 per cent of the atrocities get into the papers, all will ultimately be well; eliminate that last 5 per cent, and Auschwitz is on the way. Hence the continuing struggle against political censorship in France has been vital to the Algerians' success.

I recommend Mr. Holt's book to Africans, Asians and Latin Americans; they can compare the British treatment of the Irish with the Chinese treatment of the Tibetans or the Russian treatment of the Latvians. The Irish, however, as O'Connor hints, need a history of the Troubles compiled in the American grand manner, in four or five volumes, by an empire-building editor in chief who demands from his Parkinsonian staff of graduate students at least six footnotes to every page and a bibliography that forms a small tome in itself. Probably such a work would suffer the fate of *Finnegans Wake* — i.e., only Americans would read it — but at least Irishmen could feel that *that* piece of history had been squared away and it was time to make some more.

The Human Instrument

THE STRUCTURE OF SCIENCE.
By Ernest Nagel. Harcourt, Brace & World. 618 pp. $10.

William Gilman

NOT everybody has taken the course that college kids call "a dose of physics." Nor can all who take it understand every aspect of Planck's quantum theory. But the vital question revived by Planck's interpreters is not limited to physics; it embraces philosophy, and that the layman can comprehend. Is everything foreordained, or is there some freedom of choice? Now that science has become less positive about determinism and more charitable toward free will, can we again believe in "progress" and in our freedom to be either courageous man or cowardly mouse? And if our choice is to scorn Adolf Eichmann's disclaimer, "I was only a sausage," can we then absolve the Los Alamos scientists of their share of responsibility for Hiroshima? For Eichmann, too, replies, "There is no blood on my hands."

Such corollary questions challenge us when we examine Dr. Nagel's scholarly book, which is subtitled "Problems in the Logic of Scientific Explanation." But it neither answers the questions nor makes the attempt; it ignores them—and that is a pity because Dr. Nagel expresses the wish to be useful. As John Dewey Professor of Philosophy at Columbia University, he has assembled much from his wide reading in science. In turn, he hopes that his analysis of the scientific method will be widely read: "I have tried to write for a wider audience than that of professional students of philosophy." And why does he try to reach the non-pros? Because he is disturbed by "the current tide of criticism directed against the works of scientific reason."

A few words first about the wide audi-

WILLIAM GILMAN'S latest book is The Language of Science: A Guide to Effective Writing *(Harcourt, Brace & World). He started as a chemist; became a journalist and war correspondent; then returned to the sciences as a writer and magazine editor. He also teaches Science Writing at Columbia.*

The Blue Room

What sorrow was mine in the blue room, what
pain when the windows shut tight and the rain
stopped falling: there was no wind
and my hands felt nothing, no wind
all night and my hands touched the silence
But I lived on, thinking the morning
would come, I lived on and waited,
and the blue room grew doors around me
Keys fell to the earth but no key
fitted the locks or would stay in my hand
Then sorrow left me, and after the sorrow
my pain went: the windows stayed shut,
boarded, covered with grass: the clothes
turned to dirt in the closet: I walked through
the room no longer, I thought about nothing
Today when the morning found me, I turned
a half swollen cheek toward the door
And only after it left did I feel this strange joy

JEROME ROTHENBERG

ence. Dr. Nagel's purpose is laudable—too many of us are unwisely ignorant about the sciences. But to win readers, especially for a cerebral tour through dialectics, one should concentrate on clarity; should lighten the jargon that serves as passwords for members of the club; should avoid the trap of tediousness. *The Structure of Science* is not reading that you can scan, and it is frustrating to work through a passage only to find that it has been said earlier in another complicated way.

The content of Dr. Nagel's book, however, is what interests us most. How scientifically does he examine the so-called "scientific method"? To what extent, for example, may his own personality be responsible when he postulates a difference between "absolute chance" and "relative chance" that helps him favor the evidence for determinism over evidence for free will? He does agree, in passing, that the instrument affects the data, and his discussion of social scientists shows awareness that the observer may be biased. Therefore? Therefore it is logical to ask how trustworthy is any human being who turns scientist. The "hard" sciences, too, use instrumentation.

IT WOULD be a cliché, and probably unfair, to say that Dr. Nagel dwells in an ivory tower. It is not unfair to wish that the examples he uses were less aseptic and included some of today's flesh-and-blood realities, even if these sometimes give a whiff of Eichmann "sausage." Conventional doubts about the prejudices and inaccuracies of the biologist and social scientist aren't enough. In fact, it may be that these nonphysical scientists, probing the mysteries of teleology, will some day supply the crucial facts about the scientist as a whole man and, therefore, about just what it is we call the scientific method. The need is important today, but it is not new. John Stuart Mill said, "We ought either not to pretend to scientific forms or we ought to study all the determining agencies equally."

In short, the polite disputations in Dr. Nagel's book are not enough. Nor is his seeking refuge in the scientist's familiar scorn for the "indeterminacy" of language. Whatever its faults, language does prize precision and it does allow brutally stern questions. Many such questions need to be raised in any non-sacerdotal appraisal of scientific method and of the man — the instrument—who employs it. Here are a few that Dr. Nagel could well have brought into his discussion:

How is the human instrument being affected by the way in which science, including the "nonprofit" kind, is becoming big business — in government as well as in industry, the universities and the foundations? (A Princeton survey gives some answers from laboratory men: "You seek out those things which are simplest to do"; "If there is no government contract or gadget involved, management is not very enthusiastic.")

How is the human instrument being affected by the stresses of his times? We frown upon the behavior of an Alger Hiss or a Charles Van Doren. They were nonscientists. But what about physicist J. Robert Oppenheimer, who admitted bearing false witness? We frown upon a general or admiral whose panic wants to push the button. But what of mathematician Bertrand Russell who, in 1948, stampeded into espousal of a preventive A-bomb war against Russia?

And how ever-trustworthy is scientific evidence? How prevalent is diddling of the kind around which C. .P. Snow wrote his novel *The Affair*? And how is the human instrument serving the propaganda that floods us with evidence for and against effects of fallout, of fluoridation, of cigarettes, of "additives" to our food?

Also, to what extent, now that we have "professional mathematicians" along with "professional philosophers," have manipulators of statistics taken over the once pure mathematics? For example, bland extrapolation can find ways to prove almost anything you want. And there are noticeable signs that the "scientific method" of modern personnel departments is building a supremacy of the lowest common denominator.

NOR need an inquiry ignore abstract questions of the meatier kind. If man is indeed an instrument, isn't it possible that mathematics (whose equations are solved by opportunism) sharpens his willingness to believe that the end justifies the means? That could start a merry metaphysical argument. And what about the time when we seriously begin transplanting human organs? There, too, is elegant basis for dialectics — will the scientific method, and responsibility, be that of the transplantee or the transplantor?

The trouble here, then, is not so much in what Dr. Nagel examines as in the serious things he has left unexamined. And I suspect that the reader who mistrusts science will remain mistrustful after reading the book. That will be unfortunate because the picture isn't entirely black. Any thorough investigation of scientific method would see more than the approach of Huxley's brave new biologically tranquillized world, or George Orwell's year of doom. It would study the mouselike scientists but would also find that the methods of courageous, adventurous and skeptical scientists are not yet extinct. Some scientists today have even learned to laugh at themselves and their work — surely a healthy sign, and something else that the determinist's mouse cannot do.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

ONE of the most engaging entertainments in town is to be seen at *The Premise* at 154 Bleecker Street. (Coffee is served.) I enjoyed the evening more than any I have been invited to in many weeks at the more expensive showshops uptown.

Genially directed by Theodore Flicker, four young people—Thomas Aldredge, Buck Henry, Joan Darling, George Segal—enact little skits which, if not entirely improvised, are clearly based on improvisation. Their stage is a platform, bare except for a few wooden cubes. The tradition is that of the political cabarets of Berlin, Vienna, Munich and of the *boites* in Paris, but such references to foreign equivalents are misleading. The spirit of *The Premise* group is wholly American, though we haven't seen anything of the kind in New York since the thirties. The fresh youthfulness, good-humored disrespect, healthy skepticism and wide-eyed shrewdness at *The Premise* are unmistakably native.

The things kidded deserve the treatment they get. Noses are thumbed at the jargon of the Method and psychoanalysis, the anti-trust frauds, the mish-mash in our minds about the Congo, the cruel antics of the Dixie racists, the cold-war follies—and, best of all, the TV summit conference of David Susskind and Premier Khrushchev, which had me in stitches. Points are made more smartly in all this tomfoolery than in many of the long-faced editorials by our most earnest journalists.

THE regular Broadway season of 1960-61 ends with its forty-sixth production, a dramatization by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee of Maurice Edelman's novel, *A Call on Kuprin*. While the play is never boring and is competently directed and moderately well acted, it is not entirely successful as

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a melodrama; despite the presumed timeliness of its subject matter, it will not, I venture to say, hold the boards for very long.

The play is written for the suspense and thrills supposedly inherent in any tale of spying and counterespionage. In the present instance, the plot is not sufficiently complex or tense to capture an audience. What was expected to lend the occasion a measure of "importance" was the message.

The play deals with an American who comes as a tourist to Moscow where he hopes to visit his one-time astronomy professor, a Russian who, after teaching at an American university, has returned to the Soviet Union and gained world-wide fame for the invention of the most advanced instrument of space flight. The American is asked by our ambassador in Moscow to persuade Kuprin, whose whereabouts are kept a close secret by the Soviet authorities, to go back to America where he will be honored and given every opportunity to pursue further scientific studies under the most favorable circumstances.

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Two thoughts are tacked on to the melodramatic proceedings: that science is no longer free anywhere and that scientific progress appertains to no one country but is of international significance destined to benefit all men everywhere.

Though politically rather futile, these are, I suppose, liberal sentiments. They are to be commended insofar as they represent attitudes which the Broadway theatregoer does not expect to hear voiced on the stage. But what the producers and many others of us do not realize is that the majority of our folk, all overt signs to the contrary, are not really interested in these matters.

Nuclear war, I have said here before, is science fiction to most of us, and space exploits are viewed chiefly as sport. The possibility of total destruction in a third world conflict can dominate the imagination only of people who know war intimately, and that is not the case with most Americans. The uses or advantages of space exploration are not really evident to any but scientists and military men. We are generally inclined to second the motion made by Brendan Behan in *The Hostage*: "Don't muck about, don't muck about, don't muck about with the moon."

FURTHERMORE, when the sins of the Soviet Union and the evils of communism are presented in American drama or films our audiences are affected by a sneaking suspicion that what they are shown is somehow phony. The reason for this is not any intellectual disagreement with the premises of our quarrels with the Soviet Union or our horror of communism. We are all generally persuaded that both forces constitute a menace, but we rarely believe that what we see concerning them in the various theatrical media is authentic. Therefore, much of our anti-Soviet or anti-Communist propaganda—insofar as our plays or pictures engage in them—actually boomerangs and may in the end do more harm than good. The advances of communism or of the Communist states become increasingly impressive the more we hear them decried or ridiculed in bogus plays.

Strangely enough, though the audiences who are offered this type of political or social play do not usually hunger for art, the very lack of art or genuine expression of really experienced content causes these exposés to fail both as forceful documentation and as exciting entertainment. The same may very possibly be true in the Soviet Union in regard to its anti-American drama.

To illustrate a little more specifically what I mean, note the tiny detail of the Russian spoken by many of the characters in *A Call on Kuprin*. I have no doubt that it is idiomatically correct Russian and properly pronounced. Yet it strikes us as a kind of pleasant cosmetic applied to lend atmosphere to the story, in the way that opium dens and other *chinoiseries* used to be employed to suggest the nefarious mystery of the yellow peril in the earliest silent movies. We never feel for a moment, for all the real Russian the actors speak, that we are anywhere but at the Broadhurst and therefore remote from any truth—even that of good theatre.

Propaganda agencies please note: art, or at least a reasonable facsimile thereof, may still be the best way to influence friends and to inspire faith.

ART

Fairfield Porter

THE EXHIBITION, at the Whitney Museum, of American painting between 1865 and 1905 was organized by the Art Gallery of Toronto, in collaboration with Lloyd Goodrich, director of the Whitney. It has already been shown in Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver, and closes here on June 18. It omits artists whose careers began before 1865, such as the Hudson River School, and it leaves out the realistic movement of the beginning of this century of Henri, Sloan, and so on. There is a feeling of enough space on the walls and between the various styles, and that there exists a great deal more of this painting in reserve. One is neither sated nor frustrated by the exhibition, and one leaves it with aroused interest and a desire to know the artists better.

These painters were the contemporaries of the French Impressionists, whose feeling of life was closer to ours today than to that of the Americans of three generations ago. The French had a delight in ordinary life and nature and the outdoors, which these Americans lacked. One of the most surprising paintings I know is of a battle between a Union and a Confederate ship that Manet watched off the coast of Brittany. A propaganda version of the difference between American and French society that one might imagine from reading Mark Twain or Henry James gives to America the role of a new country full of the freshness of youth and to France the role of effete and temperamental instability. But French Impressionism expresses solid pleasure in simple things, joy, and a stable life. American painting of the same time looks stunned and dreamy. Do Eakins' starving boxers stand for athleticism and his exhausted women in murky rooms for frontier simplicity? At the same time, the effete French had pink cheeks, they were in charge of nature which they had transformed into a garden where they did a lot of picknicking on the grass; they were completely at home in the country and city, whose streets are a background for a perpetual parade.

The French were social, the Americans solitary. The French hunted to enjoy the beauties of the woods and the deer, the Americans hunted to kill. The French went on boating parties, Americans took exercise. Light dominates French painting, while in American painting even outdoor daylight is dim and artificial. And Hassam, Chase and Mary Cassatt, who adopted Impressionist theories, produced a muddy grayness. The American painters seemed fearful of nature and man. In her mothers and children, Mary Cassatt sees a sum of features, instead of integral people. Whistler made the pre-Raphaelite identification of beauty with illness. Even his landscapes celebrate weakness. Thayer seemed to see women the way a baby sees its powerful mother. All of the people in Homer's paintings are one lay figure. His *Snap the Whip* (one of the few paintings in the show with natural light) shows the same boy, six times over, against a background of autumnal hills as monotonous as the ocean.

THERE ARE four Ryders in the show. Two marines have Ryder's pat arrangement of clouds around the apex of the sail: the pathetic fallacy of the painter. *Weir's Orchard* is less typical; it is one of hardly more than half a dozen paintings that justify his reputation as a great artist. In this picture, he understands, as few artists ever have or do, what "value" is. Unless "values" express more than correspondence to a black-to-white scale of tonality, unless they are about weight and substance, they are meaningless. The meadow below the trees bulges more substantially than the foliage that overlies it, which in its turn is airy. And the boulders in the field seem to be floating on the heavy waves of earth, as indeed they do, pushed up by winter frost. This is painterly imagination, which Ryder had supremely, though he also had a romantic and literary one, as in *Roadside Meeting*, with a Poe-like atmosphere. The imaginary nature of his subject is realized by the materiality of his means. Blakelock was as romantic, though seldom as successful, as Ryder. *Ecstasy* shows an oak forest in unearthy light. The black leaves are set into, not on top of, the bone-colored sky, in front of a porcelain-blue distance. The ecstasy of the artist was the clarity and peculiarity of his vision that saw the shape of the leaf as the determinant of the shape of the forest. Both these romanticists seem to have chosen a deliberately unhealthy vision, nervous and narcotic.

American painting is full of false feeling. Whistler could not escape from it by expatriating himself. Neither could Mary Cassatt. Success made Sargent fall into it. It is very easy to choose a bad Sargent: in this exhibition they are all good. *Portrait of a Boy* is best; it has an un-American brilliancy of light and handling. Homer's *Autumn* is a good choice: his waves against the rocks of Maine became machines. Most of the artists in the show seemed unaware of how separated they were from nature and themselves.

EAKINS pointed out a way of making a connection with American life. What was necessary was to face up to false feeling. This is done by attentiveness, as long as this attentiveness is not sentimental, as it is when the artist does not dare to make decisions. It took all of Eakins' energy to face falsity of feeling; all of his attention, and it was very hard for him to dare to decide. He had the puritanical belief in truth as an extrahuman value. Truth is everything, indiscriminately, and one must not monkey with it. This puritanism is the cause of the darkness of American painting. When the artist cannot allow himself to choose, he makes a proportional version of natural values. He believes there is nothing subjective about them. But the only way to get light is to choose and to decide. It is as though a writer thought that accuracy was to be found in adjectives and adverbs instead of in nouns and verbs. Eakins needed an explanation for every step he took. But in *The Pathetic Song* he found his form in the reality before him instead of having also to impose intelligence upon it. He was willing to make decisions. He decided in favor of the light on the singer, which saved him from obsessive concern with the details of the wrinkles in the material. He decided to silhouette the piano accompanist by an almost arbitrary variation of the light on the wall behind her, which maintains the flatness of the wall. He observed her expression of listening sympathy, and the listening nose of the cellist.

Sargent, Eakins and Ryder look best. But all the artists seem connected by their Americanism. They believed in nature and identified art with artifice. Whistler promulgated the idea of the separation of art from life. Eakins despised artifice, but in order to appease his conscience, he could get to nature only through the detour of science. Painting was easy for Sargent, and he was not very ambitious. Ryder's tenuous craftsmanship barely carried the load of his originality.

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(*Continued from page 500*)

tablished the principle of separation of church and state. Courts openly took note of the legislation's essentially religious purpose in throwing down challenges to it. By the end of the nineteenth century, the courts shifted their rationale, although not their decisions. The Supreme Court articulated a theory which still governs a majority of appeals decisions and which, in the main, was reaffirmed in their decisions last week:

> Laws setting aside Sunday as a day of rest are upheld not from any right of the government to legislate for the promotion of religious observances, but from the right to protect all persons from this physical and moral debasement of uninterrupted labor.

But as far back as 1940, a Department of Labor report discounted the usefulness of Sunday legislation in assuring the "interruption" of labor. And, more important, virtually every state by now has comprehensive laws regulating work hours — a policy aided by union overtime provisions and the Fair Labor Standards Act. Whatever relation blue laws had in former times to the public's health, precious little remains today. A judgment on their health value can be obtained by comparing conditions in the stricter blue-law states of the East, South and Midwest with such states as California (wide open), Arizona (where only barbering is barred on Sundays) and Arkansas (which bans animal racing, combat sports and a specific list of card games). Californians do not appear to be suffering beneath the yoke of unremitting toil owing to the absence of Sunday legislation. Such laws do not insure rest; they merely prohibit some activities.

Finally, all states have peace statutes — some directly refer to willful disturbance of religious meetings — that are adequate to assure the necessary tranquility of the Sabbath.

DESPITE the good case that can be made for abolition, most legislatures have refused to reconsider the basic provisions of Sunday statutes. Lawmakers, reluctant because of political instinct or their own religious beliefs to question any measure passed in the name of religion, tend to accept as absolute the claims and judgments advanced in support of them. In this way, the legislative process for reconsidering the blue laws in the light of modern conditions and values has been stifled. Such is one consequence of translating religious doctrine into civil law.

Chief Justice Warren, writing for the majority in last week's Court decisions stated that blue laws have lost their religious cast and today merely reflect society's interest "in a day of rest, repose, recreation and tranquility." But the decisions, far from creating tranquility, will simply encourage the blue-law supporters to fight for more and stricter laws, and the opponents to fight for more and broader exemptions, with the state legislatures as the focal point for the lobbying.

There is an old tale about a trader on the Fiji island of Taveuni in the early nineteenth century who was brought before the local magistrate for Sunday selling. He denied the charge with the claim that the international date line, which then transversed Taveuni, cut right through his store, enabling him to trade from his back door where it was Monday. The judge viewed this defense dimly and gaveled the defendant guilty with the retort that to decide differently would give the trader permanent immunity to the disadvantage of other Taveunites.

There is a lesson here for the present. For if no one were immune, if blue laws were rigorously enforced, the demand for justification would be more insistent. And many of the entrenched injustices which now give "sustaining flexibility" to these laws would be more prominently exposed as grounds to abolish them.

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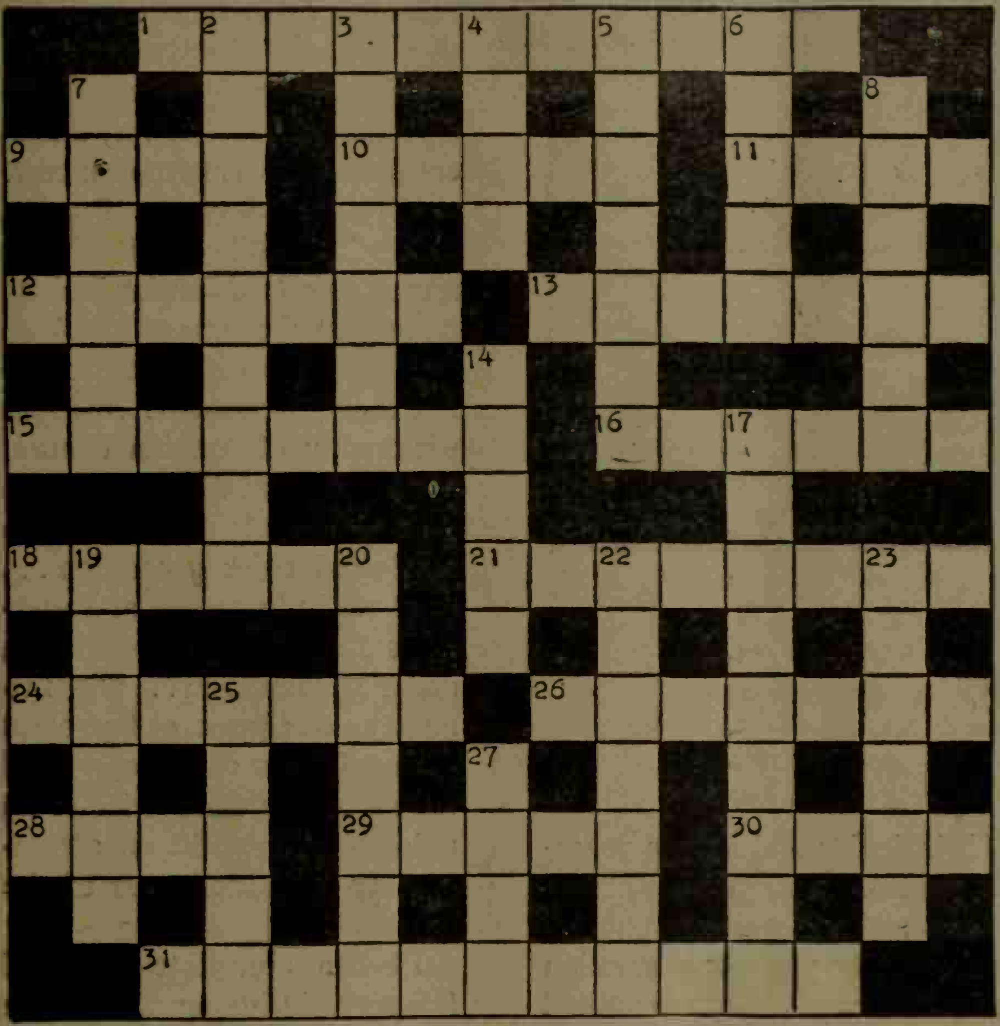
Crossword Puzzle No. 919

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The main recommendation of a 31? (4, 7)

9 and 10 Left finished, as indicated beforehand. (9)

11 Wouldn't make a very interesting trophy, by the sound of it. (4)

12 Hose seem to be more often than capsules. (7)

13 Bill seems to warrant examination if you do, to give an indication. (7)

15 One could make fun of this at first with a sort of gun open to view. (8)

16 A stock answer might be to eat before work. (6)

18 It wasn't Miss Gibson who got a note from the prisoner. (6)

21 Commentary on pedal-point? (8)

24 The application of layers go into them. (7)

26 and 28 Wind, to make it turn, in any case without success, by the sound of it. (7, 4)

29 The mark of anticipation. (5)

30 Weaver is used to seeing one appear threatening. (4)

31 Would one be called in for a 7 and 23? (5, 6)

DOWN:

2 A car line, perhaps, is important only if the original owner is. (9)

3 Singular form of 26, if bad, in substance. (7)

4 At this, one wouldn't expect to find agreeable folk. (4)

5 What Edward might leave at the poker game isn't very exciting. (7)

6 Old city interdiction of the city? (5)

7 and 23 Would a 1 across help if there's trouble afoot, though in stable surroundings? (It might be better seasonably.) (4, 2, 3, 3)

8 Trust claret to confuse one! (6)

14 Put out by what some used to take?

17 It might be unpolitic in detail. (9)

19 Record session for the band? It should be difficult to break up. (3, 3)

20 A scalp a South American Indian might value. (7)

22 Pertaining to a salt water and cocaine mixture. (7)

25 It implies belief in filthy lucre, doesn't it? (5)

27 Many have, to get home safely. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 918

ACROSS: 1, 19 and 27 That Old Gang of Mine; 5 and 9 Wedding bells; 11 and 32 Mason jars; 12 and 5 Crying wolf; 15 Mottle; 16 Griffon; 17 Onus; 21 and 3 On Wings of Song; 22 and 10 Tung oil; 25 Steeped; 33 Being; 34 Goa; 35 Ample; 36 Essayed; 37 Spheres. DOWN: 1 and 29 Tobacco leaves; 2 Alley; 4 and 23 Dropleaf; 6 Damson; 7 Inset; 8 Ginseng; 13 Granite; 14 Offices; 15 Mongrel; 18 Urn; 20 Ale; 22 Trouble; 24 Fastens; 25 Snugly; 26 Detach; 28 Mains; 30 Viper; 31 Aged.

PUBLICATIONS

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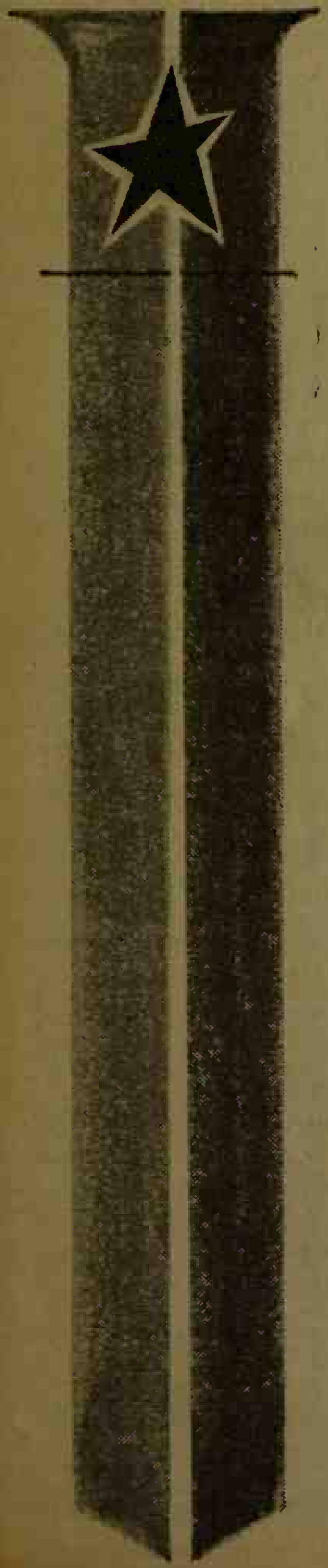

HOFFA: A STUDY in POWER

William Gomberg

END OF TOIL

Science Offers a New World

Gerard Piel

ST.-JOHN PERSE: POET AS HISTORIAN

Octavio Paz

LETTERS

Fraudulent Science

Dear Sirs: I would like to add a footnote to the excellent article by Theodore Roszak ["Seduction of the Scientist," June 3]. The *American Scientist* is the quarterly of Sigma Xi, an honorary scientific research society made up of physical and biological scientists. A good deal of the advertisements in the magazine are of the type dealt with by Roszak — institutional advertisements glorifying the so-called achievements of companies engaged in making war weapons, and acclaiming the so-called scientific achievements of scientists and engineers hired by them.

About two years ago I wrote to the editors of *American Scientist,* calling attention to the misleading aspects of these advertisements and to the fraudulent scientific mantle which has accrued to the advertisers because of their occupying so much space in a reputable scientific journal. The editors published my letter; I received about a half-dozen laudatory letters personally; the editors received several *pro* and *con* letters which they published. And that was that.

I pressed on with another letter to the editors; I brought up the matter at a local Sigma Xi chapter meeting. The editors replied, stating that they are not responsible for the advertising matter in their journal. The local chapter declined to take up the matter at the national meeting of the Sigma Xi chapters.

I have a feeling that a good many scientists are disturbed by the whole aspect outlined in Roszak's article; they feel they are being cast as the villains in an amoral, irresponsible, power bureaucracy. They don't like it one bit, but they do not know what to do about it.

But I venture to predict that when enough scientists feel this way, when they feel that they have reached the breaking point, the present system of science for hire to the highest bidder will undergo a drastic overhauling.

New York City PHILIP SIEKEVITZ

The Prestige Angle

Dear Sirs: I read with considerable interest your editorial, "Space Rates," in the May 27 issue. You did a wonderful job of revealing the space-success parasites in industry. . . . And, of course, several newspaper reporters and radio and TV commentators picked up the old prestige bit in conjunction with this space feat. Some people seem determined to make the serious business of conquering space look like a parlor game where one prestige symbol on top of another is collected. If we consider each space conquest as merely another prestige symbol, then we have no business in space. Our sole motive for conquering space should be for the sake of discovery and exploration and the benefits such discoveries may have both for our own defense and for the welfare of the entire human race.

The recent episode of the freedom riders in Alabama is another case in point. Here again, some journalists picked up the old publicity-glazed word —prestige. Some said that our prestige has declined because of this glaring example of social injustice and that we have conveyed a poor image to the outside world. "It doesn't look good." And that's exactly the point. We have become so publicity-conscious, so engrossed in putting on a good front, that we are now more concerned about *looking* good than we are with *being* good.

Alfred, N. Y. RUSSELL STEINKE
State University of New York

Variation on a Theme

Dear Sirs: Dixie generally has but two approaches to freedom-seeking Negroes: swinging clubs or swinging jail doors. This is what is known as the "stars and bars." HARRY CIMRING
Hollywood, Calif.

Dissent at Yale

Dear Sirs: In Alan C. Elms's article, "The Conservative Ripple," in your May 27 issue, coverage of reaction to the showing of *Operation Abolition* at Yale was limited to the immediate response of the audience. Since then considerably greater attention has been given the problem. Several editorials opposing HUAC have been published in the student newspaper, *The Yale Daily News,* and other student publications. A committee, Yale Students Against HUAC, was soon formed . . . and a petition for abolition of the committee which received 617 signatures from members of the Yale community was circulated.

In recent years, liberal sentiment at Yale has been growing despite a strong Young Americans for Freedom chapter and a persistent Bill Buckley tradition. Challenge, an organization to promote original consideration of current events, is receiving nation-wide attention. The George Orwell Forum has sponsored lectures on Polaris Action, the Cuban revolution, Marxism and other controversial areas of student interest. On May 23, a rally was held on the New Haven green to demonstrate support for the Freedom Riders; the next day one of the speakers, Yale's chaplain, Bill Coffin, flew to Alabama to join the Freedom Riders.

There is a growing and heartening spirit of dissent at Yale, traditionally one of the most conservative universities. In the face of a lingering, polished and patronizing unconcern, new traditions of thought and action are being established. We hope and believe that, at Yale, the "conservative ripple" will never become a wave.

JOHN FRIEDBERG, Yale '64
MARK HEIN, Yale '64
New Haven, Conn.

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VOLUME 192, No. 24

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

After Vienna

Like most Presidential fireside chats, Mr. Kennedy's broadcast of June 6 was in part a pep talk, in part a forensic argument, in part a minatory gesture, and in minor degree expository. The pep talk was addressed to the American people, who were warned that the outlook was "somber" — the President used the word three times — and urged to prepare for sacrifice. The forensic or political argument was aimed mainly at the Republican opposition, which holds the fate of the foreign-aid bill in its hands. Mr. Khrushchev was warned that the United States would stand firm against Communist incursions and infiltration. Then the President gave what information he could on the state of the nation in its overseas plans and commitments; he could supply very little that every newspaper reader did not already know.

All these things the President brought off admirably. With a minimum of preparation, and speaking part of the time almost ad libitum, he gave a finished performance and one which was a model of objectivity (as much as any politician can afford), political acumen and good taste. There was a complete absence of the clichés which rose naturally to the lips of Mr. Truman and Mr. Eisenhower on such occasions — "atheistic communism" and other standardized invective. Mr. Kennedy refrained from contrasting American saintliness with Soviet deviltry. At one point he even gave Mr. Khrushchev a break — he agreed that not all the disorders in the world are of the Kremlin's making; and when he spoke of the underdeveloped countries, he laid more stress on poverty, disease and ignorance than on Communist machinations. When he told Mr. Khrushchev that the United States would not stand for any nonsense, his tone was one of warning, but never of menace. It was that of one reasonable man talking to another who, he hopes, will prove equally reasonable.

If it had only produced a speech in this particular timbre, the meeting in Vienna would have been worth while. But something more important was accomplished. The relations of the Soviet Union and the United States were returned to an equilibrium of strained but normal diplomatic civility. There were no ex parte harangues on Khrushchev's part, no injured silence like that of General Eisenhower after the U-2 incident, no teenage sentimentalities like the "Spirit of Camp David" (or Geneva). Mr. Kennedy has made his blunders, but he has not made any in his relations with the Soviet Union, by far the most sensitive and critical area of his responsibility. If this is a negative accomplishment so far, it at least affords the opportunity for positive accomplishments later.

Neither Clear Nor Present

Announced almost before the echo of President Kennedy's fervent proclamation of the Freedom Doctrine had faded from the airways, the Supreme Court decisions upholding the registration provision of the Internal Security Act, and the conviction of an individual member of the Communist Party under the Smith Act, provided an ironic postscript. And the irony is underscored by the circumstance that the decisions were forced upon a reluctant Court by the logic of its own earlier illogic. For eleven years the Court, by resorting to every delaying stratagem in the judicial bag of tricks, had successfully avoided a decision on the registration provision. For six years or more, it had similarly evaded a decision on the membership cases: witness the tortuous record of hearings and rehearings in the Scales case. Finally brought face to face with the ineluctable necessity of decision, it could muster neither the will

Summer Schedule

After July 1, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 15 and 29, and August 12 and 26. The normal weekly schedule will be resumed with the Sept. 2 issue.

nor the energy to throw off the strait jacket which its earlier decisions had imposed upon it (see: "Strait-jacketing Free Speech," *The Nation*, June 16, 1951, p. 552).

To uphold the Smith Act in 1951, the Court had to find some "clear and present danger" warranting the infringement on free speech. But the Communist Party was patently weaker in 1949 when the indictments were returned — the crucial date — than at any time since 1940, when the Smith Act was passed. So the court, going far afield, interpreted the substantive evil to be guarded against in terms of the high state of international tensions as reflected in the Berlin air lift and other dangerous incidents of the period. Quick to sense the hazards in this novel interpretation of the "clear and present danger" doctrine, Justice Black sought to establish an escape hatch for the future. "In calmer times," he said, "when present pressures, passions and fears subside," the strait jacket might be removed.

Now it is ten years later. The Communist Party — through deaths, resignations, purges, political attrition, constant harassment, etc. — is but a shadow of the shadow it was when the first Smith Act indictments were returned. And while the danger of nuclear war is still with us, cold-war tensions are nothing like as acute today as they were in 1951 (we were then at war). In a word, the emergency which was then defined as special and temporary has now become general and permanent. In 1951, the Court borrowed Judge Medina's phrase about "the probability of success" — in the future, that is — to measure the Communist Party's capacity for mischief. But if that "probability" has increased in the last decade, J. Edgar Hoover should be promptly sacked; he himself denies it. In a word, the more minuscule the Communist Party becomes, the more severe the restrictions that must be imposed upon it. Individual members escaped the dragnet of the original decision; only "conspirators" — officers and individuals who had actively participated in the reorganization of the party — were subject to prosecution. Now the Court — in a period of relative calm and quiet — has upheld the conviction of Junius Irving Scales, who has not been a member of the Communist Party for some years.

The Nation takes no satisfaction in having warned in 1951 that the Supreme Court had started down a road from which there was no turning. Nor can we derive satisfaction from the fact that the present Court has been most reluctant to honor the consequences of its own illogic. To us the unpalatable fact is that the country — through the court — has again reneged on its commitments to freedom, this time with less cause and less provocation than existed a decade ago and without being able to plead fear and hysteria in extenuation. That the Court has reneged belatedly and reluctantly on its — and our — commitment is but a dusty answer to Justice Black's biting comment: "The first banning of an association because it advocates hated ideas — whether that association is called a political party or not — marks a fateful moment in the history of a free country. That moment seems to have arrived for this country."

The Cassini Image

For many years savants from abroad have commented on the intense self-consciousness of Americans, or at least those Americans with whom they came in contact. Even before World War II it seemed that educated Americans were anxious about the image they presented before the world; this anxiety has naturally been intensified by the tribulations which followed the war and the scant success which has attended the foreign policies of the Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy administrations. The last, in particular, has been casting about for a new image which would project America in all her splendor before the races of mankind. And now, as failure and success alike often come in unexpected forms, an image of sorts has been achieved. The President had little to do with it. It was simply that he has a beautiful wife.

Two thousand correspondents followed the President and Mrs. Kennedy to Paris, and correspondents must, in such a situation, turn out heavy wordage to justify the expense and keep their editors and readers happy. But international conferences, and especially summit conferences, are notorious for not generating news. As one columnist put it, "Never did so many go so far to say so little."

But if they could tell practically nothing of what actually went on at the conferences, they could write about Mrs. Kennedy and her gowns. Both the wearer and the gowns were ravishing, radiant, glamorous, out of this world. And the tiaras. And the hair-dos. And the admiration of men and women alike for the Presidential beauty queen, in Paris, in Vienna, in London — all those capitals of old-world gallantry and sophistication — there had never been anything like it. Jacqueline launched no ships with her face, but she produced the image.

Did she enjoy it? Probably, at times; she is human, and female. But this young woman also seems to have some solid qualities of character, and very likely she is glad that she must play this role for at most eight years and not, like Queen Elizabeth, another image-maker of no mean stature, for life.

For political purposes, however, this sort of image is transitory. Mrs. Kennedy may be the most dazzling creation of God and the dressmaker and the hairdresser, and Mrs. Khrushchev unabashedly a grandmother, but their respective husbands must reckon on intercontinental missiles and bombers and nuclear tests and the other facts of an intractable world. The show will not put iron or muscle into the indolent Laotians, or greatly influence the minds of Congolese tribesmen; they have no TV sets. Beauty passes. The political image must still be sought. And if it is to impress mankind, it cannot be synthetic.

No Embarrassing Questions

Paris

The trial of General Challe and his co-conspirator in the Algerian putsch, General Zeller, had more the earmarks of a farce than of a serious legal proceeding. The accused, the presiding judge (an old friend of Challe's) and counsel for both sides were so full of *noblesse oblige* that one expected them momentarily to break off the proceedings and share a bottle of champagne. (Don't be misled by the fifteen-year sentences meted out to the defendants: best guess is that they will be out in a year, maybe less.) Not a single embarrassing question was asked — not by the prosecution, not by the defense counsel. When General Challe, with straight face, declared he had never intended to invade Paris from Algiers, no one reminded him that, during the putsch, Prime Minister Debré had gone on the air to warn of the imminence of a paratroop drop. No one challenged Challe when he attributed the failure of his putsch to "Communist influence" on the conscripts serving in Algeria. Nobody asked him to identify the Army officers who, since last fall, had been urging him to lead a revolt. Nobody seemed at all curious about the roles Spain, Portugal and Israel were slated to play were the revolt successful. And, of course, nobody asked a single question about the American CIA.

But if there were no embarrassing questions, there was at least one embarrassing answer. Asked about the extent of support for the putsch among the Army officer corps, General Challe replied: "About 10 per cent were against, 20 per cent in favor, and 70 per cent were waiting to see which way the wind was going to blow." This low opinion of the officer cadre as a bunch of cowardly opportunists who stayed with the Republic not out of conviction, but out of fear, seemed confirmed by the military witnesses who testified. Georges Suffert angrily summed up his impressions in *Observateur*:

> These generals and colonels are amazing. They really showed themselves in their true colors — nearly all of them mediocre and cowardly. The great paradox of this trial is that Challe alone looks respectable in the midst of all this buffoonery; at least he believes in something. . . .

Today the French propaganda machine is trying to sell the idea that de Gaulle is strong because of the Army; the truth is that he is strong *in spite* of the Army — or at least in spite of its colonels and generals, whose real sympathies lie with Challe. What would these officers do were de Gaulle to die tomorrow? This much one can say with certainty: the "defense of the Republic" would be their least concern.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Project Chariot

Whether the extensive use of nuclear energy will prove to be a blessing or a scourge for mankind is still far from certain. Aside from the danger of nuclear war, the biophysical and biochemical dangers of even the peaceful uses of nuclear energy are formidable. The disposal of nuclear wastes, the possibility of a large nuclear reactor's getting out of control, the dangers of handling and transporting radio isotopes, must constantly be borne in mind.

Project Chariot is an example of a proposed constructive application of nuclear energy. It is described in a group of first-class expository papers which compose the entire June, 1961, issue of *Nuclear Information*, published by the Greater St. Louis Citizens' Committee for Nuclear Information. Project Chariot was conceived as a plan to use nuclear explosives to dig a harbor at Cape Thompson, on the northwest shore of Alaska. The hole would be 1,500 feet in diameter and a channel 2,000 feet long would connect it to the sea. Five nuclear bombs are to be used, four of Hiroshima size (20,000 tons TNT equivalent) and one of fairly large size (200,000 tons). But there are unexpected complications.

Radioactive fallout is ubiquitous, whether the purpose of a nuclear explosion is malign or beneficent. In the case of Project Chariot, the Alaskan "food web" must be studied. This has been done, and the results are not encouraging. In the United States, and in Alaskan cities, the caribou is an animal of little interest, but to the Eskimos it is an important source of meat. So the Eskimos are interested. For its part, the caribou is interested in lichen, which it eats. Lichens are truly remarkable plants; they have no roots to speak of, but absorb the mineral nutrition they need from dust in the air. Radioactive fallout is radioactive dust. Thus, if Chariot is set off, the Eskimos may end up eating radioactive caribou.

It adds up to a dilemma. On the one hand, the inhabitants of the region — animal, marine and human — cannot be jeopardized. On the other, it seems a pity to forego the immense construction potentialities of nuclear explosives. Perhaps a small test explosion could be set off under conditions which would permit extrapolation on which to base a reliable forecast of what would happen with a big explosion. But it is already clear that Andrei Vishinsky, with his glowing forecasts of the peaceful uses of nuclear energy, did not know the half of it.

HOFFA: A STUDY in POWER . .

by William Gomberg

Washington, D.C.

A CONTINUED campaign of harassment by the government and the regular labor movement keeps Jimmy Hoffa in the forefront of labor-management news. *The New York Times* of May 27 disclosed that the government is still interested in the affairs of the Teamsters' chief, having moved in Federal Court to force the Teamsters to open its headquarters and financial records for inspection. It is difficult to conjecture what the government expects to find at this late date that it has not yet discovered.

The last encounter between Senator McClellan and Jimmy Hoffa took place in January. If the purpose of a legislative investigation is to uncover hitherto unknown facts for legislative needs, it is difficult to understand the purpose of that hearing. It disclosed nothing that had not been covered in the earlier hearings in 1959. The country already knew that it was unlikely that any "Little Lord Fauntleroy" could survive as an official of the Teamsters. Presumably the passage of the Landrum-Griffin Act, following the 1959 hearings, was to assure the country that Jack the Ripper and Gyp the Blood were equally not suited to survive as officers under the new environment created by the law.

WHAT WAS most interesting about last January's hearings was the way Jimmy Hoffa had learned to handle Senator McClellan and the committee. Members accused Hoffa of harboring criminals in Local 239 of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters: Senator Ervin specifically taxed Hoffa with doing nothing to eliminate Tony "Ducks" Carallo from office. Hoffa replied:

> Senator, you passed the law [Landrum-Griffin] and you were one of the prime spokesmen on it. I read your statements in the hearings. . . . You stated that if a man had been convicted of certain crimes, after five years that man was eligible to run and be elected for office. . . .
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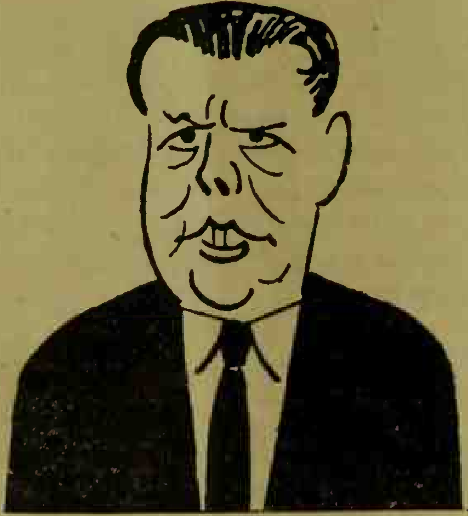
> I say to you, sir, under the law today that you helped to pass, that if the rank and file decides to elect a man that Hoffa doesn't like . . . that Hoffa could not mandatorily remove that man from office under your present law.

Later in the hearings, Hoffa rose to challenge Senator McClellan's characterization of many of the Teamsters' officers as disreputable characters. He stated that he had just completed negotiations in Arkansas where, without the loss of an hour's work, he had achieved pensions of $200 a month at age sixty for truck drivers with twenty years of service, and $374 a month at age sixty-five. He then challenged McClellan's State Government of Arkansas to compare its efforts on behalf of Arkansas workers with what he had achieved for his Teamsters. He cited the Arkansas laws establishing $1 per day minimum for female employees and an increase to $1.25 per day after six months' employment; other employees in Arkansas, he noted, enjoy no minimum at all. The Senator did not enjoy the exchange.



Drawing by Berger

James Hoffa

IF Congress and the Attorney General are out to get Hoffa come what may, at least those government bodies that want to achieve labor peace recognize that they must deal with him realistically. Nathan Feinsinger of the University of Wisconsin headed up the President's commission to settle the strike of the flight engineers on the airlines. The power behind the flight engineers was the Teamsters, who gave the strike full support. Significantly enough, when Feinsinger made his recommendations for settlement, the news stories made a point of noting that Jimmy Hoffa had hailed the recommendations as eminently fair. *The New York Times* evidently felt that Hoffa's approval of the Feinsinger decisions was as newsworthy as the decisions themselves. The Federal Mediation Service and all the state agencies acknowledge the operational reality of the Teamsters and deal with them realistically, even if Congress and George Meany insist that they are outside the pale.

HOFFA takes particular pride in its defeat of the monitorship over his union. The facts are well known. A suit had been filed protesting the results of the October, 1957, Miami Beach convention of the Teamsters. Judge Letts had virtually tied up the affairs of the union so that it could not function pending the outcome of the trial. Unwisely, the Teamsters leadership suggested a monitorship to oversee the reorganization of the national office pending the calling of a new convention scheduled for January 31, 1958. Once the monitorship was established, it proceeded to create an organizational bureaucracy and vested interests of its own. It refused to permit the holding of the scheduled convention on the theory that the union first had to be "cleansed." The monitors were supported in their attempts to rewrite the rules under which they were operating by Judge Letts; fortunately, however, the Judge was overruled by higher courts. Eventually Judge Letts was forced to dissolve the monitorship, and the Teamsters are now free to call their convention. It is set for July 3. The union estimates that the monitorship cost the union $3 million. The labor movement as a whole stood supinely by throughout this

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struggle; it was not their ox that was being gored. It remains to be seen whether the precedents set in this case will not provide happy hunting grounds for lawyers with an eye on union treasuries. The labor movement may yet rue the day that it let the Teamsters go it alone on the monitorship issue.

IT IS interesting to compare the economic results achieved by the Teamsters under Hoffa's leadership with the record of other unions. In the period 1958-60, the Teamsters won an average pay increase of 38.6c in trucking and warehousing, compared to an average of 29.9c in all other industries (including manufacturing, non-manufacturing and transportation). Wages for over-the-road truck drivers are rapidly approaching $2.98 an hour.

Hoffa hopes to undercut some of the legal restrictions which now exist against the "hot cargo" and secondary-boycott weapons once available to his union. He hopes to do this by achieving a uniform expiration date for all his labor contracts. Hoffa argues that this is good for the union and also good for the stability of the industry. As matters stand now, he says, a trucking strike in one major city affects many other cities and seriously hampers national over-the-road shipping. The more times labor and management must negotiate, the more frequently arises the threat of a stoppage and the resultant uncertainties. Hoffa has won a February 1, 1964, expiration date for contracts of the Central Conference of Teamsters and the Southern Conference of Teamsters. Trucking companies in New England have also agreed to this date. It is Hoffa's hope that by February 1, 1967, he will have a uniform expiration date for all of the over-the-road truck drivers.

Again in an effort to circumvent the Landrum - Griffin restrictions against "hot cargo" clauses and the requirements that truck drivers must pass through picket lines, Hoffa has included in his agreement clauses which stipulate that an employee is not in violation of the contract if he refuses to pass a picket line. His agreement further provides that if these clauses are not sustained by the courts, then the activities involved shall be defined as especially hazardous work calling for triple pay.

Provisions of this nature are the subject of litigation between the Atlanta office of the National Labor Relations Board and the Southern Conference of Teamsters. The important consideration is the aggressive ingenuity that the Teamsters show in developing new devices to cope with current organizational problems.

HOFFA'S organization continues to grow at the same time that the labor movement continues to decline. To be sure, the over-all decline cannot all be laid at the door of the labor leadership, even if it has become more and more preoccupied with public relations rather than with organization. The change in the make-up of the American labor force, and most particularly the relative decline in the percentage of blue-collar workers, have contributed to the problem. However, while the established labor movement makes little or no progress among the newer white-collar workers, Jimmy Hoffa's Teamsters steadily keeps adding to its membership.

The Teamsters Union is the key to the organization of many of the unorganized groups. Highly skilled workers, such as professional engineers, have discovered that there was little correlation between their skill and their collective-bargaining strength. When the professional engineers would strike a plant like RCA, they discovered that their impact was on the long-run operations of the company; i.e., their services were deferrable for a period longer than their own reserves would permit them to hold out. A company that faced an engineers' strike could grant overtime incentives following settlement and, in large part, make up the working time lost.

To a large extent, the same is true for industrial workers. In states where the strikebreakers' right to continue work is fully protected, factories manage to limp along with a partial labor force until economic pressure and morale erosion dissipate the union's energies and its will to continue the strike. However, if the relatively unskilled truck drivers refuse to deliver goods and take away finished inventories, then the pressure upon the employer soars so high within a short time that he is forced to settle. This is the basis of the Teamsters' strength.

Many Southern chambers of commerce continue to attempt to attract industry from the older industrial areas of the country by a variety of inducements; for example, right-to-work laws, plus an informal assurance that the local police will make any union organizer extremely unwelcome. These and other devices are part of the gift package offered to industrialists. The fly in the ointment is the Teamsters, which can stop scab merchandise when it leaves the police-protected haven.

THE labor movement needs the Teamsters for economic and organizational reasons; the Teamsters needs the labor movement for reasons of respectability. Jimmy Hoffa, despite his early toughness, feels this need for respectability quite deeply. He has arrived. He is a national figure and feels the way John D. Rockefel-

ler, Sr., did when the latter went looking for Ivy Lee. How does this desire for respectability show itself? Jimmy Hoffa's god is power. To put it in his own words, "I ain't settling for no tips. Any bums who are, go flying out of this organization." A crude way of putting it, but much to the point.

You come into his office and a composite portrait dominates the left wall. A phosphorescent treatment illuminates the theme. In the deep background are America's four heroic Presidents carved in the stone of Mt. Rushmore. Superimposed upon them is the bespectacled countenance of Sam Gompers and, dominating the foreground, is Smiling Jimmy Hoffa.

ON THE EVE of the 1969 election, Robert Kennedy expressed himself in eloquent terms on the NBC *Jack Paar Show*. He was talking on his favorite subject, Jimmy Hoffa's morality. Jimmy Hoffa promptly filed a libel suit against NBC and Robert Kennedy, who retained Arthur Goldberg as his defense counsel. The suit still stands and Hoffa's adversaries are now two Cabinet members—unless, as seems likely, Arthur Goldberg has since withdrawn as counsel.

Hoffa has converted the Teamsters organization from a loosely affiliated set of local baronies into a tightly centralized organization. The old Teamsters Union confined itself to local haulage and its only sense of national purpose was the per capita its locals paid to Dan Tobin as president. If you paid your dues, nobody asked any questions. If you shook down your local employers at so much a truck, this was as normal to Teamster practice as the plunder by a Roman Consul assigned to supervise a conquered territory. Old Dan Tobin understood the virtue of local autonomy. But Dan Tobin's organization was unable to cope with the revolution in trucking. The high-speed, over-the-road rig didn't fit the structural incentives of the local baronies of the old union.

The Dunn brothers and Farrell Dobbs did understand the power of the over-the-road truck drivers and up in Minneapolis made them the keystone of a local organization that dominated the Twin Cities. Every union in the area became beholden to the Teamsters. Their growing strength made Old Dan Tobin uneasy; local baronies should stay small. In addition, the Dunn brothers were Trotskyites. When World War II broke out, Tobin, with the help of his friend FDR, moved in on the Dunn brothers, using the Smith Act as the instrument. Much to the applause of the Communists, the brothers were jailed for "threatening the war effort," and young Jimmy Hoffa, a rising Detroit organizer, was dispatched to clean up the organization. Jimmy cleaned it up, but in time was conquered by the idea of the Dunn brothers. It was the Greek-Roman contretemps all over again and the beginning of the end for old Dan Tobin.

Dave Beck, who succeeded Dan Tobin, had experimented with a similar type of organization in the Pacific Northwest. Beck, however, fancied himself a business tycoon in the labor business. He believed in, and used, all of the techniques of "scientific management," including delegation of authority. Jimmy was very glad to take that authority — and not just part of it. When Dave Beck was put on the skids by young Kennedy, Jimmy moved out into the open. The easy success which the government had in ridding the Teamsters organization of Beck led them to the faulty conclusion that Jimmy Hoffa would offer as little difficulty. Even the labor movement made the same mistake.

The average Teamster had felt no sense of identity with Dave Beck; he feels completely identified with Jimmy Hoffa. This sense of identity should not be confused with the rituals and trappings of formal democracy. It is more like, "Jimmy is our boy; he gets us conditions. The other fellows call Jimmy crooked. Well, we don't know. Everybody has his price. At least if Jimmy gets his, he sees that we get ours. Those other bums, those respectables, they take everything and we get nothing." Jimmy Hoffa's power can be understood in the same terms as that of the old-fashioned city ward heeler who usually managed to lick the silk-stocking reformer. The working-class voter wanted mercy and relief. The silk-stocking reformer insisted on giving him "justice" and low taxes.

JIMMY HOFFA still wants to get back into the labor movement. In Miami he displayed bravado, laying down conditions for rejoining the AFL-CIO. One of these conditions was acceptance by the federation of the Teamsters' revised constitution, assigning to the union organizational jurisdiction over any group of workers who remain unorganized. It almost sounded like the C.I.O. of 1936. Hoffa is convinced that George Meany is his only obstacle to reentry into the federation. "Imagine a guy," he says, "who is president of the American labor movement who boasts that he never led a strike or a picket line. No wonder he doesn't know what he's doing. What'd he ever do except horse around with some politicians in the state assembly?"

To Walter Reuther he grants a grudging respect. "That guy, he's worried about the long view. He built a real organization, though. Hell, if he wants to be the next president of the AFL-CIO, he knows he needs us back in the federation." Jimmy then goes on: "Seems even I got a long-hair department myself," and he points to Hal Gibbons. "I got a technical department, a political department and all them other departments, but when it comes to the guts of the organization, the negotiations, the membership, that's me."

Stangely enough, this is true. Sitting at his desk, he takes calls from all over the country, giving instructions on the minutest detail of agreements. He has completely absorbed the complexity of the industry. When I asked Jimmy, "Do you mean to say that you run this organization by yourself?" he answered, "I know every guy in the field and none of them can kid me. . . . Dan Tobin never knew what was happening, didn't care and didn't need to care. Dave Beck? Hell, I was running it while he was playing big shot. He never knew the score." When asked, "And after you, Jimmy?" he just grins and says, "Hell, let the young kid pick up the pieces and make his own the way I did." Then, with a loud laugh, "Boy, if I were to drop dead before the convention, would there be a wild scramble! Now I'm going there with practically unanimous support."

Much of Hoffa's opposition was looked upon by the enlightened liberals as reformers who were out to clean up corruption. It's hardly that simple. Much of Hoffa's opposition disguised itself under the "local autonomy label," implying that it stood for democracy; actually, it was angry because the locus of power had shifted, under Hoffa, from the local to the national organization, leaving the local barons out in the cold.

HOFFA'S plans reach beyond the Teamsters organization. He envisages a transportation council made up of all the unions in rail, trucking and maritime to coordinate policy and render mutual assistance. His first attempt to set up a council was frustrated by the refusal of the railway unions to combine with him. His most recent attempt was an alliance of the International Longshoremen's Union under Captain Bradley and Joe Curran of the National Maritime Union. Even this limited attempt was frustrated when Bradley's convention voted non-support under an implied threat of disaffiliation by the parent AFL-CIO.

Hoffa has a working understanding with Harry Bridges of the Pacific Coast ILWU. This alliance has maintained itself despite some conflict between Pacific Coast locals of the Teamsters with the longshore union over work rules arising out of Harry Bridges' automation agreement [see *The Nation*, Nov. 26, 1960: "The Job as Property," by William Gomberg — Ed.]. Jimmy's attitude toward the morality of his own officers can best be understood by a telephone conversation I overheard him make in his office. He was upbraiding one of his men for having been deceived by an employer. Hoffa exclaimed: "What are you letting him kid ya for? He's running oil, not cement. He'll pay the oil rate." Then, hanging up the phone, he grinned and said: "I know all my men. Now take that guy. He's a thief." "A thief?" I exclaimed. "How come you let him survive?" He went on, "He is not the kind you mean, a legitimate thief. He's always in deals. You know, stocks and bonds and all that stuff. We got all kinds in our organization, and ya got to know how to handle them all."

Hoffa is a complex embodiment of a populist rebel, a robber baron, a Selig Perlman job-oriented unionist in the tradition of Hoxie's business unionism. He's also in the best tradition of free enterprise. He is for his boys — and small wonder that his boys are for him.

If, following the convention, the labor movement that can comfortably abide a convicted Hutcheson still can find no room for a unionist like Hoffa, then he will go it alone. He will be more effective than John Lewis, because his is the union of the future, not a union of the past. The government is still trying to get him — and may yet. The first attempt to restrain him, the Landrum-Griffin Act, will be relatively ineffective. The Taft-Hartley Act was passed in 1947 in an attempt to put John Lewis out of business. The act never bothered John L., but it did wreck Emil Reeve's Textile Workers Union of America. Landrum-Griffin was aimed at Jimmy Hoffa. He seems to have ducked it; and now it seems the act may well decapitate Kennedy's friends in the Garment Workers. The Garment Workers factories are fast retreating southward, and Title Seven of the Landrum-Griffin Act (the amendments to Taft-Hartley) makes the necessary organizing drive almost impossible.

Meanwhile, Jimmy grins. He didn't get invited to the Inaugural Ball, but he does get the membership.

Jimmy Hoffa is a complete puritan in his personal habits. He won't smoke, he won't drink. He is happily married and the father of two children and he won't look at another woman. He lives in a modest home in Detroit. He loves but one mistress: "power." Thus far she has been his servant. The future may make him her victim.

SCIENCE OFFERS A NEW WORLD

END OF TOIL . . *by Gerard Piel*

THE ADVANCE of science has for many years been undermining the two pillars of our economy: property and work. The ownership of property is no longer the primary source of power, even economic power, in our society; nor does ownership establish the significant, functioning connection between people and the things they consume. Work occupies fewer hours in the lives of everyone; what work there is grows less like work every year, and the less the people work the more their production grows. In the place of work and property, illusions and old habits and compulsions now support the social edifice. Public understanding must eventually overtake this transformation in the relationship of modern man to his physical environment. Fundamental changes in the social order—in man's relationship to man—are therefore in prospect and are already in process.

Until quite recent times, land was the only economically significant property physically occupied by its possessors and cherished and maintained from generation to generation. In medieval Europe the land so completely dominated economic life that the taking of interest was syn-

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onymous with usury, a crime as well as a sin. It took a religious revolution to establish the practice of selling things for more than they cost and to secure propriety for profit in the worldly virtue of thrift.

Profit, thrift and the accumulation of capital brought an entirely new kind of property into ascendance—the machine, which at first had the same immemorial look of permanence as the land. It embodied a high ratio of brute material to design, and was built for depreciation over at least one generation of ownership. It was not long, however, before the ratio of design to material began to rise; finally, the ratio was reversed. As the machine became ever less substantial, its lifetime grew shorter. Today the economically significant industrial property is not the machine, but the design—and not even the design so much as the capacity to innovate design in process and product. This is scarcely property at all; rather, it is the capacity of an organization. To have that capacity encumbered by gigantic plant can be hazardous. The most profitable manufacturing enterprises are those that show a shrinking ratio of plant to output and a rising ratio of instrumentation to plant. The decisive factor of production today is research and development.

AS THE nature of property, in the sense of the thing that is owned, has changed, so has the nature of the social institution of property. Property was subverted by another social institution: the corporation. With ownership represented by stock certificates, the proprietors ceased to occupy the premises, and their rights were reduced to voting for the directors of the corporation (if they bothered to return the proxy statement) and to a claim on earnings (if the directors declare dividends).

A similar transformation in the nature of property is to be seen in the relationship of the owner to property as usufruct. There is a greater percentage of home-owners today in the United States than ever before in this century—more than 60 per cent of the occupiers of dwelling places compared to less than 50 per cent in 1900. But whereas 30 per cent of the homes were mortgaged to 40 per cent of their aggregate value in 1900, more than 60 per cent are mortgaged to an aggregate of more than half their value today. The builders and bankers of the new suburbs will tell you that the ownership of one out of six homes there turns over every year. Plainly, the so-called home-owner is buying not a home but a housing service, much as he buys transportation, not a car, from the auto industry. In sum, the typical U.S. consumer owns no property in the classical meaning of the term. Out of current income he pays for services currently rendered. Through income set aside in social security taxes and in pension and insurance funds, he reserves a claim on services to be rendered in the future.

THE subversion of work has followed a parallel course. Work now serves to secure not the production, but the distribution, of goods in our economy. The subversion of work began, of course, with the displacement of manpower by the horsepower first of steam engines and then of steam turbines, the generator of electrical energy. Studies conducted many years ago, when muscles were yielding a day's work to steam, showed that one man can put out about forty-eight kwh. in useful work in a year. On that basis, the 750 billion kwh. of electricity generated in the United States puts the equivalent of eighty-five slaves at the disposal of each man, woman and child.

But this is an old story. The new story is the disemployment of the human nervous system. The robot, or artificial nervous system which is replacing the human one, is based on a single underlying principle: the "feedback." This principle underlies all self-regulating systems, including living organisms. The nearest and simplest example is the household thermostat, in which a mechanical sense organ absorbs a little of the heat generated by the household heating plant and thereby makes a measurement of its output. This small fraction of the output is fed back in the form of a signal to correct the input of fuel to the heating unit. By this feeding back of output to input, the household heating plant is made to regulate itself.

The feedback-control systems in our economy appear in a host of species and varieties—electrical, electronic, pneumatic, hydraulic, mechanical. An accurate census of them has not been made. But the evidence is strong that they now outnumber the human workers employed in industry. Our entire energy economy—from the steam plant out across the high-tension lines to the rotating machinery of industry—is now subject to automatic control. The new technology of atomic energy is critically dependent upon automatic control. Our petroleum refineries and almost all of our chemical process plants are today so highly robotized that their complex operations are controlled by one or two human operators stationed at the central push-button control panel.

It is only a few steps from here to the fully automatic factory. In fact, the first full-scale petroleum refineries incorporating the principal elements of the self-regulating robot factory are already on the way.

Obviously, the purpose in designing an automatic petroleum refinery is not to replace the one or two human operators who still remain on the payroll, any more than the dial telephone, with the ramifications of direct long-distance and direct inward dialing, is designed to save the wages of operators. In both instances, the object is increased efficiency. The heart of the modern telephone system is not the dial, but a computer in the central station known in the telephone company as the "line marker." Its self-regulating internal circuit is so complex that its designers cannot tell at any given moment just which elements in it are performing the work at hand. At the present rate of traffic, the American Telephone and Telegraph Company estimates it would have to employ all of the women in the labor force, plus 20 per cent more, to do the work of its line markers. The task of coordinating the output of that many human nervous systems in a single telephone system is quite impracticable.

Since the computer's function is to handle information, the easiest way to hook it up to the world outside it is by typewriter. Equipped with typewriters, it becomes a white-collar worker.

Thus far the impact of the automatic-control revolution upon the industrial payroll has been felt most acutely by the production worker. Until about twenty-five years ago, the ranks of skilled and semi-skilled factory hands were the growing element in the labor force; now their numbers are declining at an accelerating rate. During the three-year period, from 1956 to 1959, for example, the General Electric Company increased its output by 6 per cent and at the same time reduced its production payroll by 10 per cent. That company's non-production workers now outnumber the factory payroll proper. The same is apparently true of other major units in the electrical industry. After the last retooling, the auto industry produced more units than ever before — and with fewer production workers, as the shrinking rolls of the auto workers' union attest.

Vocal union organizations imbued with the Luddite spirit have made the public uncomfortably aware of these developments in recent years. Less is heard of what must be the already considerable impact of the white-collar computer, which has only begun to be felt. Clearly, the liberation of white-collar workers from their routines is due to proceed at a much faster rate.

FROM decade to decade, the U.S. economy has adjusted to the obviation of work with something of the same inventiveness with which it has absorbed the consequences of the subversion of property. One man-hour of work today produces what it took three man-hours to produce sixty years ago. This means that we could be producing the same national product as in 1900 with one-third of the 1900 labor force. That would leave 58 million members of the present labor force unemployed. But, of course, we have elected to apply our rising productivity to the production of a much larger volume of goods (about six times as much as in 1900). A major part of this vast increase is represented by products not dreamed of in 1900.

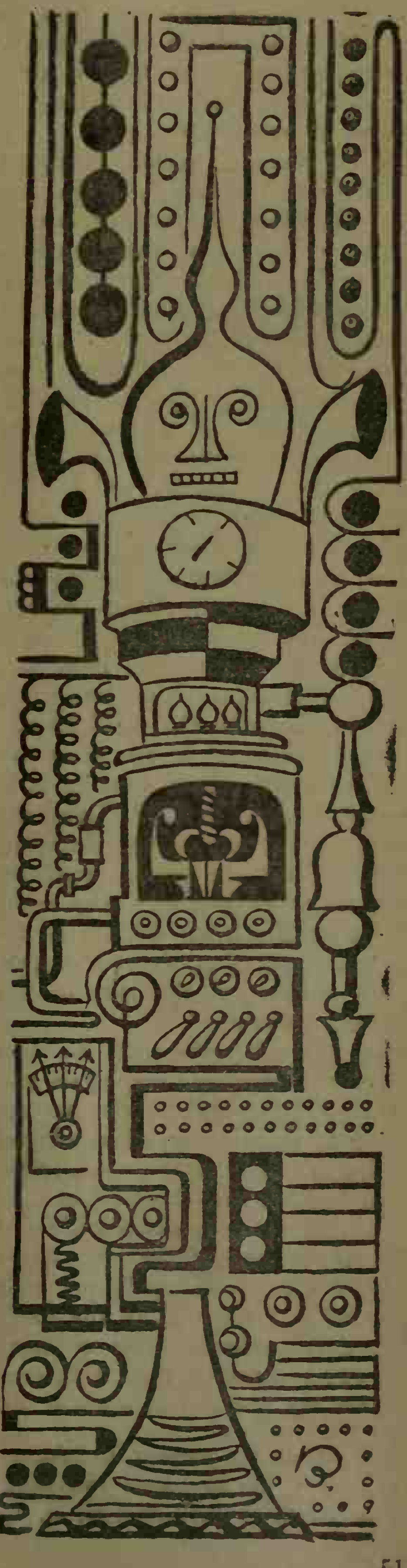
Workers could be producing goods in even greater volume, but they have chosen to take a substantial portion of the gain in leisure. With the work week shortened from around sixty hours to forty, the much larger 1961 labor force is putting in a total number of man-hours that is only 40 per cent larger than that worked by the 1900 labor force. If the sixty-hour work week still prevailed, only 40 million workers would be needed to produce the 1961 national product and some 27 million workers would be unemployed.

This invention—the spreading of the same amount of work over the larger labor force by giving everyone less work to do—constitutes only a part of the solution to the problem of distribution. Moreover, it should be distinguished from the desperate share-the-work measures taken in the Great Depression, because it does not involve sharing the wage.

On the contrary, the portion of the national income going to the labor factor (that is, compensation of employees as against profit, interest, rent and so on) has risen slowly from 53 to 73 per cent since 1900. This is another huge gain on the problem of distribution, especially when it is considered in connection with the way the total income is shared among the income groups. The lowest four-fifths received about one-third of the total national income in 1900; those income groups now receive 55 per cent of the very much larger total. Almost the entire 12 per cent subtracted from the income of the top fifth went to the three middle fifths, improving their relative position by roughly 60 per cent.

The redistribution of purchasing power is another important factor in reducing the amount of work people do in the course of their lives. It makes it possible for young people to postpone their entrance into the labor market through high school and even college age, and it takes workers out of the labor market by voluntary retirement at the other end of their careers.

BUT THE shortening of the man-year and the working life still leaves untold the real story of how work has been spread in order to secure the spread of purchasing power. If work is defined with any sort of strictness to mean productive work —that is, the extraction of raw materials and the making of consumable goods from them—then less than half of the labor force, or only 25 million people, are really at work. The distribution of the abundance they produce is secured in major part by employing people in the task of dis-



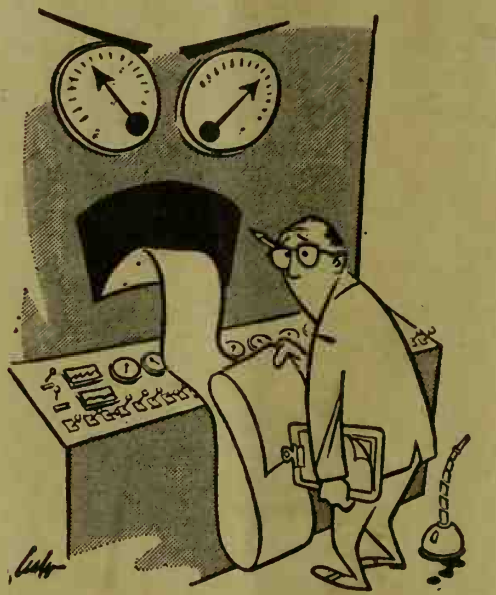
tribution. This is not to say that the distributors do not serve a valid economic function. But selling and distribution costs commonly mark up the manufacturing cost of durable goods by 250 per cent. The major portion of the profit on the sales price now comes from the distribution process. Since gimmickry is thus made to grow by what it feeds upon, the distribution system pays a premium on waste. Its principal economic justification is that it does provide "work" and so increases the number of consumers.

To the round 12 million employed in distribution should be added another 12 million who qualify as consumers by virtue of their employment in financial, clerical and service functions—necessary, but again not productive work as it is formally defined in our national bookkeeping.

Another large group of consumers is qualified by their enrollment on government payrolls. Certain members of the community will stoutly deny that these people ever do a day's work. Not counting the armed forces, their number now exceeds 5.5 million. If the figure looks too big, it is because we usually forget local and state governments in these calculations. It comes back into scale when we recognize that $132 billion, nearly 30 per cent of the gross national product, turned over in government budgets in 1959. Those expenditures not only set up 5.5 million consumers for the goods made by those more productively employed; the money also made substantial direct purchases of goods and so generated millions of the jobs in the production sector.

Our roll call ends with the two million-odd household employees and the two or more million who are employed in teaching or self-employed in the learned professions. Those whom we have here classified as nonproductive employees constituted only 30 per cent of the labor force of 1900; they make up 60 per cent of it today. Compared to the day's work that confronts most of mankind every morning, most U.S. citizens are not engaged in work at all.

THUS, up to the present, the American society has managed to handle the obviation of work without undue stress upon the system of distribution that has carried over from the days of scarcity. It now appears, however, that the advance of technology has begun to outstrip our capacity for social invention. Before the Second World War, in the flux of technological change and the oscillations of the business cycle, the system chronically fell 5 or 10 per cent below full employment and fell as far as 25 per cent below in 1933. It is instructive to compare this experience with the present. During the past several years, despite a steady rise in gross national product, unemployment has been rising. It now approaches six million, or nearly 10 per cent of the labor force. But this figure seriously understates the gap between the jobs available in the production and distribution of goods in the economy and the number of people who need employment in order to be able to purchase their share of those goods.



That gap has been filled for the past fifteen years by the war economy. Today's roll of the employed includes 2.5 million in the armed forces; they are certainly not employed in the production and distribution of goods. To their numbers should be added the one million civilian employees of the Department of Defense, whose principal employment is that of housekeeping and procurement for those in uniform. Finally, we must add the 2.5 million workers in industry engaged in filling the procurement orders of the military. The total of those unemployed and employed outside the civilian economy thus comes to 12 million—close to 20 per cent of the labor force and only 5 per cent below the unemployment peak of 1933. And this at a time when the gross national product has reached an all-time high.

Wassily Leontief of Harvard University recently applied his "input-output" technique to a study of the economics of disarmament. His tables indicate that even if the gross national product is maintained at peak levels through the transition period following an agreement to disarm, the civilian economy would very likely fall short of re-employing all those who would be disemployed by a cut in military expenditure. The same study indicates that by 1965 technological disemployment will, in any case, eliminate about one-fifth of the jobs in industry now generated by the procurement of arms. In other industries, in the same period, technological progress promises to reduce employment by an average of close to 10 per cent.

THE EVIDENCE that full employment is no longer an attainable objective seems to be growing. Of course, the arms budget can be arbitrarily increased, and the size of the armed forces along with it, to offset technological disemployment in the armament industries. But no one really wants to contemplate an indefinite continuation of the arms race. Alternatively, or concurrently, some of the slack can be taken up by a thirty-hour week, a measure advocated by both Presidential candidates as long ago as 1956. After that, the work week could be reduced to twenty-five, then twenty hours — the inefficiency of the ultra-short work week will itself help to create more jobs. At that point the nation will have come really close to being a workless society.

No reasonably predictable rate of growth of the gross national product seems equal to overtaking the current rate of technological disemployment. Every step of progress in automatic control reduces the capital investment as well as the employment per unit of output. As the cost of investment goes down, the rate of technological progress and consequent disemployment must increase.

ing hall for 10,000 delegates and a restaurant to seat 4,000, has a large number of big lobbies, was built in less than a year. In the meantime, the millions working away with primitive equipment in the communes all over the country are the industrial trainees who will make excellent foremen and managers for the new factories as soon as they are ready.

The strength of China today is enthusiasm, skill and the capacity for hard work sustained over long hours. These alone will, however, not be enough to build a modern industrial state, and the Chinese are fully aware of it. In order to support their industrial drive, they are in need of a huge army of scientists and technicians. Of all the requirements of industry, an engineer has the longest delivery time. Even in China, it will be about seven years. In spite of the enormous pressure for skilled technicians with high qualifications, the Chinese have not fallen into the error of some of the Western nations of trying to ease the strain by early specialization. At the expense of a few years of training, they have adhered to the principle of giving their young people a broad general education at school, irrespective of the later academic requirements.

A WORD must be said here about the peculiar difficulties with which they are faced owing to the nature of their written language. The great number and complexity of Chinese written characters have in the past resulted in a small minority who were able to master these while the large masses remained illiterate. A great effort is now being made to alphabetize the language and all school children will have to learn, in addition to a certain number of characters, to read and write their language in the Latin script. However, it is impossible to transliterate the characters themselves straight into alphabetic form because they denote concepts, and not speech. The great multitude of Chinese regional dialects are so different that they cannot be understood by the inhabitants of another part of the country. The children must therefore first learn Mandarin, which for centuries has been the official language and which, as Chinese dialects go, is relatively simple. This spoken language can then be alphabetized. The transliteration chosen for this is somewhat different from that generally used in the West; for instance, the name of the capital is not spelled "Peking" but "Beijing," which, indeed, is closer to the spoken word.

The Chinese school child who is destined for higher education will, in addition, have to learn one or two foreign languages — likely Russian and/or English. After twelve years of school, those who gain the highest marks are offered a place at an academic institution. This may be a university, a technical university or a specialized institute. In order to avoid lopsidedness in university development, the Chinese have taken all technological subjects, medicine and legal training out of the university curriculum. These are the fields in which an enormous number of qualified professional men and women will be required in the near future; and by training in separate centers the character of the universities, as places of scholarly study and research, has been preserved. The universities retain, of course, their faculties of law and of the physical and biological sciences, but in these the basic principles only will be studied, while their practical application is taught at the specialized institutions.

There are institutes of electronics, of metallurgy, of petroleum technology and so on in which the student will receive an intensive training in a fairly narrow field in which he is expected to become a highly qualified expert. The technical universities, such as Tsinghua, are meant to form an intermediate stage between the purely academic courses of the universities and the specialized training at the technological institutes.

The university course, say in physics, takes about five years. There is a final examination, but—and this is another Chinese peculiarity—no degree is given. At present the demand for students who have finished the course is so great that all of them will immediately find employment. Students about to leave are given a list of ten types of jobs in their field and are asked to state their preferences. They are then placed according to their wishes and to their examination results. It is not surprising that there should be quite some competition for the best man not only from industry, but also from the university and the research institutes of the Academia Sinica. My Chinese colleagues tell me that, after trying a number of schemes, they now have a system in which each of the established universities has to look after a number of new institutions which are regarded as this university's "babies." The university is responsible to see that the baby institutions are well staffed and that they get all the parental help and guidance required.

IN SPITE of all revolutionary ideas, the tendency to let the new grow out of the old, and to let the wisdom of experience guide new developments, is very strong in China. Whereas in Russia the capitalists were abolished in a big sweep, the Chinese employers and owners of factories were asked to stay on in partnership with the state. During this time they are allowed to take their share in the profits and after several years, when the factory becomes full state property, they have a good chance of being taken on as managers. In this way the knowledge and ability of the capitalist is utilized and incentive is provided for him to place his skill and effort at the service of the new regime.

Far from breaking with the past, the new Chinese government has expended huge sums and devoted a large labor force to the repair of palaces, temples, the imperial tombs and other treasures of architecture and art. The Forbidden City of Peking, which already at the decline of the last dynasty was falling into disrepair, is now shining again in the full splendor of the Ming emperors. Its halls and courts are filled with collections of paintings, sculpture, bronze and porcelain. The gay beauty of the Summer Palace has come again to life and the Great Wall was repaired at the same time as large new irrigation reservoirs were built in its shade.

BOOKS and the ARTS

St.-John Perse: Poet as Historian

CHRONIQUE. By St.-John Perse. Translated by Robert Fitzgerald. Pantheon Books. 60 pp. $3.

Octavio Paz

IN 1904, while still an adolescent, St.-John Perse wrote his first well-known poem, *Images à Crusoé;* in 1959 he published *Chronique,* his most recent poem. A half century separates these two works. Or does it unite them? Both things at once. Almost nothing remains of the world in which Perse spent his youth. Whole societies have vanished, others have emerged, and those which resisted the storm-winds have undergone such deep changes that no one could swear to their being the same. A lot more than time has passed during these fifty years: "There is a rending of entrails, of viscera, over the whole lighted space of the Century."

Obviously this is not the first age in which cataclysms have occurred. But before this the everyday life of the people, bound by work and ritual to the cyclical rhythms of nature, was less upset by the creation and destruction of empires. Real life wasn't historical. Until the last century private life and public events could be kept apart; except for scattered and isolated moments — the Revolution of 1848 or the Commune—history never crossed the path of Baudelaire or Rimbaud or Mallarmé. Today, history not only invades the remotest corners of the earth—there are no virgin peoples or territories any longer—but it intrudes on our thoughts, lays waste our secret dreams, uproots us from our cities and hurls us into the public void. Modern man has discovered that historical life is a life of migrations. St.-John Perse knows this better than anyone. But what history has put asunder, poetry unites.

Rereading Perse's books, one notices that a single verbal stream flows uninterruptedly from *Eloges* to *Chronique.* Perse's language swallows up events, transmutes them and then, so to speak, redeems them. Everything that has taken place over the last fifty years—including the poet's personal life—is fitted into the work. Discords, schisms, exiles, love and love affairs, atrocities, the annihilation and birth of cities, the emasculation of language, unbearable fevers in the western sky—all these are the images and rhymes of an enormous poem. The dispersions of our world finally reveal its living unity. Not the unity of some system that wipes out contradictions and is never more than a partial vision, but that of the poetic image. It has been said that the historian is a prophet in reverse, a diviner of the past. By the same token the poet might be viewed as a historian who imagines what comes to pass. And what is remarkable is that his images have more truth in them than the so-called historical documents. Anyone interested in what took place in the first half of this century had better avoid the dubious accounts of it in our newspapers. Let him get hold instead of a key group of poetical works. One of them would be that of St.-John Perse.

Images à Crusoé ends with a sentence that is both an evocation and a prophecy: "You awaited the moment of departure, the rising of the great wind that would suddenly tear you away, like the typhoon, parting the clouds before your waiting eyes." The first stanza of *Chronique* responds to that final stanza: "Great age, behold us. Coolness of evening on the heights, breath of the open sea on every threshold, and our foreheads bared for wider space." Perse is answering the summons he had given himself at the age of twenty. Crusoe, the poet's youthful persona, doesn't leave him: "Great age, you lied: a road of glowing embers, not of ash." Years have passed, but old age doesn't bring surrender. The world is still open, and the poet's favorite image still that of the road: "Great age, behold us in our limitless ways." Old age is no rocking chair near the fire but a night spent under the open sky. *Chronique* is a later stanza in the same poem, the restatement of its opening theme and the augury of yet another adventure. No, not another: the same; yet always different. Each of Perse's books is a stanza in a single poem; and each of these long stanzas is itself an isolated poem. Unity and multiplicity.

What is the theme of Perse's poem? What story is recounted in the stanzas called *Eloges, Anabase, Exil, Vents, Amers, Chronique?* The work opens as a kind of chant, a eulogy of the natural world and the first age of man. Sea, sky and land seen through the troubled eyes of a young boy. Praise and farewell to childhood, to its "magnanimous myth" and the rich fare at its table. The first book, the first stanza, is an announcement of the voyage to come: "All the roads in the world feed from the hand" of the young poet. It was a short step from *Eloges* to *Anabase.* Perse took it without nostalgia, determined from then on to live as the Stranger. There is no road that leads back to the country of his birth. *Anabase* is an account of the peregrinations and movements—in space, in time, and in the secret enclosures of the dream—of races and civilizations, a celebration of the founding of cities and laws, the evocation of great birds of passage: "Fertile land of the dream! Who speaks of building?" From *Anabase* on, the Stranger's lot is made one with the rain, the snow and the wind, images of change and migration, powerful concretions of the word *Exile.* Histories of our age, they are at the same time the account of an exile that has no end, because all of human history is a history of exile. The planet itself is a migrant body.

PERSE'S adventure is anything but a circumnavigation: each stop becomes a new point of departure, a moment's respite before continuing the journey. The geometrical figure that describes this universe is not a circle but a spiral. Perse's poetry should be read as an exercise in spiritual intrepidity. His poems offer a man no shelter from the night and bad weather; they are themselves an encampment under the open sky. No roots here: wings. His theme is singular and plural: time, the times. History minus any characters, because the only real character in history is a nameless and faceless being, half flesh and half dream: the man all we other men are and aren't. Voyage without map or compass or the names of countries, because cities, ports, islands, all that marvelous geography, dissolve the moment that we touch them. Chronicle of storms and balmy days, annals of the wind, book of seas and rivers, stone tablet of the sky inscribed with good

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and bad years, like the symbols on a *stela*. Perse's poetry penetrates beyond optimism and pessimism, indifferent to quarrels over names or grubby controversies about morality and meaning. His morality is something other, like his enthusiasm and terrible energy. Perse's theme is time, our very substance. The poetry of time, which buries and banishes us. Insofar as we are men, we are a metaphor for time. A migrant image.

ANNALS, chronicles, voyages: the epic. But what a singular epic it is. Its form—probably the only kind an age like ours could bear—has little resemblance to the traditional epic. (Let me say, in passing, that our century has attempted to rescue the epic as a literary genre. Even the novel, which has been dominated almost entirely by the analytical spirit, is today abandoning psychology and descriptive prose; its most daring and valid productions are again verging on poetry with its unitary vision and re-creations of language.) What first strikes the reader of *Anabase* or *Vents*, having once overcome the difficulties that any real poem creates for the inattentive, is the absence of narrative. The poet speaks of migrations, conquests, voyages, the founding of cities, rituals, the invention of techniques, the discovery of new lands, the election of dignitaries, councils, usurpations, festivals, without bothering to arrange any of that random conglomeration of centuries and events (some real, others imaginary) within a linear narrative. We sit in the eye of the cyclone. History is movement, but we are ignorant of where the movement is taking us.

As against the explanations of the philosophers of history, which are never more than provisional, the poet gives us the feeling and meaning of historical life. The meaning he delivers has little to do with where the events are heading (something that no one knows anyway). The meaning of history isn't somewhere out there, in the past or the future, but in the here and now. On this earth and at this precise moment, man is building cities, establishing kingdoms, convening assemblies, drawing up laws, writing poems, or waiting for it all to be taken from him. In a word, man fighting against death makes of each of his hours a structure or an action: a monument and a ruin. Although Perse's poetry abandons the horizontal method of narration, his material remains epic. Using an abundance of examples, which in itself indicates the richness of his historical experience, he dazzles our eyes with a display of the wonderful and laughable diversity of man's works, occupations and activities. Rejecting the intercession of philosophy, he brings us face to face with the direct meaning of history: we must create or perish. The poet presents, he doesn't prove.

ANOTHER difficulty involves the identities of Perse's heroes. Every figure wears a mask. None has a proper name: the Stranger, the Regent, the Usurper, the Tragedians, the Scrivener, the Viceroys, the Financier, the Astrologer. Duties, ranks, professions: some as ancient as civilization, others imaginary. Men of all classes and all classes of men. People and peoples, mankind and man. As with Joyce, all the characters dissolve into a single character, a unique figure who never speaks in his own voice. Barely able to break the silence, he yet reveals himself through a plurality of voices and shifting presences. Colloquy or monologue? At times a choral poem; at others a solo voice reciting, meditating or raised in prayer. A woman is all women, and women are the sea. The Stranger is the Poet and the Poet is his language. Wind, clouds, rocks, the sea (all-powerful for Perse's spirit, omnipresent), gigantic trees, metals, the Three Kingdoms and the rest—all these are characters as well.

The poet is the chronicler of rainstorms, the historian of blizzards. The pomps of history encompass physical phenomena. Thunder, lightning, the wild heat of summer are all part of his Romance. Or is it just the opposite: that Perse thinks of history as an event in nature? Most likely neither. The vision here is total: history and nature are both dimensions of the human, extremes of the same contingency. And man? Contingent also: a wager that life has made with itself. In *Chronique* we come on a curious sentence that throws a certain light on what might be called Perse's "transhumanism": "We pass and, engendered by no one, do we really know toward what species we are advancing?" The center of the poem is man—but man seen as a transitional being moving toward some other form: "We are herdsmen of the future. . . ."

Classifications are misleading. Perse's poems resemble our traditional epics less than they do the sacred books of the Orient or the Mayan cosmogonies. At the same time his work adapts and widens the modern tradition. His language, a prodigious fountain of images, is one of the freest and richest in all contemporary poetry—and one of the most precise and skillful rhythmic con-

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structs we have yet produced. The work also displays a powerful current of eroticism, the mark of every true creator. *Amers* contains one of the greatest love poems in modern lyric poetry (*Etroits sont les vaisseaux . . .*). Also the *Récitation à l'éloge d'une Reine* and the ninth canto of *Anabase* (*"Jeunes femmes! et la nature d'un pays s'en trouve toute parfumée . . ."*).

Let me return to the original point long enough to remark that Perse's poetry culminates in a song that celebrates the very act of singing: not an exaltation of this or that particular action but of the essential act itself, in all its purity, using words that tremble with creative energy. Is it any wonder that he would make a final song in praise of the highest activity known to man: the poem? As a celebration of language, Perse's poetry is a return to the origin of the poem: the hymn. An exclamation in the face of life, an affirmation of existence, a eulogy. Poetry which ignores the gods but bathes itself in the fountain of the sacred: "Surely I live in the throat of some god." This terrible age of ours produces more than doubt and negation. A poet may still accept it in its totality: "Great age, you form this praise." No real poet was ever a Manichean. Good and evil, darkness and light are not separate entities but the two sides of Being—that eternal Sameness which is never the same. The poet "turns from contention." His song is praise.

Architect of Society

DEMOCRACY: A Man-Search. By Louis H. Sullivan. Introduction by Elaine Hedges. Wayne State University Press. 421 pp. $7.95.

Sherman Paul

"TO DISCUSS American architecture and its possibilities, while ignoring the repressive force of feudalism and the expansive force of democracy, is sheer lunacy." This was Louis Sullivan's response to his colleagues who were still peddling styles without reference to the social crises of their time. He had always related art and society. Early in his career he had been concerned with the more strictly architectural aspects of the relationship, with achieving a personal utterance for the aspirations of

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SHERMAN PAUL, author of Emerson's Angle of Vision *and* The Shores of Light: Thoreau's Inward Exploration, *is now at work on a study of Louis Sullivan. Mr. Paul is Professor of American Literature at the University of Illinois.*

Hemlocks

Red house. Green tree in mist.
How many fir long hours.
How that split wood
warmed us. How continuous.
Red house. Green tree I miss.
The first snow came in October.
Always. For three years.
And sat on our shoulders.
That clean grey sky.
That fine curtain of rain
like nice lace held our faces
up, in it, a kerchief for the nose
of softest rain. Red house.
Those green mists rolling
down the hill. Held our heads
when we went walking on the hills
to the side, with pleasure.
But sad. That's sad. That tall grass.
Toggenburg goat stood in, looking, chewing.
Time was its cud. Oh
Red barn mist of our green trees of Him
who locks our nature in His deep nature
how continuous do we die to come down
as rain; that land's refrain
no we never go there anymore.

EDWARD DORN

society. The financial crises of 1893 and 1907, however, broadened his emphasis. The first crisis began the decline of his fortunes, the second completed it. Sitting in his office atop the tower of the Auditorium Building (which he was forced to abandon in 1909), he had little to design, but much to read and think about—and much to write.

The betrayal of American architecture at the World's Fair turned him to education. He challenged the American Institute of Architects by leading the draftsmen who in 1899 formed the Architectural League of America. For them he wrote *Kindergarten Chats.* But it was impossible for one who lived then in Chicago to overlook a greater betrayal. Chicago, Henry Adams wrote, "asked in 1893 for the first time the question whether the American people knew where they were driving." If they did not know that they were on their way to feudalism, there were philosophers, psychologists and social critics in Chicago who could tell them. Sullivan was one of them.

He read widely and he learned from Dewey, Veblen, Oscar Triggs and Henry D. Lloyd. He found that what he called "natural thinking" was confirmed by functional psychology, that his notion of beneficent power was comparable to Veblen's instinct of workmanship, and that the Whitmanian gospel of experience in the "open" which he espoused had been given scientific support. The new thought, he believed, was as significant for the history of man as the Copernican revolution had been. With its "publicity," he hoped to clear away the "survivals" of feudalism.

FEUDAL thought was "inverted"—untenable dualistic thinking that had externalized the powers of man and alienated him from himself and the universe. Its psychological origin was fear, and whatever had been created in the image of this thought contributed to the culture of fear and to the "dance of death" which for him symbolized past and present civilizations. To remove the "mind-forg'd manacles," to show man to himself that he might realize his powers—such was the aim of the Nietzschean transvaluation of Sullivan's man-search. In his battle for democracy the real issue was not simply man's "natural rights" but the liberation of his actual, naturally creative powers.

Sullivan was a man of good hope, one of many progressive prophets who upheld the claims of honesty and justice and announced the advent of a genuinely social democracy. It is easy to deny such men, to mock them as Veblen did, until one realizes that every subsequent generation has been kindled, if at all, by their faith. Those who are accustomed to the blander sociological vocabulary of our time may be put off by Sullivan's rhetoric; those who are cynical about democracy and unwilling, even as historians, to understand what it meant to another generation (a fault, I think, of Burchard and Bush-Brown's recent *The Architecture of America*), may not wish to return to books that challenge their little faith. But perhaps that is the value of Sullivan's book, which only now has found a courageous publisher and a perceptive editor.

Democracy: A Man-Search was written more than fifty years ago. To fully appreciate its singular achievement one must go back to a time when sociology was the new master science. It had then an aura it later lost. Sullivan said in *Kindergarten Chats* that it was the unitary science, the explorer and evangel of democracy. It fulfilled "the main and the immediate business of democratic philosophy"—"to simplify, to clarify and to know itself." For him it defined a new mode of thought (the "face to face" experience of *Democracy*), a new area of study (that of the forms and functions of man in society throughout history) and an immediate end in reform (the social salvation of man in democracy). This feeling for the redemptive possibilities of the new thought explains Sullivan's prophetic posture, the manner of his writing, and his personal fear lest society let its dreamers perish. And it helps us understand those deep and continuing currents of thought and emotion which carried democratic idealism from the transcendentalism of the early nineteenth century to the pragmatism of our own era.

WHAT makes *Democracy* so singular is the fact that it is not a social tract. It is a work of art, and now that Sullivan's buildings are being demolished, it may remain, with his other books, as a testimony of his creative impulse and of his tremendous imaginative vi-

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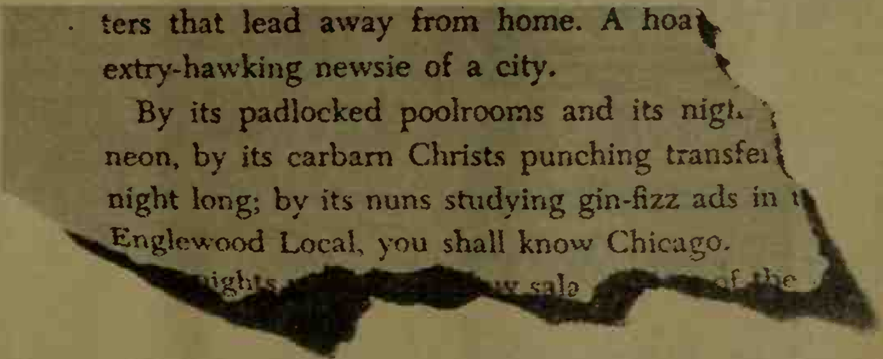

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tality. His ends were always social and his means were always artistic. (He knew, as Raymond Williams reminds us in *The Long Revolution,* that art is a social activity and that the communication of creative impulse is a necessity of democratic society.) It was not enough for him to tell men about the new thought; he would make them *see* it — and its consequences. He would dramatize on the stage of history the story of "man's self-eclipse," he would show them how they themselves had created the culture of fear, and he would force them to accept the burden of choice and responsibility for the thought that was the spring of history. As his examiner in history at the Beaux Arts had prophesied, he would turn the teachings of history upside down. And he would do in his way what recent studies like the Goodman‘s *Communitas* and Mumford's *The City in History* have done: liberate choice by showing alternatives.

Democracy is not a perfect work. Repetition, especially toward the end, produces the effect of shrillness. Nevertheless, it is boldly conceived and written with restraint. Its theme—man's search for himself—is grand; its method —the socio-psychological—is profound; its intent—the passionate desire to redeem man—is Messianic. In theme as well as technique (for example, the conscious use of archetypes and the complex fusion of past and present) it anticipates much in modern literature. The result is a landmark in democratic thought. Sullivan's book belongs with those great affirmations of the human spirit which for want of another name might be called the permanent sociology of man.

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LETTER from CANNES

Donald Richie

THE 14th Film Festival at Cannes, one of the least distinguished in a series world-famous for its lack of distinction, showed at least one film at which everyone sat up and took notice. This was Shirley Clarke's version of Jack Gelber's play, *The Connection.* Shown early in the festival at the Petite Salle (hors competition), it, in the word of *Film Française,* the official house organ, "made the festival."

The reason is that it is a completely controversial film. "It is this year's *L'Avventura,*" said the *Figaro* critic and he was right. After days of bad De Sica, inferior Sjoeberg, and disappointing Clément, it gave the festival back to cinema. The repercussion was felt even by producers arguing in four figures on the Carleton Plaza, even by posturing *vedettes* on the beach. Further showings were arranged and people stood for a two-hour film the first showing of which was to a half-empty hall.

Interest was further aroused because a number of Miss Clarke's friends had come to Cannes. Every day Allen Ginsberg, Gregory Corso and Peter Orlovsky could be seen at the Bar Bleu, next to the Palais du Festival, minding their own business, talking, writing poetry, and looking eminently respectable in the context of sequined starlets, athletes daubed with bronze paint, and ladies who carried marmosets to cocktail parties.

Most people thought, erroneously, having seen *Pull My Daisy,* that the poets were in the film. "I wish we had been," said Ginsberg. "For one thing, it is a lot better than ours. What most surprised me, and one of the reasons I think it is a good film, is that it is so funny."

It surprised everyone that *The Connection* should be so funny and so light. In this it stands well above certain other new films which it somewhat resembles. The newest trick of the new wave, for example, is to make a film about making a film, which is what *The Connection* does. But in both of the Jean Roche films, *La Pyramide Humain* and the new *Chronique d'un Eté,* we are really looking at home movies of bull sessions. No films since the dawn of sound have talked so much or moved so little. Distinguished by all the spontaneity of bad photography, the pictures' message is the one arrived at by most of us in our sophomore year. The Italians, always the more chic, have made several films about *not* making films, notably Franco Rossi's rather interesting *Odyssea Nuda,* in which Enrico Maria Salerno drops his 16 mm. Bolex in the first reel, never to pick it up again.

The thing about *The Connection* which flipped the French is that Shirley Clarke creates perfectly the feeling of the spontaneous which is so in vogue these days but, at the same time, controls her production with iron reins. Little or nothing is actually spontaneous in the film; Miss Clarke's is the art that hides art.

From the first we are in a Greenwich Village cold-water flat, from which we never succeed in escaping, and the audience began murmuring its appreciation of the fact that this was so obviously the real thing. Actually it was nothing of the sort; it was a set, and one of the most extraordinary in recent film history.

The set impressed the French, but the acting impressed them even more. So much so that loud arguments were later heard to the effect that it was not acting at all, that these had been real people. "Of course, that is one of the points of the film," said Shirley Clarke: "Who you are, what you do. That room is the whole world. I got mixed up myself all the time. For me the actors *were* the characters. I called them by the characters' names. Even now I look at Raphael over there and I think: There's Solly.

"And this is what I have always been

DONALD RICHIE, at present in Germany, was invited to the recent Cannes Film Festival as an assisting member of the Japanese delegation.

trying to achieve, now that I think of it. All of my films have tried to break down what is real and what is false. Both *Bull Fight* and *Scarey-Time* are about just that. And in *The Connection* we pulled it off—at least we pulled it off part of the time. The camera is like that. It cannot help but help you break down that proscenium that, even in the movies, exists between actors and audience."

SO FAR as the French were concerned the proscenium was swept entirely away, even more so than in the Roche films, because in *The Connection* you are shown a film director (beautifully played by Roscoe Browne) trying to make a film about junkies and failing. The entire paraphernalia of film-making is brought into view, all of this elaborate equipment for capturing life alive is rejected and one of the results is that a brilliant facsimile of life is presented.

When the credits came on at the end I heard people around me saying: "Well, I don't know what that means—probably thanking the American government or something. At any rate, it was a brave picture for America to have made." "Lady," I felt like saying: "America had nothing to do with it." Though *The Connection* is a palpably American work of art, it is certainly not a film that the American delegation would have chosen for Cannes. Only the fact that it had been especially invited by the Fédération Française des Auteurs Cinématographiques for out-of-competition viewing made its showing possible at all. Even so, the wires between Paris and Cannes buzzed with semi-official American protests. (The "official" American entries were all safe, sound and dull: *The Hoodlum Priest, A Raisin in the Sun,* etc.)

There were dark rumors that rooms reserved for *The Connection* cast had been mysteriously canceled. There were also many stories of misbehavior on the part of the poets, but none of this was substantiated. People followed Ginsberg, Corso and Orlovsky on the streets, waiting for outrages that never occurred. One Thomas Wiseman, writing for the *Evening Standard,* arranged a meeting between the Americans and Terence Rattigan, then sat back for fireworks. There were none but "Rattigan Meets the Beats," an article by Wiseman, was filled with apocryphal quotes and invented pieces of business designed to show how wild, erratic and undependable these well-behaved young men really were.

One word (used both as expletive and as synonym for dope) occurs incessantly in the film. It might be expected that this would limit the showings in, for example, America. "I don't think so," said Shirley Clarke. "If one distributor is willing to gamble, and he has only his shirt to lose, there could be grand repercussions. Already the Supreme Court has handed down rulings on religious matters in *The Miracle* and on sex in the French film version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* There is only that obscenity matter. But, as it stands now, it would be a brave local censor board that would question it—they stand every chance of going out of business.

"Naturally," she continued, "what to do about the film rests with the company. Oh, yes, there is a company, Connection, Inc. That was how the film got financed and it was the first film that I ever heard of that got paid for this way. We formed a limited partnership and people bought in, 250 in all. And they gave from $50 up to $5,000. It is the ideal way to make a film. You don't have to convince a bank or a producer. The people who buy in are already convinced or else they wouldn't." [Allen-Hodgdon Productions, which organized the financing of *The Connection,* has employed the same method to raise money for a film version of William Golding's *Land of the Flies,* now being directed by Peter Brook in Puerto Rico—Ed.]

"What are they convinced about? Well, I guess they were convinced by the play, and they were convinced that I could make it into a film. And then they were convinced that this kind of picture needed to be made. After all it is about this group of people who don't have any particular hope, they have run through political hope and all the rest, and who are frankly escaping. But their way of escape is through a kind of revolt, they revolt against the standard. And this partial revolt is really, as the film shows, both funny and good. These people like each other, the revolt is one in favor of simple human good feeling. That is what no one ever understands about the people they call beats—they are relating to each other, they are responding against conformity. And what if it is the lunatic fringe? That's where they are so they might as well make the best of it."

RECORDS

Lester Trimble

IN THE PAST few years, the Ford Foundation has done an extraordinary amount of good by its support of the production and performance of contemporary American music. It has met with success in many of its projects, but nowhere more notably than in the American Music Center Commissioning Series. This project, devised and administered by the American Music Center as an experiment in the *repeated* performance of new works is now, after three years, drawing to a close. Whether it will be reinstated, I cannot say; there is reason to suspect that it will not. For the Ford Foundation seems at the moment to be especially interested in "experimental" projects, and this one, having been put into action, can no longer be considered experimental. It will be a pity, however, if it is put aside, for the idea has great validity.

It is a fact of American musical life that nothing is so difficult as to establish a new American work in the repertory. One performance will not do the trick. Several properly publicized performances by different orchestras, before a properly prepared public, can give a work a better chance to catch on. And, as an extremely important adjunct, the issuing of the piece on a commercial recording will provide it with an opportunity for continuing contact with an audience. This stage of the proceedings must also be properly advertised. Under the American Music

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Center Commissioning Series, most of these requirements were, to one extent or another, well accounted for.

The plan for this series was rather complex. Six American orchestras agreed to commission, with Ford Foundation funds, one major work each year. In all, eighteen works were underwritten. The orchestras were to perform not only the works they had themselves sponsored, but at least three of the five other pieces annually commissioned. In order to spread the public coverage as far as possible, the orchestras chosen were geographically remote from one another. They were in Minneapolis (Antal Dorati), Knoxville (David Van Vactor), Oklahoma City (Guy Fraser Harrison), San Francisco (Enrico Jorda), Washington, D. C. (Howard Mitchell) and Rochester, N. Y. (Theodore Bloomfield). The Boston Symphony was originally a participant in the series, but withdrew for reasons not known to me.

BECAUSE of various exigencies, most of the orchestras still have a number of the commissioned works to perform. David Van Vactor, I believe, has covered more of the territory than most of the conductors, having already programed two-thirds of the required works. And now, thanks to the Ford Foundation and Mercury records, the first record representing the American Music Center Commissioning Series has arrived in the market.

This is a record containing Gunther Schuller's *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee* and Paul Fetler's *Contrasts for Orchestra* (Mercury MG50282-SR90282). It is an absolute beauty! I can think of no recording of contemporary orchestral music which is superior to it in either performance or engineering, and few that are its equal. Antal Dorati, who commissioned both works, conducts the Minneapolis Symphony in readings that sound extremely settled and secure, handsomely colorful, clean and interpretively convincing. The engineering on this disk is nothing less than extraordinary. According to the jacket notes, both works were recorded with exactly the same placement of microphones and adjustment of dials, so that one might hear an accurate contrast between them. After several volume checks for loud and soft passages, the controls were set and left alone, and the result is a recording that remains in accurate focus from the first measure to the last.

Gunther Schuller, as I have already said in these columns, is one of the United States' most richly endowed young composers. I have sometimes been disturbed by his emphatic use of instrumental color as a compositional element. But the *Seven Studies on Themes of Paul Klee*, though they display unusual virtuosity in the use of the orchestra, hold all the elements of music in fine balance. They are essentially impressionist sketches: tone-paintings, evocations, personalized responses to the seven Klee pictures from which they stem. The first, called *Antique Harmonies*, has a deliberately archaic flavor; the second, *Abstract Trio*, is precisely what the title implies. The third, *Little Blue Devil*, is based on contemporary jazz rhythms; the fourth, *The Twittering Machine*, displays the composer's well-developed serial technique and a pointillist style. The fifth, *Arab Village*, embraces slinky Arab melodies and dissonating quarter-tones; the sixth, *An Eerie Moment*, is a study in dynamic contrasts. *Pastorale*, the final short movement, is to my mind the most beautiful section of the work: a plaintive, resigned little study which contains the only philosophical statement in the entire work, and ends the *Seven Studies* on an appealingly compassionate note.

PAUL FETLER'S *Contrasts for Orchestra* is an entirely different sort of piece, being really a symphony in four movements. It is bright, full of vigor and exceedingly well laid out for the orchestra. The first two movements are played without pause. After an affirmative, almost explosive, beginning from the percussion section, they pass through moods characterized, variously, by rhythmic insistence, thoughtfulness, intimacy, or brass oratory. Contrast, according to the composer, was the principle operating throughout, rather than traditional symphonic development. The third movement, a scherzo, is bouncy, off-beat and indebted to Shostakovitch. The fourth, though it finishes the work off in a more or less satisfactory manner, is weaker than the others. Its melodic material seems forced, and the organization a bit too obvious and facile. This may be a case of fourth-movement fatigue, a not unfamiliar hazard of composing. Nevertheless, Fetler's *Contrasts for Orchestra* is an attractive and viable work. It has had, I understand, more performances than any other work brought forth in the American Music Center Commissioning Series and it is not hard to understand why.

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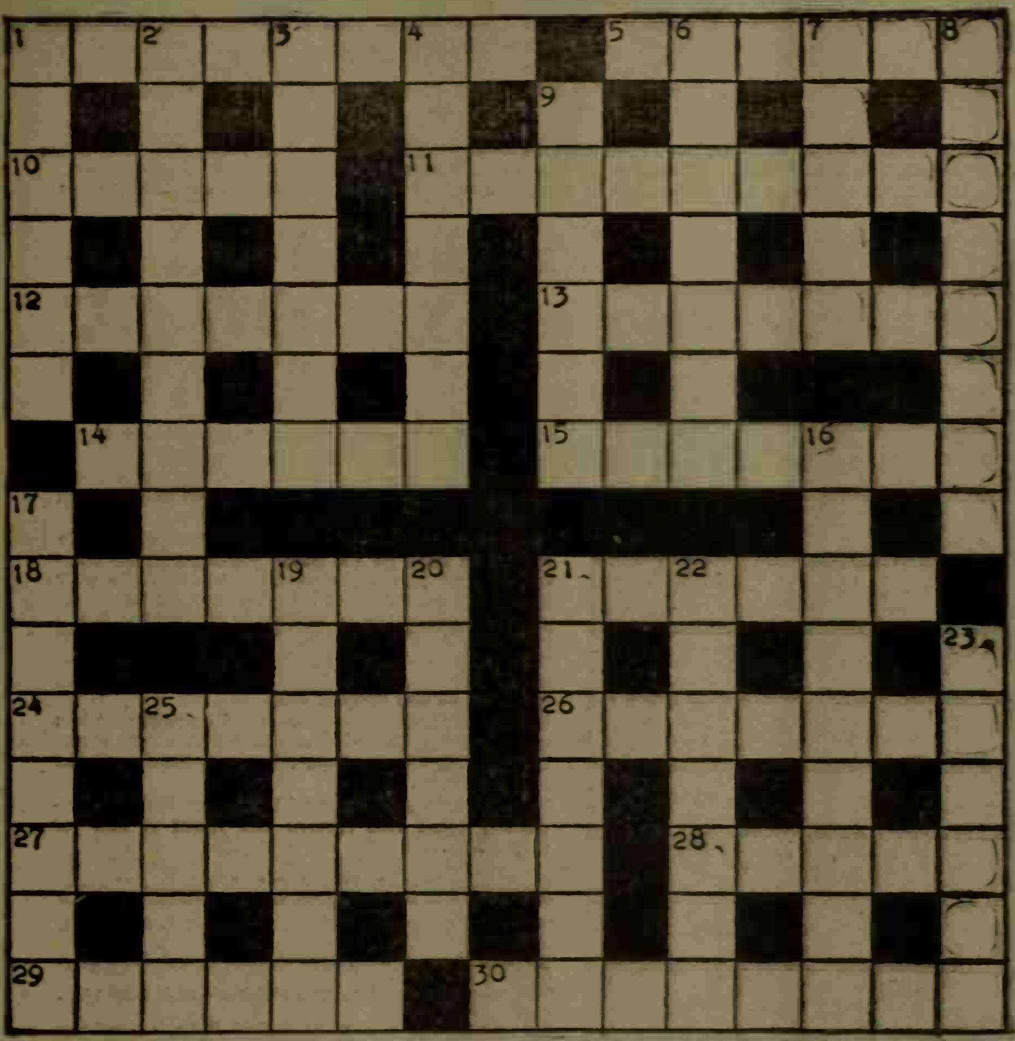
Crossword Puzzle No. 920

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 5 Get up, and on your feet! (They should take care of any expected development.) (8, 6)
10 A 15 might be a good one to miss, paradoxically. (5)
11 Mare and mares, perhaps. (9)
12 The power of 15 that might make one a better 10? (7)
13 Only pieces of coal, yet the assistant orders them. (7)
14 Damage missing, apt to describe where one might be bogged down.
15 This man is a farmer. (7)
18 One might have, as a prelude to going down. (7)
21 Is it the novel color of the Star Chamber that adds to the formal touch? (6)
24 A sign of a good library? (7)
26 But this TV program wasn't necessarily associated with box tops. (4, 3)
27 Help stamp propaganda out of them, perhaps! (9)
28 A grey, but somehow more colorful aspect. (5)
29 Al should finally create something stepped on. (You might have, if surprised.) (6)
30 Laid low in "Scots Wha Hae." (8)

DOWN:

1 Chief thing that borders the bag?
2 How to change a ten? (Or at least every other one.) (9)
3 Hoisting the canvas possessed the blooming things! (7)
4 The part that stands out with 28, but not comparatively 3 perhaps.
6 The Prodigal Son had such a living. (7)
7 25 was on 17. (5)
8 Stops for a while and passes time around us. (8)
9 Cash settlement about a note for the carriage? (6)
16 The masculine variety joins a superior part of the circle, and a model one. (9)
17 See 7 down. (5, 3)
19 In spirit, she is surrounded by the thing that ruins. (7)
20 How one might have thought of me, indeed! (6)
21 More than one 15, perhaps! (7)
22 Engrave letters for one who might be expected to settle his account.
23 Adds beauty to sand or substance.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 919

ACROSS: 1 Mare nostrum; 9 and 10 Portended; 11 Boar; 12 Snagged; 13 Connote; 15 Unfasten; 16 Supply; 18 Althea; 21 Footnote; 24 Eggcups; 26 and 28 Weather vane; 29 Colon; 30 Loom; 31 Horse doctor. DOWN: 2 Autograph; 3 Element; 4 Odds; 5 Tedious; 6 Urban; 7 and 23 Corn on the cob; 8 Cartel; 14 Snuff; 17 Punctilio; 19 Log jam; 20 Alpacas; 22 Oceanic; 25 Credo; 27 Slid.

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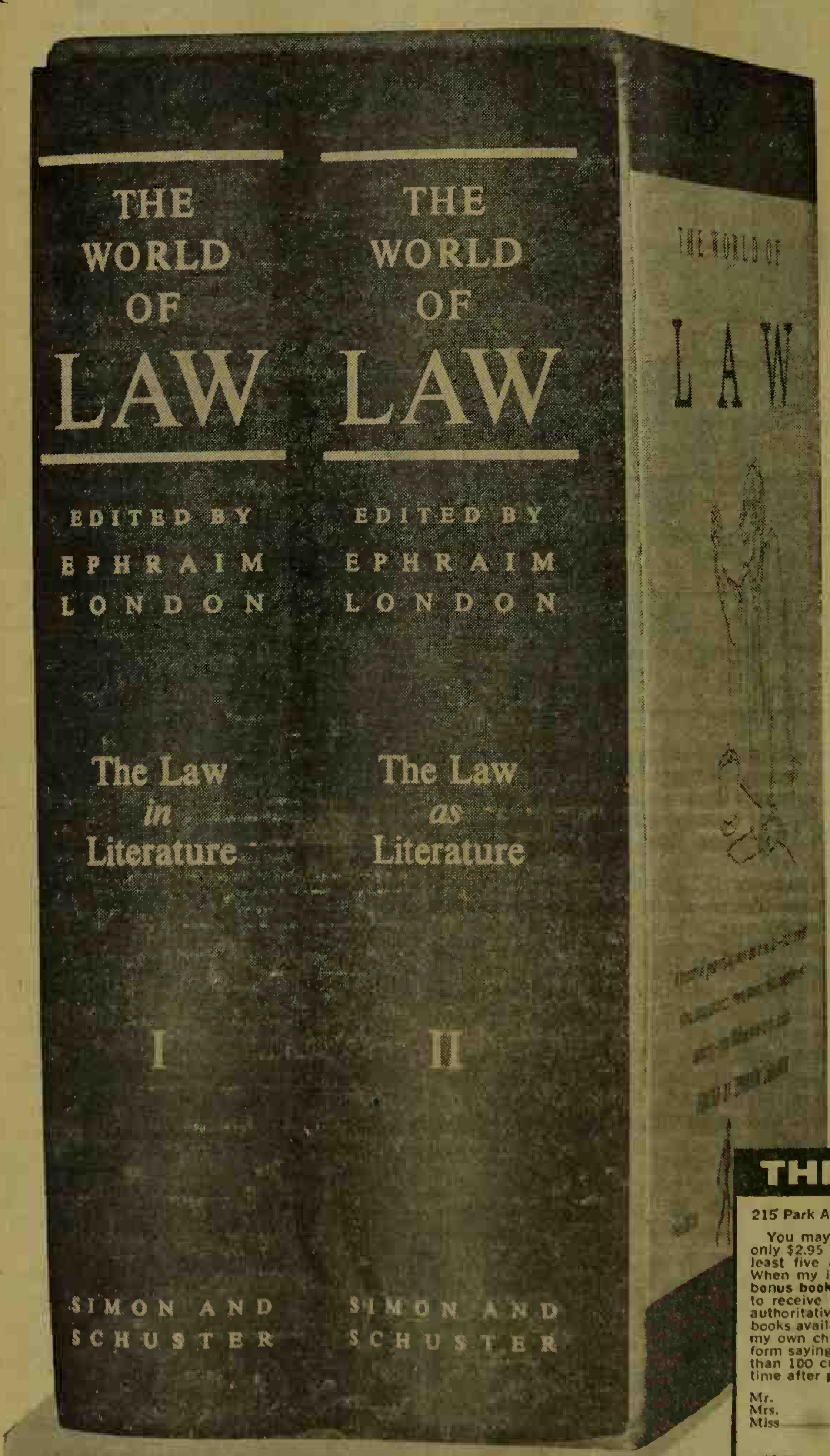

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THE CIA

by

Fred J. Cook

LETTERS

One Small Act for Peace

Dear Sirs: In a letter in the June 10 issue, re Mary Grooms's article on shelters [May 13], Robert Berkowitz comments: "I am not certain if she regards the United States as the only warlike agent in the world." Perhaps Mr. Berkowitz will find it less inconceivable that anyone could so regard us (or rather, our government) after he has read Mr. Dreher's eye-opening article, "Hazards of Civil Defense," in the same issue in which his letter appeared. But in any case, may I suggest to him that all that really matters is whether the United States is *one* of the warlike agents in the world. I think the record clearly shows it is, and that as such it is *one* of the parties responsible for imperiling the very existence of the human race. I also think that if just *one* of the main warlike agents in today's world were to begin acting in such a way as to further—and not merely praise—peace, the threat which nuclear weapons pose to mankind would be lessened far out of proportion to the initial act for peace, because that act would finally reverse the horrible trend of the arms race. BLOSSOM D. SEGALOFF

New Haven, Conn.

Familiar Argument?

Dear Sirs: William Gilman, reviewing *The Structure of Science* in your June 10 issue, asks: ". . . Can we then absolve the Los Alamos scientists of their share of responsibility for Hiroshima?" The answer is Yes, because (a) we were at war; (b) without Hiroshima, the war would have continued for two more years and 2 million more Americans would have died; (c) far more Japanese lives, as well as property, would have been wiped out with a continuation of the war; (d) a leading Japanese statesman said if conditions had been reversed, he would have had no hesitancy in using the bomb against America.

Chicago, Ill. ROBERT ROSENBLUTH

Regressive Tax?

Dear Sirs: In your May 13 issue, Peter Dorner presented the case for a tax on the advertising of large companies. Mr. Dorner assumes that (1) as wealth grows, the demand for an increasing number of consumer goods "reaches a state of extreme inelasticity" and (2) firms, by product differentiation and large advertising expenditures, can pass along cost increases to the consumer.

When demand is in "a state of extreme inelasticity," the firm is in a position to pass increases in cost along to the consumer with the result that prices are higher and the quantity sold is about the same.

To the firm, a tax on advertising is an increase in the cost of doing business. If the tax can be forced on the consumer in the form of higher prices, then its economic impact is identical to that of a sales tax. A sales tax is a regressive tax.

If one grants Mr. Dorner his assumptions, one is confronted with a tax on advertising that is paid by the consumer under a system of regressive taxation. Suppose that the volume of advertising does decrease. What will disappear? Will there be less *Play of the Week* or will there be less *Gunsmoke?*

Most of the effects that Mr. Dorner is seeking could, perhaps, be better achieved through a system of grading and labeling of advertised products and by a closer look at advertising material by the FTC. This would not raise the funds needed for public welfare projects. If these funds are to be raised through taxation, however, *progressive* taxation would seem to commend itself.

Evanston, Ill. MORTON SCHNABEL

Summer Schedule

After July 1, and through August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks only, i.e., on July 15 and 29, and August 12 and 26. The normal weekly schedule will be resumed with the Sept. 2 issue.

From the Bosporus

Dear Sirs: Not for pedantry, but because I like *The Nation,* I should like to point out two inaccuracies in your editorials of April 22:

1. On page 334: ". . . One of these is Franz Joseph Strauss, his Minister of Defense, who insists that the *NATO armies, which are mostly German armies . . .*" 'Taint so. On this side of the ocean, Turkey has the largest military under NATO.

2. On page 335: ". . . It should not be forgotten that Syngman Rhee and Adnan Menderes, *shortly before* they were ousted from office by their irate countrymen, had also scored 'smashing' electoral victories. . . ." One of the reasons Adnan Menderes was ousted on May 27, 1960 (an unforgettable date for Turkey), was the discontent of the intellectuals and students over the delay by Menderes' Democrat Party in scheduling elections. The last election in Turkey took place back in 1957. Opposition leader Ismet Inonu, just before the May 27 Revolution, all but promised civil war if elections weren't held by October 27 of this year, the constitutional limit of four years since the last elections. (It is pretty much agreed that in the 1957 elections, however, manipulation of the electoral results "well known to dictators" took place.)

Istanbul FERDINAND DRYLE

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THE CIA . . by Fred J. Cook

INTRODUCTION: "The only time the people pay attention to us," Allen Dulles once said of the CIA, "is when we fall flat on our face" — or words to that effect. But as Mr. Dulles would be the first to concede, the reason for the default lies not with the people, but with the CIA itself. The disastrous Bay of Pigs episode is not the only fiasco that can be laid at the door of the lavishly financed CIA. But in this latest fiasco more of the facts came to light than in similar earlier episodes. Now, therefore, seemed an excellent time, while the facts of the Cuban fiasco are fresh in mind, to take a look at an agency which is of vital concern to national security and the well-being of the people, but about which the people know less than about any major agency of government. What interested us, as editors, were not the immediate causes of the particular fiasco; we do not propose to join the feverish post-mortem search for scapegoats. Our concern was with the basic question: how did this extraordinary agency come into being? what is known about its record? how does it fit into the American constitutional scheme of things?

On the face of it, an inquiry into an agency dedicated, as is the CIA, to secrecy in its planning, its operations, its personnel and its budget, presents a difficult journalistic undertaking. But a considerable amount of material has been published about the agency and its operations, some of it clearly inspired by the CIA with the approval of its director. True, most of the material is scattered and disparate, consisting of small items which, taken alone, have little meaning. But when put together by an astute craftsman, they form a significant pattern.

The easiest part of our job was to find the craftsman. Fred J. Cook's special articles for *The Nation* — "The FBI," "The Shame of New York," and "Gambling, Inc.," have won him important journalism prizes for the last three years. In giving him the assignment, we told Mr. Cook to stick to the public record; we did not want him to attempt to seek out undisclosed facts or to probe into possibly sensitive areas. His assignment was simply to summarize existing published material which, long since available to potential "enemies," was still not readily available to the American public.

Mr. Cook has followed our instructions. There is not a fact hereafter set forth which has not already been published. Yet, put together, these facts add up to a story that proved new to us, as we are certain it will prove new to the reader. And enough of the known facts are presented to warrant an informed judgment about the agency. For what Mr. Cook proves is what Sir Compton Mackenzie demonstrated for *Nation* readers in another connection (see "The Spy Circus: Parasites with Cloaks and Daggers," December 5, 1959); namely, that intelligence of the cloak-and-dagger variety is a two-edged sword, and that the sharper edge is sometimes held toward the throat of the wielder.

And another lesson that Mr. Cook drives home is this: clearly the CIA must be divested of its "action" or operational functions and restricted to the sole function of gathering information for other agencies operating under customary constitutional safeguards. — Ed.

PART I SECRET HAND of the CIA

SHORTLY BEFORE 6 P.M. on December 5, 1957, a faceless man dropped a letter into a mail box in New York City's Grand Central Station area. It was to the editor of *The Nation*. The opening sentence read: "As an American intelligence officer, I feel duty bound to state my apprehensions as to the future of my country." What was the basis of these apprehensions? The threat of a rampant world communism? The menace of Soviet weaponry? The dangers of internal subversion? No. The writer, whose letter bore in almost every line intrinsic evidence of minute and intimate knowledge, was concerned about just one crucial aspect of the times — the mortal damage America was inflicting upon itself. This was a damage, he found, that resulted directly from the careers and the power and the misconceptions of two men: the late John Foster Dulles, then Secretary of State, and his younger brother, Allen Welsh Dulles, then as now head of the vitally important Central Intelligence Agency, the official eyes and ears of American foreign policy, the medium that gathers and sifts and judges information—and so conditions the minds and predetermines the decisions of American policy makers on the highest levels.

Now, four years later, in the wake of the Cuban disaster — and other less publicized but equally significant disasters — the words of the intelligence agent who unburdened himself in that letter read like the most infallible of prophecies. America was being pushed along the road to foreign policy disasters, he wrote, by the closed minds of the Dulles brothers — by their refusal to face facts as facts and their insistence on torturing facts into the framework of predetermined policy.

This is the way the intelligence officer phrased it:

> The following circumstances are cause for deep concern:
>
> 1. United States foreign policy is not formulated on the basis of an objective analysis of facts, particularly those made available by In-

telligence Service, but is being determined by John Foster Dulles' personal rash conceptions.

2. The fact that Allen Dulles is in charge of collection and evaluation of all information makes it possible for the Secretary of State to distort the information received as he sees fit. *Facts thus presented disorientate not only the President and Congress but also the people of the United States.* (Italics added.)

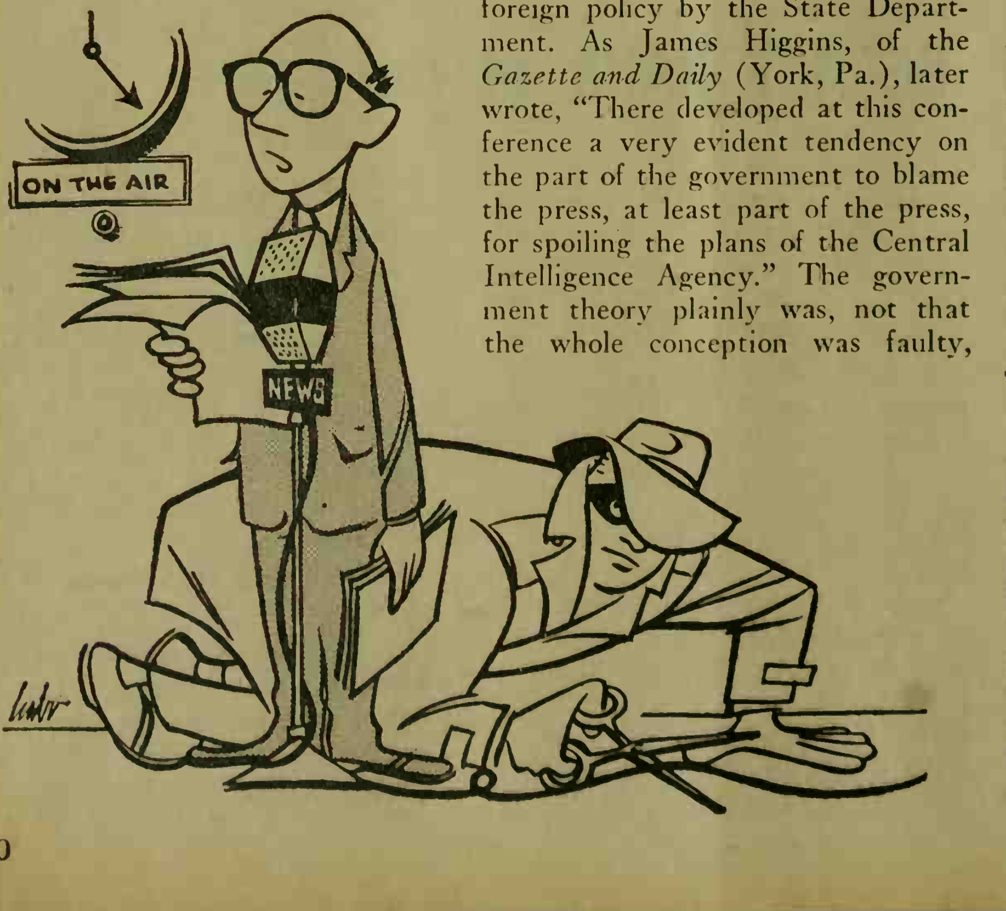
3. As a consequence, our foreign policy is not based on the real interests of the United States. It has suffered one defeat after another and may eventually draw us into a nuclear war.

Though John Foster Dulles since has died, Allen Welsh Dulles still rules the CIA, and the Cuban debacle that his agency sponsored, planned and directed has provided graphic proof that he still retains his ability to "disorientate not only the President and Congress but also the people of the United States."

Cuba: the Lost Lesson

No issue of our times lies closer to the core of the decision of war or peace on which the very survival of mankind depends. For from our proper understanding of the facts, our recognition or denial of complicated and even at times transparent truths, must derive the formulation of our policies and the most fateful of our decisions. Cuba is only the most recent and most striking example. When the CIA spurred on the abortive invasion under the roseate delusion that Cubans were chafing to revolt against the tyranny of Fidel Castro, the United States achieved only the disgrace and opprobrium of a British-style Suez on an even more futile scale. Not only did the invasion fail ignominiously, but the attempt helped, if anything, to solidify the iron rule of Castro. It enabled him to pose as the hero of his people, successfully repelling a "foreign" invasion. It touched off a ripple of reaction throughout Latin America where people, while they may not want a dictator like Castro, want no more the gratuitous meddling in their internal affairs by the American giant to the north. It takes no seer to perceive that all the evil fruits of the Cuban blunder have not yet been reaped.

Shockingly in this context come indications that the U.S. Government, instead of learning a most salutary lesson from the Cuban fiasco, has determined to turn its back even more resolutely upon facts and truth. In the last week of April, after officials on every level should have had time to digest the moral of Cuba, some 400 newspaper editors and columnists were called to Washington for a background briefing on foreign policy by the State Department. As James Higgins, of the *Gazette and Daily* (York, Pa.), later wrote, "There developed at this conference a very evident tendency on the part of the government to blame the press, at least part of the press, for spoiling the plans of the Central Intelligence Agency." The government theory plainly was, not that the whole conception was faulty, but that too much had been printed about the gathering of Cuban invasion forces—and that this had alerted Castro and ruined an otherwise promising endeavor. The head-on collision of this comforting theory with the most elemental facts about modern Cuba was ignored with great determination—with such great determination, indeed, that President Kennedy, in a speech to a convention of American newspaper editors, suggested that the editors, before they printed a story, ask themselves not only "Is it news?" but "Is it in the interest of national security?" Such a censorship, even if only voluntary, would inevitably result in increasing the blackout of information from which the American people have suffered since the end of World War II. As James Higgins wrote, "The truth of the story . . . was not to be considered an important measure of its rights to see print. . . . I got the impression in Washington of a governmental closed mind."



This is a liability that could be fatal to all mankind in a world teetering on the edge of thermonuclear disaster. What America so obviously needs is not fewer facts but more, not deceptive images that fit our prejudices and preconceptions, but truth—however unpalatable. What America needs is the unvarnished truth about Chiang Kai-shek, about Quemoy and Matsu, about Laos, about Latin America—and especially about Cuba, the island (as the President so often has reminded us) that is just ninety miles from our shores, the island about which our secret and public minisformation has been demonstrated to be quite literally colossal.

The Agency Nobody Knows

In this all-pervasive atmosphere of the shut mind and the distorted fact, Central Intelligence is the key, the vital agency. Yet it is the one agency of government about which the American people are permitted to know almost nothing, the one agency over which their own elected representatives are permitted to have virtually no control. CIA is the only agency whose budget is never disclosed, whose director can sign a voucher for any amount without checkup or explanation. How many persons does it employ, how many agents does it have? Even Congressmen do not know precisely. Its Washington headquarters staff alone is estimated to consist of more than 10,000 employees; in total, it is believed to have more persons on its payroll than the State Department. How much money does it have at its disposal? Again, even most of the Congressmen who vote the funds do not know precisely. CIA itself says this "figure is very tightly held and is known to not more than five or six Members in each House." CIA allotments are hidden in the budgetary requests of various government departments; estimates vary from a low of $500 million annually to the $1 billion mentioned by the conservative *New York Times*. A billion dollars a year concentrated in the hands of one man about whose activities the American people are permitted to know virtually nothing — and about whose activities it appears to be suggested they should know even less—represents the kind of power that, in essence, can well determine the nation's course and remove from its people the power of decision.

Two-Headed Monster

This danger that CIA may not just inform, but also determine policy, has been enhanced from the agency's inception by an authorized split personality. From the start, CIA has been a two-headed monster. It is not just a cloak-and-dagger agency entrusted with the important task of gathering information concerning our potential enemies throughout the world; it also has the authority to act on its own information, carrying out in deeds the policies its intelligence discoveries help to form. Though its overt acts are supposed to be under the direction of the National Security Council, the risk inherent in such a dual responsibility is obvious. With an end in view, can intelligence be impartial?

The hazards implicit in such a vast, concentrated, double-motive agency were not unforeseen. Harry Howe Ransom, of Harvard, in his *Central Intelligence and National Security*, describes the reaction of Admiral Ernest J. King in March, 1945, when the Secretary of the Navy sought his views on the formation of the proposed centralized intelligence agency. "King replied," Ransom writes, "that while such an arrangement was perhaps logical, it had inherent dangers. He feared that a centralized intelligence agency might acquire power beyond anything intended, and questioned whether such an agency might not threaten our form of government."

British intelligence, for centuries considered one of the world's most expert, has long held that the wedding of action to intelligence is a fatal flaw in CIA. So have others. In 1948, Professor Sherman Kent, of Yale, himself an intelligence officer in World War II, wrote a treatise on the purposes and the dangers of intelligence operations in a book called *Strategic Intelligence for American World Policy*. At the time CIA had just been formed and its performance lay entirely in the future, but Professor Kent struck out vigorously at what he called "the disadvantage of getting intelligence too close to policy." He added:

> This does not necessarily mean officially accepted high United States policy, but something far less exalted. What I am talking of is often expressed by the words "slant," "line," "position," and "view." Almost any man or group of men confronted with the duty of getting something planned or getting something done will sooner or later hit upon what they consider a single most desirable course of action. Usually it is sooner; *sometimes, under duress, it is a snap judgment off the top of the head. . . .*
>
> I cannot escape the belief that under the circumstances outlined, intelligence will find itself right in the middle of policy, and that upon occasions it will be the unabashed apologist for a given policy rather than its impartial and objective analyst.

It takes no particular insight to find the seeds of the Cuban fantasy in that perceptive paragraph.

In the aftermath of so monumental a blunder as Cuba, however, it seems pertinent to inquire: Just what is the record of CIA? Are its successes overbalanced by its failures? And does it, in its dual role of secret agent and activist operative, not merely inform our foreign policy but, to a large measure at least, determine it?

Let it be said at once that there can be no exact score board chalking up the runs, hits and errors of CIA. Allen Dulles himself has commented that the only time his agency makes the headlines is when it falls flat on its face in public. Its successes, he intimates, cannot be publicized for the obvious reason that to do so might give away some of the secrets of his far-flung intelligence network. This is true, but only partially so. For CIA, while it refrains from public announcements, does not disdain the discreet and controlled leak. And some of these leaks have found their way into such prominence as *Saturday Evening Post* exclusives.

Where the CIA Succeeds

Despite the secrecy of CIA, therefore, there is on the public record, in the fourteen years since its creation in 1947, a partial and, indeed, highly significant record of its deeds. And by this record it is possible to judge it. Let's look first at some of the achievements.

¶In 1955, a CIA communications expert, studying a detailed map of Berlin, discovered that at one point the main Russian telephone lines ran only 300 yards from a radar station in the American sector. The CIA dug an underground tunnel, tapped the cables and, for months, before the Russians got wise, monitored every telephonic whisper in the Soviet East Sector.

¶In 1956, when Nikita Khrushchev delivered his famous secret speech denouncing the crimes of Josef Stalin before the Twentieth Communist Party Congress, a CIA agent managed to get the text and smuggle it out to the Western world. Washington was able to reveal the explosive contents before the Soviets themselves had edited the speech for public consumption. The blow was probably one of the strongest ever struck at Communist ideology. Communist parties in the United States and other Western countries, long taught by Communist propaganda to regard Stalin with reverence, felt that the bedrock of belief had been cut out from under them.

¶The U-2 spy plane operation, a

risky procedure that backfired disastrously in the end, was for years one of the world's most successful feats in espionage. From fifteen miles up, this plane took pictures of such incredible clarity and detail that it was possible to distinguish between a cyclist and a pedestrian; its radio receivers, which monitored all wave lengths, recorded literally millions of words. A single flight across Russia often furnished enough assorted information to keep several thousand CIA employees working for weeks, and the flights lasted for four years before, at the beginning of May, 1960, on the very eve of the scheduled Summit Conference in Paris, pilot Francis Powers took off on the mission on which he was shot down. The bad judgment implicit in ordering the flight at such a delicate time, the ridiculous CIA "cover story" that Powers was gathering weather data, the solemn promulgation of this fairy tale and the swift subsequent exposure of the United States before the world as an arrant liar—all of this wrecked the Summit, forced the United States to abandon the U-2 aerial espionage program, and inflicted enormous world-wide damage on American prestige. Whether, in the ideological war for men's minds, the ultimate tarnishing of the American image outweighs the positive details garnered by the U-2s in four years of successful espionage remains a forever unresolved point of debate. For one thing, the ideological war goes on, neither finally won nor irretrievably lost; for another, no one except on the very highest and most closely guarded levels of government can possibly know just how vitally important were the details the U-2s gathered.

Though the U-2 program became, in its catastrophic finale, a fulcrum of policy, the significant pattern that emerges from the Berlin wire tapping, the smuggling of the Khrushchev speech, the years-long earlier successes of U-2, seems fairly obvious. All dealt with intelligence—and intelligence only. The intent was to gather the kind of broad and detailed information on which an intelligent foreign policy may be based. These activities did not in themselves constitute active meddling in, or formation of, policy. Unfortunately, not all CIA activities fall into this legitimate intelligence role; time and again, CIA has meddled actively in the internal affairs of foreign governments. And it is in this field that some of its most vaunted successes raise grave questions about the drift and intent of our foreign policy.

Where It Fails

Here are some of the high spots of CIA in international intrigue:

¶In 1953, with Allen Dulles himself playing a leading role, CIA sparked a coup that ousted Mohammed Mossadegh as Premier of Iran. Mossadegh, a wealthy landowner, rose to political power by capitalizing on popular hatred of the British Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, which dominated the economy of the nation, exporting Iran's greatest national resource by payment to the national treasury of what Mossadegh considered a mere pittance. Mossadegh set out to nationalize the oil industry in Iran's interest, allied himself with pro-Communist forces in Teheran, and virtually usurped the power of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlevi. When he did, a successful CIA plot bounced Mossadegh out of office so fast he hardly knew what had hit him; the Shah was restored to power; and a four-nation consortium, in partnership with the Iranian Government, was given control over the country's liquid gold. CIA showed a tendency, if not to brag, at least to chuckle in public about this wily and triumphant coup; but the aftermath has furnished no cause for unalloyed rejoicing. The United States poured millions of dollars into Iran to shore up the government of the anti-Communist Shah. A Congressional committee found in 1957 that, in five years, Iran had received a quarter of a billion dollars in American aid. Yet the Iranian people themselves had not profited. So many American dollars had stuck to the fingers of corrupt officials that Iran was running up constant deficits, though the Congressional committee found that it should have been fully capable, with its oil revenues, of financing its own national development. Despite the hundreds of millions of dollars in American aid, Iran remained so primitive that, in some isolated towns, in this twentieth century, residents had yet to see their first wheeled vehicle; a whole family might live for a year on the produce of a single walnut tree; and small children labored all day at the looms of rug factories for 20 cents or less. Small wonder, as *Time* reported in 1960, that Mossadegh "is still widely revered"; small wonder either that a new Premier, appointed by the Shah in early May, 1961, after a riotous outbreak in Teheran, was described by the Associated Press as the Shah's "last hope of averting bankruptcy and possible revolution. . . ."

¶In 1954, Jacobo Arbenz Guzman won an election in Guatemala and achieved supreme power. This democratic verdict by the Guatemalan electorate was not pleasing to the United States. American officials described the Arbenz regime as communistic. This has been disputed, but there is no question that Arbenz was sufficiently leftist in orientation to threaten the huge land holdings of Guatemala's wealthy classes and the imperial interests of United Fruit and other large American corporations. American disenchantment with Arbenz needed only a spark to be exploded into action, and the spark was supplied by Allen Dulles and CIA. Secret agents abroad spotted a Polish freighter being loaded with Czech arms and ammunition; CIA operatives around the world traced the peregrinations of the freighter as, after several mysterious changes of destination, she finally came to port and began unloading the munitions destined for Arbenz. Then CIA, with the approval of the National Security Council, struck. Two Globemasters, loaded with arms and ammunition, were flown to Honduras and Nicaragua. There the weapons were placed in the hands of followers of an exiled Guatemalan Army officer, Col. Carlos Castillo Armas. He invaded Guatemala, and the Arbenz regime collapsed like a pack of cards. It is perhaps significant that the Guatemalan blueprint was practically identical with the one CIA followed this April in the attempt to overthrow Castro. Only Castro was no

Arbenz. In any event, Guatemala, like Iran, remains one of the CIA's most publicly acknowledged coups; and, like Iran, the sequel raises disturbing doubts about precisely what was gained. For the promises of the CIA-backed Castillo forces to institute social and democratic reforms have not yet materialized. Half of the arable land in the nation of four million persons still remains in the hands of 1,100 families. The economy of the country is dominated by three large American corporations, topped by United Fruit. Workers in the vineyards of United Fruit staged a strike in 1955 trying to get their wages of $1.80 a day raised to $3. They lost. And Guatemala is still a distressed country—so deeply distressed that the Kennedy Administration feels it must have several more bushels of American aid.

¶In 1954 and again in 1958, the United States almost went to war with Communist China over the rocky islets of Quemoy and Matsu, squatting less than three miles off the Chinese coast. When Red Chinese artillery barrages blanketed the islands, heavily over-populated with Chiang Kai-shek troops, American public opinion was conditioned to react angrily to these aggressive actions. What hardly any Americans realized at the time was that the Red Chinese had been subjected to considerable provocation. Allen Dulles' CIA had established on Formosa an outfit known as Western Enterprises, Inc. This was nothing more than a blind for CIA; and, as Stewart Alsop later wrote in the *Saturday Evening Post,* CIA agents, operating from this cover, masterminded "commando-type guerrilla raids on the mainland . . . in battalion strength." The title to Alsop's article told all: "The Story Behind Quemoy: How We Drifted Close to War."

¶In 1960 and again in 1961, the landlocked Indo-China principality of Laos threatened the peace of the world in a tug-of-war between East and West. Again the American public was confronted with glaring headlines picturing the menace of an on-sweeping world communism; it was given, at the outset at any rate—and first impressions in international sensations are almost always the ones that count—practically no understanding of underlying issues. Yet a Congressional committee in June, 1959, had filed a scathing report on one of the most disgraceful of American foreign aid operations. The committee found that, in seven years, we had poured more than $300 million into Laos. This indiscriminate aid had caused runaway inflation and wrecked the economy of the country. At our insistence, a 25,000-man Army that the Laotians didn't want or need—and one that wouldn't fight—had been foisted on the Laotian people. In a completely botched-up program, American resident geniuses spent some $1.6 million to build a highway, built no highway, and wound up giving all Southeast Asia a vivid demonstration of the most unlovely aspects of the American system of bribery, graft and corruption. As if this wasn't bad enough, little Laos fairly crawled with CIA agents. These gentry, in late 1960, in another of their famous coups, overthrew the neutralist government of Prince Souvanna Phouma and installed a militarist regime headed by Gen. Phoumi Nosavan. The Phoumi Army clique had just one qualification to recommend it, but it was a qualification dear to the heart of CIA: it was militantly anti-Communist. Unfortunately, this attitude did not recommend the new regime as heartily to the Laotian people as it did to the CIA; General Phoumi had almost no popular support, and when the Communist Pathet Lao forces began to gobble up vast chunks of the nation, there was hardly any resistance. The result was inevitable. The United States was placed in the humiliating position of practically begging to get the very type of neutralist government its CIA had conspired to overthrow. A greater loss of face in face-conscious Asia could hardly be imagined.

Revolutions for Hire?

These are just a few of the best-documented examples of CIA's meddling in the internal affairs of other nations. There are others. There is the case of Burma, on whom CIA foisted unwanted thousands of Chiang Kai-shek's so-called freedom fighters—warriors who found it much pleasanter to take over practically an entire Burmese province and grow opium than to fight the Red Chinese. There was this spring's Algerian Army revolt against Gen. Charles de Gaulle, an event in which an accusing French press contends the CIA played an encouraging hand. CIA categorically denies it, but French officialdom, suspicious as a result of previous CIA meddling in French nuclear-arms program legislation, has refrained from giving the American agency a full coat of whitewash, Such activities obviously range far beyond the bounds of legitimate intelligence gathering. No one will argue today, in the tensions of a cold war that at almost any moment might turn hot, against the need for an expert intelligence-gathering agency. But does it follow that we need and must have an agency geared to the overthrow of governments in any and all sections of the world? Have we, who pose (most of us sincerely) as a truly democratic people, the right to send our secret agents to determine for the people of Iran or Guatemala or Laos what government shall rule them? We have never proclaimed this right; our public officials doubtless would express pious abhorrence at the thought. But, in the light of past events, we can hardly be surprised if, to the world at large, CIA actions speak louder than official protestations.

Nor can we escape the odium of regimes with which the CIA has saddled us. It follows as inevitably as day the night that, if CIA conspires to overthrow a foreign government on the blind theory that in the war against communism anything goes, the American people as a whole are burdened with responsibility for the regime that CIA has helped to install. And the record of such regimes in many remote corners of the world is decidedly not pretty. In the light of the past, it should be obvious that the future is not to be won by propping up puppets with sticky fingers.

On this whole issue, perhaps the most perceptive piece of writing was produced in the aftermath of Cuba by Walter Lippmann in a column entitled "To Ourselves Be True." Lippmann, fresh from recent interviews with Khrushchev, wrote:

"We have been forced to ask ourselves recently how a free and open society can compete with a totalitarian state. This is a crucial question. Can our Western society survive and flourish if it remains true to its own faith and principles? Or must it abandon them in order to fight fire with fire?" Lippmann's answer to this last question was a ringing, "No." The Cuban adventure had failed, he wrote, because for us it was completely out of character—as out of character as for a cow to try to fly or a fish to walk. The United States, of course, must employ secret agents for its own information. "But the United States cannot successfully conduct large secret conspiracies," he wrote. ". . . The American conscience is a reality. It will make hesitant and ineffectual, even if it does not prevent, an un-American policy. . . . It follows that in the great struggle with communism, we must find our strength by developing and applying our own principles, not in abandoning them. . . ."

Probing more deeply, Lippmann analyzed Khrushchev's philosophy and explained the Soviet leader's absolute belief in the ultimate triumph of communism. The Soviet Premier, he had found, is sincerely convinced that capitalism is rigid, static; that it cannot change, it cannot meet the needs of the people, the needs of the future. Only communism can, and communism will succeed capitalism as capitalism supplanted feudalism. This, with Khrushchev, is "absolute dogma." Having explained this, Lippmann then wrote:

> I venture to argue from this analysis that the reason we are on the defensive in so many places is that for some ten years we have been doing exactly what Mr. K. expects us to do. We have used money and arms in a long, losing attempt to stabilize native governments which, in the name of anti-communism, are opposed to all important social change. This has been exactly what Mr. K.'s dogma calls for — that communism should be the only alternative to the *status quo* with its immemorial poverty and privilege.

We cannot compete with communism, Lippmann argued, if we continue to place "the weak countries in a dilemma where they must stand still with us and our client rulers, or start moving with communism." We must offer them "a third option, which is economic development and social improvement without the totalitarian discipline of communism."

Obviously, the philosophy of Walter Lippmann is several aeons removed from that of the CIA man, whose record shows he has just one gauge of merit—the rigid right-wing inflexibility of the anti-communistic puppet regimes that CIA has installed and supported. The record suggests that in the CIA lexicon there is no room for social and economic reform; such phrases imply a possibly leftish tendency, and God forbid that we should ever back such! Let's give 'em, instead, a military dictatorship. This CIA philosophy-in-action is the very antithesis of the American spirit Walter Lippmann was writing about, and to understand how we came to be encumbered with it, one must understand the career and ties and outlook of one man—Allen Welsh Dulles.

PART II ALLEN DULLES: BEGINNINGS

WHEN ALLEN DULLES was eight years old, he wrote a thirty-one page essay on the Boer War, an event that was then disturbing the conscience of the world. The last sentence read: "I hope the Boers win this war because the Boers are in the right and the british in the wrong." Questioned in after life about that small "b" in "British," Dulles explained that he wrote it that way deliberately because he didn't like the British at the time and hoped that small "b" would show just what he thought of them.

Now, sixty years later, Allen Dulles is very much the man foreshadowed by the boy author. The interest in foreign affairs that led him to write a small book on the Boer War at the age of eight (it was actually published by a doting grandfather) has remained with him throughout his life. Some would say, too, that he retained the strong prejudices, or the stout convictions (depending on how you look at it), that led him at the age of eight to refuse to dignify the British with a capital letter.

The future master of the CIA was steeped in the aura of international affairs from earliest childhood. He was born on April 7, 1893, in Watertown, N.Y., where his father, Allen Macy Dulles, was a Presbyterian minister. His mother, the former Edith Foster, was the daughter of General John Watson Foster, who in 1892 had become Secretary of State in the Republican administration of Benjamin Harrison. Years later his mother's brother-in-law, Robert Lansing, was to serve as Secretary of State in the administration of Woodrow Wilson.

These family ties were to be influential both in the career of Allen Dulles and in that of his brother, John Foster, five years his senior. Allen graduated from Princeton with Phi Beta Kappa honors in 1914 and promptly went off to teach English for a year in a missionary school at Allahabad, India. Returning to Princeton, he got his Master of Arts degree, then followed in the footsteps of his older brother by joining the diplomatic service ruled by his uncle, Secretary of State Robert Lansing. On May 16, 1916, when he was twenty-three, he went off to Vienna as an undersecretary in the American embassy. Though the young man himself could have had no inkling at the time, this was where it was all to begin; here were to be woven the first permanent strands into the career of the future boss of CIA.

Beginnings in Vienna

Vienna was then the capital of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, the partner of Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany in the bloody warfare of World War I. America herself was about to become involved in this most tragic of wars, from which the world has yet to salvage a formula for peace. In the striped-trouser set and the top-level society of Vienna, young Dulles, the nephew of the American Secretary of State, quickly made his mark; and when America joined the Allies, he along with other members of the American delegation skipped across the border to Berne in Switzerland. It was here that Dulles got his first taste of the secret, high-level intrigue that so often determines the fate of empires and of peoples. As he later told a visitor: "That's when I learned what a valuable place Switzerland was for information—and when I became interested in intelligence work."

Dulles' interest doubtless was stimulated by the heady role he played in the very kind of top-drawer, behind-the-scenes maneuvering that was to mark the pattern of his later life. By the beginning of 1918, the creaky Austro-Hungarian Empire, exhausted by war, could perceive plainly before it the hideous specter of imminent collapse. Naturally, its Emperor Charles, with a ruler's primal instinct for self-preservation, wanted to salvage as much from the ruins as was possible. His negotiator in this laudable endeavor was his former tutor, Dr. Heinrich Lammasch. Lammasch had met the tall and charming Allen Dulles in Vienna; he was perfectly aware that the young man was the nephew of the American Secretary of State; and so, with an eye to establishing rapport on the highest possible levels, he approached Dulles and through him made arrangements for the salvage talks the Austrians so much desired.

The secret discussions which Allen Dulles thus played a key role in arranging began on January 31, 1918, in a villa in Grummlingen, near Berne, belonging to a director of Krupp's. Professor George D. Herron, who often carried out secret assignments for President Wilson, headed the American delegation. Professor Lammasch and industrialist Julius Meinl led the opposing bargain hunters. The Austrians were ready to promise almost anything in the hope of preserving the Hapsburg monarchy, and the Americans, evidently blind to the already tarnished luster of the throne, deluded themselves into the belief that they were really being offered a prize—that the Austrian Emperor might be propped up as "a useful force."

Finding these nice Americans so receptive, Lammasch was effusive in his promises. Austria-Hungary would be positively delighted to follow the American lead in everything, especially if (does this sound familiar?) the generous Americans would extend financial aid and help to build "a bridge of gold" between Vienna and Washington. Dulles' immediate superior, Hugh Wilson, was intrigued by the prospect, and all of the American delegation seems to have been quite enthusiastic. The British, informed of the proposal, were far more skeptical and warned against trusting too much in the performance of the Hapsburgs. Events proved the British so right. The Austrian monarchy collapsed, Charles abdicated, and the net result was a fiasco. Yet *Time* in 1959 could write of this period that Allen Dulles, in the Switzerland of 1918, "hatched the first of the grandiose plots which were to become his trademark."

Introduction to Germany

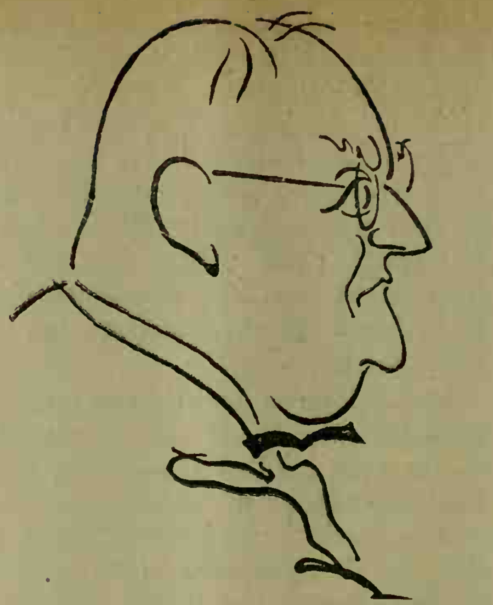
After Berne came the great peace conference at Versailles. Secretary of State Lansing, second only to Wilson among the American negotiators, saw to it that his two nephews had reserved seats at the great event. John Foster was given the task of studying such financial problems as reparations and war debts; Allen had an even more fascinating job as assistant head of the Department of Current Political and Economic Correspondence, a key organization that handled and channeled all communications to the American delegation. Allen Dulles' immediate boss was

Ellis Dressel, a leading American expert on German affairs and a man who was convinced that the new Soviet Union represented a world menace, one that could be dealt with effectively (shades of 1945!) only through a partnership between America and a revived Germany.

This was not the prevailing view in that simpler world of 1918 in which hatred of militaristic Germany was the dominating factor. It is significant mainly because, for its day, it was an extreme view and because Allen Dulles was quite close to Dressel and shared many of his beliefs. In December, 1918, and again in early 1919, Allen accompanied his superior on trips to Germany during which they conferred with high German industrialists. The bent of Dulles' own thinking at the time is indicated in a memorandum that he wrote on December 30, 1918, entitled: "Lithuania and Poland, the Last Barrier between Germany and the Bolsheviks." It evidently was based largely on information gathered from Polish and Lithuanian refugees, and it described the Bolshevik menace in the strongest terms. Dulles even advocated support of Polish-Lithuanian intervention in Russia, writing: "The Allies should not be deterred from a military expedition because of their fear that it would require hundreds of thousands of men."

Peace concluded, Dressel was sent to Berlin as American chargé d'affaires in Germany, and Dulles went with him. Here he was thrown into contact with a stream of German politicians, industrialists and Army officers, many of whom were concerned about the new Communist menace and talked about the possibility of raising a European army—spearheaded by German generals, of course—to fight the radical Bolsheviks. Nothing came of these plans, and Dulles soon was transferred to Constantinople.

In later years, the stereotyped portrait of Allen Dulles given the American people by virtually all of the large media of information pictures a master spy, a super-sleuth, who confounded his rivals in international intrigue from his earliest days. The image, contrasted with the reality of what came out of Dulles' first "grandiose plot" at Berne, seems considerably overblown, but it suffers even greater damage when one studies the acid pen portrait of Dulles in action in the Balkans left by a veteran American intelligence officer of the period.



Drawing by Berger

John Foster Dulles

Dabbling in Oil

The disenchanted agent was Robert Dunn, a veteran and hard-bitten American newspaper man who had received his initial training in skepticism at the hands of Lincoln Steffens. Dunn later spent nearly twenty years in Naval Intelligence. He was a lieutenant in Turkey in those first years of the 1920s, when Allen Dulles appeared upon the scene. Years later, in his book *World Alive,* published by Crown in 1956, he wrote as follows:

> And now Mr. Secretary of State Colby's young men were arriving in the flesh to whistle at the nymphs on our office ceiling. Among the cooky-pushers strange to a naval staff came one beetle-browed Boston Brahmin, rich as a dog's insides with copper stock. . . .
>
> One Allen Dulles, freckled, with toothbrush mustache, was a serious grad of the Princeton Golf Club, fresh from Versailles and drawing the fatal boundaries of Czechoslovakia.

Dunn continues by recounting how a London *Times* reporter happened to find in a second-hand bookstall an ancient volume from which anti-Semitic propagandists obviously had filched the ideas for the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion.* Neither the *Times* reporter nor Dunn was very much excited by the discovery because, as Dunn wrote, the *Protocols* had been well exposed by internal evidence as forgeries and hardly anyone took them seriously any more.

> But now [Dunn added], while Stamboul boiled sedition against the Entente and Kemal *chetties* threatened siege, Dulles decoded to "Secstate" academic analyses of that stale forgery. No wonder Roosevelt, later, was to growl at diplomatic myopia and the braid-on-cutaway tradition.

Such, on Dunn's testimony at least—and he soon took the first opportunity to get out of Naval Intelligence because he couldn't stand working with Dulles—was the well-coddled young man who, after two years in the Balkans, was called back to Washington to head the State Department's Division of Near Eastern Affairs.

The Near East, then as now, was a sensitive area, and for much the same reason—oil. British interests had had a hammerlock on the rich preserves of the entire Mediterranean basin and had tried to freeze out American rivals; but now such companies as Gulf and Standard Oil were no longer to be denied. The years during which Dulles headed the key Near Eastern Division were, as it so happened, the very years during which the Rockefeller interests in Standard Oil negotiated a toehold in the Iraq Petroleum Co., and the very years in which the Mellons of Gulf were laying the groundwork for valuable concessions in the Bahrein Islands. Both of these developments became public and official in 1927, the year after Dulles left the State Department to join the New York law firm of Sullivan and Cromwell.

His decision was motivated primarily by financial considerations. The highest salary he had made with State was some $8,000 a year, and he was a married man, with a growing family. Sullivan and Cromwell (in which older brother John Foster was already a partner) belonged to the legal elite of Wall Street—one of those law firms that have made themselves the virtual brains of big business, supplying indispensable advice on almost every financial, industrial and commercial deal. It advised both the Rockefellers and the Morgans; it fairly reeked of the kind of money that solves all a young married man's most acute financial problems.

In this plush atmosphere, Allen Dulles quickly made himself at home. He had hardly fitted himself into his law chair, indeed, before he became involved in the kind of backstage masterminding that has come to seem almost second-nature to him ever since.

The nation in question was the South American state of Colombia. By treaty, Colombia had awarded the Morgan and Mellon interests the extremely rich Barco Concession, so-called, in Notre de Santander Province. But in 1926, just as Allen Dulles was quitting the State Department, Dr. Miguel Abadia-Mendez was elected President of Colombia. He quickly proved to be a disturbing element in the placid world of American oil interests. He threatened to repudiate the Barco Concession; he aroused great popular support; and worried American oil barons decided they would have to act. They turned naturally to their legal brains. One such brain was Francis B. Loomis, a former State Department official; another, Allen W. Dulles. Pressure was immediately applied on Abadia-Mendez, but he, stubborn man, wouldn't yield. In August, 1928, he accused the American companies of refusing to pay Colombia what they owed it for the years 1923-26 and reaffirmed his intention of revoking the Barco Concession. This led a secretary in the American Embassy in Bogotá to write Washington that he was convinced "the President will not withdraw his annulment of the agreement until he is forced to do so under the pressure of a hard and fast demand."

Colombia the Gem

Force was applied. The State Department sent a sharp note to Bogotá. Colombia countered by threatening to nationalize all her oil fields. The United States served Colombia with a formal ultimatum. The Mellons threatened an economic boycott.

Drawing by Berger

Allen Dulles

Angry anti-American demonstrators paraded in the streets of Bogotá.

The full details of their labors probably never will be revealed, but the effects became obvious. In 1930, Colombia got a new President: Dr. Enrique Olaya Herrera, a former Colombian ambassador to the United States and a well-known friend of Wall Street bankers. Soon after his election, he visited New York and was promised a million-dollar loan, provided the Barco Concession was honored. It was.

This adventure in the international diplomacy of oil, revealing in its way, was actually little more than a minor vignette in the ascending careers of Allen Dulles and his older brother, John Foster. The interests and outlook of the two were intertwined almost inseparably. They were partners in the firm of Sullivan and Cromwell; they represented the same clients and the same interests; their two careers moved together in measured cadence, almost like the steps of trained dancers. Most important among their varied interests, and claiming a major share of their attention, were some of Germany's greatest international cartels.

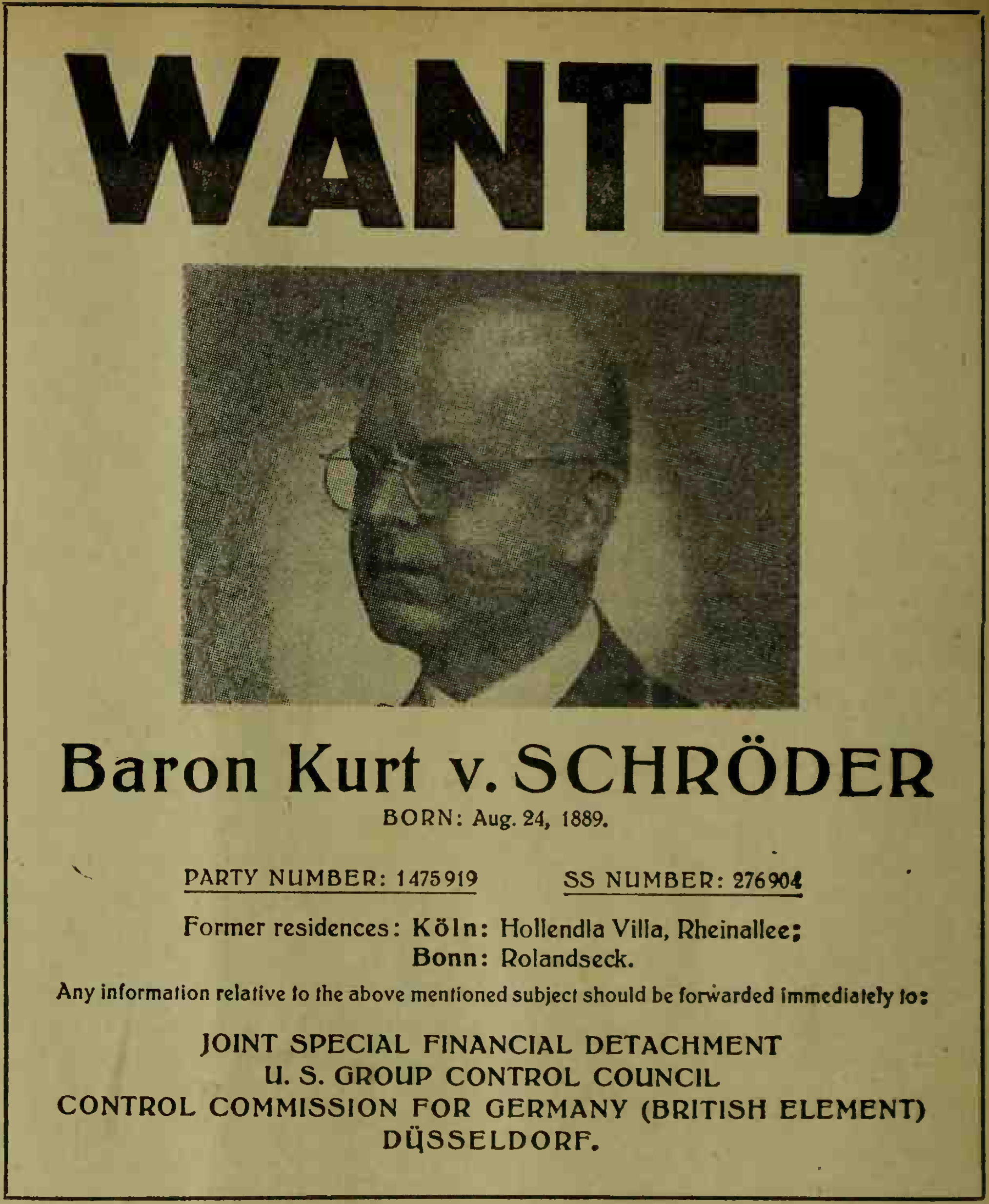
Three of their clients represented the very top drawer of German industry. These were the Vereinigte Stahlwerke (The Thyssen and Flick trust), IG Farbenindustrie (the great chemical trust) and the Robert Bosch concern. The legal wits of the Dulles brothers aided all three.

At the onset of World War II, the German masters of American Bosch Corp. began to fear for the safety of their holdings, and an elaborate corporate cover up was arranged. The Wallenberg brothers, Swedish bankers, agreed to take over American Bosch (with the promise to return it after the war, of course), but good American front names were needed to provide camouflage. Hence it developed that in August, 1941, just a few months before Pearl Harbor, John Foster Dulles became the sole voting trustee of the majority shares. In 1942, the U.S. Government seized the shares, contending Dulles' trusteeship was merely a device to cloak enemy interests.

Business Before Politics?

Equally close and equally significant was the role that Allen Dulles played in the great Schroeder international banking house. The parent firm was German and was headed by Baron Kurt von Schroeder. A genuine scar-faced Prussian, the Baron played a key role in the accession to power of Adolf Hitler. It was in his villa at Cologne on January 7, 1933, that Hitler and von Papen met and worked out their deal for the Nazi seizure of power. In subsequent years, von Schroeder remained close to the Nazi hierarchy. He was made *SS Gruppenfuehrer* (the equivalent of general), and he was chairman of the secret "Frenden-Kreis S," which collected funds from Ruhr magnates to finance Heinrich Himmler. Outside Germany, the Schroeder financial empire stretched long and powerful tentacles. In England, it had J. H. Schroeder Ltd.; in the United States, the Schroeder Trust Company and the J. Henry Schroeder Corporation. Allen Dulles sat on the boards of directors of both.

Almost any lawyer would contend, of course, that there is nothing wrong with selling his talents where the money is and that he has a perfect right to represent any client, no matter what his pedigree. The Dulles



WANTED

Baron Kurt v. SCHRÖDER

BORN: Aug. 24, 1889.

PARTY NUMBER: 1475919 SS NUMBER: 276904

Former residences: **Köln:** Hollendla Villa, Rheinallee;
Bonn: Rolandseck.

Any information relative to the above mentioned subject should be forwarded immediately to:

JOINT SPECIAL FINANCIAL DETACHMENT
U. S. GROUP CONTROL COUNCIL
CONTROL COMMISSION FOR GERMANY (BRITISH ELEMENT)
DÜSSELDORF.

This "Wanted" poster was distributed by British and U.S. Military Governments immediately after the war.

brothers, however, did not just happen to represent an isolated German client or two; they represented the elite of German industry, firms closely tied to the Nazi machinery, over a long period of time, on the closest terms and even in directoral capacities. Granted the complete propriety of the representation, it would be naive in the extreme to believe that such multiple, close associations do not sway political judgments.

In the long-forgotten records of the times, there are indeed some indications that this was so. In April, 1940, for example, Dr. Gerhart A. Westrich, one of Germany's leading lawyers, a man who had handled some European affairs for Sullivan and Cromwell, came to America by way of Siberia, ostensibly as Hitler's special emissary to consult with American businessmen. He established residence on a swank New York suburban estate and before long he was consulting, not just with American oil and industrial tycoons, but with a strange assortment of factory workers and mechanics. The New York *Herald Tribune* exposed this suspicious activity and charged that Westrich had made misrepresentations in applying for a driver's license. John Foster Dulles immediately came to the Nazi agent's defense. "I don't believe he has done anything wrong," John Foster said. "I knew him in the old days and I had a high regard for his integrity." American agents began an investigation, however, and in two weeks Dr. Westrich was on his way to Japan.

The Westrich affair, inconclusive in itself, assumes greater significance when one considers the Anglo-American Fellowship and the America First Committee.

In Britain, the London branch of the Schroeder banking firm financed the Fellowship and concentrated on selling the Munich brand of appeasement to the British people. The Fellowship sought as members prominent names in the Conservative Party, big businessmen, bankers. These eminents were given the VIP treatment on conducted tours of Germany; they were entertained by Hitler and Goering, and von Ribbentrop exercised all the wiles of propaganda to sell them on the virtues of the Nazi system. There was no secret about this activity, no doubt about its aims and purposes. And so it is intriguing to find prominently listed as members of the Fellowship not just the banking house of J. H. Schroeder Ltd. itself, but the individual names of H. W. B. Schroeder and H. F. and F. C. Tiarks (see *Tory M. P.* by Simon Hoxey, published in England by Victor Gollancz). F. C. Tiarks actually served on the Fellowship's council, or governing body, and H. W. B. Schroeder and the two Tiarkses sat with Allen Dulles on the board of the J. Henry Schroeder Banking Corp.

On this side of the Atlantic, the incorporation papers for the America First Committee, devoted to persuading Americans to keep out of World War II, were drawn up in John Foster Dulles' law office. Records of America First subsequently showed that John Foster, the more famous of the two brothers during most of their lifetimes, supported America First financially. In February, 1941, his wife contributed $250, and in May, 1941, another $200. On November 5, 1941, just one month before Pearl Harbor, America First records listed a $500 contribution from "John Foster Dulles." Dulles himself, when questioned about these ties, protested: "No one who knows me and what I have done and stood for consistently over thirty-seven years of active life could reasonably think that I could be an isolationist or 'America Firster' in deed or spirit."

Yet the deed and the spirit seemed to be implicit in a series of public speeches that John Foster Dulles made in the months before Pearl Harbor. On at least three occasions, he ridiculed the notion that America faced any danger from the Axis powers. These, he said, were simply "dynamic peoples" seeking their rightful place in the sun. In a speech before the Economic Club of New York in March, 1939, he said:

> There is no reason to believe that any totalitarian states, separately or collectively, would attempt to attack the United States or could do it successfully. Certainly it is well within our means to make ourselves immune in this respect. Only hysteria entertains the idea that Germany, Italy or Japan contemplates war upon us.

There is no public record that Allen Dulles shared either his brother's sanguine world outlook or interest in America First. But equally there is no record, public or private, that he didn't. All one can say is that, throughout their careers, the two brothers displayed a marked community of political views.

Then came Pearl Harbor.

When it did, a whole new career opened up for Allen Dulles. During his service in the State Department years before, he had become friendly with an Assistant Attorney General named William J. (Wild Bill) Donovan. When Pearl Harbor plunged us into World War II, Donovan was picked to head America's first super-spy outfit, the Office of Strategic Services. He promptly contacted Allen Dulles and urged him to go to his old familiar stamping grounds in Berne, Switzerland. There Allen was to set up a European espionage headquarters. The reason Donovan picked him for the task was that he wanted a man who had high contacts inside Nazi Germany. On this score, Allen Dulles certainly qualified.

CIA *PART III* DULLES AND THE SS

THE OFFICIALLY favored version of Allen Dulles' exploits in Switzerland in World War II goes like this: He was the very last American to slip legally across the French border in November, 1942, as German troops came pouring into Vichy France in swift reaction to the Allied invasion of North Africa. His assignment in Switzerland was to find out who in Germany might be opposed to the Hitler regime and whether they were working actively to overthrow it. In true master-spy tradition, he put out his feelers and soon the fish were swimming into his net; soon secret anti-Nazis were coming to him to funnel him vital information and to give him the most intimate details about the plot to do away with Hitler.

Some of this happened, but it isn't all that happened. To understand the significance of developments in Berne, one needs to recall the background of the times. In January, 1943, just as Allen Dulles' intelligence-gathering operation began to get going in full swing, Churchill and Roosevelt were meeting in Casablanca for the first of those Summit conferences that were to determine the conduct of the fighting and, more important, the conditions for ending it. It was at Casablanca that the two great Allied leaders proclaimed the doctrine of "unconditional surrender" and vowed to "spare no effort to bring Germany to her knees."

Their proclamation came at a time when a witch's brew was already boiling inside Germany. German military strategy long had been predicated on avoiding a war on two fronts. This had been a cardinal principle of Hitler himself until the seemingly endless succession of easy victories unbalanced his judgment and propelled him into war with the Soviet Union. The limitless void of Russia quickly began to engulf the Nazi war machine, and then, on top of the Eastern struggle, had come the Japanese stroke at Pearl Harbor, a blow that had surprised Hitler almost as much as it had the American fleet. This development had thrown the tremendous power and resources of America into the scales against the Axis powers, and soon both German generals and the more astute leaders of the *SS* saw that ultimate defeat was inevitable unless some compromise political settlement could be worked out with the Allies. A number of top-level conferences were devoted to this problem, both in the camp of the military and the camp of the *SS*.

In one of these secret conclaves in August, 1942, *SS-Brigadefuehrer* Walter Schellenberg, one of Heinrich Himmler's brightest protégés and one of the most dangerous of Nazi secret agents, proposed a bold solution to his boss. Himmler, the master of the secret police for whom Kurt von Schroeder had raised funds in the Ruhr, was a cautious man where his own neck was involved; but he was extremely ambitious, too—and so he listened to Schellenberg. Schellenberg argued that the war was lost unless a "political solution" could be arranged. Only Himmler, he contended, could achieve this. Only Himmler could intrigue to spread dissension among the Allies, to split them apart, to achieve the needed separate settlement with the West. Himmler hesitated, caution warring with ambition. The argument between him and Schellenberg lasted until 3:30 A.M., but Himmler finally agreed to try Schellenberg's idea.

The prize at stake was enormous. If he succeeded, Himmler could make himself master of all Germany. The ruthless *SS* chief was well aware, as William L. Shirer makes clear in *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich*, that military cliques were plotting the assassination of Hitler. On occasion Himmler made a great pretense of activity and sent some of the more obvious bunglers before execution squads, but it seems certain he could have protected the *Fuehrer* much more efficiently than he did. It seems certain also that he gave the plotting generals loose rein, anticipating the situation that would develop if and when they succeeded in blowing up his revered leader. Himmler, with his iron grip on the machinery of the secret police, felt fully competent to deal with the generals; he feared no other rival in the Nazi party; and if, in foreign affairs, he could achieve Schellenberg's "political solution," he could perpetuate the Nazi system with himself in Hitler's shoes.

Meet "Mr. Bull"

Such appear to be the compelling reasons that led Himmler and Schellenberg to send two *SS* agents to seek out Allen Dulles in Berne. The *SS* agents were a Dr. Schudekopf and Prince Maximillian Egon Hohenlohe. The Nazi version of these negotiations was contained in three documents written at the time, labeled "Top Secret," and preserved in the files of Schellenberg's dreaded Department VI of the *SS* Reich Security Office. Bob Edwards, a member of the British Parliament, cites these documents and quotes them fully in a pamphlet written this year, *A Study of a Master Spy (Allen Dulles)*. In studying his account, upon which the following section is based, it must be borne in mind that the documents represent an enemy version of the talks and must therefore be read with caution; nor should it be forgotten that in the shadow world of the secret agency, duplicity is a common coin and truth most difficult to determine.

Edwards, who fought with Loyalist forces in Spain during the civil war in the 1930s, has been general secretary of the Chemical Workers Union since 1947. He is a former member of the Liverpool City Council and has served in Parliament, elected with Labour and Co-operative backing, since 1955. He attracted considerable attention when he began protesting in the House of Commons about the activities of the Krupps in Bilbao and the danger of permitting the Germans to establish bases in Spain. As a result, "from absolutely reliable sources in Bonn," he says, he received a number of documents, including the three dealing with Dulles and the *SS*.

The first of these documents is a brief covering letter, of which only one copy was made. It is dated April 30, 1943, and is from *SS-Hauptsturmfuehrer* Ahrens to Department VI, dealing with: "DULLES, Roosevelt's special representative in Switzerland." The second is a record of conversations between Dulles, referred to throughout the report as "Mr. Bull," and Prince Hohenlohe, called "Herr Pauls." The conversations took place in Switzerland in mid-February, 1943.

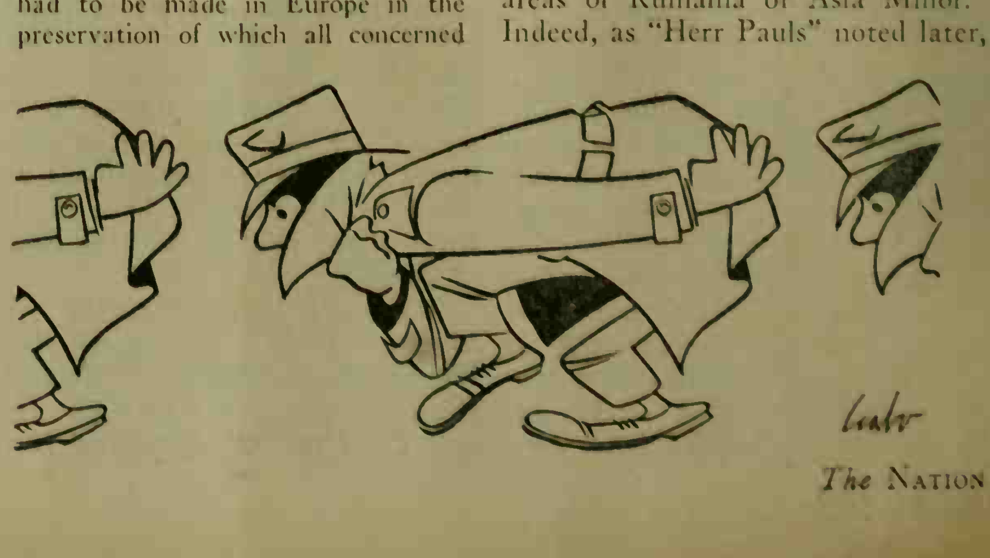
"Immediately on arrival," according to the memorandum on the Dulles-Hohenlohe talks, "Herr Pauls" received a call from a "Mr. Roberts," a Dulles aid and confidant. Roberts was anxious to arrange an immediate meeting with his chief, Allen Dulles. Hohenlohe stalled until he could check up on Dulles. From Spanish diplomats, from the Swiss and from representatives of some of the Nazi satellite states in the Balkans, Hohenlohe learned that Dulles operated on the very highest level, apparently with a direct pipeline into the White House, by-passing the State Department. This convinced the *SS* agent that he should, by all means, see "Mr. Bull."

He was greeted, he reported, by "a tall, powerfully built, sporting type of about forty-five, with a healthy appearance, good teeth and a lively, unaffected and gracious manner. Assuredly a man of civic courage." The conversation was cordial. Hohenlohe and Dulles quickly established that they had met before, in 1916 in Vienna and in the 1920s in New York. With these preliminaries out of the way the *SS* report of the talk between "Herr Pauls" and "Mr. Bull" continues:

> Mr. Bull said . . . he was fed up with listening all the time to outdated politicians, *émigrés* and prejudiced Jews. In his view, a peace had to be made in Europe in the preservation of which all concerned would have a real interest. There must not again be a division into victor and vanquished, that is, contented and discontented; never again must nations like Germany be driven by want and injustice to desperate experiments and heroism. The German state must continue to exist as a factor of order and progress; there could be no question of its partition or the separation of Austria. At the same time, however, the might of Prussia in the German state should be reduced to reasonable proportions, and the individual regions (*Gau*) should be given greater independence and a uniform measure of influence within the framework of Greater Germany. To the Czech question, Mr. Bull seemed to attach little importance; at the same time he felt it necessary to support a *cordon sanitaire* against Bolshevism and pan-Slavism through the eastward enlargement of Poland and the preservation of Rumania and a strong Hungary.

German Hegemony

If this view seems hardly in accord with the publicly avowed Roosevelt-Churchill program of "unconditional surrender" and bringing "Germany to her knees," the rest of the Dulles philosophy, according to this *SS* report, seems to agree even less with the ideals for which thousands of Allied soldiers were at that moment dying. "Herr Pauls" reported that "Mr. Bull seemed quite to recognize" Germany's claim to industrial leadership in Europe. "Of Russia he spoke with scant sympathy. . . . Herr Pauls had the feeling that the Americans, including in this case Mr. Bull, would not hear of Bolshevism or Pan-Slavism in Central Europe, and, unlike the British, on no account wished to see the Russians at the Dardenelles or in the oil areas of Rumania or Asia Minor." Indeed, as "Herr Pauls" noted later,



"Mr. Bull" made no great secret, though he did not speak in detail, about "Anglo-American antagonisms."

The conversation now took an abrupt turn. "Herr Pauls" made what he described as "a very sharp thrust on the Jewish question" and said he "sometimes actually felt the Americans were only going on with the war so as to be able to get rid of the Jews and send them back again. To this 'Mr. Bull' replied that in America things had not quite got to that point yet and that it was in general a question whether the Jews wanted to go back. Herr Pauls got the impression that America intended rather to send off the Jews to Africa."

Discussing the reorganization of postwar Europe, "Mr. Bull" appeared to reject British ideas *"in toto."* Hohenlohe reported:

> He agreed more or less to a Europe organized politically and industrially on the basis of large territories, and considered that a Federal Greater Germany (similar to the United States), with an associated Danube Confederation, would be the best guarantee of order and progress in Central and Eastern Europe. *He does not reject National Socialism in its basic ideas and deeds so much as the "inwardly unbalanced, inferiority-complex-ridden Prussian militarism."* (Italics added.)
>
> Then Mr. Bull turned to the subject of National Socialism and the person of Adolf Hitler and declared that with all respect to the historical importance of Adolf Hitler and his work it was hardly conceivable that the Anglo-Saxons' worked-up public opinion could accept Hitler as unchallenged master of Greater Germany. People had no confidence in the durability and dependability of agreements with him. And re-establishment of mutual confidence was the most essential thing after the war. Nevertheless, Herr Pauls did not get the impression that it was to be viewed as a dogma of American prejudice. . . .

The conversation continued with Hohenlohe trying to get some inkling of Allied military intentions and with Dulles fending off his queries. The American agent did deliver, however, a pointed warning. He cited America's "expanding production of aircraft, which will systematically be brought into action against the Axis powers." Then:

> Mr. Bull is in close touch with the Vatican. He himself called Herr Pauls's attention to the importance of this connection, for the American Catholics also have a decisive word to say, and before the conversation ended he again repeated how greatly Germany's position in America would be strengthened if German bishops were to plead Germany's cause here. Even the Jews' hatred could not outweigh that. It had to be remembered, after all, that it had been the American Catholics who had forced the Jewish-American papers to stop their baiting of Franco Spain.

The third top-secret Nazi document deals with another talk between "Mr. Roberts," Dulles' right-hand man, and another *SS* agent, identified only as "Bauer." This took place in Geneva on Sunday, March 21, 1943. It was a long, rambling, inconclusive rehash of the war and its issues, but certain strong strands emerge in the *SS* report. "Bauer" quoted Roberts as saying "he [Roberts] did not like the Jews and it was distasteful to think that they were now able to adorn their six-pointed star with an additional wreath of martyrdom. . . ." The coolness toward the British, the pro-German warmth was there. "Bauer" quoted Roberts:

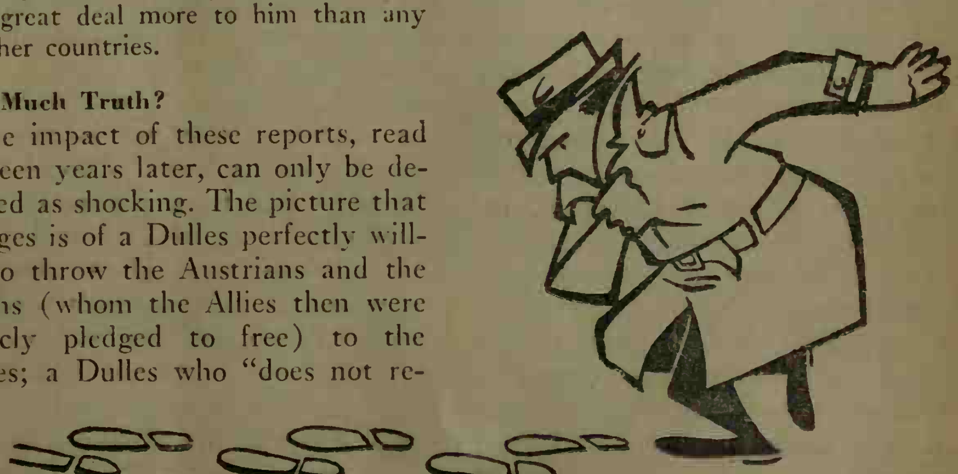
> America had no intention of going to war every twenty years and was now aiming at a prolonged settlement, in the planning of which she wished to take a decisive part and did not wish to leave that again to Britain, bearing in mind the bitter experience of the past. It would be nothing else but regrettable if Germany excluded herself from this settlement, for that country deserved every kind of admiration and meant a great deal more to him than any other countries.

How Much Truth?

The impact of these reports, read eighteen years later, can only be described as shocking. The picture that emerges is of a Dulles perfectly willing to throw the Austrians and the Czechs (whom the Allies then were publicly pledged to free) to the wolves; a Dulles who "does not reject National Socialism in its basic ideas and deeds," despite the smoking furnaces of the Nazi charnel houses; a Dulles who, blaming all on Prussian militarism, was looking forward to seeing a strong and resurgent Germany dominating all of Central Europe; a Dulles who was concerned primarily (as the Dulles of 1918 had been) with using Germany and Poland as buffers against Russia in the East; a Dulles who was concerned, as one would expect the Dulles of the 1920s to be, with keeping Russia out of the oil-rich Near East; a Dulles who seemed still to regard the British with a small "b," who looked with equanimity (as the Dulles who had represented some of the mightiest German corporations might be expected to do) upon German industrial leadership of Europe—a Dulles who paid "respect to the historical importance of Adolf Hitler and his work," who thought Hitler would have to go, but who did not make this seem like "a dogma of American prejudice."

One finds oneself asking the shocked question: Was this the *real* Allen Dulles?

It is not easy to decide. Always, in anything that touches upon the double-dealing shadow world of the secret agent, one must have more than normal reservations. This picture of Dulles is the picture that emerges from *SS* reports, but perhaps *SS* agents, like a lot of other secret agents, might have been tempted to tell headquarters what they knew headquarters wanted to hear. Even if the *SS* reports were completely accurate, there is no guarantee that Dulles actually believed all that the reports attributed to him. He was trying to pick the minds



of his *SS* callers, as they were trying to pick his, and in the brain-picking duel, any agent might be likely to cloak, to a degree at least, his real beliefs and intentions and to pretend to what he did not really feel. Was this what Dulles was doing? Was he being extremely cordial and agreeable to Hohenlohe merely in the hope of luring information out of him? Or were at least some of those sentiments he expressed really his own?

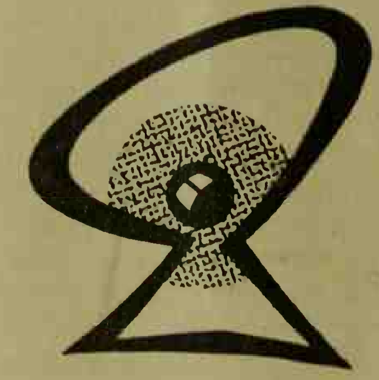
Whatever the truth, there is no imputation in these documents that Allen Dulles was anything but a patriot seeking to further what he conceived to be the best interests of his country. Not his motives, but his judgments, are called into question as one peruses these *SS* records.

In any case, the *SS* portrait must be assessed against some checkpoints—Dulles' own known background and certain future developments, all of which seem to fall into a pattern. Dulles certainly played the master's role in cloak-and-dagger activities in Europe. He remained the boss of the Berne nerve center of intelligence throughout the war, and he came out of the conflict with an overpowering reputation as America's master spy. Under the circumstances, it is curious to find that the pattern of German rapprochement described in Hohenlohe's report was repeated again and again in other secret dealings by American agents.

For a "Soft" Peace

One of these negotiations took place in October, 1943, when Dr. Felix Kersten, a Finnish masseur who had won the confidence of Himmler himself, went to Sweden to confer with an unnamed American agent. They discussed "the danger from the East" and "a compromise peace." Tentatively, they agreed on the restoration of Germany's 1914 boundaries (this would have included France's Alsace-Lorraine), the ending of the Hitler dictatorship, reduction of the German Army, control over German industry, and an American pledge to forget about an enlarged Poland. Still later, in the spring of 1944, another American feeler was put out by a secret agent in Yugoslavia, again for negotiations that would involve the possibility of uniting the Western Allies with Germany for the "struggle against Bolshevism."

These repeated overtures would make it seem as if someone somewhere had some pretty determined ideas about a soft German peace and the building up of a strong postwar Germany to combat the Soviet menace. All of this occurred at a time when Russia ostensibly was our Ally and was locked in the fiercest of death grapples with Germany. If the Russians, who had their own spy system, were aware of these secret machinations — as they may well have been, for, according to the Germans, Hungarian agents had broken the code Dulles was using—the seemingly unreasonable Russian distrust of America would begin to seem less unreasonable. Such are the penalties of an intelligence operation that runs counter to the official policy of the nation employing it.



Whether Dulles himself had any responsibility for the persistent pro-German feelers is not established, but there is one further strong indication of his attitude toward Germany in one of his best-publicized exploits. Not long after his arrival in Berne, he received a call from an emissary connected with the military side of the crosshatch of plots involving the destruction of Hitler. His caller was Hans Bernd Gisevius, German vice consul in Zurich and a member of the *Abwehr*, the secret intelligence. Gisevius was a huge, 6-foot-4 German who had been connected with anti-Hitler plots in 1938 and 1939, before the outbreak of the war. He had close connections with some of Germany's top military leaders, who had long been convinced that Hitler would have to be removed from the scene. From Dulles, Gisevius and his fellow plotters wanted just one assurance—that, if they killed Hitler, Washington would support them in setting up a new and presumably anti-Nazi government.

The German conspirators did not just ask for Washington's backing; they held out a threat. If the Western democracies refused to grant Germany a decent peace, they warned, they would be compelled to turn to Soviet Russia for support. This, it would seem, was hardly the tone of men inspired by great ideals. As Shirer perceptively remarks: "One marvels at these German resistance leaders who were so insistent on getting a favorable peace settlement from the West and so hesitant in getting rid of Hitler until they got it. One would have thought that if they considered Nazism to be such a monstrous evil . . . they would have concentrated on trying to overthrow it regardless of how the West might treat their new regime." No such reflection appears to have occurred to Dulles. He was inclined to accept the demands of the plotters and urged Washington to back the bargain, to promise favorable terms of peace. In this he failed. Roosevelt insisted on "unconditional surrender."

In the light of what we now know, the wisdom of the deal proposed by Dulles appears to be highly dubious. One thing is certain: Himmler knew of the plots against Hitler and deliberately left enough of the plotters free to score the near-miss of the 1944 bomb explosion in Hitler's East Prussian headquarters. Himmler certainly had every intention of dominating the Germany that would have survived the loss of the *Fuehrer*, and there can be little doubt that, if he had been successful, the Nazi system would have been perpetuated. This, at least, the doctrine of "unconditional surrender" avoided. The complete crushing of Germany, the freeing of the wraiths in its concentration camps—total victory and its revelations—made any apologia for Nazism impossible.

Such an outcome could hardly have been achieved by the Allen Dulles who peeps out at us from the pages of *SS* reports or by the Allen Dulles who was ready, by his own admission, to deal with the military plotters.

PART IV DULLES, PEACE and the CIA

ALLEN DULLES came back from Berne with such a reputation as a cloak-and-dagger mastermind that his exploits are still spoken of with awe. He was decorated with the American Medal of Merit, a Presidential Citation, the Medal of Freedom, Belgium's Leopold Cross and France's Legion of Honor. These medals represented several triumphs in espionage.

The greatest feats stemmed from Dulles' contact with an employee in the German Foreign Office who has been identified only as "George Wood." A secret anti-Nazi, "Wood" risked death many times to make contact with Dulles in Berne. At each meeting, he delivered to the American agent copies of ultra-secret German documents. The impressive total of 2,600 documents reportedly was funneled into Dulles' hands by "Wood." Some are said to have been of such importance that they vitally affected the course of the war.

According to the Dulles legend, documents supplied by "Wood" gave the first clue to German experiments with the V-1 and V-2 rockets at the Peenemunde testing base on the Baltic. Dulles' information, it is asserted, warned the Allies in time, enabled them to raid Peenemunde with their heavy bombers, and set the rocket program back an all-important six months.

There is no doubt that the raid on Peenemunde did just this, but there is considerable doubt whether Dulles can claim sole credit for it. Winston Churchill, in his history of World War II, writes that German experiments with rockets at Peenemunde were known even before the war and that as early as the autumn of 1939 "references to long-range weapons of various kinds began to appear in our Intelligence reports." Edwards, the British M.P., writes categorically:

> Finally, it is a well known fact that it was not Mr. Dulles who distinguished himself by discovering the V-rockets, but unassuming Miss Constance Babbington Smith, the British expert on aerial reconnaissance photography, who on June 23, 1943, identified the launching ramps on an aerial photograph of Peenemunde. The British Secret Service had known about plans for building them ever since 1939.

Fewer questions have been raised about some of Dulles' other exploits. One of these dealt with a mysterious Nazi spy by the name of "Cicero." Edwards insists that the full story of "Cicero" has not yet been told, but the accepted version goes like this: From some of the documents given him by "Wood," Dulles learned that the British Ambassador in Turkey, Sir Hughe Knatchbull-Hugessen, had a valet who was actually a Nazi spy and who used the code name of "Cicero." The tip about "Cicero" came to Dulles just in time to alter the route of an American convoy and save it from a planned U-boat attack.

Even more important than saving a convoy was the final achievement credited to Dulles—the surrender of the German Army in Italy in 1945. Dulles arranged this through his contacts in the *SS*, specifically through negotiations with *SS-Obergruppenfuehrer* Karl Wolff. As a result, the German surrender in Italy came earlier than otherwise might have been the case, and presumably the lives of thousands of Allied soldiers were saved.

The Dulles Ambivalence

With war's end, Dulles returned for a time to his law desk at Sullivan and Cromwell, but with his glamorous (and glamorized) World War II masterminding behind him, it was hardly to be expected that world events would leave him long alone. Both he and his older brother, John Foster, now began to emerge on the national scene in new and ever more powerful roles. The build-up for both was, and was to remain, tremendous. The nation's largest news media agreed with virtually a single voice that John Foster Dulles was the infallible wise man of foreign policy; his ties to top-level German industry under the Nazis, his links to America First, his speeches proclaiming we had nothing to fear from the Axis, were all forgotten. Only some maverick columnists like Drew Pearson, I. F. Stone, Dr. Frank Kingdon and Harold L. Ickes remembered the past. And who were they to outshout New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who discovered and proclaimed (years before Eisenhower) that John Foster Dulles was "the greatest statesman in the world" and "the only man in the world whom the Russians fear"?

Then — and Since

Under the cover of such authoritative proclamations of highly disputable fact, the American public as a whole completely forgot that the Dulles brothers had been the high legal priests and the helpful manipulators of some of the greatest German trusts; and little significance seems to have been attached to the curious coincidence that, in the immediate postwar era, they became the spokesmen for a compassionate German policy. With the adaptability of lawyers and politicians, they seemed at times to ride both sides of the issue, but in the final analysis their weight appears to have been thrown on the pro-German side.

Typical of this ambivalence was the performance of Allen Dulles in the days right after the guns were silenced. In an article he wrote in *Collier's* in May, 1946, he based his lead paragraph on the events of 157 B.C., comparing Berlin with Carthage. "Berlin remains a monument to Prussian and Nazi philosophy," he wrote. He suggested it might be a good idea to leave in the heart of Berlin a completely devastated area as a perpetual reminder of what the Nazis and Prussian militarism had wrought. "The central area, for example, a half mile radius around Hitler's Chancellory," he explained, "might be set aside as a perpetual memorial to the Nazis and to Prussia." Berlin should no longer be the capital of Germany; it should be relegated to an inconsequential role as a mere railroad and commercial center because "Berlin has lost its birthright. . . . It has lost it because for generations this city has housed the chief disturbers of world peace. Hence, as the capital of Germany, Berlin *'delenda est.'*"

Yet, in less than two years' time, Allen Dulles appeared to be worrying less about the horrors of Nazi and Prussian militarism and more about the virtues of a strong Germany. When Congressional committees began debating the European Recovery Program, former President Herbert Hoover, John Foster Dulles and Allen Dulles were among the leaders in the drive to rebuild German industry—with which the Dulleses, at least, had had the strongest kind of personal and financial ties. Describing this effort, Helen Fuller wrote in *The New Republic* in February, 1948:

> For months, the Herter Committee on European aid has been passing for a high-minded, bipartisan group of Good Samaritans. Actually, the Herter bill that is being urged as a substitute for ERP was mainly a Hoover product. Chairman Christian A. Herter (R., Mass.), a Hoover protégé, allowed Allen Dulles, international banker and friend of Hoover, to do the drafting, called in other like-minded Wall Streeters to help.

The author went on to describe the "snail's pace" dismantling of German industry abroad, the concentrated "strong Germany" propaganda drive in the United States. She quoted John Foster Dulles' testimony, which seemingly straddled both sides of the issue. John Foster favored reparations and control; but he insisted it wouldn't be economical to duplicate Germany's steel industry in France, and all Western European countries would be positively "delighted to see Germany restored and smoke pouring out of the factories of the Ruhr as rapidly as possible." Acidly, Helen Fuller wrote: "The Inter-Allied Reparations Agency could show Dulles fat official records to the contrary. France, Belgium, the Netherlands and many others want German equipment with which to rebuild their own devastated economies."

This is the background from which the "strong Germany" policy of today was to emerge. Whether the Germans of today are a completely different race from the Germans of the past who brought two of history's most horrible wars upon the world, whether the "strong Germany" policy represents the acme of wisdom or a disastrous gamble in power politics—these are questions that only the future can decide. What is important here is to understand some of the pressures producing the policy. When one examines these, one finds the Dulleses advocating a public policy that coincided neatly with the dictates of what had been their long-time private interests. The Allen Dulles of 1918, of 1942-45, of 1947-48, seems the same man, with the same strong alliances to top-level Germans regardless of their ideology; and it is this strong pull of private ties that becomes so disturbing when one tries to analyze the public performance of the man who was soon to become head of CIA.

Birth of the CIA

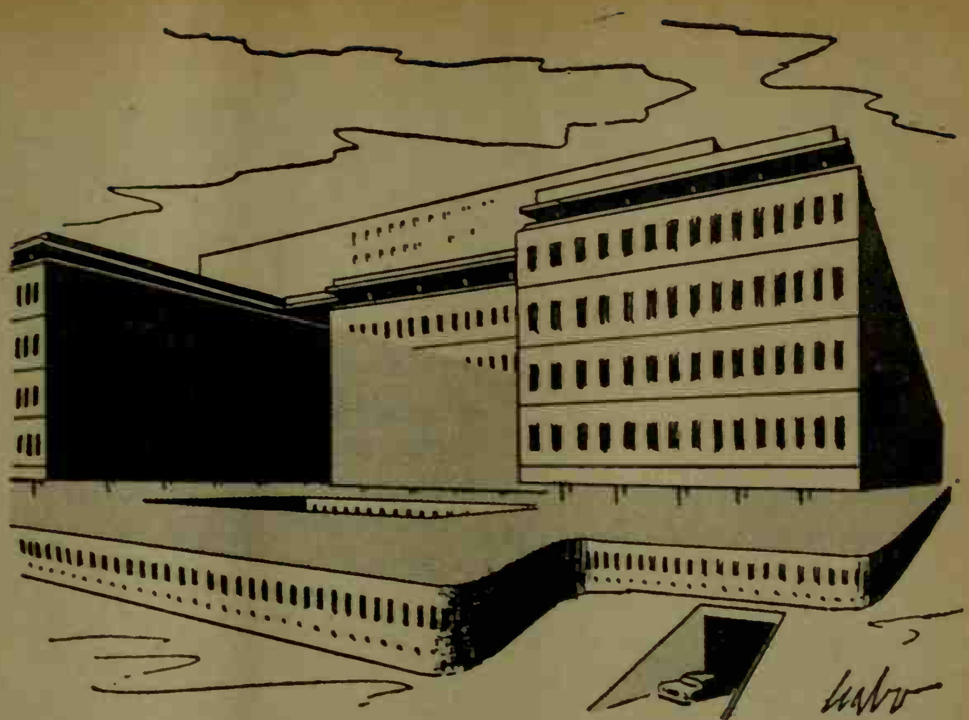
The agency itself was essentially the creation of President Harry S. Truman, and it resulted almost inevitably from the painful lessons of World War II. Pearl Harbor had had a permanent and understandable effect upon the thinking of American leaders. In the post-mortems conducted into that disaster, it had become apparent that ample information was available in Washington to have alerted Army and Navy commanders at the Pearl Harbor base of their danger; but no effective use had been made of the available intelligence, largely because there was no single agency entrusted with the accurate and speedy interpretation of such detail. The emergencies of war led to the hasty creation of OSS, but OSS was obviously a stopgap measure, not a final solution.

On October 1, 1945, immediately after the cessation of hostilities, Truman abolished OSS. The President apparently had a personal distaste for the nasty business of spying, and he was, in addition, under bureaucratic pressures from all sides to decapitate OSS as quickly as possible. The military intelligence services wanted no such powerful competitor; the FBI under J. Edgar Hoover long had felt it should be the sole gatherer and dispenser of vital information, both at home and abroad; and the Department of State and the Bureau of the Budget both had the knives out for OSS. With the dissolution of the agency, however, a chaotic situation quickly arose. Intelligence reports from all the competing intelligence-gatherers flowed in bewildering profusion across the President's desk. Frequently, no two agencies agreed on anything; frequently, their analyses and predictions flatly contradicted one another. The result was that the President was almost as badly off from this plethora of advice as he would have been if he had had no advice at all, and he was left largely to follow his own hunches.

This obviously was no way to chart strategy among the perilous reefs of the cold war, and various solutions were proposed. Donovan, as early as 1944, had suggested to Roosevelt the creation of a central intelligence agency so powerful it would dominate the entire field. Opposition to such a monolithic structure was led by the Navy, which took the position that each of the services, with its own special requirements and ends in view, needed its own agents. Admiral King, in addition, foresaw in a powerful central intelligence a possible threat to democracy, and in Congress there were very real fears lest, in our hunt for intelligence, we create a potential Gestapo.

Giant Step Forward

The result was a compromise. Truman, by Executive order on January 22, 1946, set up the Central Intelligence Group, the forerunner of the present CIA. This was to be, as Ransom explains in his authoritative book, primarily "a holding company coordinating the work of existing departments." It functioned under an executive council, the National Intelligence Authority, composed of the Secretaries of State, War and Navy, and the President's personal representative. Under this setup, the practice began which continues today of having central intelligence provide for the President's personal eye a daily, exclusive and unified digest and summary of all important international intelligence. Truman, understandably, felt that a great step forward had been taken. “Here, at last,” he writes in his memoirs, “a coordinated method had been worked out, and a practical way had been found for keeping the President informed as to what was known and what was going on.”



For the home of a secret agency, the new Washington headquarters of the CIA is on the resplendent side.

The Central Intelligence Group, however, was only a temporary expedient, as OSS had been before it; and Congress, in ordering the semi-unification of the defense establishment in 1947, abolished CIG and created the present Central Intelligence Agency, functioning under a National Security Council, comparable to the former National Intelligence Agency. Before final action was taken, the advice of Allen Dulles was sought. This he gave in a significant memorandum dated April 25, 1947.

Dulles made six principal recommendations. CIA, he thought, should have absolute control over its own personnel; its chief should not have men foisted upon him for political or other reasons, but should have full say in picking his own assistants. The agency should have its own budget and the right to supplement this by drawing funds from the Departments of State and National Defense. CIA should have “exclusive jurisdiction to carry out secret intelligence operations.” It should have “access to all intelligence information relating to foreign countries.” It should be the “recognized agency for dealing with the central intelligence agencies of other countries.” And, finally, it should have “its operations and personnel protected by ‘official secrets’ legislation which would provide adequate penalties for breach of security.”

Principle of Separation

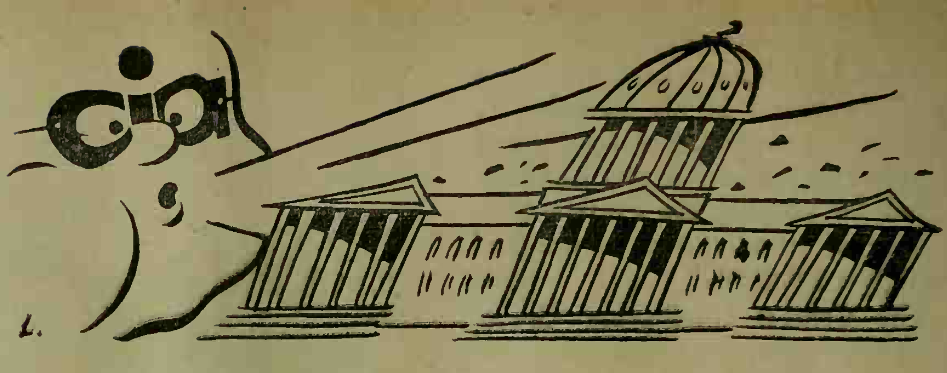
In his comments on the proposed agency, Dulles made several important observations. CIA, he felt, should be predominantly civilian rather than military in its high command, and if a military man was appointed to head it, he should become a civilian while he held the office. Its administration, he felt strongly, must have long-term continuity and professional status; its director should be assured of long tenure, like Hoover in the FBI, “to build up public confidence, and *esprit de corps* in his organization, and a high prestige.” He opposed the creation of an agency that would become “merely a coordinating agency for the military intelligence services” and warned that this “is not enough.” Most significantly, in view of the future course of events, he recognized the dangers inherent in wedding information to policy.

> The State Department . . . [he wrote] will collect and process its own information as a basis for the day-to-day conduct of its work. The Armed Services intelligence agencies will do likewise. But for the proper judging of the situation in any foreign country it is important that the information should be processed by an agency whose duty it is to weigh facts, and to draw conclusions from those facts, without having either the facts or the conclusions warped by the inevitable and even proper prejudices of the men whose duty it is to determine policy and who, having once determined policy, are too likely to be blind to any facts which might tend to prove the policy to be faulty. The Central Intelligence Agency should have nothing to do with policy. It should try to get at the hard facts on which others must determine policy.

The case could not be put better. With this strong, explicit statement, virtually every expert on the subject has always been in complete agreement. But, unfortunately, this wasn’t the way CIA was to be set up, and this wasn’t the way that increasingly, under Allen Dulles himself in later years, it was to run.

Rumors that this cardinal principle of intelligence—the separation of information from the roles of policy and action—might be flouted by the new spy outfit were current even as it was being created. In the hearings on the National Security Act of 1947, Congressman Fred Busbey sounded an anxious note. “I wonder,” he asked, “if there is any foundation for the rumors that have come to me to the effect that through this Central Intelligence Agency, they are contemplating operational activities?”

The question wasn’t answered at the time, but the act in its final form left the door open and “they” walked through. The Security Act charged CIA with five specific functions: to advise the National Security Council on intelligence matters related to national security; to make recommendations to the council for coordination of intelligence activities of departments and agencies of the government; to correlate and evaluate intelligence and provide for its appropriate dissemination within the government; to perform for the benefit of existing intelligence agencies such additional services as the NSC might determine could be more efficiently handled centrally; and finally, most important, "to perform *other functions and duties*" relating to national security intelligence as the NSC might direct. It is this "other functions and duties" clause that gave CIA broad powers to enter, not just the field of intelligence, but the field of overt activities.



The Principle Violated

The concentration of power in the hands of the agency, implicit in its organization, was increased tremendously by revisions of the CIA statute made in 1949. Three major changes placed almost dictatorial powers in the hands of its director. He was given the right to hire and fire without regard to Civil Service or other restraints. CIA was exempted from the provisions of any laws that might require publication or disclosure of the "organization, functions, names, official titles, salaries or numbers of personnel employed" (even the Bureau of the Budget was directed specifically to make no reports to Congress on any of these matters; in other words, CIA became a completely closed book). At the same time, its director was given full authority to spend any amount on his personal voucher, without accounting. "This," as Ransom comments, "is truly an extraordinary power for the head of an Executive agency with thousands of employees and annual expenditures in the hundreds of millions of dollars."

To counterbalance these sweeping powers, there were few restraints. Congress, evidently with that haunting Gestapo specter in mind, did specify that CIA should have no arrest or subpoena powers within the United States. The FBI's files, while not barred to it, were not exactly opened either; for, while other agencies were required to report their intelligence findings to CIA, the FBI was not. The CIA may obtain whatever specific information the FBI has if it requests it in writing, but this is quite a different affair from being kept informed as a matter of routine of what the FBI knows. Finally, a supposed safeguard was set up around those all-important "other functions and duties" the CIA was empowered to perform. These were to be embarked upon only at the direction of the National Security Council, presided over by the President himself. But, as Ransom points out, the principal intelligence adviser of the NSC is the director of CIA. The director is "a constant participant in NSC deliberations," and this, to Ransom, seems "to suggest that the scope of CIA operations is to a large extent self-determined. . . . Certainly Congress has no voice as to how and where CIA is to function, other than prohibiting it to engage in domestic security activities."

This is the powerful and secretive setup—doubly powerful and insidious in its influence because it is so secretive, so free of any effective checkrein—that Congress created to protect us against the possibility of an atomic Pearl Harbor. How has it functioned?

In the beginning, as was perhaps inevitable with a new agency, its performance could be described only as decidedly spotty. Rear Admiral Roscoe H. Hillenkoetter was the first director of CIA and guided its destiny through its first three difficult years. The Korean War came during this period, and with it came the first blunders of the new agency in its primary role, the gathering of intelligence.

Early Failures

For some of these errors in strategic foresight, CIA was not alone at fault; other older and better-established arms of the intelligence services, the military and the State Department, were equally culpable. The first miscalculation—and one of the gravest in magnitude, for upon its accuracy rested the cornerstone of such deterrent policies as "massive retaliation"—dealt with the date Russia might be expected to detonate an atom bomb. All intelligence services agreed at the end of World War II that this feat would require ten years at least, and all were astonished when the Soviets held their first successful A-bomb test in 1949. This shock was succeeded by one even greater, for the Russians in August, 1953, actually beat us to the first workable hydrogen bomb, and we learned some significant details of value to ourselves by analyzing their fallout. With these blasts, just as important though less obvious and less publicized than Sputnik, "massive retaliation" became an unworkable two-way street.

The next flub involved Korea, but again, at the outset at least, CIA was no more at fault than others. All our intelligence services thought it highly improbable that the North Korean Communists would invade South Korea and touch off a war—but they did. This first wrong guess was followed by others. One of the great surprises was the appearance in the Korean skies of the Russian MIG-15, a war plane faster than anything in our arsenal and one that inflicted crushing losses on our B-29 bombers. Yet, even after the MIG-15 appeared, we continued our fatal underestimation of the Russians. Air Force Intelligence was of the opinion—and the other intelligence services seemed to agree—that the Russians could turn out no more than six MIGs a month by hand; actually, Russian industry built 10,000 MIGs with great rapidity.

These initial blunders of intelligence in the Korean War were matters of relatively little moment compared to the final one that, in the fall of 1950, literally cost the lives of thousands of American soldiers. United Nations forces, having recovered from their initial defeats, had driven the Red invaders from the North back across the 38th Parallel, the dividing line between North and South Korea. A decision had to be made whether to continue the attack across the border, conquering all of Korea. This course was subject to one paramount danger. If U.N. forces pressed on into North Korea, would the Chinese Communists, with their hordes of manpower, enter the war?

General Douglas MacArthur was confident that they would not. All of our intelligence forces agreed in essence on this forecast. In this, as in the recent Cuba invasion, our vision appears to have been blinded by our desires, and the intelligence for which we pay literally billions of dollars was abysmally wrong, while the advice of independent observers, whose minds were not chained by the demands of policy, was plainly right. In the Korean War, as in the case of Cuba, there were many clear and explicit warnings that a blind intelligence refused to heed.

One of these was delivered by Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas. An astute world traveler, Justice Douglas had been roaming through Southeast Asia during the late summer of 1950. His pulse-takings convinced him that, if our troops crossed the 38th Parallel, the Communist Chinese would enter the war on a massive scale. He personally warned President Truman of this. A similar warning was sounded in Washington by the Indian representatives to the United States. But these uncommitted minds could not be expected to be so persuasive as those who were supposed to know.

Ransom, in his work on the CIA, describes the sequel in these words:

> Despite the continuous barrage of propaganda warnings and the carefully monitored movement of troops into Manchuria, intelligence analysts and the policy makers failed to consider seriously such threats and apparently neglected to read history, or they would have recognized the traditional Chinese fear of an enemy north of the narrow Korean waist. President Truman records in his memoirs that "On October 20 (1950), the CIA delivered a memorandum to me which said that they had reports that the Chinese Communists would move in far enough to safeguard the Suiho electric plant and other installations along the Yalu River which provided them with power." Actually the Chinese had begun crossing the Yalu four days earlier with the apparent intention of throwing the United Nations forces out of Korea.

The surprise was complete, and the massive Chinese onslaught threatened for a time to cut off and obliterate the U.N. Army. Even though MacArthur managed to rescue the bulk of his forces, he was driven back in a military debacle.

Criticism of the CIA may have had something to do with the decision of Admiral Hillenkoetter to leave his post as its director and return to naval duty. He was succeeded by General Walter Bedell Smith, who had been Eisenhower's Chief of Staff in Europe. One of Smith's first moves was to telephone Allen Dulles. Dulles had served on a committee that in 1948 had examined the CIA setup and recommended some fifty administrative changes. Smith had read the report, and when he got Dulles on the phone in his New York law office, he spoke with characteristic bluntness.

As Dulles later recalled it, Smith growled: "Now that you've written this damn report, it's up to you to put it into effect."

Dulles agreed to serve with Smith. In November, 1950, he left for Washington. He has been there ever since.

CIA *PART V* WITH DULLES IN IRAN

"I CAME DOWN here to stay six months, and now see what has happened," Allen Dulles remarked to a friend some years ago, in a happier time.

A husky six-footer, weighing 200 pounds, the boss of the CIA, with his bristling mustache and thinning gray hair, greatly resembles his late brother, John Foster Dulles, but in Washington he was generally the much better liked of the two. He was less of a Messiah, more relaxed, more good-humored. A man who seems to live with a pipe in his mouth, Allen Dulles looks more like a kindly, tweedy, college professor than a mastermind of secret intelligence, and he and his wife form one of Washington's most popular party-going couples. They frequently, however, do little more than put in an appearance and leave early. But even these fleeting visits cause some eyebrow raising, for most comparable commanders of secret agents, less gregarious than Dulles, shun the cocktail circuit with its built-in temptations to wag the tongue. This is a risk that Dulles assumes with apparent joyousness, and this much must be said for him: he has never yet been accused of dropping the wrong word into the wrong ear.

As far as personality goes, then, (and, as everyone knows, it goes far), Allen Dulles has been and still is a popular man in Washington. At sixty-eight, he is still amazingly active. He plays a good game of doubles in tennis, still shoots golf at around ninety when he has a chance to play. Friends describe him as a man of "enormous patience," and to interviewers—he presents the candid and attractive face of a man who modestly deprecates his own cloak-and-dagger roles. "I've never been shot at," he remarked once, "and I don't know that anyone ever tried to kidnap me."

These engaging personal attributes have helped to carry Allen Dulles far and probably have helped to blunt much sharp criticism to which, otherwise, he might have been subjected. He became Deputy Director of CIA under Bedell Smith in August, 1951, and in January, 1953, with the advent of the Eisenhower administration, he was named director even as his brother became Secretary of State. Thus, as *The New York Times* noted at the time, the nation in a most unusual move had placed "in the hands of two brothers the direction of open and secret foreign policy designed to win the 'cold war' against communism."

The result became evident almost at once. Not just intelligence, but palace coups became the work of CIA. The intrigue that topples governments became increasingly its trade mark.

Dulles had hardly made himself comfortable in the CIA director's chair when a major event abroad called for prompt and accurate analysis. In March, 1953, the report of Joseph Stalin's death flashed over the wires to a teletype in CIA headquarters at 2430 E Street N.W. in Washington. The dictator's demise raised immediate and tremendous questions. Georgi Malenkov appeared to be the No. 2 man in the Kremlin. He would probably succeed, for a time at least, to Stalin's power. What kind of ruler would he be? Would Russia be torn by revolution, by internal power struggles? Would she be more, or less, warlike?

Upon the answers to these questions depended America's posture, America's preparation to meet the changed world situation. CIA swung at once into a "crash" program designed to provide the necessary information. The instant Dulles got the word of Stalin's death, he began sending out orders to CIA agents and undercover men scattered throughout the world. He demanded from them information on what to expect, morale behind the iron curtain, arms shipments, troop movements, purges. Before long, detailed reports began to pour in.

Iran: a Tangled Web

While the foreign network was supplying overseas data, Dulles and the experts in his analysis section in CIA headquarters sifted reports and studied their voluminous files on Malenkov and the men most closely associated with him. From all of these sources, they compiled a picture and made an expert guess. A messenger rushed off to the White House with this CIA estimate: Russia was not prepared for war. There would be no revolution.

It was, as events were to show, a pretty accurate assessment, and it illustrates CIA's functioning at its best in the intelligence field that should be its primary business. But before many months had passed, CIA was to give another demonstration of its prowess, this time on a different and far more controversial level.

The development involved strategically important, oil-rich Iran. The Iranian border runs for 1,000 miles along that of the Soviet Union, and the natural resources of the country include an estimated 13 per cent of the world's oil reserves. This liquid treasure, the one great source of true wealth in Iran, long had been exploited by British interests. Baron Reuter, founder of the British news service that still bears his name, had received in 1872 a concession that gave him practically a complete monopoly over Iranian industry. International complications prevented Reuter from doing much to exercise the concession for several years, but ultimately, in the early 1900s, he and others—including J. Henry Schroeder & Co., the international German banking house with which Allen Dulles later was to be connected—formed the Industrial Bank of Persia (later the Bank of Iran), which in turn helped to finance the Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. It seems worthy of note that Frank C. Tiarks, one of Allen Dulles' fellow directors in the Schroeder banking enterprises, served also as a director of Anglo-Iranian Oil and that Sullivan and Cromwell, the New York legal firm in which the Dulles brothers were such prominent partners, was the long-time legal counsel of Anglo-Iranian Oil.

These old ties are stressed because they were lying there among the stage props in the background when Allen Dulles, just a few short months after he became CIA director, popped upon the international scene in a new and decidedly spectacular role. The immediate background was this: In 1951, a new political force that threatened old and dominant financial interests had arisen in Iran. This force was Mohammed Mossadegh, himself a wealthy landowner, but a man driven by a strong anti-British phobia. Mossadegh rose to power as Premier during a time of intense nationalism in Iran, and he capitalized on the sentiment of the hour by expropriating the properties of the British-owned Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. The company's royalty payments had provided a major part of Iran's foreign exchange earnings; but with the seizure by Mossadegh, there developed a bitter international dispute. The huge financial interests of the West virtually boycotted Iranian oil. Mossadegh tried to make deals with smaller, independent American companies to work the Iranian fields, but the State Department frowned upon such free enterprise. The international oil cartel held firm—and Iran lost all its oil revenues.

Democracy—and Oil

The resulting financial pressures on the Mossadegh regime were enormous. The United States offset some of these with foreign aid. In 1951, $1.6 million was allowed for a technical rural-improvement program. The following year, with Iran drained of all oil revenue, the American foreign aid grant was raised to $23 million, most of which was used to make up Iran's foreign exchange shortages. The Iranian financial crisis, however, remained desperate, and on May 28, 1953, Mossadegh sent a demand to President Eisenhower. Iran, he said, would have to have more American aid, or he would have to seek help elsewhere through the conclusion of an economic agreement and mutual defense pact with Russia.

Foreign analysts were convinced that Mossadegh had just one asset he could pledge to guarantee the safety of Russian investment—the rich Iranian oil fields and the refinery at Abadan, the world's largest, which Mossadegh had seized from Anglo-Iranian. It is clear that Anglo-Iranian had billion-dollar property interests at stake, but this underlying factor has hardly ever been mentioned in discussing the loftier picture — the stake of democracy: If Russia were to get Iran's oil, the Western democracies' position throughout the Middle East would be weakened, Soviet prestige would be greatly enhanced. This, naturally, was unthinkable, and so the Eisenhower administration, already greatly under the influence of the Dulles brothers, decided on a startling new gamble in international intrigue.

The President stalled Mossadegh for a month, then turned him down with an emphatic "No." Immediately afterwards, things began to happen. The step-by-step action was detailed by Richard and Gladys Harkness in a three-part *Saturday Evening Post* series, "The Mysterious Doings of CIA," which appeared in the late fall of 1954. The series bears intrinsic evidence on almost every page of having been written with the full, if secret, cooperation of CIA, and so its account of the coup in Iran is as authoritative as one can get. Obviously, this was one of those occasions when Allen Dulles, in triumph, permitted himself an audible public chuckle—and a discreet leak.

Enter the CIA

This, then, according to the Harknesses, is what happened:

On August 10, 1953, Allen Dulles packed his bags and flew to Europe, ostensibly to join his wife for a quiet vacation in the Swiss Alps. His departure coincided almost precisely with mounting developments in the Iranian pressure-cooker. Mossadegh was threatening to run Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi right off the throne and out of the country. The Premier had allied himself with the Communist Tudeh Party in Teheran and had acquired almost dictatorial powers. He was at this very moment conferring with a Russian diplomatic-economic mission. These conferences were a clear sign that the hour of supreme decision approached; yet, strangely enough, Loy Henderson, the American Ambassador to Iran, seemed to feel free to leave his vital post for a short "holiday" in the company of Allen Dulles in Switzerland. Another visitor who seemed to be drawn as if by a magnet to Dulles' picturesque hostelry in the Alps at precisely this critical juncture was Princess Ashraf, the attractive and strong-willed brunette twin sister of the Shah, who, according to the Harknesses, "had had a stormy session with her brother in his pink-marble palace, because of his vacillation in facing up to Mossadegh."

The Alpine rendezvous of master secret agent, diplomat and Iranian princess would seem to indicate that perhaps wires were being pulled. This suspicion was reinforced when a fourth mysterious actor began to stroll slowly across the international stage. This was Brig. Gen. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, best known for the not entirely brilliant conduct of the Lindbergh kidnaping case in 1932 when he had been head of New Jersey State Police. Schwarzkopf now began to move leisurely around the Middle East, stopping off in Pakistan, Syria, Lebanon—and Iran. He was an old hand in Iran, having served there from 1942 through 1948 as high-level adviser in the reorganization of the Shah's national police force. He was, he said, just dropping by "to see old friends again." Mossadegh and the Russian propaganda press distrusted this pat explanation and began to rail nervously at his presence; but Schwarzkopf, undeterred, visited with the Shah and had some intimate talks with his former colleague on the national police force, Maj. Gen. Fazlollah Zahedi. Almost at once, like cause and effect, a new and tougher attitude toward Mossadegh became apparent.

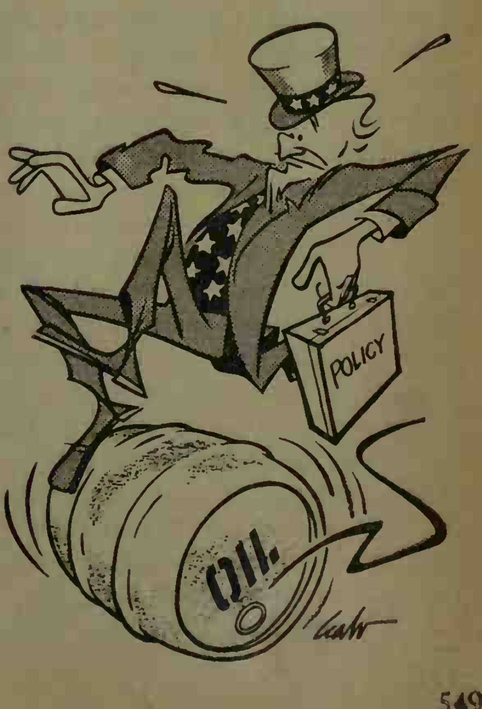
Triumph for the West

On Thursday, August 13, the Shah acted. By royal decree he deposed Mossadegh as Premier and installed in his stead General Zahedi. A colonel of the Imperial Guards was sent to serve the notice on Mossadegh, but Mossadegh wasn't ready to quit. He massed tanks, jeeps and troops around his residence, and at midnight of Saturday, August 15, he seized the colonel of the Imperial Guards, clapped him in jail and proclaimed that the "revolt" had been crushed. The Shah and his Queen, taking Mossadegh at his word, promptly fled to Rome by way of Iraq.

Some hardier souls, including Schwarzkopf, remained upon the Iranian scene. The manipulations in which they now engaged never have been spelled out in detail, but it is understood that CIA cash flowed in copious quantities. The amount reliably reported is $19 million—and $19 million can influence a lot of men. What happened next in Iran would seem like proof of that theorem.

> On Wednesday, August 19, with the Army standing close guard around the uneasy capital [the Harknesses wrote], a grotesque procession made its way along the street leading to the heart of Teheran. There were tumblers turning handsprings, weight-lifters twirling iron bars and wrestlers flexing their biceps. As spectators grew in number, the bizarre assortment of performers began shouting pro-Shah slogans in unison. The crowd took up the chant and there, after one precarious moment, the balance of psychology swung against Mossadegh.
>
> Upon signal, it seemed, Army forces on the Shah's side began an attack. The fighting lasted a bitter nine hours. By nightfall, following American-style military strategy and logistics, loyalist troops drove Mossadegh's elements into a tight cordon around the Premier's palace. They surrendered, and Mossadegh was captured as he lay weeping in his bed, clad in striped silk pajamas. In Rome, a bewildered young Shah prepared to fly home and install Zahedi as Premier, and to give Iran a pro-Western regime.

Triumph for our side! In the Harkness account, there is of course no hint of the years-long legal tie between the Dulles brothers and Anglo-Iranian Oil, nor is it emphasized that one of the major accomplishments of the coup in Iran was to save the billion-dollar scalp of Anglo-Iranian. The picture presented, obviously the CIA's flattering version of itself, was



that the overthrow of Mossadegh had been accomplished "by the Iranians themselves" and that Iran was the showcase of a new method by which CIA would develop and nurture "freedom legions among captive or threatened people who stand ready to take personal risks for their own liberty."

This sounds fine if one doesn't analyze it too closely, but the hard sequel of events, unfortunately, has refused to reflect the lofty image. In the harsh afterlight, it has become abundantly apparent that all CIA accomplished in Iran was an old-style palace coup, with money in bountiful quantities and skillful press agentry pulling emotional heartstrings at a pivotal moment and achieving a much-desired end. But did this represent a great triumph for Western democracy in the ideological battle against communism? True, a new regime, oriented toward "our side," had been installed. But was this new regime motivated by any loftier concept than the idea that what was good for Anglo-Iranian Oil was good for Western democracy? Events seem to say that it was not.

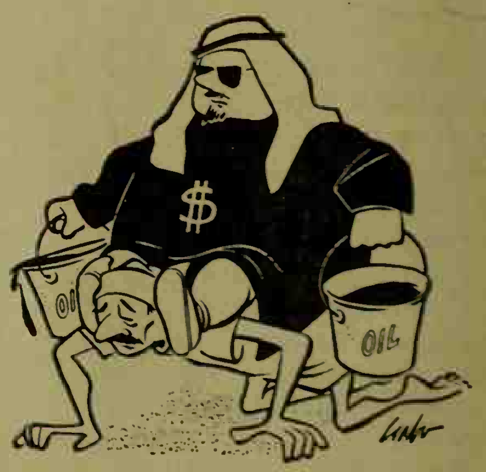
$5 Million a Month

Much of the sorry story is told in the 1957 report of the Committee on Government Operations of the House of Representatives. The report makes clear that in August, 1953, immediately after the overthrow of Mossadegh, a delighted United States began to pour mutual security funds into Iran at an average rate of $5 million a month and that this went on for three years "to make up deficits in Iran's government budget." The committee found that, in five years from 1951 to 1956, the United States had donated a quarter of a billion dollars to Iran and that (the committee did not phrase it in precisely these terms, of course) all we had accomplished was to furnish the entire Middle East with a king-size example of graft and corruption. The committee was convinced that Iran, with some $300 million a year fattening its treasury from restored oil revenues, should have been fully capable of financing itself and providing for its own national development *without any U.S. aid.* Yet, despite its heavy oil revenues, despite the hundreds of millions of dollars in American aid, Iran's CIA-installed government was so corrupt that the national treasury constantly teetered on the brink of bankruptcy and reported ever-mounting deficits.

No Triumph for the People

Here are some of the exact words of the House committee. The quarter-billion dollars in American aid was administered in such "a loose, slipshod, and unbusinesslike manner" that "it is now impossible—with any accuracy—to tell what became of these funds." Amounts requested for American aid to Iran "seem to have been picked out of the air." The American aid mission to Iran was concerned only with spending as fast as possible regardless of what the money was spent for, and members who objected to this "were either disciplined or labeled as incompetent." Improvement projects were so riddled with graft and corruption that, after four years, most still were not finished. A major undertaking was the construction of a multi-million-dollar dam on the Karadj River, but this project "has resulted in virtually nothing but the relocation, at a cost to the United States Government of nearly $3 million, of a road around the proposed site." Not only had no construction been started on the dam, there wasn't even a contract!

The effect of this type of American aid has been to make a bad situation worse. It is a hard thing to say, but true, that the American taxpayers have been milked of hundreds of millions of dollars only to provide the Communist system, on a gold-plated platter, with a priceless propaganda item. Our hundreds of millions of dollars have done virtually nothing for the people of Iran; they have enriched only the grafters and widened the gulf between the very rich and the abysmally poor. The Congressional committee in 1957 found literacy so low in Iran that, even in the cities, some estimates placed it at not more than 7 per cent. *Time,* magazine, certainly not one of the world's ultra-liberal organs, reported in 1960 that some families were still living on the produce of a single walnut tree, that tiny children worked all day at the looms of rug factories for 20 cents or less. *Time,* updating its report in May, 1961, found that Iran, under the pressure of the flood of American dollars, was suffering from runaway inflation. Prices were jumping at the rate of 10 per cent a year; a pound of meat in Teheran cost $1.15; wages remained so low that teachers were earning only *$25 a month.* The economy of the country was being strained to maintain a 200,000-man Army, larger than the armies of either Western Germany or Japan. Elections had been so blatantly rigged that the Shah had been forced to cancel two of them and fire three key men in his immediate entourage. One of these was the chief of the secret police, who had built himself an ostentatious mansion near the Shah's own palace; another was General Ali Kia, chief of army intelligence, who, said *Time,* had "built a block of luxury apartments that Teheranis had taken to calling the Where-Did-You-Get-It-From Building."



This is what we have bought in Iran with our millions. The result we reap by such extravaganzas became clear this past May when 5,000 teachers rioted in the streets of Teheran in front of the Parliament building. A police major lost his head, fired his revolver and killed one teacher, wounded three others. Teachers and students then fought bloody hand-to-hand skirmishes with police, paraded the dead teacher's coffin through the streets and forced the resignation of the Premier. The Shah hastily installed Ali Amini, a wealthy, French-educated landowner with liberal political views. Amini, concededly the last hope of avoiding revolution, took over a nation so badly looted that its government debt, only $10 million in 1955, had soared to $500 million. He took swift stock of the situation and reported: "There is no life left in the economic and financial agencies of the government." To striking teachers, he confessed: "The treasury is empty, and the nation faces a crisis—I dare not speak more openly lest I create a panic."

Yet some persons in Iran still were not worried. The commanders of its 200,000-man Army and its massive police force felt fully capable of handling anything and everything. Senator Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.) reported with a sense of shock: "Do you know what the head of the Iranian Army told one of our people? He said the Army was in good shape, thanks to U.S. aid — it was now capable of coping with the civilian population. That Army isn't going to fight the Russians. It's planning to fight the Iranian people."

Such, in the final analysis, is what the CIA and the corrupt Iranian regime that followed in its coup-making footsteps have wrought in Iran. No demonstration of "decadent capitalism" could be more apt, more pat for Khrushchev's propaganda purposes. Here, in most graphic form, is a demonstration of the manner in which, as Walter Lippmann found, we have been doing exactly what Khrushchev expects us to do; we have been propping up dictatorial, corrupt, right-wing regimes—and so we have been proving his case for him. It should be obvious that the American ideal, if it is ever to be persuasive, if it is ever to have validity, must find loftier expression than the gun of the secret police chief clasped in fingers stained by many a dirty buck. It must concern itself with people, not with rulers; it must help the broad mass of the people; it must offer both freedom and hope, not oil profits and graft.

CIA *PART VI* JUST A LITTLE REVOLUTION

IN MARCH, 1954, Allen Dulles was interviewed by *U.S. News and World Report* on the cloak-and-dagger activities of CIA behind the iron curtain. The question-and-answer sequence went like this:

> *Q.* It is often reported in the papers that you send in *provocateurs* to stir up revolution in the satellite countries. What truth is there in that?
>
> *Dulles*: I only wish we had accomplished all that the Soviets attribute to us. . . .
>
> *Q.* Is that part of your function—to stir up revolution in these countries?
>
> *Dulles*: We would be foolish if we did not cooperate with our friends abroad to help them do everything they can to expose and counter this Communist subversive movement.

Tacitly, then, Dulles acknowledged that the CIA was fomenting violence and revolution behind the iron curtain, but he was putting it in the gentlest possible way and on the most acceptable possible plane. We were simply "cooperating" with our friends; we were simply helping them "to expose and counter this Communist subversive movement." It all seemed very mild and very logical the way Dulles put it, but revolution is never mild, nor is killing an appeal to logic. A little reflection about Dulles' statement leads inevitably to serious questions. Is it all really so simple? Just what is involved in stirring up a little revolution behind the iron curtain? Do such brush fires simply flare and burn themselves out, causing the Russians some well-deserved embarrassment, or do they in a very direct way involve the prestige and policy of the United States?

The answer seems clear and unequivocal to anyone who will study the record. It has been given in a number of places—in East Germany, in Poland, in Hungary, in the Middle East. Behind many of the eruptions that in recent years have shaken the peace of an uncertain world, close examination will reveal the fine, scheming hand of CIA. And it will reveal, too, that CIA time and again has stirred up the brush fires without any regard for the long-range consequences.

East Germany, 1953

Take, for example, the East German uprising of 1953. On June 17, just two months before Allen Dulles' startling coup in Iran, a series of anti-Communist riots broke out in the Soviet-dominated East Zone. In America, this was taken as an encouraging sign that all was not rosy in the communistic millennium and that perhaps the East Germans might throw off the yoke of tyranny. Such optimism was quickly dissipated. Though some of the anti-Communists were well-armed, the revolt was quickly put down; and though great numbers of refugees fled across the border into West Germany, not all of the leaders of the rebellion were so lucky. The Eastern *SSD* (State Security Service) began a reprisal campaign that lasted for months and resulted in the seizure of hundreds of Soviet-hating Germans.

The significance of this counter drive became apparent on November 17, 1953, when *The New York Times* reported that the East German Government had accused scores of its prisoners with being Nazi *provocateurs.* The East Germans claimed (one must always regard these Communist claims with caution, of course, but then in the secret war of CIA one has no other information on which to judge) that these Western agents had been caught with plans to blast railroad bridges and stations, burn factories and government buildings and assassinate officials. Faked food stamps and counterfeit bank drafts designed to upset food rationing and bank credits were found in some of the prisoners' pockets, the East Germans asserted.

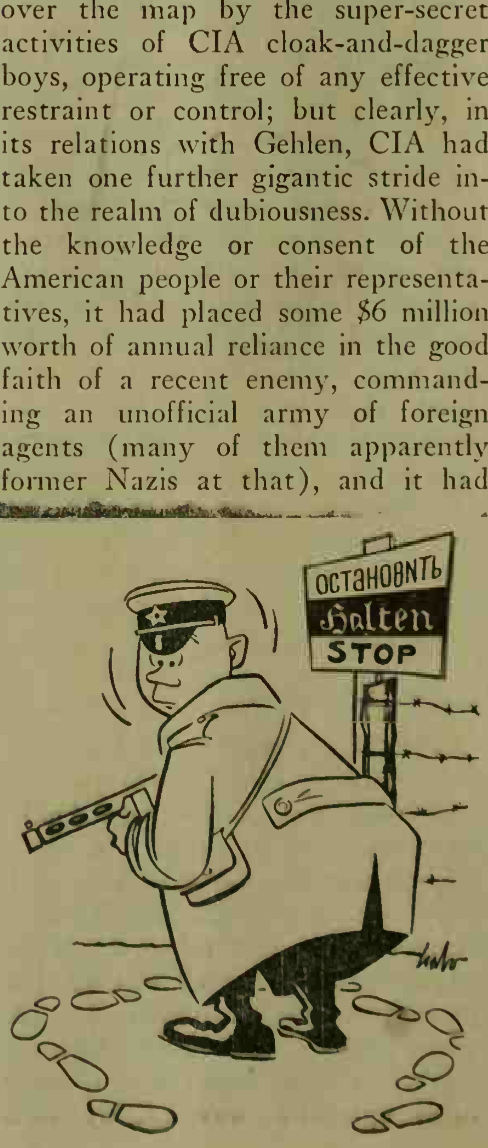
The Communists in the East Zone were incensed by these discoveries, but then presumably New Yorkers would be a little annoyed if a squad of Russian saboteurs should be caught with plans to blow up the Croton reservoir. In any event, a number of the accused *agents provocateurs* were brought to trial. Testimony showed, the East Germans said, that these agents belonged to a mysterious organization headed by Reinhold Gehlen, a former Lieutenant General in command of counterintelligence on the Eastern front under Hitler. The East German trials resulted in the execution of four of these Gehlen agents and life imprisonment for eleven others, but not even these harsh sentences stirred up as much controversy as one other charge the East Germans made. They contended that, on some of the agents, they had found lists of names of prominent West German anti-Nazis who had been marked for ultimate liquidation.

Though it would seem extremely illogical for East German saboteurs to be carrying such lists around in their pockets, there can be no question that the East Germans, in jabbing an accusing finger at the Reinhold Gehlen spy organization, touched a sensitive nerve. Gehlen at the time was a mystery figure, virtually unknown to the 48 million citizens of the Bonn Republic; unknown to American Congressmen because his name had never been mentioned on the floor of Congress. Yet Gehlen and the private cloak-and-dagger army he headed were indisputably real. In fact, Gehlen was America's No. 1 spy in Europe, he had literally thousands of agents on his payroll, and he was being financed to the tune of between $5 million and $6 million a year with CIA-channeled funds.

Daniel De Luce, one of the Associated Press's veteran foreign correspondents, in an article written some months after the East German revelations, lifted a corner of the veil of secrecy that for so long had shrouded Gehlen. Gehlen's organization, De Luce said, included the elite of the old German Army's counterintelligence corps and agents of diverse nationalities scattered through Eastern Europe and the Balkans. Gehlen operated on the old secret-service principle of never letting one agent know what another was doing, of tying all the threads together at just one place—the top. His thread-tying headquarters were located on American-requisitioned property near Munich in Bavaria, and were sealed off with barbed wire and guarded by armed state police like an atomic installation.

"On his secret reports which evaluate the findings of his costly anti-Soviet espionage program operating as far beyond the Iron Curtain as Siberia, much of American defense planning admittedly depends today," De Luce wrote.

The picture that emerges borders on the fantastic. American knowledge and security were being made dependent, to a vital degree, on men who were our recent enemies—men who had fought to the last gasp for a system that we had believed represented one of history's most monstrous evils. It is certainly questionable enough to have American foreign policy tugged and hauled all over the map by the super-secret activities of CIA cloak-and-dagger boys, operating free of any effective restraint or control; but clearly, in its relations with Gehlen, CIA had taken one further gigantic stride into the realm of dubiousness. Without the knowledge or consent of the American people or their representatives, it had placed some $6 million worth of annual reliance in the good faith of a recent enemy, commanding an unofficial army of foreign agents (many of them apparently former Nazis at that), and it had delegated to this weird, recent-enemy organization major responsibility for its own thinking, knowledge and safety. The secret pro-German policy, which seems to have had many powerful advocates in the highest American circles even during the horrors of World War II, had indeed brought us full-circle.



Plots—and More Plots

Yet the American public as a whole remained almost completely unaware. Few major newspapers (the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* was an exception) paid any attention to De Luce's revealing dispatch from Germany. John Foster Dulles' much-trumpeted policy that we intended to liberate the captive peoples — advanced, as events were to show, without giving the most elementary consideration to how this desirable end was to be achieved short of all-out American aid and another world war—rolled like an avalanche downhill to fresh international fiascoes that served only to increase international tensions. Time and again, with CIA in the middle of the plotting, aided frequently by its Gehlen protégés, futile revolts and short-sighted intervention marked the consistently reckless course of American foreign policy.

Here, in capsule form, are some of the well-remembered highlights of the disastrous fifties that saw the whittling away, not just of American power, but of America's moral prestige:

¶*The overthrow of King Farouk in Egypt in 1952.* Communists inside Egypt reportedly were making immense capital from the antics of the lascivious regime of the pudgy monarch whose principal interest in life appeared to be belly dancers. An Army revolt was organized with Generals Mohammed Naguib and Gamal Abdel Nasser in the leading roles. The Harknesses, in their *Saturday Evening Post* revelations, straight from the horse's mouth, stated flatly: "Skilled American political operatives were available to advise leaders of a pro-American Egyptian military junta when the time seemed ripe for a palace coup, and they indicated how such devious matters were best arranged." It was another signal triumph for "our side." The coup came off on schedule, Farouk fled — and then we got Gamal Abdel Nasser.

The Egyptian strong man whom we had helped to install apparently long remained a favorite of CIA — such a favorite, indeed, that in September, 1955, a CIA agent took it upon himself to advise Nasser to ignore a forthcoming State Department note. The note was an attempt to limit Nasser's purchase of arms from Communist Czechoslovakia to a one-shot deal. It was considered important enough for Washington to send George Allen, then Assistant Secretary of State for Middle East Affairs, on a special trip to Cairo to deliver the message in person. The CIA evidently was disturbed by this attempt to pressure Nasser, and before Allen arrived, it effectively cut the ground out from under him by advising Nasser he could safely ignore the warning — a sequence that leads inevitably to the question: Who was running foreign policy, the State Department or the CIA?

We Knew All Along

¶*The Suez crisis in October, 1956.* This might be described as the final flowering of our earlier intrigues with Nasser, and even the most charitable view must produce a blush or two at what can only be described as American duplicity. First, of course, we precipitated the crisis by offering Nasser heavy financial aid and then practically slapping his face by reneging on the offer. This touched off a chain reaction whose consequences would appear not to have been foreseen. Nasser seized the Suez Canal. And the British, French and Israelis undertook the invasion of Egypt.

When this happened, we held up our hands in righteous horror at the warlike action of our Allies and protested that we had been taken completely by surprise. John Foster Dulles testified: "We had no advance information *of any kind* [regarding the Israeli attack on Egypt]. The British-French participation also came *as a complete surprise* to us." This simply was not true. Two years later, in 1958, the CIA leaked to Don Whitehead, of the New York *Herald Tribune,* a version so detailed that it leaves little doubt that we knew — and knew precisely — just what was going to happen before it happened. According to CIA, American intelligence agents in Israel had noted and reported the mobilization of the Israeli Army; agents on Cyprus had watched and reported British and French activity in loading combat craft and marshaling war planes and paratroopers; they had even reported that the French had given combat briefings to newspaper correspondents attached to their invasion units. Twenty-four hours before the attack, the White House had a specific warning from CIA that the Israelis would invade Egypt, that the French and British would attack Suez.

Bearing all this in mind, let's listen to the insider's view contained in the letter written to *The Nation* by an intelligence agent in 1957, a full year before Whitehead's disclosures:

> I know that . . . Intelligence Service received information through various channels about the planned action. This information was duly transmitted to the State Department. Mr. [John Foster] Dulles knew the day and hour of the attack. Under these circumstances it was quite obvious that we should have dissuaded our allies from such a rash step. . . . Those in the know were surprised by the behavior of our Secretary of State at the time. Mr. Dulles' reply to a comment from a State Department official was that in our position, the best thing to do is to shut our eyes and see nothing. We shall win in any case. Both the defeat of the Arabs as well as the loss of prestige by the United Kingdom and France will benefit us. The moral prestige of the West in Arab countries has suffered untold harm by the attack on Egypt. The case speaks for itself.

¶*The invasion of Lebanon in 1958.* If the CIA was not caught napping in the Suez crisis but was made to look bad for devious reasons of policy, there seems to be no question that it had not the slightest forewarning of the military coup by a group of pro-Nasser Army officers in Iraq on July 14, 1958. King Faisal and Premier Nuri es-Said, pro-Western rulers of Iraq, were slain. Simultaneously, riots and insurrection shook the pro-Western government of Premier Chamoun in Lebanon. News of these events reached Allen Dulles about dawn on July 14. He promptly went into action. He got his brother, Secretary of State John Foster, out of bed, and he summoned the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff to an emergency conference. With both Dulles brothers urging drastic action, the panic button was pressed loud and long. The American Sixth Fleet was ordered to Lebanon; marines went charging ashore in a full-scale invasion. For a moment, world peace seemed to hang in the balance. Yet, in the calm of retrospect, this "crisis" action seemed to have almost farcical aspects. Riots, a little gunfire, the coups that overthrow governments are no particular novelty to the Lebanese. They seemed to have had no understanding, those simple folk, that the fate of the entire cold war depended upon events in Lebanon. Indeed, they regarded the landing of the marines more as an amusing and colorful sideshow; it was an event that turned an ordinary day into a fete day, and crowds lined the harbor front to watch the fun. Needless to say, a powerful nation does not look well in the robes of a circus clown, and it was freely predicted at the time that the hasty and ill-advised invasion would boomerang against American prestige. It did just that. Afro-Asian countries joined the Soviet Union in backing a United Nations resolution demanding that American troops get out of Lebanon; on October 31, the marines left—and Chamoun's government, which they had been sent to prop up, promptly fell. Chamoun remains bitter at the Americans, who, he feels, went back on promises they had made to him to support his regime at whatever cost. In the end, at great risk, we had pleased nobody; we had won ourselves another loss.

CIA on the Danube

¶*The Hungarian revolt of 1956.* The CIA's role in promoting and encouraging this abortive and tragic uprising, which we were not prepared to support after we had instigated it, remains shrouded in top-level, cloak-and-dagger secrecy. It seems well established, however, that arms were smuggled into both Poland and Hungary, either by the CIA or its Gehlen collaborators. When the Polish and Hungarian rebellions broke out in

October, 1956, both American official and public opinion appeared to be caught off base, and there were charges that CIA had been sleeping at the switch again. Not so, the agency said in self-defense. It had accurately predicted the outbreaks in both Poland and Hungary; its only error, a minor one, had consisted in estimating that the Polish revolt would come first. More important than the unresolved issues of arms-smuggling and CIA alertness is still another unresolved matter—the responsibility of CIA in whipping up the Hungarian rebels to fanatic self-sacrifice in a hopeless cause. Although the fact cannot, of course, be verified, it has been charged that Radio Free Europe works closely with CIA. RFE's propaganda broadcasts during the bloody Hungarian revolt prolonged the struggle after it was hopeless and led to needless sacrifice, according to Leslie Bain, Budapest correspondent for *The Reporter.* "America will not fail you . . . America will not fail you," he quoted the propaganda radio as repeating over and over, after it had become apparent to all the rest of the world that America would. The ruthless suppression of the Hungarian revolt by Soviet tanks and troops was certainly a grim chapter that served to strip off before the eyes of the world the mask of Russian false pretensions. But let's not forget that American luster was tarnished, too. We had been exposed as a nation that talked big, but that had no plan; we had been exposed as a nation that had let those who trusted in our words go down to death, prison and disillusionment.

Classic Meddling

Such is the record of some of the CIA's more classic meddling in the internal affairs of Europe and the Middle East. It shows that even the agency's successes (as in the case of Farouk) have a tendency to turn into long-run disasters, and it indicates strongly that America is hardly qualified, by anti-communistic enthusiasm alone, to run the internal affairs of other nations all over the world. The record in these cases, such as it is, has been written; but there remains in CIA's behind-the-scenes masterminding of European affairs one large item of unfinished business that may be more important than all the rest—its long-term, enduring relationship with the Gehlen secret service and the possible influence of that relationship in coloring our official attitudes toward such vital issues as Berlin and the equipment of the German Army with nuclear arms.

Clearly these are matters on which the peace of the world ultimately may hinge, and so it seems pertinent to inquire: Just who is this man Reinhold Gehlen to whom, largely without the knowledge of the American people or the American Congress, we so swiftly and so completely entrusted our safety after the end of World War II?

Herr Reinhold Gehlen

Gehlen is a product of the German *Reichswehr,* a life-long professional soldier and, according to official assurances at least, no Nazi. A smallish, thin-faced man, he has a high forehead, receding fair hair and light blue eyes. The son of a publisher, he is quiet and scholarly in manner, but he speaks in the terse, clipped tones of a man long accustomed to command. He joined the *Reichswehr* in 1920; he fought in the invasions of Poland and France; and when the Russian war broke out, he was transferred to the Eastern Front where, in April, 1942, he was selected to head the German Army's key new intelligence section.

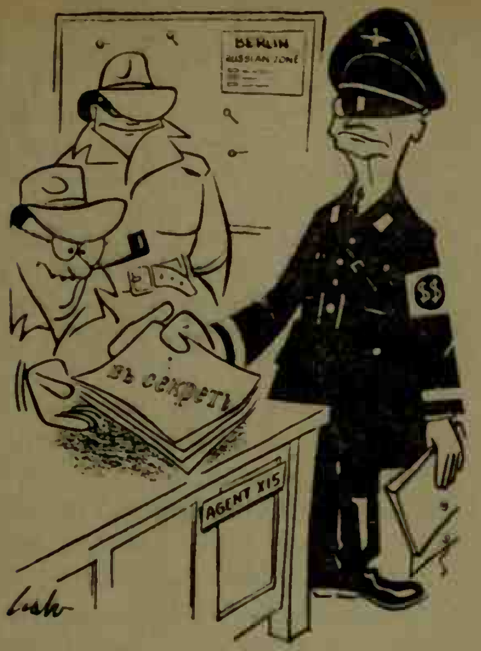
He quickly became convinced that the Soviet Union could not be overwhelmed by military means alone, and he was, De Luce says, "one of the lost voices that urged the Nazi regime . . . to win over the Russian people by generosity while rooting out the Communist system." Instead, some two million Soviet war prisoners were reduced to sub-human misery in Nazi extermination camps. The official recital of Gehlen's virtues continues by stressing the pessimistic accuracy with which he forecast events on the Eastern Front. His grim view of the war, it is said, almost earned him execution as a dangerous defeatist, but recurrent disasters so consistently fulfilled his dire predictions that he wound up being promoted to Lieutenant General at the age of forty-three.

With the collapse of the Hitler regime, Gehlen saw to it that he got captured by the Americans. Here there appears to be a significant gap in the story. There is no hint of the nature of the contacts or negotiations that preceded his surrender, but one is confronted, out of the blue as it were, with the picture of a prisoner of war being treated from the start almost like a Very Important Personage. Gehlen, we are told, brought with him an imposing mass of secret information on Russia, and this presumably was a direct passport to American good graces. In any event, he was employed for eighteen months combing through his own voluminous files and putting them in order for American intelligence. Then he was rewarded with as juicy an assignment as a war prisoner ever got; he was given autonomous command of his own army of private agents, with, as De Luce wrote, "a personally chosen German staff to organize cold-war espionage in the Soviet Zone for the United States."

De Luce continued: "Gehlen's primary mission is to identify and locate at all times the forward Soviet and satellite armed forces. This is fundamental to allied security, including 400,000 American, British and French troops outposting West Germany."

The British Are Shocked

Though the American public even today remains almost totally unaware of what we did or of its possible significance, our relations with Gehlen long have represented one of the most controversial aspects of our secret cold-war policies. Quite obviously, our whole attitude toward Germany, toward France and Britain, toward all of Europe, must have been conditioned by what for long years we were told—or not told—by the multi-million-dollar espionage ring of former German agents whom we had made our principal eyes and ears in Europe. This pivotal trust on such crucial matters has shocked our closest allies, the British, who do not play the game of intelligence that way; and since the past record would seem to indicate they play it pretty well, it is perhaps of some significance to trace further the career and the influence of Reinhold Gehlen.



The Affair of Otto John

It must have been clear from the start that Gehlen's private army would have a highly equivocal status inside West Germany, where official security matters were in the hands of Dr. Otto John. All signs indicate that a fine, throat-cutting duel was waged between Gehlen and John, with Gehlen doing his best to get Chancellor Konrad Adenauer on his side. He and Adenauer held a number of secret meetings in a house across the Rhine River from Bonn, and Dr. John, who later revealed these assignations, apparently was perfectly aware that the ground was being cut from under him. CIA ostensibly was working closely with John's security forces, but its money in multi-million-dollar amounts was riding on Gehlen. The private struggle between the two West German security chiefs came to a head in early July, 1954, when Dr. John visited the United States. He went to Washington and had lunch with Allen Dulles. Outwardly, the two men gave every appearance of cordiality, but no one knows what went on between them, for on this matter CIA has never peeped a word. Dr. John returned to Bonn, and then on July 20, 1954, came an event that rattled official eyeteeth. Dr. John deserted to the Communists in East Germany, presumably taking with him a privately hoarded store of valuable state secrets.

This turncoat performance by West Germany's official intelligence master was an embarrassing episode, but it could hardly have broken the heart of Gehlen. He was left with a clear field—almost. One other potential rival, Friedrich Wilhelm Heinz, who headed the intelligence section of the Defense Ministry in Bonn, remained in the running, but he quickly proved no match for Gehlen. The result was reported in *The New York Times* on July 20, 1955, in a dispatch from Bonn. The German Government had just announced that it had decided to take over Gehlen's organization, then estimated to include 3,000 agents. The *Times* credited reports that "the main stream of East European information received by the United States Central Intelligence Agency originates with the Gehlen organization." Of Gehlen, it commented that he was inaccessible and "something of a legendary figure." The *Times* added: "He has been credited by some with great intelligence and denounced by others as a sinister figure."

Just a few months later, on Sept. 1, 1955, the name of the mysterious Gehlen figured startlingly, if only momentarily, in an unusual upheaval in American intelligence. The Army announced in Washington that Maj. Gen. Arthur Gilbert Trudeau, who had headed the Army's G-2 (Intelligence Corps), was being transferred to a Far East post. The announcement was made to appear routine, but John O'Donnell of the New York *Daily News* apparently was fed an earful by irate Pentagon brass. For O'Donnell disclosed that Trudeau's scalp had been demanded by Allen Dulles personally. According to O'Donnell, Dulles spelled out his case in a letter to the Secretary of Defense, and the feud was carried all the way to President Eisenhower himself for final decision.

In Dulles' official letter, O'Donnell wrote, the CIA head

> . . . charged that the Army's top intelligence officer, "without consulting the Central Intelligence Agency," had talked with West Germany's Chancellor Adenauer here last June in "an effort" to "undermine" the confidence of Adenauer in a hush-hush CIA-bankrolled setup in Germany, headed by the mysterious Reinhart von [*sic*] Gehlen. Furthermore, said Dulles, the General has expressed doubts about the reliability of Gehlen as an individual and the security safeguards of the mystery organization.

The Pentagon denied quite vociferously that Trudeau, one of its favorite generals, the commander who had spearheaded MacArthur's drive to recapture Manila at the end of World War II, had ever committed such a breach of protocol as to question Gehlen's reliability. All he had done, said the Pentagon, was to express some doubts about Gehlen's security safeguards. Whatever the truth about the extent of Trudeau's criticism, the bare bones of the case boil down, it would seem, quite significantly to this: Reinhold Gehlen, just ten years earlier the master of Hitler's intelligence on the Eastern Front, had sufficient influence through Allen Dulles to cost even the Army's G-2 chief his post.

Our German Ally

Against this background, let's turn once more for an insider's view to the intelligence officer who wrote *The Nation* in 1957. His at least is not the conventional, official view, and under the circumstances, it may seem worth serious thought. He wrote:

> Our Intelligence Service in West Germany collected much reliable intelligence which should have led the State Department to reconsider its point of view on Dr. Adenauer's policy. Americans serving in Fontainebleau and in West Germany are very much aware that the Germans under the guise of "friendship" are only intent on recovering their military might by using the United States as a springboard. Contacts with German military and other officials have convinced me that the Germans hate and despise Americans. They cannot forget that the United States was their enemy in the Second World War. Adenauer's assertion of friendship serves as a smoke screen which enables West Germany to mark time. Eventually Germany will spurn American tutelage and proceed with her own ambitious plans. These plans, i.e., annexation of East Germany, restoration of eastern borders, etc., can be achieved only by a world war. The United States may find that instead of using Germany for its own purposes it would be bound to a German policy. . . .
>
> The Germans are indeed playing

the game their own way, nurturing plans for the future. This is corroborated by the fact that Gehlen's Intelligence Service in West Germany frequently conceals important intelligence and deliberately issues misleading information, regardless of our agreement for exchange of information. Nevertheless, during this postwar period, Gehlen has been considered a most loyal ally and his Service has been financed with American dollars.

Communist propaganda refers to Adenauer's West Germany as a puppet of the United States. We prefer to regard her as our most "reliable" ally. Both conceptions are wrong. Germany is our "most dangerous" ally. Our friendship with her may have disastrous consequences for the United States.

Under these circumstances, our preference of West Germany over our old and tried allies is unpardonable. British and French officers have often expressed themselves in my presence with an obvious feeling of resentment and bitterness over the United States policy of making yesterday's enemies today's principal partners.

With this attitude, Edwards, the British Labour M.P. and skeptic of German intentions, fully agrees. In his pamphlet on Allen Dulles, he has written:

> It is particularly worrying that Mr. Dulles and his agency should be maintaining close contacts with General Reinhold Gehlen's West German secret service. Though it can be counted as a NATO intelligence organization, we think there is great need for caution in our dealings with it. It is extremely unlikely that General Gehlen has any very warm feelings for us. As for Mr. Dulles, he actually advertises his friendship with the General and after a recent visit to London went straight off to Bonn. But we have reason to believe that General Gehlen does not confine his interests to the East. The German secret service never has done so. So much the worse for us. . . . Beware the Germans, when they come bearing gifts!

An extreme view, possibly, but valuable for all of that as a caution, a warning, a reminder that there *is* another side to the German question. We are never told that any more, but then we have never been told about Reinhold Gehlen and his organization either—or about how we got where we are.

PART VII THE ROAD TO WAR

ONE OF THE most significant informal conferences of the postwar era was held in Allen Dulles' CIA office on a cold and dreary morning in March, 1952. His brother, John Foster, had just returned from the Far East, where he had added to his prestige by helping the Truman administration draft the Japanese peace treaty. John Foster was now about to become one of the most caustic critics of the administration that had employed him. He was full of very positive ideas about exactly what should be done to right the situation in the world.

Participating in this conference that was to forecast much of the global strategy of the Eisenhower administration before Eisenhower had even been nominated or elected were a number of important second-echelon officials—Allen Dulles, then the No. 2 man in CIA; Charles Bohlen, State Department Counselor; John Allison, then Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East; General Merrill, of Merrill's Marauders fame; John Ferguson and C. Burton Marshall, of the State Department Planning Staff.

John Foster Dulles opened the conference by expounding his views—and quite positive views they were. He sharply criticized Truman's order interposing the Seventh Fleet between Formosa and mainland China. This, John Foster said, was really "protecting" the Chinese Communists, then battling us in Korea, from counterattack by the Nationalist forces of Chiang Kai-shek. He had discussed this "anomalous" situation with Chiang, he said, and Chiang, as was hardly surprising, fully agreed with him. Now, there were "certain islands" close to the mainland still held by Chiang's warriors, and Chiang, if given a "warrant" by the United States to insure him against the risks involved, could strengthen his already considerable forces on the islands and play merry hob with the Communists on the mainland. This, John Foster said positively, is what we should do: we should in effect, though he did not use the precise term, "unleash" Chiang; we should adopt a bold "forward" policy against the Chinese aggressors.

According to Stewart Alsop, who six years later revealed the details of this meeting in his *Saturday Evening Post* article, "The Story Behind Quemoy: How We Drifted Close to War," John Foster Dulles' proposal was received at first with tepid politeness. Allen Dulles asked a couple of deferential questions. Nobody seemed to challenge John Foster's thesis until suddenly C. B. Marshall, "a big, articulate, irascible man," blew his top. The course Dulles proposed, he said flatly, would mean direct American intervention in the Chinese civil war. Worse, if we gave Chiang a "warrant" on the offshore islands, we would by this action "convey to a foreign entity the power to involve the United States in war." Marshall denounced Chiang's "mendicant and necessitous regime" and branded any "warrant" that would permit such a regime to drag the United States into war "an act of supreme folly."

> John Foster Dulles [Alsop wrote] looked at Marshall as though he did not exist—a feat Dulles can perform brilliantly—and said not a word. There was an unhappy silence. Then Bohlen, the able diplomat, took over, asking Dulles questions which were politely phrased, but which nevertheless pointed up the risks involved in the course Dulles proposed. The meeting then broke up, on a strained and inconclusive note.

The islands under discussion were,

of course, Quemoy and Matsu, huddling almost on the doorstep of the Chinese mainland. Small, rocky nubbins of land, they were of absolutely no strategic value, as such eminent authorities as Dwight D. Eisenhower and Douglas MacArthur agreed; yet twice in succeeding years, due to the "supreme folly" of Dulles' policy, they almost dragged the United States into war, almost touched off the third world conflagration which everyone so dreads.

Islands of Folly

For John Foster Dulles wasn't to be deterred from his "bold forward" plan by the logical objections of men like Marshall and Bohlen. Almost as soon as he became Secretary of State, he loudly proclaimed what the newspapers dubbed the "unleashing" of Chiang. He did not go quite so far as to give Chiang a public "warrant," but the effect was the same. With our active encouragement, Chiang poured thousands more troops into the offshore islands, creating a situation in which he could claim that he had committed the very flower of his Army there and so, when trouble arose, *we* were committed to support *him*. The situation has overtones reminiscent of those in Germany where, as the letter-writing intelligence agent remarked, we are so wedded to German policy that, if the Germans ever determine to reunite their country, we almost certainly will be dragged into war to help them.

In the Far East, time and again, a tinder-box situation has been created by the fatuity of the American obsession with Chiang Kai-shek. Powerful American business interests, in alliance with many of the power lords who dominate the larger media of information, long have persisted in viewing Chiang as one of the great men of his age, a statesman of nobility and stature, a leader who may one day win back China from the Communists if we only give him our help. This view has been so widely sold to the American people that it is considered virtually an act of treason in many circles to challenge it.

Yet challenged it must be. The record is clear and explicit, and it isn't at all what we have deluded ourselves into believing. Chiang has never been anything but a Chinese warlord with one guiding principle —the interests of Chiang. In his rise to power, he played footsie with the Communists, and not until he had won and wanted the big apple all for himself did he really break with them. The corruptness of his regime was one of the least-hushed World War II scandals. It offered the people of China nothing; American Army leaders in China found it almost impossible to get Chiang's "tigers" to fight, and the Japanese almost tore the country apart while Chiang and his inner circle waxed fat on the resources of the national treasury. As William J. Lederer writes in *A Nation of Sheep*, the Chinese people became "sick of him and the Soongs" and "the rotten Chinese apple was ready to drop of its own accord." Although Chiang had billions of dollars' worth of American military equipment for his 3-million-man Army, these forces were composed of conscripts who had no love for Chiang; money for its food and pay went into the pockets of grafting officers. And so, when Communists applied pressure, the troops didn't fight—they either surrendered or joined up.

Chiang Kai-shek

Chiang fled to Formosa, taking the contents of the national treasury with him. For ten years now, Chiang's Formosan regime has been painted in the United States in glowing colors as a Western-style democracy. Actually, nothing could be further from the truth. As Lederer writes, Chiang's warriors, when they first arrived, "pillaged and robbed Formosa." They killed thousands of protesting Formosans with machine-gun fire; and ever since, having taught the Formosans a democratic lesson by this process, Chiang's 2 million Chinese Nationalists have ruled some 9 million Formosans with an iron, dictatorial hand. According to Lederer, some 70 per cent of Chiang's Army is now composed of Formosan conscripts, who might fight to protect their home island but have no burning compulsion to help Chiang reconquer China. The Formosans themselves would like to be rid of the Nationalist monkey on their backs; and they have no love for the United States, which continues to prop up Chiang's discredited regime with some three-quarters of a billion dollars in annual aid.

Yet America's arch right-wing policy makers and its equally arch right-wing CIA under Allen Dulles continue to invest Chiang with a halo and to push him forward as our answer to communism in Asia. It is an infatuation that has brought us repeatedly into widespread disrepute.

Poppy Fields of Burma

Consider the case of Chiang's Burmese opium growers. In 1951, following the collapse of Chiang's regime on the mainland, several thousands of his followers fled across the Yunnan border into Northern Burma. American policy makers decided to arm and equip these Nationalist troops for a reinvasion of Yunnan Province. From Formosa, CIA allegedly masterminded the operation. Arms, munitions, supplies were airlifted into Burma, but despite this support, there is little evidence that Chiang's gallant warriors ever wreaked much damage on the Chinese Reds. Instead, the Nationalists discovered they could achieve the finer life more easily by growing opium, and a great number of them settled down in Northern Burma and proceeded to do just that.

The Burmese, a most unreasonable people, were not happy with this ideal, CIA-created situation. For some inexplicable reason, they seemed to resent the presence of this foreign army on their soil; and when Chiang's fighters, showing no regard for Burmese sovereignty, practically took over the state of Kengtung and established their own government, the Burmese actually filed a vigorous protest with the United States. As Charles Edmundson, former Washington editor of *Fortune* and a former foreign service expert, wrote in *The Nation* (Nov. 7, 1957), the American Ambassador in Burma hadn't been let in on the secret of what the CIA and the Chinese Nationalists were up to. The Ambassador, William J. Sebald, therefore denied in perfect good faith that America had anything to do with supporting Chiang's guerrillas in Burma. Burmese Prime Minister U Nu knew better and became so incensed he suspended all U.S. Point Four activities and almost broke off relations entirely. Eventually, our own Ambassador resigned his post in protest against our own program, and American prestige throughout Southeast Asia sported a couple of very unlovely black eyes.

A four-power conference finally reached an agreement about Chiang's opium-happy warriors. Some 7,000 were evacuated to Formosa. But even this didn't solve the entire problem. Sizable remnants of the Nationalist force continued to squat in their poppy fields, and as of this spring the Burmese Army was still fighting a guerrilla war in its own country in an effort to wipe them out. In this most recent fighting, the Burmese contended they had seized American arms and supplies *only recently* airlifted into Burma. Such charges, skillfully exploited by Communist propaganda, sparked riots that resulted in the stoning and wrecking of U.S. Embassy buildings in downtown Rangoon. When such outbreaks occur, the widespread impression given the American people in glaring headlines is that we have been most foully attacked again as a result of Communist machinations; hardly ever is there any appreciation of the fact that the Communists might find it impossible to get the people on their side without the help of the backfiring plots of our own cloak-and-dagger boys.

The "Spooks" of the Islands

Destructive as such incidents are to America's image, they do not menace the peace of the world like the more grandiose CIA endeavors that led directly to the crises of Quemoy and Matsu. In the early 1950s, the CIA established on Formosa an outfit known as Western Enterprises, Inc. This was a thinly disguised "cover" for CIA, whose agents, an incommunicative lot, became known on the island as "the spooks." These "spooks" played an active role in the build-up of Chiang's forces on the offshore islands and the raids that were launched from there. As Stewart Alsop wrote, the CIA was "responsible for organizing and equipping the Nationalist guerrillas who raided the mainland from the offshore islands." These "commando-type guerrilla raids" were "sometimes mounted in battalion strength," Alsop related. In addition, the offshore islands were used for reconnaissance, leaflet dropping, occasional bombing forays, and for blockading such Chinese ports as Amoy, on the mainland opposite Quemoy.

These offensive gestures apparently nettled the Chinese Reds, a very unreasonable and touchy folk, and in the first week of September, 1954, they became so incensed that they blasted Quemoy with heavy artillery barrages. Two American officers of the Military Advisory Group stationed on the island were killed, and the American public, in its shock at such unprovoked aggression, was whipped up to the point where it might very easily have plunged into Chiang's war. In fact, Alsop wrote that "although no more than a tiny handful of people knew it at the time, the American government came very close to responding with a conditional decision to go to war with Red China."

Alsop cited chapter and verse of the story. The Joint Chiefs of Staff, under the leadership of that old strong-China hand, Admiral Arthur Radford, voted overwhelmingly for war. They backed a policy, not just to launch bombing raids on military objectives opposite Quemoy, but to blast targets far inland in China. If the Chinese Reds responded with an all-out attack on Quemoy, we would use nuclear weapons. This, make no mistake about it, would have been World War III. Only Matthew Ridgway dissented and fought with all his power against such an "unwarranted and tragic course." Ridgway found an ally in Gen. Walter Bedell Smith, who had been moved over from CIA and made Under Secretary of State when the Dulleses took charge. Smith shared Ridgway's horror of the prospect and telephoned his former chief, President Eisenhower, then vacationing in Denver. Eisenhower listened and scotched the reckless plan of the Joint Chiefs.

The 1954 crisis, given a chance, finally died down, and the policy known as the "releashing" of Chiang began. Until 1954, Alsop wrote, the offshore islands had been almost the "exclusive playground" of CIA; but, by the time of the first Quemoy crisis, CIA's thin "cover" of Western Enterprises, Inc. had been pretty well "blown" and control had been turned over largely to the Military Advisory Group. The presence of these uniformed military advisers on the islands represented, in effect, the public "warrant" John Foster Dulles had originally proposed we give Chiang; and when, in 1958, the Communist Chinese again shelled the islands, our prestige once more was on the line, and once more we were almost involved in war. Only a broad promise that we wouldn't permit Chiang to use the islands for any worth-while purpose, not even leaflet dropping, smoothed over the situation.

And New Laos

The Burmese crisis that all but turned friend into foe, the recurrent crises on Quemoy and Matsu, vividly illustrate the manner in which the secret and militant activities of CIA create for us a foreign policy all their own. They illustrate the way the CIA tail wags the American dog and how such wagging can quite easily plunge the whole animal—and all his brethren—into the most horrible of history's wars. But Burma and Quemoy weren't the only examples in Asia of what is wrought by CIA. To these there must be added another example, and one of current crisis significance—Laos.

American blunders in Laos go back a full six years, and they are not by any means all of CIA's making, though it was reserved for CIA to write the final, climactic chapter. To understand how CIA masterminded us into the hole in which we now find ourselves, one has to appreciate the background. Laos became a nation in 1955 as a result of the Geneva agreement that split the former French Indo-China into its component parts. Laos was the interior principality, primitive, landlocked, with a 1,000-mile border with Red China. The Geneva agreement provided it was to have a neutralist government, but the evidence is abundant that we, no more than the Communists, wanted a neutral Laos. We wanted a Laos committed irrevocably to our side.

This becomes clear if one studies the findings of the House Committee on Government Operations which delved deeply into the Laotian muddle in 1958 and, on June 15, 1959, filed a scathing report of what it found. What the committee discovered was that all sound military advice had been disregarded by the State Department in its determination to build up an anti-Communist Laos. The committee remarked acidly that Congress had always been assured that "force objectives"—the number of foreign troops the United States will support—are established on the basis of the military judgment of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. In Laos this simply was not true.

The Joint Chiefs, in fact, considered Laos militarily worthless and repeatedly told the Eisenhower administration so. The House committee wrote: "U.S. support of a 25,000-man Army, of the entire military budget, and of segments of the civilian economy is, in fact, based on a political determination made by the Department of State contrary to the recommendations of the Joint Chiefs of Staff." It pointed out that the Joint Chiefs, even after they had been asked to reconsider their views, had refused to budge. In a memorandum, they had said, the House committee wrote, that "mutual security support of Laotian forces could not be recommended 'from the military point of view,' but acquiesced in the provision of such support 'should political considerations be overriding.' "

This, then, was the beginning. The House committee's findings make it clear that, for political considerations alone, we imposed upon Laos a huge and militarily unjustified standing Army. We did this with no regard for either the characteristics or the desires of the Laotian people. The Laotians are Buddhists; they are, not in pretense but in actuality, a deeply peaceful people. As Keyes Beech wrote in the April 22, 1961, *Saturday Evening Post*: "In Laos not even the fighting cocks are bloodthirsty. They wear no spurs and do not fight to kill. As good Buddhists, Laotian soldiers were no less reluctant. They generally aimed high and expected the other fellow to return the favor."

The Cocktail Circuit

In Laos, as in so many other of the world's trouble spots, the right-wingers in our own State Department and CIA dealt only with their right-wing counterparts, a small and wealthy ruling class and this class's military cohorts. As *Newsweek* reported last May: "Our allies, the traditional ruling class, had little interest in reform. The political methods they used—stuffing ballot boxes and intimidating neutralist voters—succeeded only in driving the moderates to the Left. . . . The worst thing perhaps was that U.S. policy makers never came to terms with any elements in Laos other than those they considered to be militantly anti-Communist."

Tied to such interests, with viewpoint constricted to the cocktail circuits of Vientiane, we plunged headlong into Laos, apparently with no philosophy except that if we spent enough money, no matter how, we could buy ourselves an anti-Communist ally. As the House committee found, we repeated, on an even more flagrant scale, all the ghastly mistakes which it had criticized so strongly years previously in Iran.

Laos is about 99 per cent agricultural. Its economy is primitive. The Laotian farmer usually grows what he needs, barters off his surplus to supply his other wants. Money, in much of Laos, is virtually nonexistent. Into such an economy, with evidently no regard for its disruptive effects, the United States in just six years poured $310 million. The result was almost inevitable. The wildest currency speculation took place; the Laotian economy was all but wrecked; and the cost of living doubled between 1953 and 1958.

Cooperative Graft

As in Iran, corruption flourished like jungle growth in the tropics. The House committee found clear evidence that both the Americans who were channeling the aid dollars to Laos, and the Laotian government officials who were dispensing them, dipped greedy paws into the golden stream. The committee flatly accused one American public-works officer of accepting "bribes totaling at least $13,000." It recounted the sordid story of a former U.S. Operations Mission Director who extracted a fantastic price for his decrepit 1947 Cadillac from an official of the Universal Construction Co., to whom he was awarding a contract. "Uncontroverted evidence," the committee wrote, "indicates that the vehicle was at that time inoperable, and that shortly thereafter it was cut up and the pieces dropped down an abandoned well. In the interim, it had stood rusting in front of Universal's main office, where it was the subject of scornful amusement by Laotians and Americans alike."

One honest American who tried to do something about the mess was "railroaded out of Laos by his superiors." The railroading was sanctioned by Ambassador J. Graham Parsons, who presided over our aid efforts in Laos at their corrupt worst, and Parsons was rewarded for his watchfulness by being called back to Washington and made Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs. In all of this time, the bulk of the American taxpayers' $310 million was used mainly to enrich an inner circle of palace thieves; hardly any of it was used to help the Laotian people. Not until the elections of 1958 were imminent did the Americans distributing aid in Laos suddenly come up with a crash program that they labeled "Operation Booster Shot" to try to buy some good will on the mass level.

In one acid paragraph, the House committee summed up the operational mess:

> The concentration of the benefits of the aid program to the area around Vientiane and other centers of population, and the enrichment of, and speculation by, Lao merchants and public officials which attended the aid program, tended to lend credence to the Communist allegation that the Royal Lao Government was "corrupt" and "indifferent" to the needs of the people.

The People's Voice

Even an idiot, it might be presumed, should have foreseen the inevitable consequences, but our CIA and our State Department remained blind to them right up to the last moment of inescapable truth. Ex-Ambassador Parsons was testifying before the House committee just as the Laotian elections were being held in 1958. He insisted that he had reliable, "official" information that the results would be wonderful for our side. The Communist Pathet Lao, he predicted, would win only two of fifteen contested seats, and this would mean that "the integrity and independence of Laos in the free world" would have been preserved intact.

Then the votes were counted. The Communists, instead of being crushed, won a crushing victory. The House committee later reported that the Communists had won nine seats, and their sympathizers an additional four. The Royal Cabinet, indeed, had to install the pro-Red leader as the minister who, in the future, would control U.S. Foreign Aid Funds in Laos; it had to agree that, henceforth, two battalions of pro-Communist troops actually would be supported by U.S. funds. This was victory? This was assuring "the integrity and independence of Laos in the free world"?

In obvious disgust, the House committee wrote:

> In summary, the decision to support a 25,000-man Army--motivated by a Department of State desire to *promote* political stability—seems to have been the foundation for a series of developments which *detract* from that stability. . . .
>
> The aid program has not prevented the spread of communism in Laos. In fact, the Communist victory in last year's election, based on the slogans of "Government corruption" and "Government indifference" might lead one to conclude that the U.S. aid program has contributed to an atmosphere in which the ordinary people of Laos question the value of friendship with the United States.

Prince Souvanna Phouma

When You Can't Buy—

It might, indeed. But what the House committee found wasn't the last, or the worst, of the debacle. The final chapter, an epic in blindness and futility, was yet to be written. For the simple truth is that, having failed to buy ourselves an ally in Laos, we next tried to procure one through the CIA's favorite device—the military coup. Allen Dulles' eager beavers engineered this with cavalier disregard of any superior strategy of the State Department or the desires of the new American Ambassador on the scene, Horace H. Smith. Keyes Beech in his *Saturday Evening Post* account describes the conflict between CIA and Smith in these words:

> On the political level, Smith's job wasn't made any easier by the fact that during most of his tour in Laos he was being crossed by Central Intelligence Agency operatives nesting in his own embassy. As Smith saw it, the question was: Who was going to administer American policy in Laos—CIA or the embassy?
>
> How many CIA agents were wandering around Laos during this period only the CIA could know. One of the more flamboyant, who blossomed everywhere, affected a copybook cover that included a manufactured British accent, a luxuriant mustache, elaborately casual but expensive clothes, and a cane with a secret compartment that held —not a sword, but brandy. . . .
>
> As Ambassador, Smith favored a conservative coalition government which offered a little of something to all factions. CIA activists made no secret of their preference for a group of army "Young Turks."
>
> CIA's favorite boy was Gen. Phoumi Nosavan, the forty-one-year-old Minister of Defense, who was later to emerge as the government "strong man." Phoumi was strongly anti-Communist. He was also fervently pro-Minister of Defense, because that's where the money was. . . .

The first blowup came in August, 1960, when a paratroop captain named Kong Le, whose troops hadn't been paid in three months because his superiors were looting the till, became fed up with the state of affairs and led a coup. Successful, he raced all around Vientiane in a jeep bearing legends demanding the Americans go home. The CIA boys and the brains of the American military mission on the scene were stunned. Until Kong Le suddenly went off the deep end, they had considered him one of their very own fair-haired boys, and they couldn't understand what the devil had gotten into him. Nor did they like or understand any better what Kong Le did with his new-found power.

Neutralism: a Dirty Word

He called on Prince Souvanna Phouma to take over as Premier. Souvanna was a neutralist. Depending on how you look at it, he was a sincere neutralist, hoping to bring some kind of peace to his unsettled country, or he was just a weak-kneed tool of the Communists. The Americans, to most of whom neutralism was a dirty word anyway, took the second view. Ex-Ambassador Parsons, by this time promoted to the post of supreme authority for Far

Eastern Affairs, flew to Laos to try to get some understanding with Souvanna; but he and Souvanna had never wasted any affection on each other when Parsons was Ambassador, and so it was almost inevitable that they wouldn't achieve any meeting of minds now. They didn't. The American chips went down on the CIA's boy, General Phoumi. Given the green light, Phoumi in December, 1960, actually fought a battle and captured Vientiane. Souvanna and Kong Le were chased out, and having no place else to go, they joined the Communist Pathet Lao. With him in retreat, Kong Le thoughtfully took 9,000 American rifles with which he armed the Communist forces.

Premature Celebration

In Vientiane, General Phoumi and the CIA celebrated their victory. "The celebration was premature," Keyes Beech writes. "Looked at from a cold-blooded, cold-war viewpoint, the bloodshed might have been justified if, as the CIA argued, bloodshed was necessary to 'polarize' Communist and anti-Communist factions. It might have been justified if strong and effective leadership had emerged from the smoke of battle. Unfortunately, neither of these things happened. 'Polarization' took place only at the top, between the same tired, familiar faces."

Souvanna and Kong Le, backed now by Communist manpower, began to carve up Laos. Phoumi, having distributed the best financial plums in the government among his relatives, seemed to have lost all interest in the dreary business of fighting. Everywhere the Pathet Lao forces were victorious. The puppet government we had installed was too corrupt and inefficient to oppose them; the 25,000-man Army for which we had been paying for five years had never wanted to fight in the first place and wanted to fight even less in a corrupt cause; the Laotian people whom we had not helped, but had only helped to ruin, could hardly be expected to feel that *we* were worthy of *their* ultimate sacrifice. So there we were, having made one of history's most colossal botches of everything.

General Phoumi

The new Kennedy Administration was bequeathed this little sweetheart of a problem. There the Communists were, overrunning all of northern Laos, gobbling up another country, and we were faced with just two unlovely choices. We could either go to war in defense of freedom against the Communist menace, or we could humbly sue for the reinstitution of the very kind of neutralist government (only it would be worse now because the Communists were stronger) that we had conspired to kick out.

Boxed into this dead-end street, President Kennedy at first talked tough and acted as if he would like to fight. But it quickly became apparent that the Congressional leadership of his own party would have no part of such folly, and the result was the only result really possible—long-drawn-out, largely futile negotiations for a cease-fire in Laos and the return of "neutralism," even if it meant the return of Souvanna.

No defeat that CIA has ever earned us has been more complete, more devastating. In face-conscious Southeast Asia, we had lost all the face there was to lose, and even Thailand, long considered a staunch partner of the West, began to flirt with neutralist ideas. In such manner had CIA intriguing come home to roost. As Marquis Childs wrote from Geneva, where he was dancing attendance on the Laos peace talks, if CIA was to be thoroughly investigated in the aftermath of Cuba, "the role played by that agency in the mess in Laos is perhaps more relevant than the share of responsibility which CIA must bear for the Cuban fiasco."

CIA *PART VIII* FIASCO IN CUBA

IN DECEMBER, 1960, U.S. Senator-elect Claiborne Pell (D., R.I.) made a quiet visit to Fidel Castro's Cuba. A former Foreign Service officer in World War II, Senator Pell was no novice in pulse-taking, and when he went among the Cuban people, he was surprised at what he found. He later capsuled his discoveries for the New York *Herald Tribune* in these words:

> The people of Cuba that I saw and spoke to during three or four days of quiet observation were not sullen or unhappy or dissatisfied. I am afraid that it is only true that they were still tasting the satisfaction of Castro's land reform, of his nationalization of United States companies and of the other much-touted reforms put into effect by Castro. The dispossessed and disgruntled were in jail or in exile.

Senator Pell returned to Washington and explicitly warned high officials of the Kennedy Administration that the time for action against Castro was not yet.

During the same December, two other visitors to Cuba saw the same sights, came to the same conclusions, and wrote an article about them. These observers were Gen. Hugh B. Hester, U.S.A. (Ret.), holder of the Distinguished Service Medal for services in the southwest Pacific in World War II, and Jesse Gordon, public-relations consultant. In an article, "A New Look at Cuba—The Challenge to Kennedy," published by *New World Review,* General Hester and Gordon wrote:

> It must be pointed out that a Princeton poll, taken [in Cuba] last year, revealed 86 per cent of the people in support of Castro....
>
> Most observers would agree that if elections were held tomorrow, Castro would be overwhelmingly returned to power....
>
> The morale of Cuban workers and the militia is high....
>
> There is no doubt about the people's spirit or their courage, tenacity and determination to hold onto the gains under the revolution....
>
> The U. S. military high command has plans for an invasion of Cuba. Should the Kennedy Administration decide to continue along the reckless path of the previous Administration, we fear disaster will result.

No prophecy was ever better justified by the event. No prophecy was ever less hidden under a bushel. At the end of March, Gordon personally mailed reprints of the article to the White House, the State Department and members of Congress. But about 1:30 A.M. on Monday, April 17, some 1,500 Cuban exiles—trained, financed and masterminded by the CIA—stormed ashore at the Bay of Pigs on Cuba's south coast. The CIA, the agency that is supposed to know all, had insisted that Cuba was ripe for revolution.

Never perhaps was an intelligence estimate more disastrously wrong. In a few hours, it became apparent that the Cuban invaders had not the slightest chance. They were overwhelmed, killed, captured. The CIA-planned coup, almost a year in the making, backfired so tragically that Fidel Castro was presented with an hour of triumph in which to strut. Instead of being overthrown, the power of his regime, thanks to CIA, was solidified in all of Cuba.

Commenting on the consequences almost a month later, Richard H. Rovere wrote:

> The passage of time does not reduce the magnitude of the folly in Cuba. The more it is examined, the worse the whole affair looks. The immediate consequences are bad enough: Castro's tightened grip on Cuba, the growing distrust of American leadership, the revelations of Central Intelligence "operating" procedures and of the bureau's mammoth incompetence. What is more painful, though, is the awareness that intelligence (as a quality of mind, not as data), and the best staff a twentieth-century President has had, offered so little protection against enormous error....
>
> As it turned out, the non-professionals were mostly right, and the professionals were almost wholly wrong.

This, needless to say, is not the result that an annual $1 billion investment in intelligence is expected to achieve—especially on an island just ninety miles from our shores, an island on which we have a huge naval base, where there are many long-time American residents, where presumably we should have the most solid contacts. This wasn't Laos, thousands of miles away in another and remote corner of the world—but Cuba, on our doorstep.

Operatives on Parade

How could it happen? How could our master intelligence agency, CIA, be so completely wrong? These questions have been only partly answered, but even the partial answers throw the book at CIA. Let's look at one eyewitness account of the CIA in action. It was written by Thayer Waldo in the *San Francisco Chronicle.*

> This reporter [Waldo wrote] spent the first half of last year in Cuba. At that time, with the U. S. Embassy still in operation and fully staffed, eight of its personnel were CIA agents, three worked for the FBI, and each of the Armed Services had from one to five operatives assigned to intelligence work.
>
> No special effort was required to learn these facts or to identify the individuals so engaged. Within thirty days of arrival in Havana, their names and agency affiliations were made known to me, without solicitation, by other correspondents or Embassy employees.
>
> The latter included one CIA man who volunteered the identities of all three persons accredited to the FBI; and a Cuban receptionist, outspokenly pro-Castro, who ticked off the names of six CIA agents—with entire accuracy, a later check confirmed.
>
> In addition to Embassy staffers, the CIA had a number of operatives (I knew fourteen, but am satisfied there were more) among the large colony of resident U. S. businessmen. One of these, a roofing and installation contractor, had lived in Cuba from the age of six, except for service with the Army during World War II—as a master sergeant in G-2, military intelligence. Predictably, that known background made the man a prime target for observation by Castro's people when U. S.-Cuban relations began to deteriorate seriously. He was shadowed day and night, his every contact reported. Yet the CIA made him its chief civilian agent in Havana.

Unintelligent Intelligence

Quite obviously, this wasn't a very efficient way for a super-intelligence agency to run a secret intelligence network. But then, according to Waldo, Naval Intelligence was no more efficient. During most of 1960 and into 1961, it ran a major intelligence-gathering project at the Guantanamo Bay Naval Base. Some 3,800 Cubans are employed on the base, but they live outside government property, most of them in or near Guantanamo City, twenty-seven miles north. It occurred to Naval Intelligence that here, among these Cubans going back and forth every day, was a mass of raw human material from which could be culled significant data about the prevailing mood in Cuba. Naval Intelligence, as a result, ran about 140 interviews a day, questioning the Cuban workers about the attitudes of Cuban civilians toward Castro. Almost to a man, apparently, the workers assured the Americans that the Cuban people were very, very unhappy with Castro.

Waldo points out that naval-base workers are paid about 60 per cent more than comparable workers in private industry, that the suffering Cuban economy offers few job opportunities to any man who might lose the naval-base plum he had—that, in a word, it should have been expected the Cuban workers would tell Naval Intelligence only what they knew Naval Intelligence wanted to hear. Waldo quotes a South American diplomat making this wry comment on this strange intelligence operation: "If I denounce my neighbor as my mortal enemy and then ask my servants their opinion, they are pretty apt to tell me that everyone else hates him, too—particularly if they like their jobs."

From such sources and from CIA's close contacts with *émigré* Cubans (who were convinced, naturally, like all *émigrés,* that great numbers of the Cuban people hated Castro as fervently as they did), American opinions appear to have been formed. It is necessary to use such qualifying words as "appear" and "seem," for it must be emphasized that any synthesis of the Cuba misadventure must be based on incomplete information—the kind that has become available by sweeping out from under official rugs.

Up to this point, the American people have been given no chance to find out for themselves what happened, what went wrong, who was responsible. Investigations have been held in secret, as if we were safeguarding the formula of some new miracle weapon; and when the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff testifies behind closed doors, one Senator shouts that he has been shocked out of his britches and all the chiefs should be fired—others insist blandly that *they* weren't shocked, and nobody should be fired. Such are the baffling cross-currents in the world of secrecy we have substituted for the world of information. If, therefore, any officials would quarrel with this account of the Cuban fiasco, let them first quarrel with themselves — behind closed doors.

Beginning of the Plot

It seems, then, to be well-established that in the spring of 1960, probably in late April or early May, the Eisenhower administration made a fateful decision. Castro, it felt, was moving steadily into the Communist orbit. CIA had information that some eighty Cuban fliers had been sent to Czechoslovakia to train on Russian jets; there were reports of construction projects inside Cuba that looked to CIA as if they might be designed to launch missiles. Castro, in addition, seemed to be stirring up trouble in Panama, the Dominican Republic, Haiti; he would have to go.

The strongest initial proponent of the "Castro must go" line appears to have been Republican Vice President Richard M. Nixon. He, it is said, argued strongly that we must support armed intervention in Cuba to get rid of Castro, and he finally won Eisenhower's consent. Once this basic decision had been made, our fate was in the hands of CIA, for CIA was supposed to know precisely how to run such delicate affairs.

This official misconception of CIA's omniscience and omnipotence quite obviously was based upon CIA's vaunted successes in overthrowing Mossadegh in Iran and Arbenz in Guatemala. Castro, we decided, was to be another Arbenz, and the Guatemala script that had worked so well was the one CIA elected to follow. In some ways, the situation seemed made to order for it. Castro's increasingly iron dictatorship, his merciless execution of dissidents were sending increasing hordes of refugees to our shores. The Miami area was swarming with them. All that CIA had to do was to train them, arm them and mold them into an invasion force.

Gaggle of Factions

Simple as this basic conception seemed, it required considerable doing. The anti-Castro Cubans were a gaggle of warring factions, ranging over all the hues of the political spectrum. They included brutal ex-cops who had served Fulgencio Batista without a qualm, arch conservatives who wanted their lands and money back, left-wing reformers who wanted to preserve Castro's land policy and Castro's nationalization of vital industry, but without Castro's dictatorship. These groups were personalized in their leadership. On the far Right were ex-Batista henchmen like Rolando Masferrer. Also far over to the Right, but free of the Batista taint, was the Movement for Revolutionary Recovery (MRR), headed by Captain Manuel Artime, who had been only briefly associated with Castro. On the Left—reformers, but strongly anti-Communist — were the followers of the People's Revolutionary Movement (MRP), headed by Manolo Antonio Ray, Castro's former Minister of Public Works.

The CIA, with its pronounced right-wing proclivities which always seem to orientate it toward ruling shahs and military dictators, had to pick "its boys" from this divided pack; and its choice fell, where its choices always have seemed to fall, on the representatives of the Right. Only in this case its choice was more unfortunate even than usual, for in Cuba the forces of the Right were almost powerless to help it.

The Choice that Wasn't Made

Virtually all sources seem to agree that there was just one effective resistance movement inside Cuba: the MRP headed by Manolo Antonio Ray. A quiet, soft-spoken architect and civil engineer, Ray had been one of Castro's most effective resistance leaders. For some two years during the precarious course of the Castro revolution, he had directed sabotage inside Havana; and when Castro came to power, Ray had been rewarded by appointment as Minister of Public Works. He served just eight months, then he broke with Castro. He realized by that time, he says, that Castro did not intend to live up to his democratic promises, that his regime was becoming increasingly dictatorial, increasingly communistic. So Ray once more went underground, setting up his own clandestine organization to fight the new dictatorship.

He managed to evade Castro's police and to work for eight months inside Cuba. In that time, he perfected an underground network that spanned the island state. Each province had its seven-man executive council, and in each province similar organizations reached down into the separate counties. Ray kept contacts between these underground groups to a minimum, tying the threads together only at the top, and soon the effectiveness of his growing organization was demonstrated by increasing incidents of sabotage.

Ray was certainly an effective leader, not much doubt about that. But, let's whisper it, he was "left-wing." The man still had faith in the original Castro program; he thought that land and industrial reforms were long overdue and essential to Cuba's ultimate prosperity. Those who want Cuba returned to its pre-Castro state seem to overlook the vital fact that this state was so bad it made Castro possible. Castro clambered to power over the ruins of a corrupt and brutal system. He had made great capital (see his program as he himself explained it in *The Nation,* Nov. 30, 1957) out of the fact that 85 per cent of Cuba's small-scale farmers did not own their land; out of the fact that more than half of the arable land in the nation was in foreign hands; out of the fact that more than 200,000 rural families had not a square foot of land on which to support themselves while almost 10 million acres "of untouched arable land remain in the hands of powerful interests." One of Castro's first and most popular acts had been to split up these baronial holdings. Ray believed that these objectives had been right, but he wanted them achieved in a framework of freedom. He explained his philosophy to the *New York Post* in these words:

> Our movement doesn't allow politicians to come in on the backs of the people just so they can get back into power and get money for themselves. [Ray did not explain how he would prevent this.] We've had enough of that. What we want is a continuation of social reform—not a government by the rich or the exploiters. We believe in a mixed economy of private enterprise—because it is effective and efficient—and government ownership of utilities and monopolies—because these things belong to the whole people. And there must be freedom. This, Castro has destroyed.

Such a program could not fail to be anathema to rigid, right-wing minds, or to those powerful American interests whose primary concern was the repossession of their vast, Castro-sequestered holdings in Cuba. With such a program, CIA would have no truck. Though Ray's underground organization was the only effective one, he had to go it alone. He got virtually no money, no supplies, no help of any kind from CIA. He established his own training camps and financed them by selling one-peso stamps each month to sympathizers inside Cuba. Indicative of the support he had inside the country we were trying to liberate was the fact that his collections ultimately reached 60,000 pesos a month. CIA evidently drew no conclusions from this. All the time Ray was struggling to maintain himself and his underground organization, CIA was pouring a huge flow of cash (the total finally came to $45 million) into the promotion of its right-wing invasion.

Prying Open the Plot

Over-all direction of the Cuban endeavor was in the hands of one of CIA's deputy directors, Richard M. Bissell, Jr., a former economics instructor at Yale. Under Bissell was a large corps of CIA agents and instructors, some Spanish-speaking North Americans, at least one Filipino, and — surprisingly — quite a number of Eastern Europeans who couldn't communicate with their Cuban protégés at all except through interpreters. This was the staff that directed the training of the invasion troops in a number of camps carved out of the Guatemalan jungle. The first recruits, thirty-two in number, were flown to Guatemala in May, 1960. They were put to work hacking out a training base on jungle acres donated for the purpose by Robert Alejos, a wealthy Guatemalan landlord. Later airstrips were built on wasteland along the fringes of Alejos' coffee plantation, and American jet pilots, in civilian clothes, were sent to Guatamala to train the Cuban fliers.

Richard M. Bissell, Jr.

All of this activity was conducted for months without anyone in the United States outside of the highest official circles having any inkling of what was afoot. But a large-scale invasion cannot be kept hidden from public view forever, and in this case, in any event, secrecy arrangements were not of the best. Some of the Guatemalan airstrips were operated in full sight of travelers on the Pan American highway and the Guatemalan railroad, and in time the word began to get around. *The Nation* called public attention to what was going on last November, but the large wire services and major media of information continued to play blind, deaf and dumb for nearly two months. It was not until early January that *Time* finally used a short article on the Guatemalan airstrips, followed within a few days by a much more detailed story in *The New York Times*. With these news pieces, the American public at large, for the first time and still only in a tentative fashion, began to acquire information about the plot we were brewing in the Caribbean.

Picking the Leader

The publication of these first news stories almost coincided with a development of major importance in the Guatemalan camps. There CIA had picked its "fair-haired boy": twenty-nine-year-old Manuel Artime, regarded by some of Ray's followers as a Franco Falangist. By January, 1961, Artime was in solid with Frank Bender, the CIA area chief in Guatemala. Drew Pearson asserts that Artime was helped along the path to rank and glory by Bender's secretary, Macho Barker, whom Artime had promised to make sports czar of liberated Cuba. If true, this report would seem to indicate that Artime expected to dominate the government of the new Cuba and to pass out the rewards. There are some other tenuous indications pointing in the same direction. The Chattanooga *Times* Washington correspondent, Charles Bartlett, later was to reveal the existence of a super-secret unit, known as Operation 40, apparently organized to act after the invasion, seizing control of the new government and establishing a dictatorship, possibly under Artime.

With these machinations stirring in the background, the youthful Artime made his move at the end of January. With the full backing of CIA, he staged a coup in the training camps. He made fiery speeches to some 1,500 freedom fighters then in training. In some instances, he changed their commanders, installing his own men, and he appealed to all to join his banner. Most did, but some 200 balked.

Those "Democratic" Rebels

Artime didn't stand for any nonsense from these recalcitrants. Backed up by CIA all the way, he had the 200 arrested and isolated under guard. Some managed to escape through the jungles and make their way back across Mexico to Miami. Others were talked into joining up. But there remained a hard core who stood by their convictions and refused to support Artime's budding junta. What happened to these stubborn ones should be an object lesson to a nation that has permitted its cloak-and-dagger boys to run their own private little dictatorships.

Long weeks later, after the Cuban invasion had failed, the story was told to *The New York Times* by Dr. Rodolfo Nodal Tarafa, a young lawyer who had been in the training camp at Trax, Guatemala, when Artime staged his coup. On January 31, Dr. Nodal said, the senior military adviser in the Trax camp, known to the Cubans only as "Frank," mustered the 300 training freedom fighters and told them their two commanding Cuban officers had been sent away for "playing politics." They would be commanded henceforth, "Frank" said, by Captain San Román. This choice was distinctly unpopular with the Cubans in camp. Captain San Román had been an officer of Fulgencio Batista and was reported to have fought against Castro in the Sierra Maestra. In San Román, the freedom fighters smelled the stench of the old, brutal Batista dictatorship; and since this wasn't the kind of "cause" for which they were prepared to die, 230 of the 300 asked to resign.

Theirs was supposed to be a free volunteer army, but of course such insubordination could not be permitted. Another agent by the name of "Bernie" was summoned to deal with the trouble. He charged the 230 recalcitrants with being Communists. He declared he had authority from the Democratic Revolutionary Front to name commanders, and he had picked Captain San Román for them. That was that. But the Cubans didn't seem to see the logic in this clear, democratic reasoning. It seemed to them that they were the ones who had been elected to do the fighting and the dying, and they should have something to say about the cause for which they were prepared to make such sacrifices. They demanded that their case be heard by the Front within seventy-two hours. Otherwise, they wanted to be discharged and returned home.

A committee of five was selected to present this protest. "Bernie" refused to receive the delegation. He agreed finally to talk to a single spokesman, and Dr. Nodal was chosen. The lawyer explained to "Bernie" that the freedom fighters were neither mercenaries nor conscripts, and that they could not accept commanders who represented the very antithesis of the ideals for which they were fighting. "Bernie" suggested that the troops agree to train for five days more while they waited for a representative from the Democratic Revolutionary Front to arrive. They agreed. But seven days passed, and nothing happened. The troops again went on strike.

Iron Beneath Velvet

Now CIA took off the silken gloves of deceit. Threats and promises were freely employed. Gradually, the protesting troops were browbeaten into submission—all but twenty. These twenty were obdurate. On February 11, while the rest of the men were on field exercises, one of the advisers asked eight of the twenty to go with him. They thought, Dr. Nodal says, that there was to be another conference. Not until they had been led along a jungle track to a canvas-covered truck did they discover their error. There they were suddenly covered by three men holding Thompson submachine guns.

The eight were driven to La Suiza, an estate where there was a Guatemalan Army camp. There they were surrounded by eight or ten men with automatic weapons. Each of the eight was taken separately from the truck; each was taken into a small room, forced to empty his pockets, forced to strip off all his clothes.

"I felt sure this was it," Dr. Nodal said. "I was sure we were going to be murdered."

But not even CIA was quite equal to that. The men, deprived of "even our love letters," as Dr. Nodal says, were permitted to dress again. They were taken to a shed 15 feet by 30, with concrete floor and galvanized iron roof—a furnace by day, an icy igloo by night. Here they were imprisoned. For twelve days, they were not permitted to bathe or shave, to have clean clothes or to eat a really edible meal. Periodically, they were questioned by another CIA mystery man, known to them only as "Pat," the chief security guard. They were given lie-detector tests, virtually at gunpoint. The object was to make them confess that they were Communists, for obviously such stubborn and disagreeable characters simply *had* to be Communists. Naturally, they wouldn't admit it, and strangely enough, as far as can be learned, the lie-detector tests didn't show it. In frustration, the CIA finally flew the stubborn holdouts, now seventeen in number, to a jungle prison in remote Peten Province in northern Guatemala. Here they were held under armed guard and warned they would be shot if they tried to escape. They were warned, too, that when the revolution succeeded they would be turned over to the new Cuban government to face trial and, probably, execution.

This fate they were spared by the failure of the invasion for which, originally, they had trained so ardently. With that unexpected collapse of all its plans, CIA acquired, if not a change of heart, at least a twinge of discretion. It released the seventeen "freedom fighters" it had held in cruel jungle imprisonment for eleven weeks, flew them back to Miami and dumped them out. There Dr. Nodal and the others started their own resistance movement. It has one primary, over-riding principle: it will have nothing to do with CIA.

Kennedy's Dilemma

Such is the background against which the CIA set out to insure the "liberation" of Cuba from Castro. No one in Washington, of course, had any idea of the manner in which CIA was indoctrinating the principles of democracy into its "freedom fighters" in the Guatemalan jungles. It has become obvious that no one on any level of government, not the Congress, not the President, had any clear conception of what CIA was up to or how it was running the store; yet it was in such a miasma of misinformation and non-information that President Kennedy had to make a crucial decision.

It is not clear just when he first learned of the invasion plans set on foot by Nixon and Eisenhower. One version has pictured him as learning about the project for the first time shortly after the election. According to this version, the invasion had been scheduled for the late fall, but Kennedy was so shocked by the idea that the stroke was postponed to let him make the decision. Against the background of what is known, all of this appears unlikely; for Kennedy himself, in his television debates with Nixon, had proposed just such drastic action as the Eisenhower administration contemplated—and Nixon, it should be noted parenthetically, had held up his hands in pious horror at the thought. In any event, in January, Kennedy began to get detailed reports on the Cuban invasion project from CIA and from the State and Defense Departments. He was confronted with an evil dilemma.

The Cuban rebels had spent months in the training camps; they were ready to go; they could not be held in leash forever. Futhermore, the publicity so belatedly given about the Guatemalan training bases had stripped the mask from our CIA-overrun puppet state; embarrassed, Guatemalan officials yielded to public outcry and informed the United States we would soon have to get out. CIA further intensified the pressure on the President. Castro, it reported, was getting Soviet tanks and MIGs; he was stepping up his counterintelligence activities throughout the nation. It was now or never.

Such were the strong pressures for action—for a decision, as Sherman Kent once wrote, "off the top of the head." Yet even so, inside the Kennedy Administration, there was much soul-searching and a quite definite tug of war. The President himself, aware that the contemplated American-backed invasion would violate every provision of the 1948 Pact of Bogotá, prohibiting the use of force against the governments of American states, frowned on any direct American participation. Secretary of State Dean Rusk apparently doubted the wisdom of the entire venture, but he was not a strong enough man to fight for his convictions. Chester Bowles disliked the whole idea, leaked his dislike to the press, but apparently wasn't consulted in the final decision. Senator William Fulbright, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, was the one man with convictions who fought stoutly for them, but his protests were ignored. Determinative in making up the President's mind for him, it appears, was the information supplied by CIA, backed up by Navy Intelligence. This insisted that Castro's island empire was ripe for revolution. Independent analyses by amateurs that pointed to a directly opposite conclusion were ignored. It was decided to strike.

Shotgun Wedding

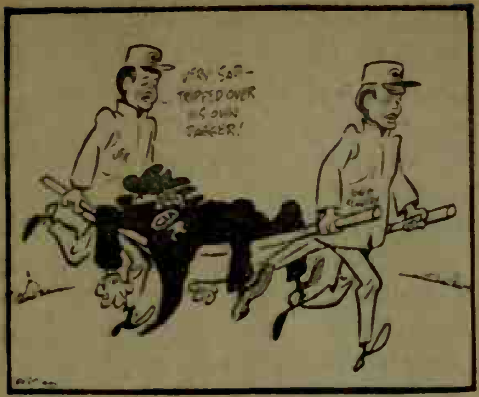
Before the actual invasion, there was a CIA-arranged, shotgun wedding. CIA, a great togetherness outfit, wanted to get all the anti-Castro groups together pulling in harness behind Manuel Artime, the field commander it had already selected for them. With Bissell wielding the whip, it was announced on March 22 that a Revolutionary Council had been formed two days previously in Miami. The provisional president of the council was José Miró Cardona, who had been Castro's first Premier, but had quickly broken with the dictator. Manolo Ray was a member of the council, but its overwhelming complexion was conservative. It was understood that Cardona would become Provisional President as soon as the invading troops had carved out a foothold on Cuban soil. Later there would be free elections. Just what trust should have been placed in these promises in view of CIA's action in investing full military power in Artime, in view of the murky Operation 40, remains a matter of conjecture.

Political control established, the next consideration was CIA's invasion plan. Originally, the cloak-and-dagger agency wanted to hurl all the available invasion forces ashore at one point in one all-out assault. From the first, it appears, Manolo Ray's MRP doubted the wisdom of CIA's military conceptions. Ray felt that the only way to overthrow Castro was to use Castro's own formula against him—to infiltrate Cuba with small guerrilla groups, to build up the program of sabotage and resistance within the country to the bursting point. So strongly did Ray feel about this that it appears he even contemplated taking his MRP out of the Revolutionary Front; but, in the end, he went along because, as he later said, "we did not want to give the slightest aid to the Communists."

Dubious Military Tactic

CIA's tactical plan raised other doubts. The invasion beach it selected was in the swampy, isolated Bay of Pigs, ninety miles southeast of Havana. The idea apparently shocked Colonel Ramon Barquin, an Army officer who had been imprisoned by Batista, one of the most respected military figures among the *émigrés* and the man who almost certainly would have been Ray's choice to command the invasion had Ray had a choice. Colonel Barquin pointed out that only two narrow, easily defended paths led inland from the Bay of Pigs. One was a narrow road, the other a narrow railroad bed. On either side of these defiles, for a distance of twenty-four miles inland, stretched impenetrable, mosquito-infested swamps. "This swamp offers some advantages—you can't be

San Francisco Chronicle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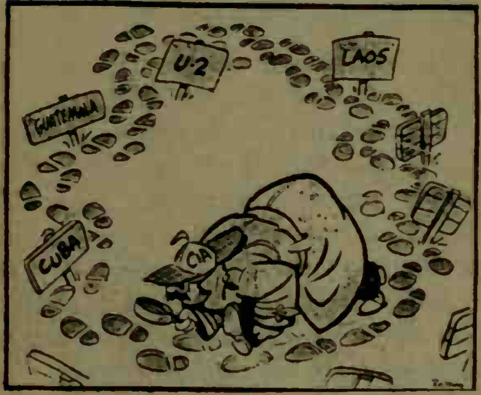
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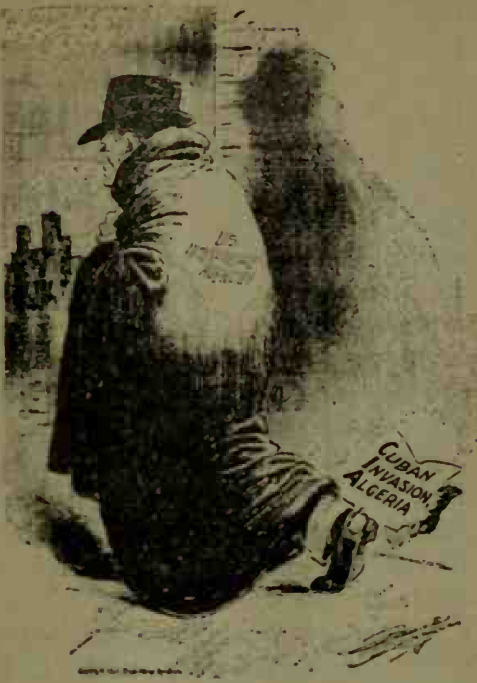
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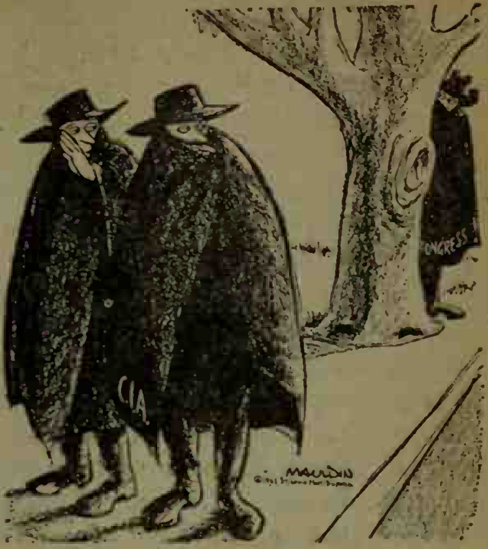
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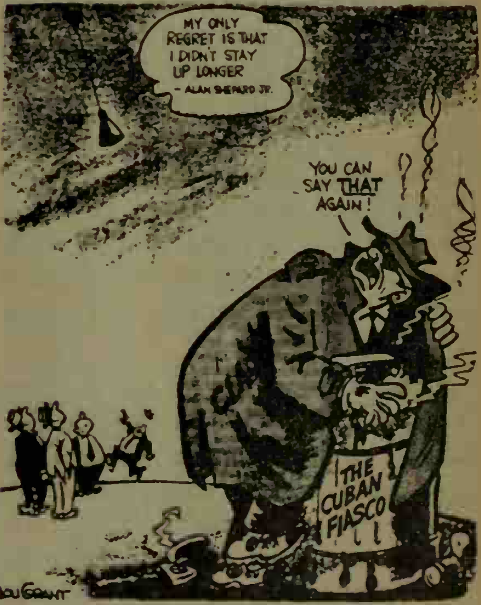
MY ONLY REGRET IS THAT I DIDN'T STAY UP LONGER — ALAN SHEPARD JR.
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!
THE CUBAN FIASCO
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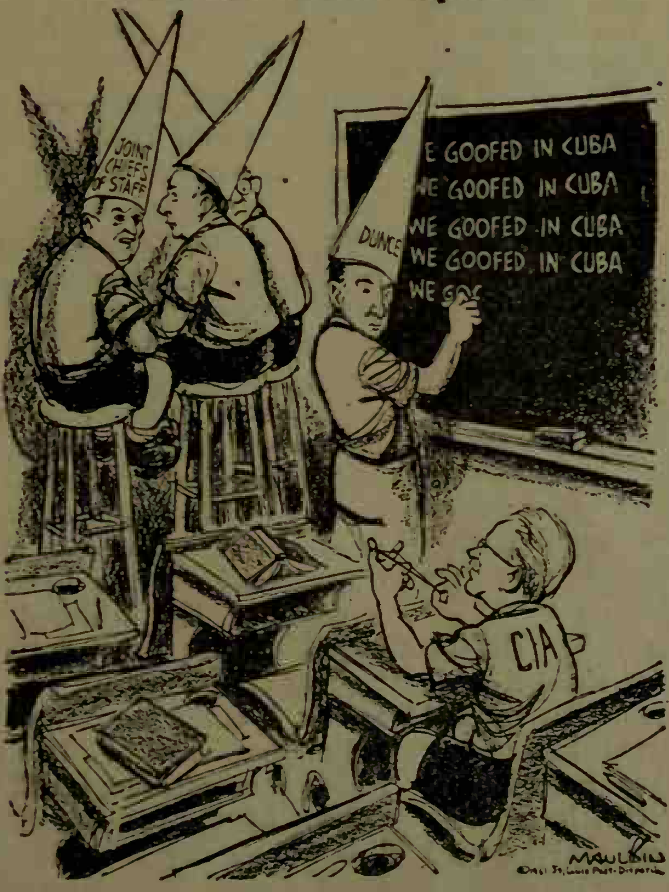
Some U. S. Press Comment On the Cuban Invasion and the CIA

St. Louis Post-Dispatch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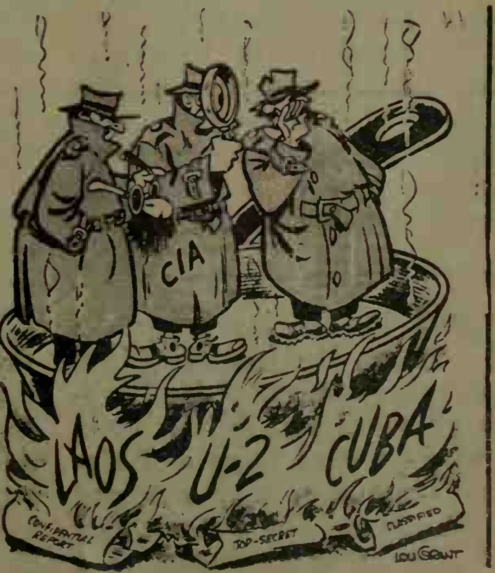
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"Ps-s-st — smell something burning?"

flanked," Colonel Barquin conceded. "But it makes no difference; you can be stopped easily enough." All that Castro would have to do would be to concentrate tanks and troops at the mouths of the two funnels opening onto the central Cuban plain; his task would be like putting a cork in the mouth of a bottle.

The ways to disaster had now been greased by CIA decisions that, it would seem, had erred at each and every step along the way; the invasion ship was about to be launched. On March 29, after making some changes in plan, President Kennedy flashed the green light from the White House. One of the President's modifications banned U.S. aerial strikes in support of the invaders; the Cubans must do it on their own. Another dealt with the cleaning out of Batista supporters in the invasion army. The President himself, it is said, ordered the arrest of Rolando Masferrer, the best-known Batista henchman; but, while this order was carried out, CIA heeded imperfectly the President's intent. Other Batista luminaries like Captain San Román sailed from Guatemala in command of their troops.

The attack began with surprise raids by B-26s on Castro's airfields. They wrought some damage, but, as events were to show, not enough. This was the first failure, but it wasn't the most serious. For a strategic move that reads like something out of Gilbert and Sullivan, one has to thank the masterminds of CIA. On some level—on just what level and on just whose authority the American public, presumably, will never be permitted to know—the brilliant decision was reached that the Cuban leaders of the Revolutionary Front were not to be permitted to have anything to say, or to do, with their own invasion.

Climax to a Nightmare

On April 16, the day before the actual invasion, Dr. José Miró Cardona and the members of his Revolutionary Council were in New York. They received word to go to Philadelphia. There they were met and flown to Miami. The instant they arrived, they were conducted to a small, isolated house on the outskirts. Here they were held virtual prisoners. They were not permitted to use the telephone. They were not permitted to communicate with anyone. They were allowed only to listen to radio reports of how their invasion was being managed for them.

Here, perhaps, is the most fantastic episode of the entire fantastic nightmare. The success of the invasion from the outset clearly depended on a mass uprising of the Cuban people in its support. But Ray, the underground commander, the only leader who could have been effective in marshaling such support, was muzzled. Obviously, he was too left-wing, too dangerous a man. Obviously, too, CIA wasn't trusting any of the other members of the Revolutionary Council; it was making certain that *they* didn't interfere with CIA's invasion.

Some genius in CIA evidently decided that the Cuban people would arise en masse if a message was beamed to them from our Swan Island radio station off the Honduran coast. And so this message was concocted:

> Alert! Alert! Look well at the rainbow. The first will rise very soon. Chico is in the house. Visit him. The sky is blue. Place notice in the tree. The tree is green and brown. The letters arrived well. The letters are white. The fish will not take much time to rise. The fish is red. Look well at the rainbow....

This gibberish, as far as can be learned, was the only notice the Cuban people ever got. Ray's underground, so assiduously kept in the dark by CIA, didn't even know an invasion was coming off—and so did nothing. The Cuban people apparently didn't make much sense out of that fish and rainbow business—and so did nothing. The invasion troops stormed ashore and found Castro, much better informed than the underground, waiting for them.

The debacle was swift. The invaders stabbed inland along the one narrow road, the one narrow railroad bed. They penetrated for twenty miles, and then they were hit by tanks, by artillery fire, by strafing from the air. American papers carried glaring headlines about Russian MIGs turning the tide, but less hysterical reports later showed that there wasn't a MIG in the air. Castro had armed some old jet-trainer planes, and these were enough. An ammunition ship, carrying practically all of the reserve supplies for the expedition, was sunk. The narrow road and railroad track were smothered by fire. On either side the jungles hemmed in the invaders. They could not advance, they could not escape; they could only surrender.

Post-Mortem Debacle

Now, to compound the military disaster, came other disasters, the full effects of which almost certainly have not yet been totaled. First, there was the lying. As in the U-2 disaster, we tried to deny the self-evident truth. In a world that we expect to accept America's word as its bond, we deliberately set out to demonstrate again that this word was worthless. Rep. William Fitts Ryan (D., N.Y.) writes that, after the invasion had been under way for twenty-four hours, "an official representative of the State Department stood in the 20th Congressional District Office in Washington and said that neither the CIA, the State Department nor any other government agency was involved 'in any way.'" Worse, far worse, was the spectacle in the United Nations.

There Adlai Stevenson, our Ambassador to the U.N., a man of tremendous personal prestige not only among Americans but among the peoples of the world, put his prestige on the line in a lost and tarnished cause. Apparently, he hadn't been told the truth by his own government; and so, replying to charges of American intervention made by the Cuban delegate, Stevenson denied categorically that the United States had had any hand—any hand at all—in the attempt to overthrow Castro. Such charges, he said, were a tissue of lies delivered "in the jargon of communism." He added: "If the Castro regime has hostility to fear, it is the hostility of Cubans, not of Americans. . . . If the Castro regime is overthrown, it will be overthrown by Cubans, not Americans. I do not see that it is the obligation of the United States to protect Dr. Castro from the consequences of his treason to the promises of his revolution."

To turn Stevenson's own phrase back upon him, what kind of "jargon" is this?

Even though television viewers who had venerated Stevenson turned away sick at the sight, American officials still were not willing to embrace truth. A determined effort was made, with the help of the Madison Avenue public relations firm that had been hired to handle pronouncements for the Cubans, to picture the invasion as no invasion at all—just a little guerrilla operation involving no more than 200 or 300 men, many of whom had succeeded in making contact with rebel forces in the interior of Cuba. This myth quickly was exploded by Castro. He paraded some 1,200 captives for all the world to see. He even had them tell their stories on television. There, in the full glare of the klieg lights, some were identified as former Batista thugs; and all, almost to a man, pleaded they had been deceived by the CIA.

Catastrophic as all this was, it was not the end of the catastrophe. Castro's police and Army put on a nation-wide hunt for subversives. It is estimated that 100,000 suspects were rounded up. Though many were finally released, hardly a single leader in Ray's underground escaped. Resistance leaders denounced CIA bitterly. Their organization, they said, had been wrecked, and some wondered out loud whether this had been part of CIA's intention. In a Cuban prison, Associated Press correspondent Robert Berrellez met a twenty-two-year-old Cuban who had been one of Ray's principal lieutenants in the Cuban underground. This Cuban complained bitterly that, a month before the invasion, the CIA radio station on Swan Island had actually broadcast his name to Castro's police. "This station paid tribute to me by name for helping exiles get out of Cuba clandestinely," the resistance leader said. "That tipped off G-2 and I was finally trapped."

In the light of such stories, can one wonder that many Cubans refuse to trust CIA any more? The extent of the distrust was clearly indicated in Miami on May 23, when Ray finally took his MRP out of the Cuban Revolutionary Council. The move, he said bluntly, was in protest against the CIA's continued domination of the Cuban resistance, its continued playing of Cuban politics, its continued refusal to support MRP and its continued recruitment of former Batista officials for a new "national army." This would seem to indicate that not even a disaster of the magnitude of Cuba can change the rigid mentality of CIA, can drag it—to use an old Stevenson phrase—"kicking and screaming into the twentieth century."

Cuba, and CIA's infatuation with Batista bravos and authoritarians of the far Right, are merely the final chapter in a book in which the plots, whatever else may be said of them, are all consistent. Iran, Guatemala, Laos, Cuba: in all of them, the CIA's fondest affection has been reserved for militarists with nineteenth-century social outlooks, for small and wealthy ruling cliques that have no sincere interest in the welfare of the millions whom they govern. The imposition of such governments merely stalls the future and gives Khrushchev his talking points. As Stuart Novins wrote in a perceptive final paragraph in his account of the Cuban fiasco in *The Reporter:*

> The tragic episode . . . raises a number of obvious questions about the activities of the Central Intelligence Agency. But beyond that, there is reason to doubt that even if the attack had been successful, it could have produced a viable political resolution for the bloody turmoil of Cuba's recent history. To liberate Cuba from the outside, with a government to be imposed from the outside, is not the most promising way to promote a stable democracy in Cuba and to advance the social and economic welfare of its people. Not only does Cuba know this, but far more important, the rest of Latin America knows it too.

CIA *PART IX* A LOOK AT THE FUTURE

> If it is true that the agency [CIA] mapped the invasion plan, herded the Cuban resistance leaders around like redheaded stepchildren and conducted military operations in their stead, then we have trusted a Government agency to make all but war without the consent of Congress.—*Rep. Paul G. Rogers (D., Fla.) in the House of Representatives, May 1, 1961.*

> I want my position to be crystal clear. The Pentagon, the military services, and the intelligence services of the nation are to be the servants of the policymakers. They are not to be policymakers in themselves. . . . If we have learned anything in recent months . . . it is that the preponderance of the emphasis . . . on the part of the military, the Central Intelligence Agency, and the other intelligence services was overwhelmingly involved in the policymaking functions of the Government, to the point where the actions of the military and the CIA made policy through their preemption of the field.—*Senator Hubert D. Humphrey (D., Minn.) in the Senate, May 3, 1961.*

THESE TWO quotes pose an issue that, in its depth and dimensions, appears still not to have been fully realized by the American people. This is no issue of internal organization. This is no technical issue, involving the combination of intelligence and action functions in one agency, the CIA, though that is part of it. This is an issue that goes to the very guts of the democratic processes. Involved here is the question of whether the "black" arts (sabotage, revolution, invasion) are to dominate all American democratic functions and to determine for our people willy-nilly, without debate, without knowledge even of what is at stake, the course their nation is to take in the world. No lesser issue amounts to a tinker's damn here.

Congress alone, under our Constitution, is supposed to have the right to declare war. This safeguard was devised by the Founding Fathers with the wise intent of insuring that no Executive with a mania for power could ever determine for the people whether they were to live in peace, or to fight and die. Only the people through their representatives in Congress were to decide their own fate on this most crucial of all issues. Today, with intercontinental ballistic missiles and nuclear warheads casting a dread shadow over the world, there is more need than ever before in history for an intelligent and informed electorate to exercise the restraints and the powers of decision guaranteed in the Constitution. Yet today we practice the "black" arts on such a far-flung, billion-dollar scale, we throw around them such a mantle of spurious patriotic secrecy, that neither the people nor their watchdogs in Congress have the faintest idea what is happening until it has happened—until it is too late. In essence, CIA, which is at the root of the evil, has become a Frankenstein monster dominating the Congress that created it.

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The result is a twofold tragedy. Abroad, CIA destroys our prestige and undermines our influence. At home we do not even know what is happening.

Actions Belie Words

Our Presidents—Eisenhower was notable for this and was motivated, nearly everyone would agree, by a deep sincerity—proclaim our peaceful intentions, our devotion to the ideals of democracy and good will and world peace. The American people sincerely believe that this is what we stand for and cannot comprehend why the world at large does not believe in our so obviously good intentions. Our people do not understand that, even as our Presidents speak, the actions of CIA frequently invest their words with every appearance of the most arrant hypocrisy. The Presidents speak peace; but the CIA overthrows regimes, plots internal sabotage and revolution, foists opium-growers on a friendly nation, directs military invasions, backs right-wing militarists. These are not the actions of a democratic, peace-loving nation devoted to the high ideals we profess. These are the actions of the Comintern in right-wing robes. America, no more than the USSR, can speak out of both sides of its mouth and expect the peoples of the world to trust in its sincerity.

All of this goes on abroad, but at home the American public does not know for long months, if ever, what CIA has brewed. The power of a billion-dollar, secret agency operating as a law unto itself is almost incalculable, not just in molding the image of America in foreign lands, but in molding at home the image Americans have of the world around them. Time and again American public opinion has been whiplashed into a warlike frenzy by glaring headlines picturing a callous Communist aggressor when, all the time, the CIA was the secret provocative agent. The crisis over Quemoy was a glaring example. The U-2 incident, in which our government lied to "cover" CIA and pictured to the public a Russian bear reaching out with bloody paw to down our innocent little weather plane, was another. Less well known, but perhaps of greater long-range importance, is the manner in which our whole attitude toward Communist China has been deliberately colored, as Charles Edmundson has written, by "the State Department's repeated and sometimes incendiary statements that all Americans held prisoner in Communist China are held illegally and in violation of international law. Every well-informed correspondent and editor in Washington knows that many of the prisoners have been U.S. intelligence agents, whom China has as much right to hold as the United States has to imprison Rudolph Ivanovich Abel, the Soviet 'master spy.'" By such tactics, Edmundson writes, the American public has been bamboozled "to the point where a rational China policy has become a political impossibility."

Making Peace Difficult

It may even be that a rational policy of any kind has become a political impossibility. Cyrus Eaton, the multi-millionaire Cleveland industrialist who has long championed a policy of coexistence with China and the Soviet Union, pointedly suggests that either CIA or some of its secretive governmental collaborators is indulging, within the United States, in propaganda activities designed to make any peaceful solution impossible. In a letter to Senator Fulbright, Eaton charges that federal funds are being funneled secretly into the promotion of demonstrations designed to inflame public opinion against visiting iron-curtain diplomats. Eaton writes:

> An interesting question is, who supplies the funds to hire the professionals who surround the embassies and follow foreign visitors with insulting signs and shouted epithets? I find it hard to believe, but I am informed that substantial funds for such undesirable activities come from federal appropriations, under a disguised name.
>
> After the Soviet Deputy Premier, Mr. Mikoyan, visited me in Cleveland, I made a point of investigating the group of Hungarians who endeavoured to molest him in Cleveland, Detroit and Chicago. *It turned out that the identical people had gone into all three cities by car and had obviously been hired and fi-*

> *nanced by someone with ample funds, reputedly Uncle Sam.* In Cleveland, representatives of the State Department gave every evidence of conniving with the Hungarian hecklers by putting at their disposal the routes and locations most advantageous for their hostile demonstrations against the Mikoyan party.
>
> I have also looked carefully into the background of the so-called Hungarian Freedom Fighters. *Many of them turn out to be former officers of the Nazi Army that invaded Hungary;* they were, of course, obliged to flee the country when Hitler was defeated. (Italics added.)

This is a truly sensational charge. Eaton's very name, of course, is anathema to right-wingers, but Congressional attempts to investigate him have proved largely futile and he remains a powerful and influential man. Whether investigation would establish the validity of his charge remains uncertain; but in considering it, two facts perhaps should be borne in mind—the long love affair of CIA with the Gehlen agency, which included former Nazi officers and operated in Hungary, and the Cuban freedom fighters' recollections of the number of "East European" CIA agents who, with the aid of interpreters, directed their drills in Guatemala. If these should ever turn out to be true straws in the wind, if Eaton's charge should ever be substantiated, an entire new field of secret CIA activity might be exposed—one more pernicious than any other in its underhanded influence on American public opinion.

What Kind of Probe?

CIA is, of course, now being investigated. It is being investigated now just as it has already been investigated four times in the past—in private, in secret. Each investigation found flaws. Each reported CIA was working to correct them. Each succeeding probe found some of the same flaws and reported that CIA was working to correct them. And now, in 1961, we have come to our present pass.

In 1956, a Congressional Joint Committee called futilely for the appointment of a watchdog commission to put a checkrein on CIA. The committee took some roundhouse swings at CIA's most precious forte, its ironclad secrecy. "Once secrecy becomes sacrosanct, it invites abuse," the committee wrote. "Secrecy now beclouds everything about CIA. . . ." The committee quoted with approbation the comment of Hanson Baldwin of *The New York Times* that CIA "engages in activities that, unless carefully balanced and well executed, could lead to *political, psychological, and even military defeats,* and even to changes in our form of government." The first part of that prediction has certainly come to pass. As for the second, the committee itself wrote: "Our form of government . . . is based on a system of checks and balances. If this system gets seriously out of balance at any point, the whole system is jeopardized and the way is open for the growth of tyranny."

The way is still open. For the Congress of 1956 did nothing. And we reaped the whirlwind in Laos and in Cuba.

The new, Executive-style investigation ordered by President Kennedy can hardly be expected to meet the full need, the full right, of the American people to know. Gen. Maxwell Taylor heads the President's new investigating board; the President's brother, Attorney General Robert Kennedy, sits upon it. So does Allen Dulles, the man being investigated. It may be noted that

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it is rare indeed when the defendant turns star prosecutor at his own inquest.

The record of the past few years seems to say clearly that the colossal mess CIA has created demands nothing less than a full-scale Congressional investigation. It is not enough just to lop off CIA's operational arm and give its "black arts" intriguers to some other secret agency; we need to examine in detail just what the "black arts" have brought us, we need to consider whether they can ever be reconciled with the principles of democracy—the principles we profess. It is not enough just to give Congress finally, at long last, a watchdog committee (a move, incidentally, that is still by no means certain); we need to examine publicly, in detail, the qualities of mind and the kind of hidden interests that have placed our prestige unreservedly behind wealthy oligarchies and right-wing militarists in a world in which the growing clamor on every side is for social and economic justice, social and economic change. We need to discover how and why, as Walter Lippmann wrote, we are doing just what Khrushchev expects us to do, why we are doing his propagandizing for him. Only if we make basic determinations of this kind can we hope for the future. And we cannot make them if we do not first learn the who and the how and the why that have so often placed us on the wrong and losing side—if we do not clean out the forces that put us there. This, only an aroused Congress could hope to accomplish.

At Stake: the World's Faith

Both the faith of foreign nations in us and our own faith in ourselves are at stake, for both have been deeply compromised by the shady activities and the secrecy surrounding the shadiness that have become the twin hallmarks of CIA. When, hard on the heels of Cuba, the French generals in Algeria tried to overthrow Charles de Gaulle, we were confronted by all-but-official charges in the French press that CIA once more had egged on the militarists. M. Soustelle, at a luncheon in Washington last December 7, is said to have talked long and earnestly to CIA Deputy Director Richard Bissell, Jr., on the proposition that de Gaulle's program in Algeria could lead only to communism. CIA is said to have been impressed; General Challe, who led the revolt, is said to have had several meetings with CIA agents; he is reported to have been given the impression that he would have the support of the United States.

All of this Mr. Dulles and the CIA categorically deny. But Walter Lippmann reported from Paris that it is known that CIA agents meddled in France's internal affairs during the French debate on the nuclear-arms program. And the highest French officials, pleased by President Kennedy's prompt and whole-hearted support of de Gaulle, have called the Algerian incident closed—but they have not, pointedly they have not, given a full and clean bill of health to CIA. It is a sequence that leaves a foul taste in the mouth. As *The New Republic's* Washington correspondent wrote, commenting on the French charges and recalling the background incidents of U-2 and Cuba: "Preposterous—? Certainly! And yet . . . and yet. . . . It is not that we think for a minute that the French charge is true, but that now we are suspicious of everything."

So we are. *L'Express*, with pointed intent, quotes Allen Dulles: "The countries which are the most powerful to resist Communist subversion are those where the military are in power." We recall this hard kernel of Dulles' philosophy acting itself out in Egypt, in Iran, in Guatemala, in Laos, in Cuba. Why not in France? Could it be possible in so large a power, one of our oldest Allies? Well—why not? In the secret world of CIA anything is possible—and no one knows. We can only wonder and doubt. And doubt does not inspire confidence abroad or fervor at home. It's time to clean house.

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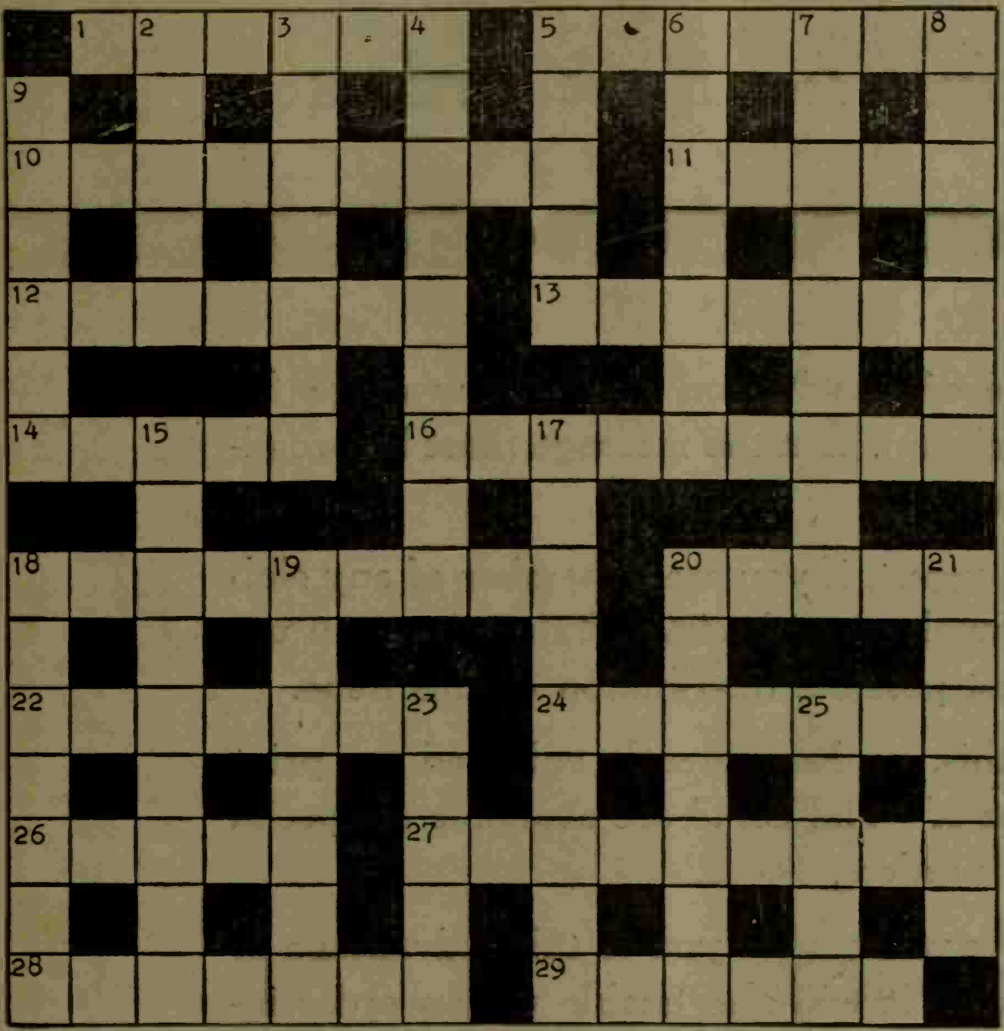
Crossword Puzzle No. 921

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not a very restrained person, considering one is rather pale, and putting on weight. (6)
5 and 2 down Proper speech to sign, though they're rather wordy. (12)
10 Drumheads should be things Kit made. (9)
11 Is to win wrong, when under one's influence? (2, 3)
12 A small animal with a soft heart to examine in detail. (7)
13 The part of the mollusc our generation found troublesome. (7)
14 The Village Blacksmith does whate'er he can. (5)
16

this way. (9)
5 Man takes these occasions to make laws. (5)
6 The root of psychic or youthful problems? (7)
7 Its center is cut with a cross. (9)
8 Presently on board, but yet not in place. (7)
9 Did Cleopatra have to rouse it at last? We hope so! (6)
15 Making double-talk? (The fabric needs taking in.) (9)
17 Such words as 22 do, making precious sense. (9)
18 A trailer in Technicolor? (7)
19 What's happening around the prim,

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